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POINTER

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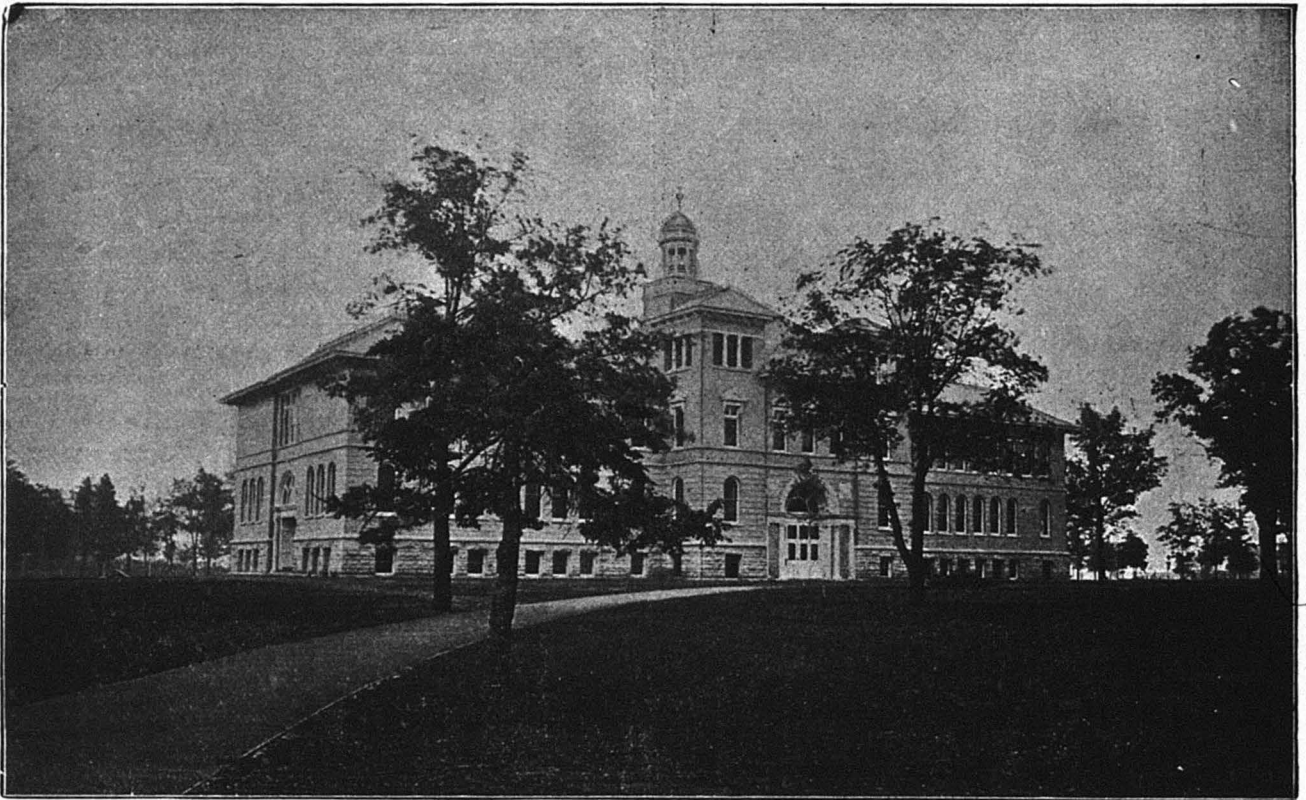
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Theron B. Pray,  
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# THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume VI.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., APRIL 15, 1901.

Number 7.



## A BACKWARD GLANCE.

BY M. W.

**S**HE had drawn her little old fashioned rocker up near the stove and she sat with her hands resting in her lap; the kitten's purring was unheeded and the knitting in her lap was forgotten.

This dear old lady's thots were far away. In fancy she saw again an ivy-covered cottage and she could almost smell the June roses that nodded and peeped in at the open window. She remembered standing in the doorway of the cottage one morning, with a little laughing sister and watching the angry water as it rushed and surged along.

She became very anxious when she saw how rapidly it was rising and how it had already begun to climb up the foundation of the house. Could it be possible that this was the merry little river, that only a few days before had danced and sung as it hurried along over the stones.

Her father's face, was pinched and drawn; and her heart sank as she heard him say mournfully as he entered the kitchen, after fastening his boat, "Well, Mary, my lass, this has been a hard morning's work and I'm clean worn out. We've lost all the sheep but two, but you've lost all your chickens,"

and a sadness came into his face as he thot of his wife's hard work and how it had amounted to nothing after all.

"Not a potato this year; I've lost them all. We have nothing to fall back on. If the water continues to rise you and Janet and the little lass will have to gang to MacDonald's, it won't be safe here," and she remembered how care-worn and old he looked as he passed into the bedroom. She had hurried into the kitchen to make him a cup of coffee and the little laughing girl in the doorway was left alone.

When she had returned, she had glanced out at the open door and was that a little cry she heard out on the water? The tray slipped from her hands and fell to the floor and she breathed heavily, for out there, floating on the water, was her baby sister.

It had seemed hours to her before her father could reach his boat and when she saw him finally lift the frightened child into the boat, a song of joy filled her heart. Tears filled her father's eyes when he heard the child say, as she was pressed passionately to her mother's breast. "Papa said he lost all his potatoes and I know'd what a potato is; its out be-

hind my wabbit house and I went to get it for him but the nasty water wouldn't let me come back, it twyed to make me go on."

Why the old hands were trembling now just as they were then but it was all over long ago and there was no use worrying, and so this dear old lady picked up her yarn which had fallen to the floor, brushed her cat and went on with her knitting.

#### A SHORT ROMANCE.

It was a very informal introduction, but I am not ashamed to confess that, on my part at least, it was love at first sight, and I firmly believed at that time that she reciprocated those sentiments; but in the light of latter events I was forced to the bitter conclusion that she had no affection for me.

While strolling through the library one day I met her for the first time. She glided into my presence in all her queenly dignity and with her came a fragrance of violets and roses that bloomed in some long forgotten summer. She had dark blue dreamy eyes that remind one of the soft balmy skies of sunny Italy. A smile such as angels give to mortals when they approve of noble deeds. I can remember distinctly now how the first sight of her overpowered my senses. I felt as one who had caught a far-off view of paradise and stood soul entranced by the magnificence of the view. At the first meeting, with innocent simplicity, she took me into her confidence. She did not care to know my standing in society, nor where I came from, but made me feel as if we were old friends who had just met after years of absence.

Do you wonder that I was captivated and from that hour I became her willing slave. I scorned the petty ambitions that stirred the souls of my fellow students. What was all the fame the world coule give compared to one smile from those heavenly lips? I missed my lesson plan, I failed in tests; but I kewed her and I was happy.

I can still see the dear old nooks where we used to sit as the silent autumnal twilight gathered around us. She speaking low and soft, I stooping to catch every word, as if though it were the last echo from some celestial melody. Oh, how bitter was the end! How my heart ached on that last night when she let me know that we must part! It

was a sad awakening. We had strolled through the meadow lands of romance, but henceforth I must journey alone over barren desert sands. I can not chide her. She was not to blame for my blind infatuation. I might have foreseen the end, had I but stopped and thought. But who could have stopped and thought! I had lost the power of thortght, but I have no regrets.

Now in the quiet hours of my brooding disappointment I can see how every event of her life was moving to that end. They said when I left that she was happy. I hope it will always be so. I hope my great disappointment will cast no shadow upon her joy. In fact I am half glad it happened so. He was such a noble, handsome, heroic fellow, so full of life and love. How could she help but marry him! The author had decreed from the beginning of the story that it should come out just as it did. She was the heroine, he was the hero, —I was just a common reader.

#### AUNT PATIENCE.

On a small farm near the center of the state might have been found, not long ago an interesting family of only an old mother and her son. One judged the people by the appearance of the farm. Nearly sixty acres under cultivation, but such cultivation! No fences, and usually no crops. Thru one end of it runs a small creek, and how well I remember the old milk house that was built over it. The creek had its source in a spring farther up, in the wood, and the water was always clear and pure.

How cool it was in the old milk house, and how nice the cans looked setting in the water! I tried to catch the fishes as they darted in and out among the cans and wondered why I failed.

To beautiful buildings adorn the place: nothing but old log ones, or rough board affairs. The house is of log and at first I was afraid it would tumble down before I got out. I outgrew that fear, however, as it gets worse every year and still stands. It has settled into the dirt to the window sills, and in the summer when it is covered with ivy, it is scarcely visible. The rain washing down the outer walls covers the windows with the clay from the "chinking," and only constant cleaning would make them fairly transparent.

Aunt Patience, as we called her, would welcome you with a hearty "Come in; I was just a'wishin' someone would come," and then would follow a full list of her ailments, the chief of which was rheumatism somewhere. She had no help, only as her son saw fit to do for her. All visitors were impressed into her service, but she was so old no one could resent it. Hard work for her three children in her younger days caused her present condition.

Now one of her girls is in Chicago, lives in an elegantly equipped mansion and has her summer residence in the country. Occasionally a letter reached her mother from her, and less occasionally a few gifts and a small sum of money, but very seldom did the sight of the daughter's face come to brighten the old mothers' days.

Far out in Washington lives another daughter, the one yearned for most, and for whom most denial has been made.

I have seen the loving old lady hovering over the picture of her grandchildren in the far west and heard her say "Yes, Emma looks like me, Bessie has a good look, and how they have grown! Will I ever see my babies again!"

Jim, the son, a man of about forty-five years, thought far more of the manners and customs of the South Sea Islanders than of those of his own country. He would eat very little, for so much was unhealthy, and therefore he had not the average man's energy.

There was usually a good wood pile at the back door, however, and many times have I sat under the hot sun picking the hops off the vines that covered it.

Huge lilac bushes adorn the pathway one way and wild roses the other. A beautiful silver maple overhangs the front walk, and affords a pleasant seat for any would-be occupant.

I see again the silvery leaves as I saw them on that bright May morning that I took Aunt Patience some sewing my mother had done for her. An unusual bustle pervaded the air. Inside I heard a half crying voice saying, "My Bessie, my last baby, sick and wants her grandma."

The words seemed to have more meaning than the

writer meant to convey, for Aunt Patience Pierce, old and nearly helpless, was venturing westward alone. No strong son to accompany her for he had no time. The fact was that he had endeavored to go in opposition to her desires for so many years that it would have been next to impossible for him to have gratified her. However, the destination was reached in safety and the children found in excellent health. The serious illness had been only a slight cough but the grandmother was there and the old life begun again, for her rheumatism was put in the background, and countless pairs of stockings, torn clothing and housework put foremost. Again the drudge of loved ones who only valued her to impose upon her, she passed a long, tedious summer.

One rainy autumn day Bessie found that grandma was not awake at the usual time and could not be awakened. The family expressed deep sorrow, which the younger members felt, and to save expense buried her there instead of sending her body to be placed beside the father's.

One of the neighbors, venturing to question the lone man on the old farm as to what he intended to do, was not answered until a few weeks later, when a large dark haired woman was brought there and introduced as Mrs. Pierce.

"I won't have this old roof over my head one year from now," she was heard to exclaim one day, and straightway she led her husband a new sort of a life. No long siestas or extra dishes now, but hard work and her idea of a common meal.

In less than a year she was alone under the old roof and under the alders by the creek might be seen a long mound. All her ambition seems to have vanished. No one knows how she lives for she seldom sees anyone. Children do not go there as of old as a dark face at the window frightens them. Lilacs go to waste on the bushes unnoticed and the wild roses bloom in vain, for no appreciative eye scans them.

Strange sounds are heard in the old buildings yet the stranger woman gives no explanation. No one knows where her husband found her or who she was.

The old farm looks more desolate and abandoned each year, and there is only a slight knoll where the old milk house once stood.

M. D.

# THE NORMAL POINTER.

APRIL 15, 1901.

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## EDITORIAL

The new quarter has opened, spring has come, the shirt-waist has appeared and we all feel fresh and bright after our vacation, and ready for the last long pull. It will be harder to work this quarter, for the weather will entice us out away from books and there will be other distractions. So we have a chance to make those "habit paths" very deep and sure, or we may succumb to the allurements spring offers and take those passing marks in June, with the consequent effacement of the aforesaid paths.

We have again shared the honors at the inter-normal oratorical contest, and feel very proud and happy as a result. We are beginning to feel that these things are necessary results of the environment and opportunities afforded by our school life. Our orator this year has added to our renown of other years, besides securing for himself valuable training and experience. It is to be hoped that next year more of our young men, and some of our young ladies will take advantage of this opportunity of benefiting themselves. Just now our attention in ora-

torical fields is directed to debate. We expect to see Oshkosh again trail her banners in the dust, and we hope to send Whitewater home with colors down, and a generally disappointed appearance.

With Mr. Kennan's lecture, the last week of the quarter, our lecture course for this year was finished. We have been given six numbers, by the best talent this country affords. We have been entertained, instructed and brought into touch with some of the things outside our own little environment. Our lecture course affords a rare opportunity to students and town people alike, and one within reach of all. Already the committee is considering the course for next year, and an invitation is given to all to express any preferences they may have in talent, and any suggestions as to the drawing of seats. It should be remembered that while the course is in the hands of the committee, and they are responsible for its success, they are no more interested in it than you should be, and any suggestions you may have to give will be gladly received. The course this year has been a success financially as well as otherwise. A very small margin is left, which with the amount handed over from last year, will make the committee quite comfortable in planning next year's course.

The Athletic association at a recent meeting decided to place both a baseball and a track team in the field this year. Julius G. Carlson was elected manager of the track team and Glenn A. Tyler manager of the baseball team. We would advise the management to be somewhat discreet in the arrangement of games, as the association treasury is nearly empty and a deficit at the end of the year would put the association in a bad position. The money donated at the beginning of the year was given with the understanding that no other collection was to be taken this year, so we need not look for any further financial backing from the school.

The baseball spirit seems to be universally present throughout the school. The Juniors voted to put both a track team as well as a baseball team in the field. Merle M. Ames was elected captain of the track team and J. R. Iakish captain of the baseball team. The first year class has voted money necessary to put a baseball team in the field and elected Elmer Widmer as manager.



### The Nautilus.

There is a young Senior named Pray,  
 Who shines in a literary way;  
     On the Nautilus staff  
     He writes up the chaff  
 And the jokes that fall by the way.  
 There's another young Senior named Barry,  
 Who's talented also, very.  
     Together with Pray  
     She works out a way  
 Of making the Nautilus merry.  
 These two young editors are weary,  
 Life seems to them very dreary  
     In room thirty-eight.  
     Both early and late  
 They're found with faces quite teary.  
 I don't think you can blame them a bit,  
 When you think what a tax on their wit.  
     For each bundle of chaff  
     They must cut down one-half,  
 And then trim off its corners to fit.  
 If they ask you to write them a story  
 "Just so long, and don't make it too 'soary',"  
     Don't add to their trouble  
     By making it double  
 And think you're being covered with glory.

**The Nautilus Again.**—Now that the Nautilus is no longer a dream, but a reality—a stern reality to

those upon whose shoulders the heavy work is falling—it is time we were thinking about its dedication. The first Nautilus sent out from our school must indeed be a "Ship of Pearl;" it must start out under full sail and be handicapped by no obstruction which we can remove; therefore it must be properly dedicated. But this having been decided, the question still remains, "To whom, or to what?"

Now if the Nautilus were only the product of the Juniors, we feel sure that they would not fail to perpetuate the memory of the class just leaving, but the Nautilus Board being '01-ers, the Seniors are naturally too modest to say anything about it, or in fact even wish it to be so.

Who then shall be the honored one? If you have any suggestions to offer, whisper them to any member of the Nautilus staff.

### Groups?

Little Clara  
 Did not care a  
 Tiny bit  
 When little Jasper  
 Would ask her  
 To closer sit.

### A Suggestion.

How many times competent teachers, young and enthusiastic, have wanted to go into country schools and there use their talents to the best advantage! There is so much opportunity for improvement in the average country school that the ambitious teacher longs to take charge and prove to himself and others what can be done by competency, enthusiasm and careful thought. Then there are the advantages for Nature study that so many wish to avail themselves of.

But there comes the question of salary, and we decide that the salary of the country school is just enough to live on, with nothing left for the fund which every ambitious teacher plans to accumulate for travel or schooling.

Is there any way in which teachers themselves can persuade district school boards that an increase of ten or fifteen dollars in the monthly salary is not too great a sacrifice for the new energy and refinement of a good teacher?





Are you a baseball man?

John Mortell has withdrawn.

Many new students have entered school.

Miss Mary Heasty has returned to school.

Orin Wood and Archie Roseberry have withdrawn.

Miss Ida Kuehnast, '00, visited the Normal on April 12.

Elmer Brown has withdrawn and returned to his teaching near Manawa.

The Seniors are looking grave but determined. Wonder what's the matter?

Will Culver, '99, called at the Normal on April 10. He is teaching at Onalaska.

Miss Katherine Johnson, who withdrew from school early in the winter, has re-entered.

Miss Myra Curran and Miss Redding graduated from the Elementary course at the end of last quarter.

Miss Malick, who attended the Normal in '98-9, visited us on April 11. She now teaches at Sheboygan.

Edwin O'Brien, '98, visited the school April 10. Mr. O'Brien is now attending the university at Madison.

Fred J. Barrows, '00, visited friends here shortly before spring vacation. Mr. Barrows is teaching at Hillsboro.

Fred Oleson, a former student here, has returned for the rest of the year. Mr. Olson has been teaching near Iola.

Misses Bessie and Ellen Jeffers have re-entered

school. Both withdrew earlier in the year on account of ill health.

Miss Ida Schofield, Elementary '99, spent a few days visiting friends at the Normal during the first week of the quarter.

Quite a number of Juniors are planning to accompany the Junior debating team when it goes to Oshkosh on April 26.

Arthur J. Fox, who finished the Elementary course here last week, visited the school on March 18. Mr. Fox is teaching at Hillsboro.

Miss Carolyn Hamilton, who left school at the end of the first quarter, has re-entered for the purpose of completing the elementary course.

Hea-y: (In Geology, after looking at a map of a very crooked stream) "How on earth can the folks along there tell which side of the river they're on?"

Prof. C-er: "Explain the increasing density of the earth."

P-l-y: "Can't; it's all too dense for me."

The days just preceding vacation were house-cleaning days up at the Normal. Everyone was cleaning out his desk and giving it a fresh coat of varnish.

Harvey Schofield was not able to return to his school work at the end of vacation on account of sickness. It is expected that he will be able to be with us soon, however.

Miss Grace Hanna now represents the first year class on the rhetorical committee. She succeeds Mr. Maule, who resigned on account of pressure from other school work.

On March 20 the Forum met and elected Wm. E. Hanson, Merl M. Ames and John M. Grimm as its debating team during commencement week. Both teams are hard at work.

In Geology: Mr. B-own: "I can't remember. I read it almost a month ago."

Prof. Culver: "But such a short time doesn't count in geology, Mr. B—"

The Athenaeum, after a very interesting contest, chose Allen Brown and Robert Morrison to represent the society in the annual declamatory contest, which will take place this quarter.

The Athenaeum is doing work under these officers: President, Max Gowell; vice-president, Robert Morrison; secretary, John Fernholz; treasurer, H. Gwin; sergeant-at-arms, Peter Geimer.

The Forum begins the spring quarter under the following officers: President, Wm. Hanson; vice-president, Merl Ames; treasurer, Chas. McLees; secretary, A. B. Bronstad; sergeant-at-arms, Elmer Widmer.

It is rumored that the Juniors are preparing to challenge the Seniors to some kind of an athletic contest—either field-day or baseball—in the near future. Of course those Seniors will accept. A hot time coming.

Recently Dr. Scott demonstrated to all that he is an artist of a high order by making a bust of Prof. Swift, which is a perfect representation of the professor. The bust now adorns the library, where it can be seen by all.

Prof. Sanford: "Now Mr. C-ll-us, when the universities were established what studies were taken up under the Trivium?"

C-ll-us: "Grammar, Logic and (under his breath) United States History."

Prof. Culver was present at the the State Oratorical contest held at Whitewater on March 15. On his return he gave the school a very interesting account of what he saw and heard there and evidently he heard much more than he saw.

Mrs. Mustard met with quite a serious accident on Saturday. She was walking on a down-town street when she suddenly lost consciousness, or partially so, and fell beneath the wheels of a wagon and was cut and bruised about the head.

Miss Alice Gross, who was formerly a Normalite, and who is now studying music in Chicago, was at the Normal on Friday, April 12. At morning exercises she favored the school with several very well rendered vocal solos, which were much enjoyed by all.

At the last meeting of the rhetorical committee before vacation the committee was divided into a number of sub-committees to have charge of the program for a particular Friday afternoon. It is hoped to make the half dozen rhetorical programs that are to be fiiven during the quarter good ones, that will make the memory of the rhetorical for the year a pleasant one.

The Male Quartette was again called to Almond on March 22. This time it was to furnish music at the commencement exercises held at that place. We

have every reason to feel proud of our quartette and its work. We know that the prestige of our school is as much enhanced by the popularity of our musical organizations, such as the quartette, as by our oratorical or athletic prowess.

George Kennan's lecture on "The Siberian Convict Mines," which was given on the evening of March 27, was the last number of this year's lecture course. During the evening slips were passed to everyone, on which we were asked to state which of the numbers of this year's course we would like to see repeated next year. All of the numbers were so pleasing that without doubt the lecture committee, after looking over the collected slips, will decide to recall at least some of those who came to us and gave us such pleasing and instructive evenings this year.

The concert given at the Presbyterian church on March 15 was a very enjoyable event. All of the musical talent of the school was represented in the evening's program. The different musical organizations which helped to make the program what it was, were: Mandolin Club, Imperial Male Quartette, Normal Glee Club, Violin Orchestra and the Ladies' Sextet from the TrebleClefClub. Vocal solos were rendered by Prof. F. R. Sechrist and Miss Frances Muselman, and were much enjoyed by all. On the whole the music was of a very high character. The crowd was disappointingly meager when we consider the worthy object for which the concert was given.

The "St. Patrick's Eve" party given the ladies of the Clonian and Arena by the men of the Forum and Athenaeum was a great success. Of course Bob made the welcoming address to the ladies. We can't remember all the pretty things he said to those girls, but he ended by asking each one to forget her sorrows and "be a child agan just for tonight." And they obeyed. After this it was easy. The refreshments—prepared by those from among the Forumites and Athenaeumites who have attained skill in the art of cooking, and served by the gentlest and deftest from among them—were novel, but wholesome. We suppose the girls have told you what they consisted of, so we wont do so. Later on games were played and dances danced and the merriest kind of a time had by everybody.



Mar. 15 our team went to Superior where they played two games with the basketball team of the Superior Normal. The first game resulted in a score of 19 to 11, the second in a score of 22 to 16 in favor of Superior. Our defeat was due mainly to the lack of enthusiasm and spirit that the boys exhibited. Superior played good ball and gave the boys as pleasant a time as possible during their stay.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic association, Merle Ames was elected manager of next season's football team. We are now ready to give and receive challenges. It is the best plan to fix games and make other necessary arrangements before the football season opens, as past experience has shown us that it is not wisest to leave such things until the last.

Now that the weather permits outdoor work, it is high time that something is done to set the ball rolling. The chances for a good baseball and track team were never better. There is plenty of material to pick from but it takes time and training to develop a good team. Something should be done immediately so as to give those who are training a guarantee that their efforts will be recognized by giving them a meet with some other school.

There are those who wish to have neither baseball or track athletics. Still it should be remembered that football is not the only sport and those whose inclination or physical powers would not enable them to enter into the game should now be given a chance to show what they can do in other lines of athletics. Many of those whose liberal support went a long way toward making football and basketball a success expect an opportunity to show what they

can do. The track and the diamond are their field and they should be given a show.

But on the other hand the financial side of the question must not be forgotten. Football and, probably, basketball are the only classes of sports that have paid for themselves. Baseball and track athletics have generally been a financial failure. So the question arises whether we shall use the money donated for football to help out spring athletics. If we have meets with other schools, it will undoubtedly leave the association in debt at the end of the year and that is a condition not to be looked forward to with pleasure when next football season opens up. These things should be seriously considered before any step is taken.

Football and basketball do not seem to have exhausted the athletic energy, judging from the number of baseball notices recently seen on the blackboards. Even the girls have had a baseball meeting, and we hear it rumored that a girl's baseball team may be the result. The spring athletics will probably take the form of class contests. The Tennis association has begun active work, and the tennis courts have been put into good shape. The schedules will soon be arranged and playing can then commence in earnest.

The work on the Nautilus, which has so nearly driven many of our good people distracted, is now nearly finished, so far as getting material is concerned. The prospects of the Nautilus are financially good, and the business management is correspondingly happy. Subscriptions are still accepted.



## REMINISCENCES.

It is Friday night. Who but a school teacher realizes the meaning of those words. I am just doing nothing here in front of a sheet iron stove that is roaring and puffing and throwing out a glow of heat. Oh, but it is nice to be lazy after a week's work!

It's getting too hot for me, so I kick the draft of the stove, and push back my chair, and some way that motion carries me back a year and I can hear Jasper say, "Gee Mi Miny! but it's hot in here," and of course the Psychology class will realize how with that in the focus of consciousness, there is reason for all that followed.

There is a tinkling of bells, and thru the double door comes a stream of boys and girls I know. Across the aisle I hear, "Well, sir! that was the best joke!" and look to see a boy slapping his knee and laughing, as a dark-haired boy behind pokes him in the side, and at the same times makes vigorous attempts to stroke sever hairs on his upper lip. Down the aisle rushes a mowlerly little girl, who looks at me with a toss of her head and says, "That's all right for you!" and to the boy across the aisle, "Oh, Lucius, I got the sweetest letter."

Then comes a girl in a pink and white striped shirtwaist and a pink collar and a tinge of the same color in her cheeks. She is talking to a tall young man in the next aisle, and as I look up I see her give a little toss to her head, and a quick glance from the corners of her eyes, as she says, "The very idea, Mr. Hamilton!"

A girl with bright black eyes and a wide awake look is earnestly talking to a young man whose favorite motion seems to be a brushing back of his hair, and I hear him say, "Well now, Edna, I'll see——"

"Oh Garty!" I hear a girl's voice say to another girl who comes up the aisle to join another group of two who have been bending over an Algebra, "Did I get a letter?" and the tall young man who sat beside

her laughed quietly as he rose and sauntered back to his own seat, and some way his look seemed to make me think of that portion of "In School Days,"

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word.

I hate to go above you,

Because ——

Down the row of seats came a young man whose whole air says "editor-in-chief" as he calls out, "Barrows, here's your proofs! Can you look 'em over right away? Got to have 'em at recess!" and a girl whose "crowning glory is her hair" laughs in the jolliest kind of a way as she answers another of the remarks, that he is so liberal with.

Near the door is the one we all loved, talking earnestly to a worried-looking practice teacher, and where I sat I can hear someone say, "Ha! ha! Miss Earle, don't say anything about water; I certainly believe in immersion."

By the piano stands one dressed in a green waist and red tie, that just matches her cheeks, talking to an older lady who seems so much in earnest, and who I am sure is pronouncing every letter as it should be. Further along is a man with a quizzical look, humped down in a chair and——

But another bell strikes and in the hush I hear a voice say "Let us sing No. 180," and in the laugh that follows my dream ends.

## NOTICE TO ALUMNI.

During the vacation just past the executive committee of the Alumni association completed arrangements for the reunion in June. Notices have already been sent out and it is hoped that each alumnus will receive one promptly; however, owing to some difficulty in obtaining correct addresses, some some of the letters may miscarry. If this should happen in your case, will you kindly write to Miss Edna Saxton, (sec.-treas.) Cumberland, as soon as possible to let her know that you will be here, and enclose your 25 cents annual dues.



"Wha'd'ye get your hair cut that way for?"  
 "Twenty-five cents."—Sphinx.

The Tacoma Fortnightly from Mauston, Wis., is an attractive publication just beginning its life. We wish the editors success.

Some of the exchange editors need more room.

The Messenger comes to us with its usual attractive appearance.

"To win the maid the poet tries,  
 She likes his verse—but, cruel whim!  
 Much to the long-haired one's surprise  
 She still appears a-verse to him!"—Ex.

The freshmen had charge of the editing of High School sentiment for March. A glance at the paper convinces one that they were equal to the occasion.

The April Sphinx is as funny as usual.

"Some of our exchanges are very mysterious and as we are ever curious, such a line as this worries us not a little: 'At last we have found out who Sappho is. How about it Rose? You had them guessing, didn't you?' Yes, and us too! Moral—Do not put things in a school paper to be read by everybody that cannot be understood by everybody providing they have the usual portion of understanding"—writes the exchange editor of The Spartan. You draw a good, sound moral, Mr. Editor.

A very well written epic poem entitled "The Legislators," appears in the March number of the Normal Red Letter.

"Little grains of powder,  
 Little drops of paint,  
 Make a lady's freckles  
 Look as if they ain't."—Ex.

The Chesbrough Chronicle comes to us for the first time. We do not think the material in the Chronicle very well arranged nor the departments well balanced in respect to space occupied. An exchange column should be added.

Bright Student: "Say! Latin's easy. Look here, (picking up a Caesar) 'Forte dux in aro,' forty ducks in a row; 'Pasus suum jam,' pass us some jam; 'Bone leges Caesaris,' the bony legs of Caesar.'"—Ex

Some of our exchanges arrive in a somewhat dilapidated condition. Those who mail them should exercise a little more care in putting on the wrappers.

It will pay you to read the literary department of the Spartan for March. The articles are very interesting and instructive.

Father: "My son did you eat the whole of that doughnut?"  
 Son: "No sir; I ate around the hole."—Ex.

The Acropolis is one of our handsomest and most prosperous looking exchanges. There is not an uninteresting or unattractive page from cover to cover. The matter seems to be rather poorly arranged, however.

"The question of the hour with the editor is, What kind of material is most suitable for The Student?" begins an editorial in The Student, from Marinette, Wis. Yes, fellow editors, it is a question, no doubt, that perplexes the Staffs of all school publications. There are so many to please that it is almost impossible to decide what a paper should contain that will make it interesting and at the same time profitable to read. One thing, we think, that editors should bear in mind is that they are editing a paper representative of a school and that those who read it are, presumably, interested in the school. Then let your paper contain matter teeming with the life and work of the school; flavor it thru and thru with the spirit of patriotism for the school. These should make it a paper pleasing to those who are really interested in your welfare.

Training



Department

Wednesday, March 27, two plays, the result of the optional work, were given in the Intermediate room. On the blackboard the dramatis personae were given.

WILLIAM TELL CO.

William Tell.... Russell Moen  
 Son of Tell, Albert..... Guy Adams  
 Gesler, the Tyrant..... John Moffitt  
 King of Austria..... Willis Boston  
 Soldiers.

In the front of the room were many evergreen trees to represent the woods, and the costumes of the actors were suitable for the occasion as well as the scenery. The cross-bow carried by William Tell was made by the boys, and their costumes were "works of art of their own." Until within a week before the play was given, the boys received no help from anyone, but in that last week Miss Quinn heard them rehearse twice. According to the applause from the audience and from all reports "William Tell Co." was very successful in its first appearance, and we hope to see them again before the season is over.

"Cinderella" was the next on the program and the characters were:

Cinderella..... Vera Eaton  
 Oldest Sister..... Inez Fulton  
 Youngest Sister..... Winifred Nelson  
 Sentinel..... Paul Thompson  
 Prince..... Lawrence Hill  
 Godmother..... Anna Mason

One of the most interesting facts about the little play is that the conversation, acting and costumes were "made up" by the company. They did not use a book, but gave it just as they remembered it, so that no two rehearsals were alike, and the presentation was different from any of the rehearsals. At the ball the violin orchestra (Marion Vos Burgh) played for the two-steps and Virginia reel, which the young people danced. The Co. have now had their picture taken and we expect bills and posters to be out soon, advertising their next appearance.

The "popcorn sale" in the Primary department followed the two plays and has been written up by

the children of the Primary room. The first is by one of the Second grade.

"March 28."

"Dear Friend:

"I am going to tell you about our popcorn sale. I sold a basket of buttered popcorn and a basket of cracker jack. We just raked in money. We had sweet corn, and string-corn, bag-corn, butter-corn, and cracker jack in bags and in balls.

"We had four dollars and 58 cents. We went to Miss Quinn's show. They had William Tell and his son. They had Cinderella or the Glass Slipper. Ned and I bought ten cents of butter popcorn.

"Ned is my brother. The show was very good. The money would be nice for things we want in the cooking.

"I think some other time Miss Faddis will have another popcorn sale.

"Your Fast Friend.

"Will Livingston."

The following is by one of the Third grade:

"Stevens Point, Wis., March 28, 1901."

"Dear Miss Faddis.

"We had a popcorn sale yesterday for the cooking class. The money we made we are going to use to cook with. Sometime we need some lettuce for our Friday afternoon lunches. We had sugared corn and parched and popcorn balls and buttered corn and cracker jack and corn-cob babies. The parched corn cost 4c a box and the sugared corn 6c a box. The babies were 1c a piece and the string-corn was 1c a yard. The cracker jack was 5c a box. Rosetta Johnson had a table and was cashier. I had a table and I sold two trays full of sugared pop-corn. This morning Miss Faddis let us count the money. When we got through counting we had four dollars and 58 cents. So we can get things for our picnic this spring.

"Truly yours.

"Harry Pomeroy."

On Friday, March 29, a little boy with a big pan was seen walking through the hall, and when asked what he had been doing, said, "Nothin'. Just eat'in' the end of our pop-corn sale."

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