

NORMAL POINTIER



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Vol. X.

No. 7

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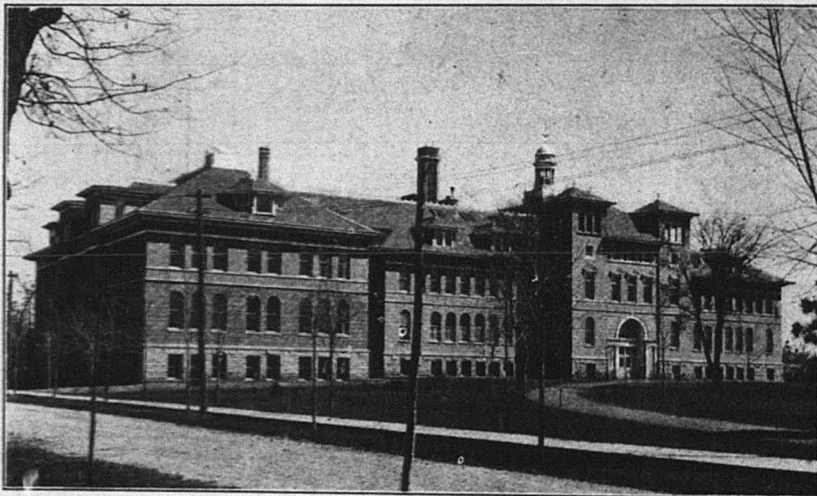
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Theron B. Pray,
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Vol. X.

Stevens Point, Wis., April 15, 1905.

No. 7.

THE INTER-NORMAL ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Inter-Normal Oratorical Contest at the opera house on March 17 is a matter of history, but to those who were present on that occasion it will always be a pleasant remembrance.

Considering the number of visitors in attendance from the other Normals, the enthusiasm that seemed everywhere to pervade the air, and the friendly spirit of rivalry exhibited by the different delegations, it will be a long time before the League will record a more successful meeting.

To Stevens Point Normal the result of the contest was especially a source of great satisfaction, our orator, Miss Alta M. Sherman, easily winning first place in a splendid oratorical effort.

The contest for second place, awarded to Walter R. Buzywitz, of Milwaukee, was so close that the decision of the judges created considerable dissatisfaction. Yet, popular opinion was so variously divided on the merits of the River Falls, Whitewater and Platteville speakers for second place, that, on the whole, no more satisfactory decision could have been reached.

However, all of the orations were of such high rank and so ably delivered that a place on the program at all was a great honor.

The visitors began coming Thursday, when the Whitewater and Platteville delegations arrived, headed by the superb Platteville band. The other delegations arrived Friday, bringing the grand total of visitors to about 500.

An attempt was made to pursue the regular work Friday morning so that the visitors should have a

chance to judge of the work done here and the regular program was carried out under very trying circumstances.

In the afternoon the Platteville band gave an excellent concert which was interspersed by the school yells and songs of the different Normals. Enthusiasm was at high tide. Even the usually serious and dignified seniors seemed animated and imbued with new life.

The concert was followed by a basket ball game between the Platteville and Stevens Point teams in the gymnasium, an account of which can be found in the athletic columns.

In the meantime a business meeting of the Inter-Normal League was being held on the third floor, at which officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: President—Frank J. Marriott, Whitewater; Vice President—Ernest Hulten, River Falls; Secretary—Miss Ellen Hoffman, Stevens Point; Treasurer—F. L. Mussbach, Milwaukee.

The contract for publishing the orations and minutes of

the business meeting was let to THE GITCHEE GUMEE, the Superior Normal paper, to which we refer you for details.

At 7:30 the opera house began to fill up, about 900 Normalites being admitted, taking all the available room.

The different delegations occupied separate sections, each vying with the others in making their location known by school yells, waving banners, instrumental noise and school songs. The demon-



ALTA M. SHERMAN.

stration of the afternoon was only an intimation, a whispered prelude, of what could really be accomplished.

Altho Oshkosh and Stevens Point found it difficult to compete with the Platteville band and the Milwaukee drum corps in the matter of producing noise, all are agreed that they acquitted themselves well.

After an hour's demonstration that would have disheartened a band of Indians, President James W. Shannon called the meeting to order and the following program was rendered:

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.....*Nevin Osgood*
TREBLE CLEF CLUB, STEVENS POINT.

Soprano Obligato, MISS SERVEN

Violin Solo, Sixth Air Varie.....*De Beriot*
MISS MARION VOSBURG.

Address of President,

JAMES W. SHANNON, Milwaukee.

Oration, Beecher's Message to Liverpool,
ALTA M. SHERMAN, Stevens Point.

Oration, The Triumph of Peace,

WALTER R. BUZYWITZ, Milwaukee.

Solo—Spring.....*Chaminade*
MISS ADELYN S. DOWNING, Oshkosh.

Oration—The Need of True Patriotism,
FRANK J. MARRIOTT, Whitewater.

Oration—The Obligation of Suffrage,
GRACE KONKEL, Superior.

Solo—A Forest Song.....*Whelpley*
MISS LENA LEONARD, River Falls.

Oration—The Spirit of the West,
CLAUDE H. ELDRED, River Falls.

Oration—Robert Louis Stevenson,
ZADEE I. BOVEE, Oshkosh.

Solo—A Son of the Desert.....*Phillips*
HOWARD VAN WERT WELTY.

Oration—Robert Emmett,
WILL. C. BEERS, Platteville.

Music—By Platteville Normal Band.

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The musical numbers on the program were of a high order and much appreciated.

The decision of the judges was followed by another outburst of enthusiasm, in which Stevens Point and Milwaukee performed a duet, after which an adjournment was taken to the Normal where an informal reception was held.

The final chapter of the oratorical work for the year cannot be written until after the Inter-State contest at Milwaukee on May 12 when Miss Sherman will represent Wisconsin in a contest with the orators from the states of Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, and Iowa.

A large delegation will accompany our orator to Milwaukee, and there will undoubtedly be large delegations from some of the other Normals of the state. Where before our interest was divided, on May 12 all Wisconsin Normalites will be a unit in cheering Miss Sherman and Wisconsin on to victory.

THE INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST.

The Annual Inter-Society Declamatory Contest was held in the assembly room Friday evening, March 24, before a large audience. It was the most enthusiastic meeting of the year, barring the oratorical contest. The members of the three societies were in fine form and showed that the practice of the previous week was invaluable. The judges were Prof. G. E. Culver, Rev. Father Rice, and Attorney Geo. B. Nelson. The Arena president, Miss Edith LaRue, presided as chairman of the evening.

The Forum carried off the honors of the evening, Mr. Harold Martin winning first place by a splendid rendition of "The New South," and Mr. Howard Welty winning second place by his masterful interpretation of a scene from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

Miss Buck, of the Arena, was accorded third place for her rendition of "The Besieged Castle," from Ivanhoe.

He—"Now, grammatically speaking, would you call a kiss conjunction?"

She—"I don't know. Whatever it is I can't decline it."
—Ex.

Beecher's Message to Liverpool.

Alta M. Sherman.

In the seas that wash the shores of western Europe is a little isle, far from ancient civilization, called by the Roman world *Britannia Insula*—isle of Britain.

“This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This little world,
This precious stone set in a silver sea,”

was separated by a barrier of waters from the encroachments of Asiatic despotism which threatened to overrun the continent of Europe. To this safe retreat was destined to be brought the Anglo-Saxon spirit of freedom; here, in this chosen spot, were laid the foundations of liberty and representative government, and were planted the seeds of the highest civilization the world has ever known.

Far away to the westward lay hid a vast land, washed by the waves of two mighty oceans—a land to be discovered in the fullness of time for the fostering place of this Anglo-Saxon spirit, a land that was to become the great school of freedom for the scattered branches of the Aryan race.

Five centuries after their ancestors had wrested the Magna Charta from an unwilling English king, the people of this new continent maintained by force their Declaration of Independence against another English king. In both countries, the people have ever stood for the development of free personality, until to-day, everywhere thruout the length and breadth of their domain, ‘the soul of man can walk abroad in its own majesty.’ These two nations, tho divided by the ever-changing seas, are united by the greatest power on earth—the bond of common interests: a common lineage, the same literature, and above all, the same firm belief in morality, liberty, justice, and law.

National as well as individual development is attained only thru conflict. So, America, to become a nation great and good, must have her time of struggle. In order to preserve a nation's

life, there must be a staunch and strong spirit of union, and a firm and inviolable spirit of morality in the affairs of the national government. Half a century ago, in our own land, these vital factors were fighting for existence. In the critical period of our history, two men came forth to plead that these elements might live. In the first great crisis, Daniel Webster was the champion of the cause of union. In the second crisis, HENRY WARD BEECHER was the exponent of an aroused national conscience.

It was 1863. The American nation had awakened to demand that justice be done the slave. For nearly three years the violence of the Civil War had laid waste our quiet valleys; and no man could see the end. English confidence in the Northern cause wavered; Macaulay and Lord Lytton had prophesied the downfall of our Republic; even Gladstone, England's most conservative statesman, said, ‘Jefferson Davis has made an army, a navy, and a nation.’ The assurance of English sympathy would have been to the North as martial music to a weary regiment; but English moral instincts were blunted by national jealousy and love of gain. And that England where almost a century before the Lord Chief Justice had declared in an opinion that if any slave but set his foot on English soil, by virtue of that act he becomes a free man; where but thirty years before, in advance of all the nations, an Emancipation Act was passed, freeing the slaves in all the dependencies of the crown at the cost of one hundred million dollars; that England now sanctioned the continued enslaving of a race among the people imbued with her own ideas of freedom.

The South was in a state of effective blockade; and for two years and a half, England was in the throes of a terrible cotton famine. The poor English spinner, while he heard his children cry

for bread and saw the rich surrounded with opulence, with wonderful foresight and unselfishness, realized that the cause of the Negro was the cause of right. Not so the rich—the aristocracy, the professions, the press, the Ministry—none could support principle when fortune was at stake. The success of the weakening North hinged on international favor; international favor was waiting for English lead; English sympathy swung on the sentiment of the great middle class, the bulk of English population. With the laboring class for the North, and liberty and the moneyed class for the South and slavery, the moral sense of the great English middle class must be aroused. Great Britain trembled on the verge of recognizing the Southern Confederacy as a nation. Some one must plead for liberty in the land where it had its birth; and this was the great mission of Henry Ward Beecher.

He spoke with great success in the various manufacturing towns of England; but his greatest powers were to be brought into play in the supreme struggle at Liverpool, that hotbed of Southern sympathy. Here it was that Southern refugees and plotters gathered; here it was that the Alabama had been built and put to sea. Liverpool to a man was fanatical in its support of the South; only a few weeks before, a man had been thrown into the sea for openly defending the North. Blood-red handbills were scattered broadcast, proclaiming that Henry Ward Beecher was a dangerous man, and would do all in his power to sack and burn Liverpool. Beecher's friends became alarmed; they begged him to turn back; he would be torn to pieces by the mob. A weaker man would have quailed but Henry Ward Beecher did not flinch.

The time for the meeting is set. The evening comes. At the appointed hour, the great hall is packed to the crushing point with stern-faced, desperate men, with only here and there a few timid, trembling women, clinging closely to their escorts. There is a tense, strained, ominous quiet, broken now and then by cat-calls, groans and hisses. The hour strikes. Universally a cry goes up, "Beecher! Beecher!" The rabble is impatient at the delay. The chairman introduces Mr.

Beecher. He steps to the center of the platform. The scene changes—the crowd becomes a tossing sea of angry faces, waving arms, swaying bodies—indescribable confusion. They hiss, they groan, they howl and shriek, they stamp their feet and shake their fists. The scene is as terrible and awesome as the outburst of a raging storm at sea. There stands the speaker before them—calm, determined, imperturbable. The angry sea surges round him; yet unflinching and serene, with never a sign of fear, he waits for the first lull. It comes. He begins to speak. He first appeals to the English love of fair play. He catches their attention by his witticisms and ready answers. Some one in the crowd cries tauntingly, "You said you could whip the South in sixty days. Why didn't you do it?" Quick as a flash comes the retort, "We have Americans to fight; not British." The mob respects the challenge, but the interruptions continue.

As he speaks, he grows more and more eloquent; he paces the platform like a caged lion; he hurls his remarks above the confusion in a thunderous voice. He is beginning to fire his audience with enthusiasm; they are becoming spellbound. The opposition fear he will carry the day; they break into a fearful storm of hisses and groans. He is forced to stop. For three hours reigns this scene of demoniac confusion. Phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, the undaunted orator delivers his message. In closing, he reaches the highest moral elevation, and with a deep, prophetic insight, counsels the nations to stand together for the best interests of mankind. He says:—

"And now in the future it is the work of every good man and patriot not to create divisions, but to do things which will make for peace. On our part it shall be done. On your part it ought to be done; and when in any of the convulsions that come upon the world, Great Britain finds herself struggling single-handed against the gigantic powers that spread oppression and darkness, there ought to be such cordiality that she can turn and say to her first-born and most illustrious child, "Come!" I will not say that England cannot again, as hitherto, single-handed manage any power; but I will say that England and America

together for religion and liberty are a match for the world."

Beecher had a message for England, and he gave it despite the most fearful odds with which any orator, ancient or modern, ever had to contend. The meeting was not broken up. Beecher had spoken, and England had heard. Every English newspaper printed his views. He not only touched Liverpool, but he stirred England to its center. The Southern cause was irretrievably lost. Conscience ruled over cotton, and the moral forces in the English character were again triumphant.

In Beecher's message to Liverpool, the first aim was to arouse English sympathy for the North in the struggle against slavery. And the second element, that will cause it to be revered for centuries to come, is the suggestion to the nations to join hands and lead the way toward a world-wide peace; to unite Britain's inheritance of the past with America's promise of the future: to join her Anglo-Saxon spirit of self-protection with the American spirit of protection of the rights of others in the formation of a union which will work the salvation of the world. This is our manifest dual destiny—to substitute law for war, reason for violence, justice for oppression; to so cherish the divine principle of popular government founded on the moral law, that every man on earth will love the lion-decked standard and the American stars and stripes as the symbols of liberty, justice, peace; to stand among the nations for those moral forces more vital than commerce or resources, and more powerful than armies or fleets; to write our morality, not in our libraries, but in our citizenship and public service; to allow to spread abroad to all the world the influence of Anglo-American institutions, a power as irresistible as the forces of Nature, as gentle and all-pervasive as the sunlight.

With America and England setting the example the world will follow as they lead. As the wise men of old followed their guiding star of the East, so will the company of nations follow the guiding star of Anglo-American precedent. In the happy time that is to come when America and Britain have performed their mission, the sun will smile

upon a joyous world; field and valley will laugh with plenty, and everywhere will the husbandman enjoy the fruits of his toil; the seas will teem with ships from every shore exchanging commodities in friendly freedom; then will the many blessings which we enjoy to-day become the heritage of the nations that sit in darkness; in every land will peace and contentment reign; man will love his neighbor as himself; the legend of the ancients will be realized—the Golden Age will return upon the earth. Thus, Henry Ward Beecher, with noble courage, simply did his duty, trusting Providence, and like the prophets of old, he builded better than he knew, leaving behind him a thought which tho given fifty years ago, meets the needs of to-day, and will meet the needs of the nations thru the years that are to come, a thought whose full significance can now be but dimly realized—the prophecy that the highest and best era of which man has ever dreamed will be ushered in thru the agency of Anglo-American unity.

Continued from page 94)

We look at the Falls for a long time and see them from many points. Then we go to see the first house that was built in Minneapolis. It is just a little white house. The man that lived in this house was named Mr. Stevens.

The next day is Thursday. In the morning I go shopping, and in the afternoon Howard and I go to St. Paul, where I meet my aunt Saidee. I go to River Falls to spend Sunday with her. I have a fine time there. I ride horse-back, and go boat-riding, and do lots of things.

Tuesday I return to Minneapolis, and that night I start for home. I do not like to say "Good-bye," but I must. I am in the brakeman's care. My journey home is very tiresome. I reach my home in the night. I take the hack home, and my mother and sister are very glad to see me. I have so many, many things to tell them about my journey.

The next morning I do not feel well enough to go to school. In the afternoon I go, and my teacher sees me in the crowd and of course I think she will not like it that I have been absent for two days. But she just asked me to write a story about my vacation, and this is the reason I have written this little story for you.

RUTH ROSS.

Fifth Grade.

April 13, 1905.

FACULTY CONTRIBUTIONS.

CONCORD SCENES AND PLACES.

F. N. SPINDLER.

The Concord of to-day is the most peaceful of villages—a village of memories, of historic and literary interest unequaled on this continent. Passing down a long avenue of beautiful elms one comes to the site of the battle. The present bridge is a new "Old North Bridge," and not a rude structure like the original. Under this bridge flows the placid river, and none more quiet or calmly beautiful could be imagined. The day we were there, happy, care-free young men and maidens, dressed in the most modern of summer outing suits, were paddling their light birch-bark canoes swiftly along under the overhanging trees or drifting lightly under the bushy banks. The quiet was unbroken except by the dip of the paddles, the merry laugh of the boaters, the whistle of the quail and bobolinks, or the croaking of the frogs. All was so peaceful that it seemed that war never could have been there. But visible signs were before us. One hundred and ten feet from the west end of the bridge, in line with its center, stands the bronze statue of the minute man on the very spot where Davis fell. The statue is a noble figure of heroic proportions, being seven feet high. The figure combines the lightness of a man skilled in woodcraft with the strength of the farmer. The anatomy and poise are natural, the clothing historically correct, the pockets heavy with bullets, the musket grasped in the right hand, the muscular right arm half bared, the face beardless, noble and clear cut, determined and pure. All the faith and courage, the aspiration for freedom of the men of the Revolution seem embodied in this noble face and figure. Some fault has been found with the youthful face of the figure; but when we reflect that Davis was but thirty, and Hosmer but twenty-two, these two who were killed at the first British volley at the Battle of Concord, and that the boys were probably no less present in the Revolution than in the Rebellion, we may grant that the sculptor was right. Across the middle of

the pedestal, in incised and bronzed letters, are these noble lines of Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here, once, the embattled farmer's stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

On the rear face of the pedestal is this inscription:

1775,
NINETEENTH
—OF—
APRIL.
1875.

One thing impressed me with peculiar sadness at this battlefield. At the left of the road, east of the bridge, stuck in the stone wall, is a sandstone with a rude inscription, "Grave of British Soldiers." Bare pine needles cover the ground under which they lie, and a rusty chain stretched from one pine tree to another fences off their graves from the road. I could not help but feel how they must have been thrown into this hole; how hated they were; how sad their fate, rotting in a dishonored and nameless grave; yet they did but their duty. This sympathy for their fate was augmented when I learned that after the battle an American boy coming along and finding a Britisher wounded but not dead, dispatched him with an ax. This story Hawthorne makes the basis of his novel, *Septimus Felton*,

At the left of the battlefield, surrounded by its stone fences, with a large shady ground bounded on the west by the river, is the old manse where lived Rev. William Emerson, and later Ralph Waldo Emerson, and where Hawthorne lived and wrote. It is a great square wooden structure of two stories, with added attic rooms beneath an overwhelming gambrel roof. The windows are of multi-paned glass. The whole is what one would expect the 'Old Manse' to be, gray, antique, and modest.

I cannot stop to describe the historic old tavern or the later home of Emerson, or the home of Thoreau, or of Bronson and Louisa Alcott, but will mention what was to me the most beautiful,

and next to the battle-ground the most impressive place in Concord, which is, "Sleepy Hollow" Cemetery, the last resting-place of the illustrious Concord company of writers and poets. When Hawthorne lived in Concord, his favorite walk was to "Sleepy Hollow." Here on a piney ridge that skirts the hollow he would rest, and often he met there with Emerson, Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, Elizabeth Hoar, and Margaret Fuller—truly a noble company; and how fitting that they should all sleep now in that place they loved so well. I wish that I could adequately describe it, but I cannot.

A kettle shaped hollow surrounded by a ridge of considerable elevation, the original trees and vines untouched, nature is at her best here—that chaste and beautiful best, refined and not over-luxurious that characterizes New England nooks. No sounds but the singing of the birds, the hum of insects, and the weird yet sweet southing of the wind through the pines—a sound most sweet to Western ears, breaks the summer stillness of this sacred spot. The first to come forever to this beautiful place was Thoreau, and under the grass and fallen pine needles he lies, his grave marked by a simple stone, graven with his name and age. Next came Hawthorne, that weird yet sweet soul, our only novelist, the inspirer of thousands. His grave is on the western ridge, and as one stands there he seems to hear the cooing of Hilda's doves, to feel the nearness of that nature which Donatello loved, to realize the sorrow of Hester Prynne: but at the same time the loveliness of the scene recalls to cheer one, the bright sweet face of Phoebe Pyncheon. Hawthorne's friends tried to mark off the lot in which his grave is, with Hawthorne shrubbery, but a too rigorous climate prevented; hence a more hardy northern shrub does duty there. His grave itself is marked by a low marble on which is cut the one word, "HAWTHORNE," while close clinging vines tenderly cover the ground at its base.

But last and greatest came to this place, Emerson, "followed," says Dr. Wolfe, "by a vast concourse, and mourned by all the world." Emerson, the leader of the transcendental illumination in America, who dared to break loose from

the then prevailing theological limitations, from ancient creeds, from hardening formalism, who dared to look up and beyond religious forms to God Himself, who started a movement which has transformed Christianity in America from harsh and inhuman ecclesiasticism to a broad, true, hopeful, humanitarian religion. Here on the "hill top, hearsed with pines," rests the body of this matchless soul. The ferns and flowers unhindered grow around. His grave is marked but by a massive cone-shaped boulder of pink quartz, with simply a bronze tablet of his name thereon. He needs no eulogy. "Thousands rise up and call him blessed."

As we linger for a last look in this hallowed place, the pines are throwing their long shadows across the hollow, even the wind is still; the scene seems to embody all the serenity of Emerson, the simplicity of Thoreau, the weirdness and beauty of Hawthorne, in one picture of indescribable charm.

SELF-DEVELOPMENT.

C. B. BACON.

Self-direction suggests that changes brought about by the director, have importance to him. No self-directing being is known which does not develop. I simply wish to show the nature and consequences of the species of change called self-development.

Incessant change, the common root of sorrow, is found throughout the world, no less in the life of man than in that of the lower animals. There are many kinds of change,—the accidental change of place; the destructive, by which organic wholeness is lost; the transforming where the original qualities disappear and new ones are substituted; the developmental where a goal or mark is the end, and in which process the later stages disclose the value of the earlier; finally, self-developing or so-called personal changes. The last is the one I wish to dwell on in this paper.

In personal changes, the mark to be reached is in the conscious keeping of him who is to reach it. It is possible for one to more or less direct his course toward it. In this goal, an enlarged plan of life and unrealized possibilities may meet. It

is what the man at present is not, that is the moving power of the present. Most of us do not have a perfected plan of our lives. We come upon it piece-meal, and are rather guided by the thought of a better than by the idea of a completed, perfect self. We see a limit to our present self, and are at once conscious of a self beyond that limit. Incompleteness of the present whether we be student or teacher furnishes us with the suggestion for a course of future endeavor. Advance is made by our effort to bring out all that is significant in our present situation. We test our advance by asking whether or no it is congruous with our past or present. Often what already exists more fully developed in our surroundings will assist our own process of development.

At any moment we are incomplete. Personality is a goal. Rightly do we say that one man is more, and another man less a person. To ask whether or not we are infinite is not the true question, but rather whether each step forward renders another more or less possible. If each personal act increases the possibility of the next, is there any provision for checkage in persons, as there is in things?

Thus our goals are flying ones. Does this discourage? No, for these stir to greater endeavor. They are, indeed, continually being attained, and really furnish for us the basis of life, both present and ideally completed.

Thomas Huxley.

G. A. TALBERT.

There are comparatively few of the great biological workers who have arrested the attention of the laity. The great majority, as far as the masses are concerned, have lived in comparative obscurity. Yet there are a few great scientific investigators who have become universally known.

To this last class there belong few more commanding characters than Thos. Huxley. It might be of some interest to inquire into his life and see what there was that made him such an engaging figure. Owing to the want of space a detailed account will be impossible—just a mere in-

sight, possibly a stimulus to some one for further research.

Was it because he was such a great investigator? Hardly that, for as a naturalist in the strictest sense of the word he was not. It was the constructive side of nature that charmed him most. He studied biology not so much for biology sake, as for the underlying and ultimate principles of thought. He was indeed quite as much interested in philosophy, for those who knew him best tell us that his labors extended over the widest field of biology and philosophy covered by any man since Aristotle.

The more we look into his life the more are we convinced that the one thing that made his fame secure was his great struggle and ultimate victory for the freedom of thought.

As Haeckle was the first on the continent, so was Huxley the first in England to gain a clear insight into Darwin's theory of evolution. Consequently he was among the earliest to take up the cudgel in its defense. While for thirty years he was its great expositor and defender, yet it is an astounding fact that he never contributed any original or novel idea to it and as far as that is concerned the whole of the contemporaneous history of Evolution might have been written without the mentioning of his name. But as the great expounder and High Priest of Evolution he stood at the head. Here it was that he gained his prominence.

His was always an open warfare for he believed in "scepticism as the highest duty and in blind faith as the one unpardonable sin." Labored always in the pursuit of truth for its own sake, and ever true to his conviction he always met his opponents in a fearless manner, striking right and left with sledge hammer blows. In these discussions he met men of the highest callings in church and state, and it may be fairly said that while Gladstone, Salisbury and Bishop Wilberforce were giants in their own special work, yet they made the mistake of their lives when they met Huxley in debate upon scientific subjects.

In conclusion it may be said that while he was constantly under the fire of adverse criticism and often misrepresented, yet he passed through it all without making a real enemy.

His great pupil Prof. G. B. Howes says—"To know Huxley was to love him; to express one's appreciation of his work and indebtedness to his teaching is but inadequately to state the obligation under which he has placed mankind at large."

The Normal Museum.

ALBERT H. SANFORD.

Those persons who are acquainted with the facts in the case are genuinely surprised at the ease with which the relics in the Historical Museum at the Normal School have been accumulated. Without the expenditure of one cent and with comparatively little effort, articles now filling three cases have come to us, the most of them unsolicited.

During the early years of the school a few miscellaneous objects were collected, many of them being Indian relics donated by students and their friends. Prof. C. H. Sylvester gave the school a brick from the old church in Sleepy Hollow and a stone mill from Mexico. The real making of the museum and its proper display began in the fall of 1903 when Mr. E. H. Miles, then a junior, loaned his large collection of Indian stone implements, numbering 180 separate items, and rare coins, 123 in number, besides other relics. One evening at about this time the writer accompanied Prof. Culver to the home of Mr. E. M. Copps who had some geological specimens that he was willing to donate, and "perhaps a few other trifles." The results proved to be much more valuable along the historical than the geological line. For Mr. Copps had very thoughtfully preserved some exceedingly interesting relics of his Civil War experiences; among them were the blank forms for the "parole" and "amnesty oath," some paper cartridges, and, most important, a Confederate \$1000 bond. We had no sooner made public acknowledgment of this gift than there came other offers of gifts and loans, some large and others small, from students and citizens.

Through the efforts of Miss Sadie Dorney the museum acquired as a loan from Mrs. N. F. Clark two swords of the Civil War time which are highly valued by their owners as family heirlooms, and another sword that was taken from the side of a dead Spaniard on the battlefield of Santiago. The advantage of leaving these articles in the Normal museum was apparent to Mrs. Clark, for they were rapidly becoming damaged by abuse at the hands of careless persons. Here we have them under lock and key in a place where

they are much less liable to be lost, or destroyed by fire, than they would be in a private house. Mr. W. O. Lamoreux gave to the museum a land patent, dated 1854, bearing the signature of President Franklin Pierce. A loan of Indian relics came from Mr. P. A. Rockwell, class of 1900, and a gift of old newspapers from Miss Mary Baker.

Most recently some valuable articles have been donated by Mr. B. B. Park and family and by Mr. M. J. Dickinson of Stevens Point. Lack of space forbids the complete enumeration of the articles thus obtained, but among them are a collection of old almanacs, some dating from Revolutionary times, and a keg canteen that was carried in the Revolutionary War.

In our museum the voices of the past speak to us through the medium of these tangible objects, and thus history is made a little more real than books alone could make it. This is the sole object in making such a collection. It is not done in the spirit of the mere curiosity seeker, but in that of the history student who strives to gain for himself and for his pupils a clear view of the past and a closer intimacy with the men and women who made history.

It has been said that this collection was made with surprising ease. In nearly every case, the acknowledgment in the newspapers was immediately followed by another donation. That is all. Our experience should furnish good evidence that in every community a similar collection can be made and that the school is the natural place for its display. In every community there are Civil War veterans, their numbers fast diminishing, who can aid the school-master in making a little collection of relics.

One more lesson may be drawn from this experience. We should have no museum were it not for the kindly thoughtfulness of those who treasured up these articles in times past. They must have had a generous supply of historical instinct. And now, how we bless the memory of that great-grand-mother who handed down to her daughters and to their children's children the old colonial steelyards and the quaint leather pocket-book stamped "1783"! How grateful we are to some old lover of relics who saved that piece of

Continental paper money, and to him also who treasured up the old almanacs that tell how much this money was worth from the time it was issued until it ceased to be "worth a continental!" But have we no obligation towards those who will come after us? May we not assist them as we have been helped in the effort to recall the past? The time to begin the collection of articles that will some day be valuable as relics is *now*. The local newspaper of to-day is the "source material" for the historian of to-morrow. The souvenirs and mementos of important events in our city and school life will some day aid the student in reviving the past. In this way the school should actively assist in keeping perfect the links that bind the past to the present in our social and political life.

STEVENS POINT ARCHITECTURE.

J. V. COLLINS.

When the editor of THE POINTER asked me to write something for its pages, it occurred to me that I might reproduce the substance of a brief talk on Stevens Point architecture I gave at morning exercises several years ago.

Napoleon, addressing his troops before the pyramids of Egypt, said: "Forty centuries look down upon you." It may be asserted with almost equal truth that on the people of Stevens Point fully thirty centuries look down. This is a strange saying, but it is easily capable of proof by reference to our language, dress, social and political customs, and architecture. Of these, perhaps architecture is as good an example to use as any.

A very interesting thing about our present day architecture is the curious mingling of ancient ideas with novel modern ones, and the mingling of the various styles of architecture, separated in origin, perhaps, by thousands of years, in one and the same building. If the reader will but take up a position before our Normal building he can see all this fully illustrated. To begin, have you noticed that the windows of the second story are like the Greek temples square across the top, those in the central part being covered by little triangular pediments just as the temples had pediments, while the windows and doorway of the

first story all follow Roman architecture with its round arches. Look again at the front of the building, and see the pilasters, i. e., pillars apparently sunk in the wall, on either side of the doorway. These belong to the Corinthian order of architecture, while the pillars in the third story in the the openings over Mr. Culver's room are Ionic. To distinguish them, note the acanthus leaves at the top of the pilasters and the plain scrolls at the top of the Ionic columns. The small pediments already referred to over the upper windows in their plainness suggest the oldest order of Grecian architecture, the Doric. The fine lantern at the top of the building would probably be classed as belonging to the Roman order of architecture. Other features of the building are entirely modern, especially the arrangement of the third story with its breaks in the roof. Thus in this one building, at a single glance, may be seen the ideas of men separated by a hundred generations.

Gothic architecture is well illustrated in the Episcopal and Presbyterian church buildings. In the Episcopal building one sees most of the features of all the great cathedrals and churches of this country and Europe. Thus there is the Nave (the audience room), the Choir, the Transepts, one arm of the latter being the Sunday School room, and the other the vestry. Then there is the Side Aisle on the south side of the nave for the processions (in this church separated from the main audience room by a partition.) Over this portion of the church is the campanile tower, doubtless the finest single piece of architecture the town possesses.

Note, also, the large stained glass window in the choir, and that it faces the east, and observe that the windows are all of the Gothic form having the pointed arch. In the Presbyterian church the main points of interest are the fine large stained glass windows on the south and west sides and the form of support of the roof. The windows, if I mistake not, are of the form called Early Perpendicular. In the roof, one sees two arches crossing at right angles. The form of bracing is interesting from both the mechanical and architectural standpoints. In St. Stephen's Church, as also

in every church in town except the Methodist, one sees the Gothic form of windows.

It is interesting to note that we have in Stevens Point not only the classical and modern types, but the Russian as well. The peculiar towers on the Polish church are eminently characteristic of Russian architecture. If you will take your stand on the Public Square and look around, the eye will soon catch some towers of buildings which follow the same lines.

The main part of the Carnegie Public Library is Grecian, the fine columns both inside and out belonging to the Ionic Order. The dome over it, however, is, of course, Roman. Then the new Masonic building is an example of Doric art. Note the size and proportions of the pillars and plainness of the pediment over them. I think the beveling of the porch at the outside would be considered a fault. It is greatly to be regretted that the Court House is so badly proportioned and generally inartistic. The High School building, on the other hand, is a good example of modern architecture which makes use of some of the old ideas.

The porch of the McDill residence on Main street is an excellent example of the Ionic order of architecture. Observe the beauty of the pillars and scrolls. I have not space to speak of other residences, or of store buildings, (save to call attention to the two national Bank buildings) which illustrate the different kinds of such architecture.

As already intimated, there are many features of architecture which are reproduced in porches, picture frames, furniture, etc. Take as a single example the small table on the west side of the President's office, formerly in the main room. In this table we see the row of spools corresponding to a frieze, the edge of the top corresponding to a cornice, the row of beads on the table corresponding to the beads in architecture. We see the fluting of the legs of the table corresponding to the fluting of columns in architecture. And so on. In the same way one can see in artistic ladies' dresses the same ideas he sees in architecture with the added charm of color. Thus, one may see a dress in which the prevailing lines are the curve

of the arch, or the arch reversed, or the pointed arch, or the triangle: one in which the prevailing lines are either horizontal or vertical, or oblique. But almost every time whatever the idea is it is similar to one in architecture, and is repeated as in architecture. What one needs is only an observant eye to perceive what is before him, and he can get all sorts of ideas of art without ever looking inside a book.

Stevens Point is historically little more than fifty years old, but architecturally, and in other like ways, there are many things in it as old as Athens itself, almost as old as the hills.

EXCHANGES.

A man often gets light on a subject by scratching his head; a match always does. —Ex.

She—Papa is preaching a sermon, to-night, on "Love One Another."

He—And we are staying at home practicing what he preaches, aren't we? —Ex.

"Have you any talcum powder?"

"Do you want Mennen's?" asked the clerk, politely.

"No, Wimmen's," was the ignorant reply.

—Ex.

College Students (looking at an old lady's Bible)—"Oh! Mrs. —, we've found a grammatical error in your Bible."

Old Lady—"Oh! kill it! kill it! I knew something was eating the leaves!"

—WYOMING STUDENT.

"A fishy old fisher named Fisher,

Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;

A cod with a grin pulled old Fisher in,

And now, they're fishing the fissure for Fisher."

—MILTON COLLEGE REVIEW.

First Freshman—There's going to be murder in this school in a few days.

Second Freshman—How do you know?

First Freshman—Why, I heard one Senior tell another that they were going to take the lives of three more authors in a few days.

—HIGH SCHOOL INDEX.

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Address all literary material to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.



EDITORIAL

Work on The Summum, the school annual, which the Senior class has undertaken to publish, is well under way. The staff is very busy these days especially Editor-in-Chief Welty and Business Manager Mathe. The price of The Summum this year will be 75 cents.

Rah, rah, rah for S. P. N.!

Rah, rah, rah for Wisconsin!

Who said that there was no school spirit at the Stevens Point Normal?

The date of the Inter-State Oratorical contest at Milwaukee, has been changed to Friday, May 12.

On account of vacation, and other pardonable reasons, THE POINTER was a little late in getting to press this month.

\$50 bonus! Others need not apply. All evidence tends to confirm the suspicion that graft is still a healthy, thriving plant.

The annual school debate between Milwaukee and Stevens Point is to be held here on May 5. An interesting time is anticipated.

In this issue, a slight departure has been made from the general policy pursued by THE POINTER. Having conceived the idea of making this a Faculty number, contributions from several members of the Faculty were secured which will be found in the literary columns. THE POINTER has always had the liberal support and encouragement of the Faculty, and we are sure our readers will be interested in reading what they have to tell us.

MORE HONOR FOR S. P. N.

Our Juniors met and defeated the Oshkosh Juniors at Oshkosh on Friday evening, April 14, in the annual debate between the schools. The question for debate was as follows:

RESOLVED, That the railroads of the United States should be owned, operated, and controlled by the Federal government; it being conceded

1. That the government is financially and constitutionally able to acquire the railroads.
2. That all employees, except those commonly termed unskilled laborers, be appointed under the civil service system.

The Oshkosh debaters were Messrs. Fred Abel, Henry G. Hotz, and H. C. Hansen. The Stevens Point debaters were Miss Anna Charest, and Messrs. J. E. Sazama and G. M. Appleman. The decision of the judges was unanimously in favor of the negative, the side upheld by our debaters.

A L U M N I

HUMOR IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

"A hear they hae nae examination in humor at the college: its an awfu want for it would keep out mony a drieth body," said an old Scotch lady in speaking of ministers.

The above would hold equally true in regard to school teachers. No class of people except salesmen and solicitors, need so much to have a properly developed sense of humor.

The school room life is trying on the nervous system and a good laugh now and then relieves the strain, in fact, is the best nerve tonic. If your teacher, who is a bundle of nerves, whose forehead is wrinkled in a perpetual frown, whose eyes shift constantly from one part of the room to another trying to discover some petty offender, would unbend her brow in a good laugh once in a while, she would not go home so often with a splitting headache and look forward with dread to another weary day.

Think, also, of the pupil's side of the matter. What a relief it is to them to feel that a laugh is not a crime; that, if something funny happens, they must struggle with constantly recurring spasms of laughter. They too get tired of constant mental application, and a good laugh is like calisthenics; fits them to continue with profit their study. Nor need it cause disorder if they indulge in a hearty laugh once in a while. When the pupils understand that they are expected to have their laugh and then return to work, they do not commonly abuse that privilege.

Many a child is punished for things that are not really very important. A teacher with a sense of humor will judge these incidents at their proper value, and pass them over with a word or less, to the great advantage of pupils and teacher.

Humor, then, is the saving grace, making school life pleasant, relieving both teacher and pupils, and giving a true sense of proportion to the many petty little incidents of school-room life.

The other day we were discussing the character of the Colonists. In Montgomery's History, that noted simile is used which says that "the English people can well be compared to a keg of their own ale: Froth on top, the Aristocracy; dregs on the bottom, the worthless lower class; sound ale in the center, the solid middle class. The Colonists came mainly from this solid middle class." One member of the class said, in response to a query on the character of the Colonists, that "they were like a keg of beer." Not being able to explain his remark, another member enthusiastically volunteered the explanation, "They were like a keg of beer; because they are small at both ends and large in the middle."

The children were writing about Franklin. One of the stories they had read contained the expression "he was tired of candles and soap." Was it a recollection of Franklin's sixteen brothers and sisters that caused them to write "he was tired of cradles and soup?"

Here is an example of reasoning:

Prophet—Man who foretells things.

Prophecy—Woman.

Teacher—If sheep cost \$3 a head, what will 17 sheep cost?

Pupil—How many sheep in a head?

Teacher—The man was sentenced to the gallows. What are gallows?

Pupil—Suspenders.

AN ALUMNUS.

Men Outclassed.

SHE—Women may gossip, sometimes, but they have better control of their tongues than men have.

HE—You are right. Men have no control whatever of women's tongues. —Ex.

What becomes of the righteous? Everlasting bliss.

What becomes of the wicked? Everlasting blister. —Ex.



ATHLETICS

On March 10, the basket ball team went up to Marshfield to play the return game.

The team was in good shape, and was prepared to make a hard fight on the slippery floor.

The game was called at 8 P. M., and started with our boys slipping and making a poor showing, but as soon as they got used to the floor their hard work during the past two weeks began to tell, and from then on the game belonged to Stevens Point.

The game was fast, both teams making good plays, but the team-work by our team far out-classed that of Marshfield, while the forwards had good eyes.

The Marshfield crowd are nice people, and gave our boys a good time.

The score was as follows:

	Field Goals.	Free Throws.	Fouls.	Gifts.
Boston.....	3.....	3.....	3.....	2
Mallory.....	2.....	4.....
Culver.....	6.....	5.....
Sparks.....	3.....	1.....	1
Miles, Captain,.....	14.....	5.....	2
SCORE—Stevens Point.....	43
Marshfield.....	15

Umpire—Everson.

Miss Allerton accompanied the boys and acted as "time-keeper."

Substitutes—Wadleigh, Brasure, Moffett, Hein.

The team returned on the midnight train. All report a good time.

One of the pleasant events of the Oratorical contest was a basket ball game with Platteville.

On Friday at 4 P. M., the game was called with the house packed. Seldom if ever were two teams

backed by such enthusiastic cheers as were the two "Fims" as they came upon the floor.

The visitors were at a disadvantage, not being used to the floor, and not having been practicing as hard as our boys.

The game was fast from start to finish, our boys showing up well against the weaker team. The team work was splendid, and showed up especially well as Platteville was unable to break it up.

Curtis Livingston, who got his training here, was easily the star for the visitors. altho they all played a plucky game.

Hein did especially well at free throws.

Score—18 to 53

Line up as follows:

F..Sparks.

F..Hein.

C..Culver.

G..Mallory.

G..Miles.

Referee—Everson.

Umpire—Powers.

This was Stevens Point's first game with Platteville; but we hope it will not be the last, as the boys are fine fellows and took their defeat in good spirit.

First Student—"What are you taking up, this term?"

Second Student—"Anything I can find; the last was a pair of overshoes." —SPECTRUM.

Teacher—"Why are the days in summer longer than those in winter?"

Bright Pupil—"It is warmer in summer and they expand." —EL GABILAN.



ART DEPARTMENT

OUR WORKS OF ART.

The following is a list of the most famous large pictures to be found in the Normal School building and the rooms in which they are placed at present:

Main Room.

Vigee LeBrun and her Daughter. By Vigee LeBrun.

The Roman Forum.

A Scene in Venice.

The Arch of Constantine.

The Castle of the Maidens.

Madonna of the Louvre. Botticelli.

Yosemite Valley.

Aurora.

Hall, Second Floor.

Morning. Corot.

The Water Fall. Ruysdale.

Sistine Madonna. Raphael.

Bridge of Sighs.

St. Barbara.

The Meeting of Burns and Scott.

Puritans Going to Church.

Return to the Farm.

Breaking Home Ties.

Music Room.

Mozart Chantant Son Requiem.

Beethoven.

Wagner.

Handel.

Mendelsohn.

Geography Room.

Grand Canyon.

Mathematics Room, 235.

Pyramids of Egypt.

Miss Edmund's Room, 207.

Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Pilgrim Exiles.

First Floor, Hall.

Song of the Lark. Breton.

Portrait of Man. Hals.

The Fighting Temeraire. Turner.

On the Tiber.

Primary Room.

Sir Galahad.

I Hear a Voice

Grammar Room.

Sistine Madonna.

In the Enemy's Country. Rosa Bonheur.

King Arthur. Lucy Fitch Perkins.

There are many other beautiful pictures in the building besides the ones mentioned. There are small etchings and engravings to be found in every room. The students of Stevens Point Normal School should be proud of the fact that no other Normal School in the state has such a fine collection of pictures as we, and we are next to the youngest school. The faculty and students realize that appreciation of beautiful pictures and statuary is necessary to complete development and culture. A person surrounded by a beautiful environment will be likely to think beautiful thoughts. Our aesthetic as well as our intellectual nature needs development, and thru seeing and appreciating works of art and hearing good music this end will be accomplished.



THIRD QUARTER.

Ninth Week.

John Karnopp, of Wild Rose, was a visitor at school this week.

Miss Lizzie Murphy, of Sparta, is the guest of her sister, Miss Hattie.

Walter Agnew has returned, after two weeks absence on account of illness.

Grace Cassels, of Tomah, a former Normal student, is visiting school this week.

T. M. Risk has been called to his home in Friendship, on account of illness in the family.

Agnes Tardiff returned on Tuesday morning, after being confined to her home because of sickness.

Professor Hyer will go to New London this week to conduct an institute, in that place, with Professor W. H. Cheever of Milwaukee, on Friday and Saturday.

On Thursday morning, the general news of the week was given by Katherine Potts. Ruth Wadleigh took charge of the current cartoons, and Milo Wood gave a talk on the metric system.

Miss Martha Fink, who is at the head of the Kindergartens in Fond du Lac, was the guest of her sister, Miss Ella, from Thursday until Monday, coming up to attend the contest on Friday evening.

Mrs. Wesley King has presented to the museum an old iron shovel and a pair of fire tongs.

Mr. M. J. Dickenson recently gave three interesting Revolutionary relics. These are appreciated by the school.

Professor Sechrist gave the school a talk at morning exercises, Tuesday, on the used and unused books in the school library. He dwelt especially on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," telling how it was written and some of the things it contained.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The following officers were elected for the Fourth Quarter:

ARENA.

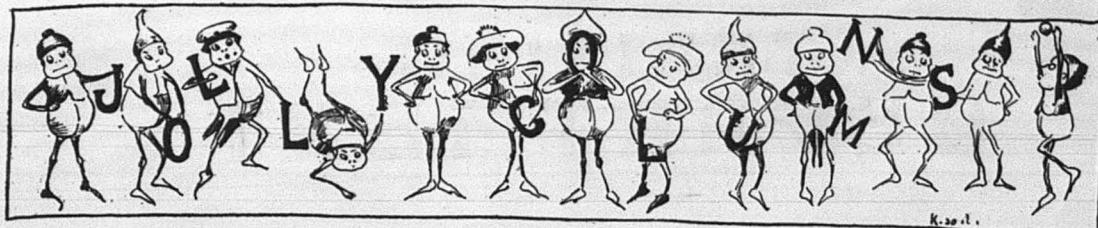
- President.....Julia B. Anderson
- Vice President.....Miss Lindsay
- Corresponding Secretary....Nellie Moeschler
- Recording Secretary.....Mary Robertson
- Treasurer.....Annie K. Nelson
- Chairman of Music Committee....Frances Baker
- Chairman of Program Committee...Ellen Hoffman
- Marshal.....Winnifred Nelson

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- Vice President.....J. E. Fults
- Secretary.....Harold Martin
- Treasurer.....Jerry Madden
- Sergeant-at-Arms.....Harold Keller
- Board of Councillors.....J. H. Cairns
- G. M. Appleman

ATHENAEUM.

- President.....D. Hughes
- Vice President.....R. Judd
- Secretary.....J. Wysocki
- Treasurer.....C. Mortel
- Sergeant-at-Arms.....L. Hill



Prof. T-l-e-t—"What is necessary before you can float on the watar?"

M-r-o- V-s-u-g—"You have to be bo(u)yed up first."

E- M-t-e (after receiving a compliment as to his accomplishments)—"Oh, my! you are casting pearls before swine."

Substitute Teacher (in music, to student who is unable to recite)—"Did you study your lesson last night?"

Student—"Y-e-s."

Substitute Teacher—"On what did you spend the most time?"

Student—"On the rests."

Mr. Pray (in review grammar, pointing to two words on board, "bird," destructive :")

K. C-st-ll-—"Some birds are destructive animals."

Miss B-o---ll (to Mr. H-r-ey who is reading a story, "The Second Violin")—"What are you reading that for?"

Mr. H-r-ey—"It is very appropriate for me to read this, because I play second fiddle myself."

Mr. H-er (in review grammar)—"Can you use the pronoun as object of a finite verb?"

Miss S-h-a--l—"They made him *it*."

Mr. H-er—"Yes, or "You are *it*."

Mrs. B-a-f-rd (in practice teachers' meeting)—"What does it mean to mark papers on the scale of ten?"

First Teacher—"Mark each question ten if correct."

Mrs. B-a-f-rd—"How much, then, would you mark a question only half right?"

Second Teacher—"One half of ten."

Miss F-dd-s (in primary methods)—"Who wrote 'Tom. Sawyer?'"

Miss Br-wn-ell—"Huckleberry Finn."

Mr. Hy-r (in review grammar)—"Form the plural of loaf."

Miss K-m-ll—"Which kind of loaf?"

J. H. B-o-ne (looking at drawings in the hall marked with the initials N. F.)—"N. F., Nellie Phillips?"

Miss R-t-er—"You had better enter the spelling class, Mr. B---e."

Mr. Sp-n-l-r (in theory)—"Give me an illustration of a negative judgment, using words dough and iron."

Miss O. J-h-s-n—"Iron is hot;
Dough is not."

Mr. E-er (on train nearing Eau Claire)—"My, but you look happy!"

Mr. Br-s-r—"I am."

Mr. E-er—"I don't blame you. I would be, too, if I was as near home as you are."

Miss M-r-hy (visiting advanced physiology class)—"Don't you enjoy this work?"

Miss M-rr-ll (drawing a nerve)—"Oh yes, I just love to study peoples' nerve."

Miss J-k-m-n (in review history)—"The French did little exploring after the death of Lake Champlain."

Mr. S-n-f-rd (in review history)—"The way to begin is to begin. But we can't always begin with Adam; for that's not the beginning."

Mr. W--d (gazing at flower bed on front campus)—"Why, what do you think? Those onions that Mr. Livingston planted last year are blossoming!"

Miss N-ls-n—"But those are lilies."

Mr. W--d—"Well, I saw him plant onions, just the same."

Heard in the Hall.

"Have you had your study slip stamped?"

"No. I am going to use my old one—and save State money."

TRAINING DEPARTMENT

MY SPRING VACATION.

It is my Spring Vacation. We have had our final tests and are dismissed for twelve days of rest and fun. I hurry home from school and say to my mamma, "Mamma, I wish I might go to Minneapolis to visit Howard." Howard is my brother, and he works in Minneapolis.

Mamma says, "Go to Minneapolis! Well, I will think it over." The next morning, I ask my mother if she has made up her mind, and she says, "Yes, Ruth, you may go."

I am so happy, oh! so happy; and we send a letter saying that I am going.

When Sunday comes, I am very excited, because Sunday night I am to start. Sunday afternoon my grip is packed and every thing is made ready. It has been arranged that I shall go in charge of the conductor who is my uncle.

It is Sunday night. I go to bed, and my papa sets the alarm clock, because I have to start in the night. I am in bed, and oh!—I can scarcely get to sleep, because I am so restless and excited, and because I am thinking of all the things that will happen when I get to the city. Finally, I am off in Dreamland.

"Ruth, get up, it is time to go to the depot!" I hear my papa say.

So I get up and dress, and my papa and mamma are up to go to the depot with me. I say "good-bye" to my sister and grandpa and grandma, and we start for the depot.

We are in the depot, and I hear the train whistle. I get so nervous and excited. In just a minute the conductor gets off the car, but he is not my uncle! Papa says to mamma, "Well, shall we let her go?"

Mamma thinks a minute and answers, "Yes, I will speak to the brakeman and tell him to take care of her. Of course, I had all of my directions, so in case no one was at the station to meet me I would know just what to do.

It is about two hundred and fifty miles to Minneapolis. My journey was a very long and tiresome one. When I reached Abbot's ford, I was made very happy to see conductor Walters' family coming into the car. There are two girls, Bessie and Ethel, that I know very well. They used to go to our Normal School. We had a very happy little meeting, and, of course, we had a great many things to talk about. They are going to St. Paul, so I will have company nearly all of the way.

Finally, I hear the brakeman call out Minneapolis! Minneapolis!

I get my wraps on, and am all ready. The train pulls in, and I get my grip and a package and get off the car. There are a great many people there, and I am greatly excited. I look all around and do not see my brother. A lady sees me and talks to me and tells me not to worry or cry, that she will see that I find my people. The lady and I go thru the large gates and into the depot, and I meet Howard. We are very glad to see each other and we have a great many things to tell each other. Howard boards on the North Side, and we take a car to his home. On our way we meet my cousin Ethel. We reach the boarding house and there I meet all of the people who live there. In the afternoon, Howard and I go to the matinee, and afterwards we go thru the big stores, and then home.

The next day is Tuesday, and I go to the office with my cousin Ethel and stay all day. About four o'clock we do our shopping and then go home.

The next day, Wednesday, I go to visit school. In the afternoon Miss S— and I go out to Minnehaha Falls. It is not a pleasant trip for I do not enjoy riding on street cars. We reach the park at the Falls. It is very pretty there. Only the bears and deer are there now, because it is too cold for the other animals. Finally, we come to the Falls and they are just beautiful—so high and pretty. The water seems to talk, and I begin to say to myself "Minnehaha, Laughing Water!"

(Continued on page 81)

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