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MARCH
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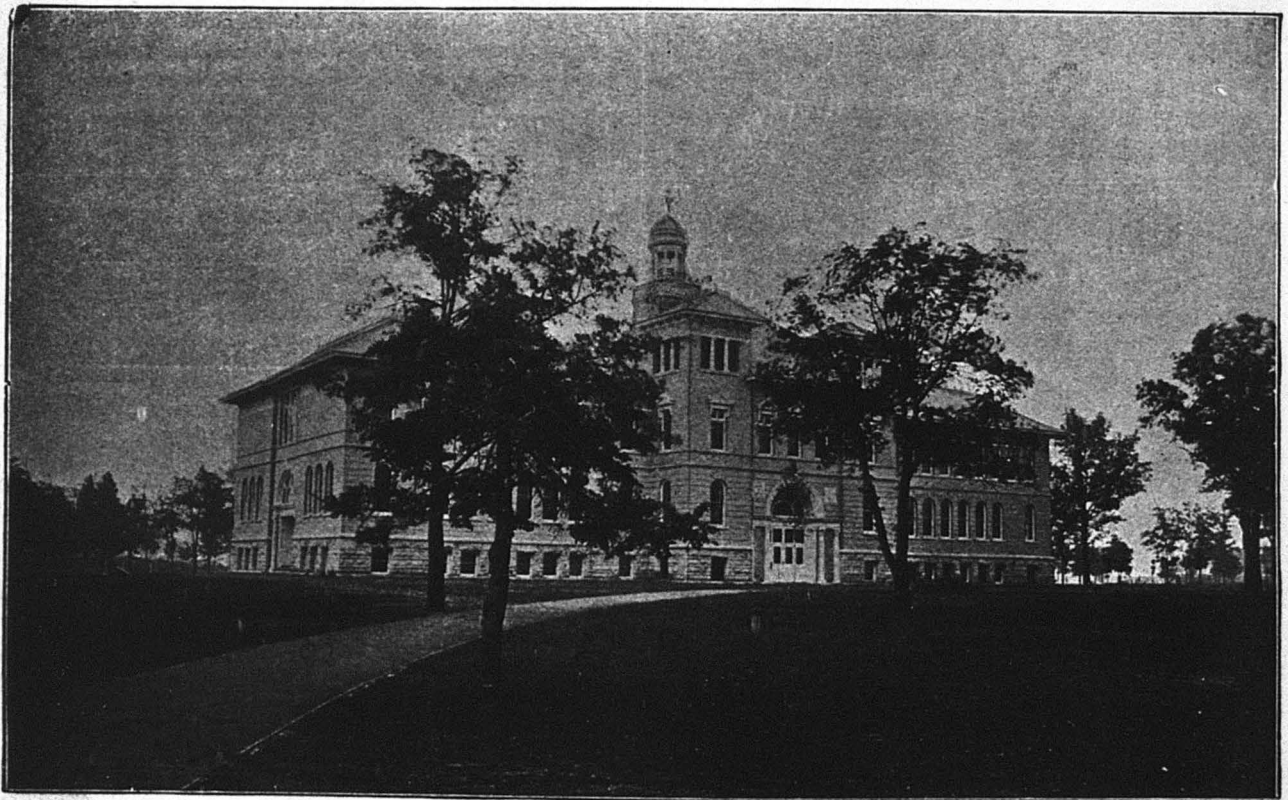
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume VI.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MARCH 15, 1901.

Number 6.



TO THE FLUNKERS.

BY R. M.

I SING not of the Grinders true,
Their marks hath oft' been shown to you
On many a card;
"Profs" galore have sung their praise,
And they may scorn the humble lays
Of any bard.
I tune my lyre to the flunker's heart,
And call him from the rest apart
To read my rhyme.
I know he must be sick and sore
From hearing those high marks read o'er
From time to time.
On him no "Prof" hath ever smiled,
His bitter hours are not beguiled
By any praise.
He to the dregs must drink his gall,
If he below that mark doth fall
On testing days.
Dreamer, those marks are not for you,
Those belong to the brilliant few.
So come away.
When Grinders bucked so hard and strong
In happy dreams you strolled along
Throughout the day.

When Grinders "worked" the Roman strife,
I saw you grinning over "LIFE"!
Now don't you lie.
You struck a magazine at nine,
For the library shelf you hit a line
Straight as a die.
You say you love to tread the sand
Which lines the beach of romance land;
And watch the tossing barks.
Ah! dreamer, I agree with you;
It is a soul entrancing view,
But mighty hard on marks.
They tell me down in Psychic class,
That if you let those shadows pass
Beyond the gates of will;
Your mind will be a hoodlum show,
Where misty figures come and go,
Which are not on the bill.
But shed no tears o'er what is past,
Life will give to each at last
His due.
And in the heat of that fierce race,
There will be found a shady place
For you.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

Out in that larger, broader school,
 The one whom here we think a fool
 Oft' times ranks high.
 They never call for fact or date
 When summing up their estimate
 Of you and I.

OLD MAN GAGE.

It was time to go to supper, so I picked up my hat and went slowly across the lawn and around the corner of the house. Instead of crossing the road and walking on the sidewalk—a thing I could do in the winter—I walked thru the grass which bordered the road on both sides. Just beyond the sun was setting and for a moment I was unconscious of all save the marvelous beauty of my surroundings. Just then I heard a sound as of falling tin and looking quickly around I beheld one of the strangest specimens of humanity I have ever seen.

A man of sixty years, perhaps, short and thick-set, clad in overalls and rough flannel shirt partly open at the neck, and a battered white straw sailor hat on his head, stood before me. As soon as he could free a hand he stooped slowly, laboriously down to pick up the tin pan. As he did so I was amused at the collection under his arm, from which the pan had fallen. There were two pieces of wood, an old boot, a broken umbrella, some pieces of paper and a ragged coat. Where he got these things no one could imagine. His gait as he started off was a series of shuffles and hitches, for his shoes were of a size to fit Jacob, the big blacksmith down town. Just as he started I turned in at my boarding place and lost sight of him.

I never learned his full name but knew him only as "Old Man Gage." I saw him almost daily throughout the year. He always had the curious collection of odds and ends under one arm, or in a wheelbarrow, and he always refreshed himself after his day's labors at "The Farmers' Home."

I said that he always had his curiosity shop with him. I was wrong, for there was once when I saw him without it. It was Memorial Day. He was an old soldier and very proud of the fact that "he had fit for the old flag." This day he had laid aside the overalls and flannel shirt and had arrayed himself in army blue. His shoulders seemed to straighten as he marched at the side of the village doctor, the

magnate of the peace, and I think his step would have been lighter had it not been for the shuffling shoes.

As the veterans returned from the cemetery, "Old Man Gage" stooped and picked up a stick. At the hall he dropped from the ranks, lurched himself down the hill and disappeared in the back door of "The Farmers' Home." E. MACDONALD.

OUR RETURN TRIBUTE.

Hail to our hardy Normal boys!
 Those brave sons of the soil.
 Who come to us with ruddy cheeks,
 Hands hard with honest toil.
 Not for us fine perfumed fops,
 Whose court is but deceit,
 Give us our honest truthful lads,
 Bred up among the wheat.
 Better the rude unpolished phrase
 Which from Normal lads we hear,
 Than the finest speech, the cultured phrase,
 More gallant, less sincere.

BOB TO THE FORUMITES.

Forumites, Romans and Orators! I come not here to talk, neither to declaim. Ye know too well the reason of my coming. I come to take my place upon that programme which ye have posted in yonder hall, and which now methinks lies upon the venerable president's desk. I have no harrowing tale to tell you, no mighty wrong to be redressed. I am no master of speech, as those who have preceeded me, I am a simple farmer lad whose life has been spent around the wood piles and cornfields of my father's farm. There "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife I walked the even tenor of my way." Only one great wrong have I suffered. I loved a maiden once whose smile was like the first flush of dawn when it tints the east, her voice like the rippling of the brook that flows through father's farm. I loved her, Oh, how I loved her. No man loved as I, but I will not pour that great sorrow into your patient ear. I come to speak of battles yet to win, and not of the past.

I have never seen the wave washed beach of Carthage; I have never watched the strong armed Sparticus sprinkle the dust of the Arena with the blood of his fellow barbarians; I never cheered Caesar

when he returned from foreign conquests, therefore I cannot be called ambitious. I have heard that one man withstood a whole army at the gates of that imperial city but I never believed it. The historians say that it is true, and though the historians are honorable men I sometimes feel that they are liars. If you show me one man that can withstand a whole army I will show you an army that cannot withstand a man and I would say to that army, go home, weld your spears into darning needles, and darn your last year's socks. But those were heroic days, and that is why so many of those great men have mingled their dust with that of their forefathers.

Forumites! I would tonight that I might take our other rivals in this contest back with me to that field of Waterloo as the setting sun is throwing its last rays along the burnished bayonets of the contending armies. I would place them in the midst of the old Imperial guard, and then have the emperor give the command to charge, and watch them sweep across the valley to their grand glorious destruction.

Then in the gathering twilight I would button up my coat and return to you with the news. Ah, I can see in my mind's eye the Forum dazzling in electric splendor awaiting my return.

I can see my busts on a hundred pedestals. I can see my pictures bought by negligent fines adorning all your walls, and basking in the sunshine of my great renown. I can hear my name echoing down through Forum fame. But of "such stuff dreams are made."

Gentlemen! Our rivals live, they breathe, they move, and even now, methinks, I can hear their sonorous voices ringing in the Normal senate. Forumites! they are slaves, verbal shouting slaves. We are orators and declaimers. Shall they wear the laurel wreath? Shall they trample in the dust the Forum pride? I say it must not be! Go, sons of the Forum, turn your declamations into plowshares and plow the babblers under. I swear by the walls that hath echoed the tread of "Big Ames" and "Little Ames," the Forum shall win again!

THE OLD HOME.

A lonely waste of wintry land,
A farm-house bleak and drear,
And you have scene enough, my friend,
To cause some eye a tear.

A heart like yours once beat, out there,
With all the joy of life,
That joy which long since hath been crushed
In manhood's bitter strife.

A wanderer in stranger lands
Through wasted years will roam,
With heavy heart and tearful eye,
To his deserted home.

Those winds which sigh through naked trees,
To him will whisper low,
The echo of those summer days
From out the long ago.

Ah, sad enough it looks today
Beneath that old elm tree,
And years ago its rafters rang
With youthful melody.

And all the lads and lassies gay,
For many miles around,
Came o'er the snow with jingling bells,
And here a welcome found.

Many a laugh and jest was passed,
As they came two and two,
Laughing lads and blushing maids,
With winter's rosy hue.

And then the violin began
Above the din and roar,
And soon the sound of hurrying feet
Across the pinewood floor.

"All join hands," and away we go
To rollicking music sweet.
Ah, rogue, you swing too long, I think,
That maiden prim and neat.

So all night through the hazy whirl
The couples come and go,
Until the moon throws its last beams
Across the fields of snow.

But the dancers long have vanished
Like figures in a dream,
And the feet which tripped that measure gay
Are weary now, I ween.

They're scattered now like autumn leaves
Before the winter's breath;
Some to unknown lands have gone,
And some away with death.

The winter wind sighs mournfully
Around the vacant place,
As if it yet were searching
For one familiar face.

R. M.

The "admonition" in the literary columns of the previous issue of the Pointer has borne fruit. The ebullitionary process has started and gems of poetic merit are dropping into the desk of the editor from time to time. Pour on more of the oil of inspiration, but see that it comes from your own mind and heart, and keep your good muse a simmering. We want to raise the standard of the paper. J. C.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

MARCH 15, 1901.

A monthly periodical, representative of the Sixth State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, published by the students.

Entered at local Post-office as second class matter.

Terms of subscription—50 cents per year in advance. 75 cents if not paid before Jan. 1, 1901.

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Address all business letters to the Business Manager.

Articles solicited from former students and teachers.

Readers and subscribers are respectfully requested to patronize our advertisers.

EDITORIAL

The sudden information that one of our students was quarantined with the small-pox caused a little thrill to run through the school. Groups gathered in various parts of the building, and other groups were seen hurriedly making their way toward the nearest doctor. There is always something to be learned from an event like this. We find people so opposed to giving up a pet prejudice that they refuse to be vaccinated, preferring to run the risk of having the disease, exposing other people, and so endangering other lives. (If it were only their own we could forgive their obstinacy.) Then we find others equally as unreasonable at the other extreme. They believe the faintest rumors, the most impossible tales, and make the subject of their own safety a nuisance to other people. They forget that a little common sense is the best of precautions. Meanwhile we are glad that our quarantined friends are comfortable, if not as comfortable as possible. We ought not to forget that it is in times like this

that they most appreciate their friends and friendly services. We can show our gratitude for our own health and freedom by being thoughtful of and for them.

The musical organizations are among the noteworthy features of school this year. The Treble Clef Club is the only new organization. It balances the others, and gives us an opportunity to hear fine music and at the same time see something attractive. The Male Quartette has done more work than any of the other organizations and is ready for any emergency. It shares its popularity with the Glee Club, which has gone to work in earnest. We are told that some of the young men forget the date for practice semi-occasionally, and are asked to remind them that Tuesday evening and Saturday morning are to be kept sacred to practice. We were not asked to tell the young ladies to discourage absence from practice, but think that, also, might be advisable. The Mandolin Club has not made many public appearances as yet, but has been greatly appreciated whenever it has favored us. Besides these close organizations we have many combinations and variations to suit the circumstances. It is rumored that there are several concerts in store for us in the near future, to be given by our talent, and we hope the rumors are true.

Mr. Wilson of the weather bureau at Milwaukee gave us an illustrated lecture on the essential features of official weather making, besides describing the methods of private individuals like Foster and Hicks. Mr. Wilson gave a very clear and interesting account of cyclonic storms, and the instruments and methods used in taking observations and making reports for weather maps. He was very much appreciated, and like Oliver Twist we say "more."

When this number of the Pointer is issued we will be waiting for news from our orator, and we have every reason to expect a message that will cause a visible feeling of exultation. We now rank second among the Normals in oratory as decided by the State contests, and we know that our representative this year will add lustre to our reputation. So we will bid him a confident good-bye and look forward to a triumphant home coming.



Spring.—Four weeks are now left us for the best work of the year. The weather is crisp and invigorating, our minds are free from worry—now that we have been vaccinated—and all conditions favorable for hard work. Make the most of your time now, and when in a few weeks we awaken some morning, and

“Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul 'mid grass and flowers.”

we need feel no twinges of conscience for the hours spent in rambling through the woods, searching for arbutus, violets, all the flowers we love

Books are not the only teachers, nor the best.

“To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language.”

—Go forth under the open sky and list to Nature's teachings.”

“Away! I will not be, today,

The only slave of toil and care,

Away from desk and dust! away!

I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,

Among the plants and breathing things,

The sinless, peaceful works of God,

I'll share the calm the season brings.

The Geometry of Life.

Geometry of Life treats of people who are not confined to a single plane.

Axiom I. The relations of people to others and to Nature are changed when they move to a higher or lower plane.

Theorem I. One's plane is said to be determined when he thinks he has attained his ideals.

Theorem II. Altho you may at some time have chosen the straight line path, that one line does not determine the plane of your life.

Theorem III. At some point in your plane you are the only person who can cut any figure in the given plane.

Cor. I. The figure that you cut does not always depend upon what you think the size of your plane to be.

Theorem IV. Two figures are supposed to be symmetrical,

a) When they smile upon each other.

b) When they can occupy the same seat without apparent trouble.

c) When their hearts coincide.

Theorem V. The volume of your life is equal to the product of the area of your plane multiplied by the distance from the plane to your ideal.

Be ye perfect in the Geometry of Life.

I scent a fragrance in the air,

The coming of the spring,

When life will give us hope again,

And love for everything.

And undertone of melody

Will come from everywhere,

The mayflower and the violet

Will bring their fragrance rare.

Initial Characteristics.—

Energetic Little Hustler.

Right Good Friend.

Much Joy Brings.

Roars Ever Much.

Jokes Continually.

Goes Along Tranquilly.

Just Horribly Amiable.

Always Labors Hard.

Always Earning Dollars.



Don't forget about the Nautilus.

Bessie Rawson visited her home at Westfield Feb. 22-25.

Jesse Ames spent February 22-28 with friends out of town.

Walter Murat was kept from school by sickness early in March.

Dr. Scott spent a week in Chicago during the latter part of February.

Helen Hein, one of our January graduates, visited the Normal on March 8.

Harold Culver was absent from school during the first week in March on account of sickness.

"What did J—s speak in the declamatory contest?"

"Dunno: 'The Chambered Nautilus.' I suppose!"

Leslie Everts, '96, visited the Normal Monday, Feb. 18. He was a member of that year's football team.

Wm. Tiffany, a former member of the school, died of small-pox Feb. 19. He was teaching near Madison.

Harry Miller, who finished the elementary course last January, spent a few days at the Normal early in March.

Mr. Cary was absent from school several weeks on account of the death of a brother. He has now returned to his work.

Prof. Woodland delivered a lecture on liquid air

at the Opera House on Feb. 26. The lecture was well attended by students

Prof. Culver delivered a lecture at Almond on Feb. 15. Three numbers of the Almond Lecture course were furnished by Normal talent this year.

At the Forum preliminary declamatory contest held Friday night, March 8, Robert Mulvihill and Julius Carlson were chosen to represent the society.

The Athenaeum has elected the following men to represent the society in the annual Forum-Athenaeum debate: Allen Brown, Peter Geimer and Scott Waite.

The Forum is preparing to hold a preliminary debating contest for the purpose of selecting a team. Several Forumites will contest for the places of honor.

John Morse went home to spend the "Washington's Birthday" vacation and was there seized upon by that "swell" affair, the mumps, so as not to be able to return to school.

Prof. Livingston reappeared in his old place on the rostrum on the morning of March 8 and was greeted with cheers. We are glad to welcome him back after his long absence.

Lucy Cantwell, who re-entered school in January, has been obliged to withdraw on account of ill health. She expects to enter school again at the commencement of the spring quarter.

In the preliminary declamatory contest held in the Arena on March 1 Edith Root and Mayme Hanna were chosen to represent the society in the annual declamatory contest to be held some time next quarter.

Pres. Pray spent a few days in Madison and Chicago during the latter part of February. His visit at Madison had some connection with our uncompleted west wing. He had a pleasant little story to tell us when he returned.

Prudence Cochrane was called home suddenly on March 5 by the serious illness of her mother, the sad news of whose death has since reached us. Miss Cochrane has the sympathy of the whole school in this, her great sorrow.

Rhetoricals on March 8 were the best we have had for some weeks. The scene from "Christmas Carols"

was very funny. The "procession of books" literally "kept us guessing." The literary and musical part of the program was of a high standard.

Rhetoricals on Friday, March 1, were short but entertaining. At the close Mr. Griffin, an old friend of the school, entertained us with his violin. Later on, in the gym, he again showed us that he is well disposed towards the school and—but perhaps that's a secret.

Alfred Herrick has been confined to his room for several weeks on account of small-pox. A number of others were quarantined at the same time but they have been released. Mr. Herrick's case was a very mild one and he will be back in his place at school in a few days. It is to be hoped that the small-pox scare is over.

Mr. Bailey of Boston Art School lectured in the Presbyterian church February 20. He visited the Normal while here and made a few what he called "bad" drawings for us. He told us to come to his lecture and find out why they were bad. Of course we went and found out.

Harvey Schofield and Alfred Halverson, two of our basketball men, spent a week in Chicago playing with the Stevens Point Athletics against some of the best teams in the country in the basketball tournament held there. They came home with a good share of the honors.

Dr. Scott addressed the school one morning and in a very interesting and instructive talk told us about some of the things he had seen in the Chicago schools during his recent visit there. He mentioned particularly the school for the deaf and told us of the work being done there. He ended his talk by eulogizing the teaching profession and was given rousing applause at the close.

Miss De Reimer addressed the school one morning on the Weather Bureau service and its work. She called to our attention the great importance of the weather to men in nearly all walks in life and showed us of what great value the Bureau is in forecasting weather conditions. Her talk was meant to be a forerunner of the lecture given that evening by Prof. Wilson of the Weather Bureau. His lecture was very interesting and instructive and was well at-

tended by students and others. Such practical, educational lectures as this no student can afford to miss.

In the last issue of the Pointer we neglected to mention Prof. Shannon, who has re-enforced the teaching corps of the school. He received his early training in the common schools of Guernsey county, Ohio, and graduated from the Northern Indiana Normal school in 1886. He held the position of principal of public schools in Illinois during the next two years. He was next Institute Conductor and principal of the Wolsey and Desmet, S. D., public schools, 1888-93. For the next two years he was a student at the University of Michigan and afterwards successively instructor in the Chicago Business college and principal of the Grant (a Chicago suburb) public schools. He received the A. B. degree from Chicago University in 1900 and was a graduate student there before coming to us in January. It will be seen that he is thoroughly equipped, both in scholastic training and in experience and we hope his stay with us will be a long one.

The "Washington" party held in the gym, on the night of Feb. 22 was one of the pleasantest evenings we have had this year. A good share of the students and faculty came in costumes characteristic of Washington's time and many of them (the costumes) were striking and beautiful. Immense wigs, white stockings, plenty of lace and silver buckles changed the men into staid John Adamses, liberty-loving Lafayettes, unassuming Thomas Jeffersons and sturdy Benjamin Franklins. The ladies were dressed—but there's no use in attempting to describe those costumes. Anyway, from the remarks that have since been heard from the young men concerning the ugliness of woman's style of dress today, we think the colonial maids at the Washington party could not have been very displeasing. A short program consisting of music and a number of short speeches on different phases of Washington's life was rendered early in the evening. Refreshments were served in No. 10. After this the dancing began and John Adams forgot King George, Thomas Jefferson forgot the Declaration of Independence, and even Ben Franklin his lightning rod, and everyone was happy.

Our Athletics.



Now that the basketball season is over we are enabled to give a short review of the season's work. We have not been universally victorious, still our defeats have not been so numerous as to cast a gloom over basketball circles. Out of the eight games played by our team only three were lost. Our boys have clearly demonstrated that they can play basketball, and we are proud of the record they have made. The following is the games played and the results:

Stevens Point, 12.....	New London, 37
Stevens Point, 41.....	Wausau, 16
Stevens Point, 29.....	Wausau, 19
Stevens Point, 16.....	Oshkosh, 24
Stevens Point, 17.....	Waupaca, 15
Stevens Point, 28.....	Oshkosh, 18
Stevens Point, 10.....	Weyauwega, 12
Stevens Point, 26.....	Weyauwega, 5

The total number of points made by Stevens Point is 182; the number of points made by the opposing teams, 146.

Although the season is over the basketball spirit is still far from being dead. Practice goes on with unabated vigor and every evening finds several teams awaiting their turn to play.

Some time ago several new teams were formed. One of these aggregations, composed of ex-football players and known as the "Raw Recruits," for their first game, played the "Regulars," the regular team. This kindness was done probably, to let the new team run up against the real thing and give them a conception of what good ball was like.

The game began. The ball was thrown up in the middle of the floor and was caught by the Regulars' center. His opponent immediately tackled him, low and hard. It was a beautiful tackle but the referee called it a foul. The ball was again put in play and went out of bounds where the tackle fell on it. Soon the half back obtained possession of the ball, and tucking it securely under his arm started for a touch-

down. He would probably have succeeded had he not remembered that he was playing basketball instead of football. Next the fullback tried for a goal from the center of the field and the tackle to go around end but both attempts failed and the ball went to their opponents. They, in the meantime, had not been idle but had been busily engaged making baskets. The "Recruits" made a basket in the early part of the game, but this surprised them so that they seemed unable to do it any more.

Eventually time was called and they left to count up their bruises, which were far in excess of the score. Basketball may have its advantages; it may require coolness, agility and training, but as a game can it ever equal football? Ask them.

Are we to have a track team and a field day? There seems to be no reason why we shouldn't. We have a surplus of about twenty dollars in the treasury of the Athletic association, something unusual for this time of the year. Besides having the financial backing for a track team there seems material enough in the school from which to develop a successful one.

The time is drawing near when we must begin to think about these matters and those that have aspirations for a position on the team should be training. Many of the young men fail to find their way to the gymnasium, not because they are averse to the exercise but because they do not find there the exercise they desire. Swinging light wooden dumbbells and playing soldier with a wand for a gun seems hardly the exercise to give a young man who has spent the early part of the year on the gridiron. While such exercise may have its advantages and may be a benefit to all who take it, it does not seem to meet the physical requirements of the strong, healthy and robust. There are those who wish to train for spring athletics and who, if given the chance to do so, would take it. Can no provision be made for them?

March 8 and 9 our team tried conclusions with the Weyauwega team. The first game was lost by our boys. Score 10 to 12. The next night the tables were turned. Stevens Point more than redeemed herself by winning by a score of 29 to 5.



[The "Scribblers" beg leave to dedicate the following to the Alumni.]

Where are the Marys, the Anns and Elizas, Tom, Dick and Harry, and the good Hezekiahs' that rose to the dignity of seniors in our school last year and the year before and the year before that. They told us that they were going out into the great world but we never dreamed that they meant to leave the good old school sphere entirely. And it seemed that they did not either for they promised to strew our ever-green path frequently with the flowery eloquence of their pens. For awhile our Pointer was all aglow with cheery words from the Alumni. But they seem to have drifted away, Alas! Wanted: The names of the pastures in which these stray lambs are browsing.

JOINED THE SILENT MAJORITY.

It was with the bitterest woe that we were at last convinced that our beloved Alumni had met their doom on the Sea of Life. Until February last we had received tidings each month. Then no word came and we feared the worst. But before lacerating the loving hearts of their many friends we wished to make doubly sure that our fears were well-founded and the columns reserved for the letters of our brethren of a larger experience, were filled by the timorous pen of an undergraduate. But as February passed and the winds of March roared down our chimneys and tested the strength of hat-pins and tempers, and still we heard no word, grim Conviction, with his iron hand, seized pale, trembling Hope and strangled her feeble life. We could no longer doubt that the Alumni had been shipwrecked on the Sea of Life. One consolation still remains and persistently haunts us—that a few of the many may have been rescued and that at least we may have a few cablegrams to print in our next issue. When that comfort fails, we will throw ourselves prone on

the ground and wail, "Two blank columns must ever after greet our weeping eyes." It is very tragic that their demise should have occurred so early in the Pointer year. The Alumni ranged in age from one to six years and were amiable, generous, literary, wealthy and loyal; grave, gay, shock-headed, bald-headed, black-haired and auburn; tall and thin, Lilliputian and corpulent. They have a host of friends to mourn the loss of so much literary ability. The principal mourner is the distracted Editor-in-Chief, whose mind will certainly become deranged unless some Alumni material arrives before April 1.

The Alumni, alas! are no more.
 In vain we list for their voice.
 Our nerves to a thin thread are wore.
 How a line would our sad hearts rejoice.
 We loved them most dearly and true,
 For their words of instruction and joy.
 We waited the whole month thru,
 While torturing fears did annoy.

It is with a deep feeling of relief that we are able to say that not all of the Alumni have gone under the cruel waves. One survivor has come to the surface and after a long hard swim, reached the land.

Words cannot express our gratitude. We rejoice that one who had gone so far into the shadows, was permitted to return to us. It gives us courage to hope that others may have been fortunate enough to reach some friendly shore, where they will be kindly cared for by the natives and returned to our land in due time.

We feel sure that when the one saved is in a condition to relate his experiences, he will give us the facts concerning this dreadful catastrophe. At present he is resting quietly and must not be disturbed until the next issue.



You have to pay some people to be good, but the Freshmen are good for nothing.—Ex.

Why should no man starve in the deserts of Arabia?

Because of the sand which is there.

How came the sandwiches there?

The tribe of Ham was bred and mustered there.—Ex.

In the Literary department of the Ryan Clarion is a sketch of the life and works of Eben E. Rexford, one of Wisconsin's poets. We commend the writer upon his choice of subject. Mr. Rexford is a writer of merit, and it is well to call attention to him and his works.

The Student from Marinette, Wis., presents an attractive appearance.

We learn thru The Messenger of the efforts of the Wichita High school to obtain a gymnasium. The necessary means is being obtained by popular subscription. We wish success to the worthy enterprise.

The Carroll Echo contains a strong article discussing the advantages and beneficial effects of basketball as an exercise for women. It will pay you to read it

The short stories of The Owl are particularly pleasing. The writing of short stories seems to be an interesting field of literary work. How much more readable are productions of this kind than essays upon "Genius and Character," "Courage of Conviction" and "Truth," written by high school and academy students! Write upon some concrete subject with which you are familiar and in which you feel an interest and allow the philosophers to philosophize.

Three students bold
With joy enrolled
Their names last fall;
But now their looks
Suggest of books
Bucked not at all.—Sphinx.

Rather a large portion of The Tocsin is devoted to its literary department. Little items of school interest makes the school paper interesting.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Writing a history exam.
"A pony I hold
In my right hand so bold,
Oh what a strong boy I am."—Ex.

"Now use your napkin, Frankie."
"I am, I've got the dog tied to the table leg with it.—Ex.

A case of mumps is a swell affair.

There is a general tendency on the part of school papers to make the first page their editorial one. In doing so they greatly injure the looks of the sheet. People care little who is in charge of the paper, and, sad to say, care less about reading the editorials. Think the matter over fellow editors.—High School Courier.

It is amusing to notice how much consolation is derived, by athletic teams, from defeat. Says the athletic editor of a certain school paper, "H—s played a very strong game but the score of 28 to 2 in our opponents' favor is due to the fact that we were opposed to a very strong team."

"Does heat expand?" the teacher asked;
"If so example cite."
"The days are long in summer,"
Said the student who was bright.

The Lawrentian contains an editorial on "Would be Sports." It says in part that a few of these "Would be Sports" may succeed in appearing "tough" but a "tough" is not a sport. True sportsmanship is characterized by the highest sense of honor and love of fair play. These silly ambitions of some students in the lower classes to appear "tough" usually leave a smirch which can never be erased.



PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

The "Birds" are still cooking and they serve a lunch each Friday. There is a bill posted on the Primary room telling what things are needed, and whenever a pupil can bring any of the different articles, he writes his name after it. The children are so much interested in this work that one has gone without butter for breakfast, another without sugar for her coffee, so that they might be able to contribute their share to the supplies. Others save the pennies which they are given for candy. All these little sacrifices show what interest the pupils take in the cooking and make their little "stock of groceries" of great value. Their last lunch consisted of lemon sauce and crackers, and they have also been making Saratoga chips.

The Valentine party was very much of a success, and those who cared to wrote an account of it. The following is a story by one of the Third grade:

THE VALENTINE PARTY.

"The school gave a Valentine party on Valentine day. All school children were to be present and also others.

"Each one of the scholars brought a few slices of bread and two or three apples. The "Birds" cooked the rest. They cooked it all very well. They made two kinds of candy and stuffed dates.

"We had a penny box on Miss Faddis desk. All the pennies that we got for candy or something like that, we would put in the box. The money was to buy sugar and other things the Birds needed to cook with.

"Each Busy Bee and Worker gave each one the Birds a valentine. These valentines were not made of paper. It was an apron.

"The Birds were much pleased with them and danced around there with them on like clowns or elves.

"Now is the time the Valentine box is to be opened. Each one got a Valentine. Miss Faddis was so good by giving each visitor and scholar a

Valentine. It was a pasteboard heart cut out with either a little girl or boy pasted on. She made them all by hand. Then we all got our things and went home feeling very happy."

Each member of the Second and Third Grade is keeping a calendar for each month, which he makes himself. In the different squares he writes or illustrates by drawing the condition of the weather—stormy, etc., and special days are marked with red ink, as Washington's Birthday, Valentine's Day, birthday of Lincoln.

THE INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

The Sixth grade are interested in ancient Roman history, the Fifth grade in early colonial history, and the Fourth grade in primitive history—cliff dwellers and cave dwellers.

The Sixth grade drawing class are now interested in wax molding. They have made their own tools, and are molding rabbits, dogs and other animals.

Fifteen minutes a day are given to a general spelling exercise. This is the first time that "Spelling" has ever had a place on the program, and results are promising as is shown in written work.

Five of the Intermediate boys are working up "William Tell," which they expect to present in the near future. They are doing nearly all of it themselves, receiving only suggestions from others.

The optional work has been temporarily suspended on account of failure to obtain a teacher to take charge of the Intermediate room. There are always some at work in the room on plans or other things, which makes it necessary to have a teacher in charge. All hope that the work will be taken up again soon.

Plans were made by all the pupils for a table for the room. The five best were selected, discussed, and preparations were made for beginning the work. Although this had to be suspended for a time, it will be taken up when the optional work begins again.

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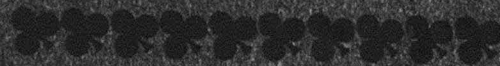
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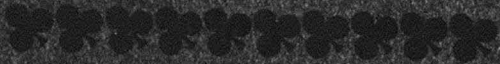
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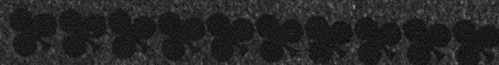
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