

THE NORMAL POINTER

VOL. V.

MARCH 15, 1900.

No. 6.

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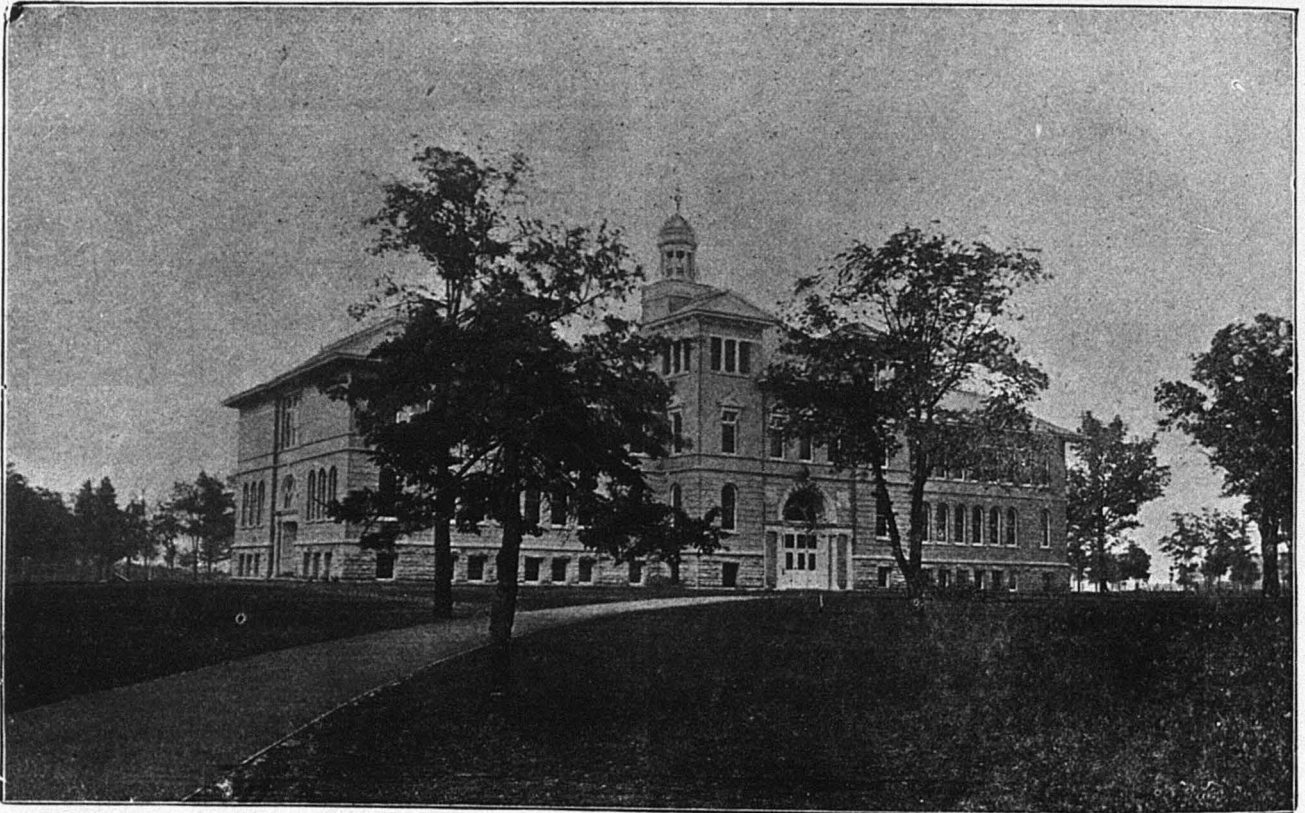
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume V.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MARCH 15, 1900.

Number 6.



A TRAGEDY.

BY JULIUS G. CARLSON.

IT was seven o'clock on a bright spring morning. The whistle blew and the great saw mill started on its daily cut of a hundred thousand feet of Northern Wisconsin pine. Foreman Bill stood intently watching each board and plank as it dropped from the trimmers and went coursing on the shining metal rollers toward the chains on the tramway. There seemed to be no hurry anywhere. Every man in his place did his work mechanically and with precision.

Foreman Bill was as kindhearted as the average man, but he was of a blustering disposition and loved to display his authority. So when he was interrupted by, "Say Muster, you got yabb for me?" he turned around with his accustomed snappy look, but was somewhat taken aback when he beheld at his side a shabby suit of homespun hanging loosely about the form of the most strapping Norwegian he had ever seen.

Still he growled. "What's that you say?"

"Ay want yabb." "You tank you got some?"

"No, all filled up." "I turned away twelve men this morning."

"O, Mester! Ay is strong. Ay can work hard."

So saying, the giant extended his sinewy arms and clinched his hands.

Bill became very much impressed with his manifest strength and honest look. However, he blustered, "Oh, I know what you Norwegians are. You are nothing but a lot of blundering greenhorns. If I'd set you to work, you'd run your hand into a saw inside o' half an hour, and the company would have a lot o' damages and bills to pay. What can you do anyhow?"

The Norwegian's face hardened for a moment, but he answered, "Ay tell no lie. Ay no work in mill. Ay been in det kontri two mont. Ay no get yobb. Too much men. Amerika is no Amerika. Ay tank ay haf nothing to ate an no money to get the woman an shildren from the ol' kontri." Here the big fellow began to choke. This was more than Bill could stand and he said, "Well, come along Norsk, we will see." And so Bill led him up the slab elevator that led to the burner and said to him, "Pick out slabs today. Take out the ones that will bring lath like this, and mind don't slip and break your neck."

"Yah, ay do that. Ay lak slabs," and Knut, that

was his name, went delightedly to work, and so earnest was he that the fire in the big burner went out before night for want of fuel.

Bill decided that Knut was worth two ordinary men, so he gave him a job inside of the mill the next day, harder but with more pay.

And so Knut worked on, happy and contented, and although his fellow workmen at his boarding place poked fun at his wild and greenish ways, he took it all good naturedly for wasn't he at least earning money to get his dear Gunhild and Hjalmar over the water to him. They at first tried to get him to go with them into the saloons and carouse with them Saturday nights but the bright vision of a fireside with his dear ones grouped around it helped to withstand all such temptations. In spite of this they liked him. They liked his brogue, especially when he said something funny, and then he was so strong and learned so quickly.

He liked to tell his room mates about the qualities of his wife and child, and they liked to listen to him and sympathized with him in his struggle to save every possible penny to buy the ticket which would bring them to his side.

At last, after weeks of toil, one Saturday night he exultantly held up the bag containing the required sixty dollars and exclaimed to his friends, "Now ay tank Gunhild, ma good woman, and Hjalmar ma good boy can kom. Ay will send the ticket. Ay will rent a cooking room and a sleeping room and Amerika will be Amerika after all.

Then followed three weeks of impatience before he received a letter from Gunhild telling of her start from distant Norway. He rented three rooms and his friends like him so well that they helped him furnish them: The little cook stove, the bedstead the rocking chair all were presents from his friends. Even Bill helped him to pay for the cupboard.

At length the day arrived when his dear ones were to be expected. The "boss" gave him a day off to go and meet them at the depot. He was there two hours before train time, so he would be sure not to miss her. So he tramped patiently up and down the platform until the big train pulled in.

Car after car emptied its passengers, but no trace of Gunhild and Hjalmar could he find. What could it mean? The train pulled out and Knut was forced to go home. He stopped working and for a whole week he haunted the depot. Surely according to

the letter and timetable they ought to have arrived by this time. His friends tried to console him, but failed. He would do nothing but brood in the evening and in the day time he would be at the depot.

One noon his room-mates saw him hurriedly enter, go to his corner and produce a long looking letter which he tore open, and as he read a terrible change came over his features. With a convulsive grasp he crushed the letter and with an agonizing cry to heaven he fell backward to the floor, unconscious.

His companions rushed to assist him. They placed him on his bed and while one went for a physician, the others sought to resuscitate him. They read the cause of it all. The letter was from the emigrant officials at New York, telling of the death of his wife and child on the ocean from cholera and stating that the steamer was quarantined, hence the delay of the news.

At length they succeeded in restoring him and he said as he opened his eyes, "Boys, the Lord is good. He would not let Gunhild and Hjalmar kom to me, but he take me to them. Ay tank ay see her over there," and so he died.

A WRECK.

My brother found a seat for me and stopped to chat a minute before the train pulled out. "Why, Mary," he said after glancing round, "I'm afraid we're on the wrong train. 'They've got the St. Paul chimes on board.'"

"What?" I exclaimed, but in a moment I saw those babies; we counted seventeen. A little black-eyed wretch in the next seat began operations with a whoop like an Indian on the war path. "It will be 'Ring out wild bells, before we reach the Junction,'" was my comment, "but I guess I can bear up under it if the rest can." Howard looked anxious and when another baby began to wail he jumped up. "Oh, don't be in a hurry," I protested, "the train won't pull out for some time.

"Yes, I know, but there's a man on the platform that I wanted to see. Good bye, Sis, take care of yourself and hark to the chimes."

I was forced to do the latter, but when the train started there was a lull in the music as one after another settled down for a nap. I watched the swinging lamps and listened to the steady clank, clank of the wheels until the light grew dim and

the clank became a dreamy monotone. My sleep was a short one, however, and the waking unpleasant for I suddenly flew out of my seat and half over the back of the one in front of me. Struggling to my feet I looked round. The chimes were ringing in seventeen different keys. Apparently all the men aboard were running up and down the aisle explaining, scolding, swearing. A traveling man was raving to and fro, "Some men think I have a puddin'," he shouted, "but this is the third wreck I've been in this month, and I tell you what, if I get through this year alive, I'll quit and some other man can have my puddin'. Here we are in the middle of this swamp and we'll set here all night. That's what we'll do and I've got sixteen towns to work this week. How in thunder am I going to do it with every blamed train I board jumping the track? Just tell me that will you? and he glared at us as if we had been hoodoos and he our victim.

A little dumpling of a man was trotting up and down, mopping his round red face furiously and scolding till the air was blue. "This is scandalous, perfectly scandalous. These railroad companies don't care who's killed if only their pockets are filled. I'd like to know what you mean?" he shouted to the brakeman who was making his way through the car, "What 'd you get us into this fix for?"

"Swear if you want to," growled the brakeman, "taint no picnie for us you bet your life! If you don't want this car smashed to kindlin' wood get out of my way.

The man stood aside and the brakeman ran on with his red lantern. This was evidently a wreck and I sat down a little dazed, but hopeful that all danger was past. The conductor came in presently bringing word that the engine was entirely off the track and we should probably have to spend the night there. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible and the babies subsided after a while, that is most of them did, but three wailed on. Their mother tried in vain to quiet them and soon a thin weazened man in the seat behind me began to grumble, "Folks ought to know enough to leave their kids at home; or stay there with them till they're old enough to travel without squalling all night," he growled, "It's bad enough to sit in this ditch all

night 'thout having a young one screeching in your ears!"

The pained weary look in the little mother's face roused the wrath of a jolly looking man across the aisle and he suddenly turned to one grumbler, "You blasted fool, you never were a baby were you? Didn't cry when you were a kid did you? Such an angel as you ain't fit to travel with common folks. If you knew what a fine article you were why didn't you charter a car? You're a public nuisance, that's what you are and your everlasting whine is worse than a car full of babies."

The passengers roared with laughter and applauded the jolly man until the grumbler retreated to the smoking car.

A tall, thin woman in a limp black dress wandered up and down stopping every five minutes to ask me if I really thought it was safe to stay in the car. In vain I assured her and reassured her telling her that danger signals had been set and we were certainly safe; still she wandered and returned with the same old query until I rose in my wrath and told her she'd better sit down and pin up the tear in the back of her dress. She subsided and troubled me no more.

The night hobbled along, whether on leaden feet or not I cannot say, but certainly it moved slowly. We slept and waked and slept again until at last an engine came snorting along, coupled on to our train and whisked us away. The train men were so cross that we dared not speak to them and we went so fast that we could hardly breathe. We bore our woes as best we could, but I, at least, was heartily glad when we reached my station and I hope to see no more wrecks.

He sat in the back corner of the hotel, his chair tilted back, a far away look on his face, and he was "fiddlin'." He had been fiddlin' since seven and we were beginning to feel tired. Various remarks of more or less personal nature had no effect. He was a regular back wood's "fiddler." Finally the office boy went back and spoke to him. His chair came down with a bang, and he said, "What's that? "Can you play the Mocking Bird with varations?" we hear the boy say. The "fiddler" twanged a string, screwed up his bow, and tipping his chair back to the old position said, "Woll, I don't know about the Mockin' Bird, but I can play the varations"

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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EDITORIAL

Wanted:—A good rousing school song. A school as large as ours surely ought not be without that familiar song which is characteristic of every progressive school and college in the land. We regard ourselves as the equal of the best but in our lack of that stimulating means of expressing school spirit, namely, the school song, we are far behind the times. No one realized this more clearly than ourselves when during the state oratorical contest of last spring, other normals, and notably Oshkosh, enlivened the occasion with their school songs, while we being unable to return the compliment in like coin were confined to the repetition of our normal yells.

Doubtless our minds have been occupied with other duties or we would long ago have had a song worthy of our school and of ourselves, and in order to call your attention and enlist your efforts in this direction, the Pointer staff has decided to offer a prize of one dollar for the best school song submitted before June 1, 1900, by any student of this school, the contest to be governed by the following rules:

1. The contestant must be a student of this school.
2. The song is to consist of three original verses and a chorus together with accompanying music, which latter may be either original or selected from existing compositions.
3. The judges to decide this contest shall be the following persons: Miss Linton, musical director; the business manager and editor-in-chief of the Normal Pointer.
4. Any one person may submit one song or more than one.
5. Each song is to be enclosed in a sealed envelope, which shall also contain a slip on which will be an assumed name chosen by the author. Accompanying this envelope there shall be another, also sealed, which shall contain a slip on which is written the assumed name of the author and opposite to it his real name.
6. All songs shall be in the hands of the editor-in-chief on or before June 1, 1900.
7. The committee reserves the right to reject any and all compositions.

With each succeeding number of our lecture course the conviction of its value grows stronger. Those of us who listened to the recital of Miss Benfey must have come away with a feeling of satisfaction, with a deeper feeling and reverence for the noble character of Victor Hugo's hero, Jean Val Jean. It is by the idealization and portrayal of characters such as his that man is encouraged to harbor better and higher sentiments, to seek and perform nobler tasks; and how much more impressive and lasting are the scenes of such lives when told by a masterful narrator whose gestures and tones give much which a careful reading of the text would fail to reveal.

Of the ability and charm of Mr. Kennan's lecture we cannot speak too highly. As an eloquent and in instructive lecturer Mr. Kennan certainly has few equals. We await with much interest and pleasure his coming lecture on Cuba, which will constitute the second of our extra numbers.

We have the pleasure of printing in the Alumni column of this issue an excellent article by E. F. Priest, an alumnus of the school and well known to most of the old students.

The Censor.

St. Patrick's Day.

Good St. Patrick's Day is coming—
 In fact it is almost here
 With its yards of bright green color
 Which the Irish hearts will cheer.
 But the secret which we treasure
 Does not scent of Irish lore
 And it's full of fun and frolic
 But I dare not tell you more.
 Now we (guess away as to who),
 Look forward with joy to that date
 And had you but taken the pledge
 You too might its pleasure now wait.

Pictures.—The basketball posters from the drawing class were very much admired by every one. And they surely helped to create an interest in the game. May such an artful spirit of helpfulness continue in our midst.

Wanted.—By Prof. Evans class. An automatic, self regulating, electrical machine that can do radicals at the rate of fifteen a minute. They must come from the machine in the owner's chirography neatly arranged on foolscap paper ready to be dated. The class wishes to buy on the installment plan.

—Some rubber caps for the chairs in the English department.

—More hooks in the ladies' cloak room.

—Some appreciative girls. A Senior.

A list of new subjects for final essays. June graduates.

—Longer recesses. Colgrove.

—My hat. Sager.

To be the chaperon for the next sleigh ride party. Lund.

Rhetoricals.—We are glad they are back. We were lonesome without them. Yet there is no doubt but what the rest has done us good; at least in showing us that we can see much of value in them and really would not like to see them taken from the program.

Maps.—The new ones that are hanging in the geography room do great credit to those who drew

them. They are large, neat and accurate. Every one should go in to see them. They will help to form a standard of what other classes may be expected to do.

Visiting Days.—Are not the conditions here right for trying the experiment which other Normal schools have tried and with success? It is this. They have set aside certain days or parts of days for some of their classes to go out visiting in the city schools. Why not let the method classes try it?

Thump! Thump!!—We are all so delighted to think we are to have more room that we have convinced ourselves long ago that we do not mind the noise. Yet we can not help but feel that a lot of good noise is going to waste. If we could only have the use now of a few phonographs with receivers which could absorb all the noise and save it, full volume, for the football season next year, we feel sure the side lines could make themselves much more helpful. Who will be so generous as to insure the success of our football games next season by making such a loan?

Now—Is the time to make ready for the Declamatory contest. It is not long before it will be here and woe unto him who leaves his preparation until the eleventh hour. And remember too that on such occasions your success or failure helps to raise or lower the standard of the school before the public.

Erase.—Because some of the teachers, who have to lend their rooms these days, are so much annoyed by unerased work, the Censor feels it her duty to say to all visiting teachers—guilty or not guilty?

A Secret.—The young ladies took it very much to heart last year when the boys said at a yelling rehearsal, "The girls are not helping much," and this year they mean to avoid the repetition of such a criticism. Just what they are now planning to do is not known but it somewhat evident that they mean to start Mr. Wheelock on his way rejoicing. All will join in wishing that they may do even more,

And while Victory is our watchword

May we all do that we can,

Be it with our voice or spirit,

To unfold a worthy plan.



Mr. C. H. Miles of Sechlerville spent a few days with his son, Emmett.

W. D. Fuller of Grand Rapids spent Saturday, March 3, visiting at the Normal.

Miss Emma Baker, who has been absent for a quarter is visiting at the Normal.

The Misses Jessie Stillman and Ellen Jeffers have been absent for a few days on account of sickness.

Miss Harriet Holmes has been obliged to be absent from school duties on account of the sickness of her mother.

Miss Martha Tenney of the Elementary class of '98, spent a few days at the end of last month visiting the old scenes at the Normal.

Chris. L. Anderson of Springwater, a last year's student, is back in school for the balance of this quarter, he having been called away from school at this time, last year.

Miss Minnie Schofield of Hancock is at present visiting with her sister. Miss Schofield attended the Normal last year, and has been teaching near her home this winter.

Prof. Sanford was called away from school Friday, Feb. 16, receiving a message telling of the sudden death of a brother at Whitewater. Prof. Sanford returned the following Monday.

Arthur J. Latton, class '98, and H. L. Gardner, class '97, superintendents of Taylor and Vernon counties respectively, spent a few days at the Normal the latter part of last month.

Pres. Pray spent a few days in a trip through Nebraska, partly on business and partly on pleasure. While absent he visited the University of Nebraska at Lincoln. He returned Feb. 26.

The first of this quarter was greatly broken up by the absence of many of the teachers, but now that we are settled down to work everything runs quite smoothly; although we miss the familiar faces of the absent ones.

There is a rumor that the Sketch Club, of which nothing has been heard this year, is soon to be reorganized. Under the leadership of Miss Morse and Miss Clements the Club ought to prosper and do much good work.

The Misses Amelia Wiesner and Alma Holtzhausen and Will Smith, last year's graduates, visited friends here during their short vacation. They are lucky enough to find themselves in the same school building at Nielsville.

Miss Ida Karnopp and her brother, John, are still on the sick list but are slowly improving. John was so well that he came to school for a couple of days but was again taken sick. Their mother is staying with them at present.

A large double book case has been added to the already crowded library and has necessitated a change in the arrangement of the books. The bound volumes of the magazines being brought more nearly into one series of shelves.

Walter Hughes and Melvin Utter have withdrawn from school, Mr. Hughes to teach and Mr. Utter to attend the Business college in this city. Mr. Utter was captain and one of the best men on our basketball team, therefore we are sorry to lose him.

Prof. Livingston is slowly improving but is still very weak and will not do any work during this quarter. We are pleased to note that Will Bradford is also getting better and will soon be able to take up the work which he was just beginning when taken sick.

A number of pictures were lately added to the constantly increasing number which adorn our rooms and halls. Some of those received lately have been put up in the recitation rooms making

them much more pleasant than they otherwise would be.

Friday, March 2, we listened to the first of the rhetorical exercises since the Christmas vacation. It may be that because we have not had the exercises for a time but they seem to be the best of the year. May there be as great an improvement in those of the future.

Prof. Frank N. Williams of the University of Chicago fills the place left vacant for this quarter by the illness of Prof. Livingston. During the World's Fair, Prof. Williams held a responsible position in the Educational department at the Fair. We hope that he will remain with us as a member of the faculty.

Jesse Soper of Rice Lake, who finished the Full Course in January, stopped over for a short stay while on his way to Appleton, where he has accepted a position as assistant in one of the best high schools in that city. Edwin L. O'Brien of the Class of '98, who has held the position for the last two years, resigned to take up studies at the University.

A class in blackboard drawing has been organized under the supervision of Miss Clements. This work certainly is a good thing for those who expect to teach, especially as the blackboard is so important in school work. Many who can do good work in the drawing class find that drawing upon the board is entirely another thing. We hope this class will be regularly continued.

Prof. Culver, who is going to lead a party of young geologists through the most interesting parts of the great northwest during the summer vacation, told us about one of his experiences in mountain climbing. We should all enjoy seeing our tall Prof. upon a mountain burro, and do not see how there could be any danger for the Prof., even though the animal should slip and fall.

A crowd composed of about twenty Normal students, under the leadership of our Editor-in-Chief, made a sally into the country for the sake of entertaining the unsophisticated rustics. Their destination was a church a few miles below Plover. It is said that there was a great display of literary and musical talent, but from late reports they have not received any further engagements. But their ardor is not dampened in the least.

The few who were in the normal building Saturday morning March 10, had a little fire scare. Some men were at work with the gas fixtures when it was noticed that there was a leak somewhere near the library and one of the men in lighting a match started a fire. Some of the hose in the main hall was run out and the water turned on, but it was not needed, as the workmen had the fire put out before the water reached the library. The floors in the two halls were partly flooded giving the janitors some work; otherwise no damage was caused.

Prof. Culver, by a series of experiments, showed to his classes in physics some of the wonders of liquid air. Being unable to get the liquid air he used liquid carbon-dioxide, which though not as powerful as liquid air, still showed us some of the wonders of the latter. By allowing it to suddenly expand and change to a gas part of it was changed to carbon-dioxide snow at a temperature of about -40 degrees Centigrade and by means of added ether a temperature of -90 degrees was obtained. With this snow he now froze mercury and we enjoyed seeing snow boiling in freezing water.

At Jacobs House. Mr. Her—ek. Do you wish a hack?

Miss Benfey. No. I want you.

Mr. M—hill in telephone closet talking in loud tone: "Give me No. 17, please."

Mr. P. appeared at the door and explained to M. that it would be advisable to talk through the telephone if he wished the people at the Central depot to hear him.

M—ley, in Geom. class. A short line is the straightest distance between two points.

In Gen. His. class. Christianity was introduced into England before the Roman conquest by Ceasar in 55 B. C.

Mr. Sti—son conducting class which was a little noisy. St— gives a reproving look to class and then remarks; Now listen to "The Indian."

Mr. L—d in N. History: "the snake moves like the worm only on a smaller scale." A voice up in front says: "I thought the snake had larger scales than a worm."

Civ. Govt. "What do they call silver used in making coin?"

Osw—d. "Bulletin."

Our Athletics.

SPRING ATHLETICS.

The Athletic association at a recent well attended meeting, after a very animated discussion, decided that for this spring we would confine our energies along one line. It was deemed unwise to dissipate our athletic forces by trying to accomplish too many things. It was voted that we confine ourselves to track athletics or field sports. Now that the choice, which seems wise, has been made the preliminary work will be begun at once. We have plenty of good material and expect to have some lively field meets. We are now ready to receive challenges from our sister normals. To make this line of athletics what it ought to be it will be necessary for all to work in one direction with one purpose. If each does his duty we will maintain our past record. But let us not stop with this but set a higher mark for future emulation.

REFORM.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Regents at Madison this winter some important matters were discussed. The presidents of the several normal schools, acting as a committee reviewed the position of athletics in the normal schools, the object being to arrive at some definite and general rules to govern all athletic contests between normal teams. This is a step in the right direction and is a welcome reformation. Any one taking part in any athletic contest in the future will be obliged to be up in his studies and must be a bona fide member of the school. This will do away with the unpleasant and unfair method of strengthening a team by players whose only qualifications are strength and skill. When this rule is adhered to there will be no ground for the accusation that a player attends the school solely because of his athletic abilities. It will do much to elevate athletics and to put a premium on those who are strong both in mind and body. Defeat will be softened by the fact that the victory was fairly won and the contest equal. We earnestly hope that this contemplated scheme of an inter normal code of rules governing athletics will early be in force.

BASKET BALL GAME.

The first game of basket ball played in the home gymnasium this season was played with the Oshkosh Normal team on Feb. 16th. The game was a very good exhibition of ideal basket ball. Our team played exceptionally good ball and were in the best of condition. The visitors showed that they understood the game and some extraordinarily good work was done by Rogers. The score, which was something of a surprise, was 38 to 20 in favor of the home team. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

STEVENS POINT.		OSHKOSH.	
Grimm.....	R. Forward.....	Runnoe	
Halverson.....	L. Forward.....	Rogers	
Schofield.....	Center.....	Stewart	
Utter.....	L. Guard.....	Houghton	
Wheelock.....	R. Guard.....	Schwede	

Referee, McCaskill; Umpires, Blake and Rogers.
Score, 38 to 20.

GAME BETWEEN NORMAL AND H. S.

On March 2d the Normal and High School basket ball teams played a game at the Normal gymnasium. A fairly good crowd was in attendance and witnessed a clean game. The game was free from the objectionable features that usually characterize athletic or professional basket ball. Some excellent individual work was done by both teams. Schofield, Halverson and Grimm for the Normals, and Tardiff, Parker and McPhail for the High School, deserve special mention for individual work. The line-up was as follows-

NORMALS.		HIGH SCHOOL.	
Schofield ...	center.....	Tardiff	
Rockwell.....	r. g.....	Davidson	
Wheelock.....	l. g.....	Parker	
Halverson.....	r. f.....	Stuart	
Grimm.....	l. f.....	McPhail	

Referee, McCaskill; Umpires, Blake and Collins.
Score 32 to 20 in favor of the Normals.

Preceding the Normal and High School game there was a game between Miss Lee's young ladies team and the "Boys" team. The game was very close and there was very little scoring. The young ladies proved themselves to be well up in the arts of the game. When time was called the score stood 7 to 4 in favor of the ladies.

Alumni.

RESURGAM.

A little white cottage seemed asleep among the blossoming apple trees. This was the home of Philip Annersley, the poet. He sat in his study with a heap of manuscript before him, resting his weary head on his hands, and looking out of the open window. The sun had hastened to his western home, the moon had risen in silver radiance, and the stars glistened with pale light, but he noticed nothing of this.

He was a true poet, but today he could not utter what heaven had breathed into his soul. He felt the heart chords swept by the unseen master hand, but when he tried to sing the notes, the measures came forth tremblingly faltered and failed before the many who could not appreciate, and the notes of beauty met adverse criticism only, and died away in silence.

Long he remained at his desk wondering if he had chosen his vocation wisely. It seemed hard, when he had planned paths of usefulness, to find these avenues closed before his eager advance. And this work had been undertaken especially for the Master, with heart full of love to Him, yet his path was so obstructed that further progress seemed well nigh impossible. He did not forget that God had placed these seemingly insurmountable obstacles about him, and he must not allow them to embitter and discourage him. Carlyle and Disraeli both stumbled and fell and arose again undaunted to renew their struggles. When one of the old world's great temples was burned down, a single column alone remained standing upon which was chiseled the word "Resurgam." Some counted it as strengthening to genius to struggle and endure. He thought he could do that bravely, but not alone. He was only a struggling aspirant, and those he had looked upon as being his friends, withheld even kind words and looked on with unconcern; others ignored him entirely and gloated over his discomfiture. Still he felt his nature rich in aspiration, that he was destined for better things, for there was a longing that would not be stilled. His whole soul rose up in passionate yearning as he sat there and looked out upon his own gloomy future.

Yes, he would give it all up and come down to the

blankness of a life which would mean simple existence, no one would trouble him in such a life, and he would close heart and mind to all his dreams that the roseentwined gates of the land of song were ever ajar for him.

He put away the offensive manuscript and turned to other work with a weary sigh.

* * * * *

One day Philip read with a start of surprise, a letter addressed to him in a strange handwriting. The letter contained these words written in in a lady's hand: "I believe you are a poet. A failure is but a mile stone on the way to victory. Rejoice that another portion of the weary road is past, and start in again afresh and with added determination to win. If there is anything in you worthy of victory you will be stronger after each defeat. The most uniform thing in life is its irregularity. A success could not be a success without its environment of failures. What is a song of triumph but a recital of defeats capped at last by the conquering blow. Strive to think when men seem to rejoice at your defeat, that it is simply because "they know not what they do." Ignorance often makes men seem worse than they are. Apply a great deal of forgiveness to this disease, and above all, no matter how dark the clouds above you may seem, never give up the battle."

What blessed words of inspiration! He could have worshipped the writer for these timely words. How the glorious sunlight of appreciative kindness had broken through, and brightened his dreary way.

Again he sat at his desk, and the songs he was born to sing were swelling in the deep sear tide with an echo sweeter and grander than ever dreamed of before.

He shuddered to think that he would be obliged to go on his way alone if separated from his unseen friend who had held out a helping hand. He had really begun to love the soul that breathed through the kind letters of sympathy he had continued to receive, urging him to persevere. It was certain the gates of a fair sweet land of Eden had been open for him, and the past few months had been like a sunset glowing serene and beautiful, showing against his dark day.

He resolved, in this lonely hour, to write to her all that was in his heart: and when the gray twilight

(Continued on page 69.)

Exchanges.

"Wedding bells" have not yet been heard in the Pointer this year, but are often heard in our exchanges. This month the Milwaukee Kodak is ringing them.

In looking over our exchanges it is interesting to notice the number of oratorical, declamatory and debating contests which are taking place. We have a good number ourselves and we seem to be no exception to the rule.

The College Days brings us the sad news of the death of Owen C. Rowland, who was a member of the class of 1901. Mr. Rowlands was one of the most respected members of his class and his death casts a sadness over the whole college.

In the Gramophone we take pleasure in reading "Is an Education worth the Effort to Gain it," which is an oration. This oration, we notice, was written by the exchange editor and goes to show that the lady is capable of better things than simply handling the exchange editors' scissors.

The Ryan Clarion and Eau Claire Kodak seem to be laboring under the delusion that ladies should not play basketball. We are not informed as to their reasons, but we must take the liberty of disagreeing with them. The game when played, as our girls play it, according to the rules for ladies' colleges, is certainly a ladies' game. To be acquainted with ladies' basketball is to be a friend of the game.

We have been watching, with great interest, the way in which the Lawrence Athletic association handles their deficit on the cash account. The Lawrence boys found themselves behind when the football season was over, and how to raise money to balance accounts was the all important question. A dance was impossible, an opera out of the question, a drama prohibited. The ladies, however, came to the rescue. The privilege of accompanying each lady to a certain entertainment was auctioned off to highest bidder. It is needless to say that the fair maidens of Lawrence brought a price which fast filled the coffers of the Athletic association.

We fail to catch the meaning of the exchange column in the February High School Chat. This, we hope, is no fault of the Chat, but due to our own inability to appreciate wit. Sometimes things which are of great local interest, when read by one who does not know the circumstances which caused it to be written, will fail to be appreciated.

The Lake Breeze from Sheboygan contains a very interesting article in the form of "A Letter." The letter is written by a student of the Central High of St. Paul, Minn. He tells something of the school and just enough personal experience to make it pleasant. Something of this kind adds variety to a paper and "variety" is the spice of life.

The Island City Student is the only one of our exchanges which is being run without advertisements. The subscription price has been put very low, and we are watching with interest for the outcome. If school and college papers could be run without advertisements, they could certainly be made more attractive than they now are.

A very able article appears in the January Advance above the signature of Prof. Mitchell, the title of the article is "Teaching a Rational Geography." The article was presented before the State Teacher's association and favorably received.

The editorial page of View Point is given to a criticism of literature as taught in high schools today. We hope it is not the Baraboo high which needs this criticism, but some school over in western Canada or other far distant state.

When we read one of those verbose articles in an exchange we feel like mailing the author, a copy of the Argosy containing the poem "Boil it Down." "Grandeur" seems to be the pet word for describing a work of literary merit.

We congratulate the Normal Badger people on having been so fortunate as to have heard George Kennan's lecture on "Life in Europe." The Badger shows us how much he was appreciated, by the people of River Falls.

The Southwest, from the New Mexico University, is a good substantial paper. The subjects are throughout, ones which concern the Normalites.

Model School.

PRIMARY.

James Horton has been absent from school this quarter on account of sickness, but has kept up with part of his work and has carried on correspondence with his classmates. The following letter is to one of his class:

STEVENS POINT, WIS., Jan. 26, 1900.

DEAR PAUL:

Well, Paul, how goes it? I am sorry that I did not write to you before this but I could not.

Would you like to have a story told to you?

John Gilpin was a citizen of London-town. Tomorrow was his wedding day and they would dine at Edmonton. His wife and his children would go in the chaise and he would ride on horse-back. His wife said they would take their own wine.

The morning came; the stones rattled under the wheels as though they were glad. They forgot the wine. It was in two stone bottles. Each bottle had an ear and John Gilpin hung one on each side of his belt. Then over all he put his long red coat and started.

By and by Gilpin's horse began to trot, then to gallop. When he began to gallop Gilpin stooped down because he could not ride very good. But the horse did not stop but went faster and faster. Away went Gilpin. His hat and wig went off as fast as they could go. When he was riding the bottles broke. Down ran the wine in the road.

By and by Gilpin got to the house. His wife came out and cried "Stop, stop, John Gilpin, here's the house. The dinner waits and we are tired." Said Gilpin, "so am I!" The horse was going to his owner ten miles off. Now at his friend the calendar's, the horse stood still. The calendar put down his pipe and ran to the gate crying, "What news? what news? Tell me you must and you shall. Why did you come at all?"

"I came because my horse would come. My hat and wig will soon be here. They are on the road." So the calendar went back to his house but soon came back with a hat and a wig. "My head is twice as big as yours, therefore must needs fit." Then Gilpin said to the calendar, "This is my wedding day so I must go back." Then he said to his horse, "If it was

your pleasure to come here you must go back for mine."

"While he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear."

That made the horse gallop off with all his might as he had done before. Away went Gilpin and away went Gilpin's hat and wig. He lost them sooner than before, and why? Because they were too big.

Then his wife said to one of the boys, "This shall be yours when you bring my husband back safe and well." The boy went as fast as he could go and soon met Gilpin coming back. He tried to catch him but he could not. Away went the horse with Gilpin. Away went the boy at his heels. Six men upon the road seeing Gilpin fly, cried, "Stop, thief! Stop, thief! a highwayman." and so Gilpin rode a race. He and the boy were going to town and Gilpin got there first.

I have written you the longest letter because you have written me the longest letter. Please write back to me, James F. Horton, that you used to play with.

(Continued from page 67.)

had deepened into night the letter was finished. Would the answer make his life go out into cheerless night, as the gold and purple bands had trembled away out there in the gray gleaming of twilight and faded into the comfortless west?

By and by there came a letter. She had written only a line. Why should that have brought Philip Annersby to be home? But it did. The woman he met was quiet looking—not beautiful, but she had a kindly face and was lovable. There was a wide-awake tender sincerity in her countenance that pleased him. In short she was a womanly woman radiant with the love lighted in her happy face as she held out her hands to welcome him.

"I have come" he said. "Do you know what my coming brings?" "Happiness and fame" she replied, "Yes," said Philip, "because you have helped me win success. If the friendship of one who has spent some of the best years of his youth seeking for the qualities in woman which your letters reveal of your life, can be of any moment to you it is most reverently and humbly offered.

Now, when they take twilight walks together, and talk and dream of the future, Philip says thoughtfully "My defeat was victory in the sombre guise of failure."

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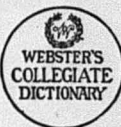
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