

*Stevens*

# THE Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1898.

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# THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume III.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MAY, 1898.

Number 8.

## LITERARY.

### A RAINY DAY.

On that May morning the sun had risen clear and bright, but soon had disappeared behind some light, feathery clouds which floated lazily eastward across the heavens. As the clouds grew heavier and darker, the bright spot, which told where the sun had been hidden, was covered, and the whole sky took on a leaden hue.

Frank had been spending a few days with his aunt at the farm, and when he went out doors he found that the air was clear and quiet, and there was a hush that he could almost feel. To the south he could hear the clang of the cow bells and the faint tinkle of the sheep bells, mingled with the shouts of the farm-boy as he drove the stock to pasture.

To the west he saw the plowman following his team to and fro across the field, turning over the rich mould which looked black beside the gray stubble. He heard too, the voice of the man when he talked to the horses, the jingle of the trace-chains as they were suddenly drawn taut, and an occasional clattering, scratching sound, as the plow was drawn across some rough stone.

Soon there was a roll of thunder, followed by a gust of wind that brought with it a few large drops of rain, which sent the fowls scotching for shelter.

The drops came thicker and faster until the air was filled with a blinding sheet of water. At the beginning of the shower, Frank hurried into the house, and looking out he soon saw the plowman coming swiftly down the lane, both he and his horses wet and steaming. Though the storm abated, it did not stop, but settled down for a cold, dismal, drizzly day.

Frank tried to read, but could not become interested, so he went to the barn in search of the men. There he found them wrapped in blankets and fast asleep. He took a blanket, wrapped it around him and laid down. As he lay there he could hear the gusts of wind, and the drip, drip of the water falling from the eaves. He could hear, too, the rain drops pattering softly on the roof, coming thicker and faster until there was a steady down-pour, and then suddenly stopping, only to begin again in a few minutes.

While listening to these sounds, and thinking how pleasant they were, he fell asleep. It was late in the afternoon when he awoke, the farm hands had left the hay mow, and he was very hungry. Outside, the sun was shining brightly, making diamonds of the myriads of rain drops that clung to the grass and trees.

MILES WELLS

### GRANDFATHER FALLS.

There is hardly a league in the whole course of that pride of Badgerdom, the Wisconsin river, from the cradle in the northern woodlands to the grave in the broad Mississippi, that has not its own peculiar charm. One of the most picturesque scenes is the mile of rapids known as Grandfather Falls.

About fifteen miles north of Merrill the river ceases to flow quietly along, but begins a wild, dashing, plunging race for the foot of the rapids. The rocky banks are worn into fantastic forms. Here, reaching out over the foaming water, is a large, smooth, flat-topped rock with many circular basins worn into its surface: there, an unscalable crag, showing the wear of centuries, lifts its head above the neighboring rocks.

In winding one's circuitous way to the foot of the falls one finds, in the midst of huge rocks that lie about as if hurled there by some giant hand, several natural steps leading downward into a rocky cave where numerous dates and names have been carved in the stone walls, some of them many years ago. With the roar of the rapids resounding through the lonely cave, and with the steady swish, swish of the water lapping against the rocky wall blended together in a loud, rolling sound, one wishes only for a poetic inspiration to interpret the stories that the cave and crags might tell.

Farther on, passing over a narrow chasm, the Queen's chain is reached—a high rock from which the best view of the falls is gained. The opposite bank is a nearly perpendicular bluff. A few scraggy pines grow on top, and the worn side next the river is striped by dull red bands that shade into brown. Below, through the intervening chasm, the whole body of the river roars along, swelling and whirling and boiling in the wildest confusion.

Beyond, the channel widens, and in an eddy enclosed by rocks are logs, that, swept down by the stream, have been heaped up in the circling eddy until a solid log jam has been formed.

Only once more does the water drop over the ledge in its channel and foam a little way, for soon it is running as smoothly and as peacefully as if only the gentlest ripple had ever stirred its clear waters.

EDNA SWEET.

### LIFTING THE HAT.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the days of chivalry, when knights were not allowed to appear in public except in full armor. It was a rule that a knight might remove his helmet when with friends, this act meaning "I am safe in the presence of friends." The age of chivalry passed away with the Fifteenth Century: but among the many acts of cour-



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tesy, which we can trace back to its influence is the lifting of the hat in recognition of a friend.

I do not believe, however, that the knights of old were as careless as the knights of to-day about the manner in which they lift their hats. Did you ever notice the different ways of performing this act of courtesy? Some take the hat entirely off and wave it in the air, as if they were at a political meeting; others merely point toward the sky, and you wonder what it is to which they wish to call your attention. Still other would-be gallants push their hats a trifle farther back. This action signifies to us, either that they are too lazy to lift them, or that they are afraid of catching cold. It would be unjust not to mention the few who quietly raise their hats and in a graceful manner acknowledge your presence. D. C.

#### THE CHRISTIAN.

While "The Christian" is a new book, the writer is not unknown. Hall Caine, by his description of Manx life in the "Deemster" and "The Manxman," gained many an admirer, and as he claimed "The Christian" was to be the masterpiece of his life, all looked forward with great interest to its publication.

It has been greatly criticised and various comments have been published, both for and against it. The title given the book was to indicate its mission—the portrayal of the modern christian; but most critics claim the picture is not a true one.

Mr. Caine selected London as the location for the plot and accordingly spent considerable time there visiting the slums, studying the societies, the stage and life of the people. He had not selected names for his characters when he visited President Cleveland at Gray Gables.

On an old tombstone in a churchyard near by he found the name of John Storm, and immediately chose it as the name for the hero of his story. Here also he found part of the name for his heroine—Glory, her last name, Quayle, being Manx. Although these are the two principal characters in the story, Francis Drake is, without doubt, the most natural one.

Glory's father was a parson living on the Isle of Man. When children John and Glory had played together, and later they left on the same boat for London, —John to be chaplain in a hospital, where Glory was to be trained for a nurse. Glory here makes friends with a girl called Polly Love, and becomes acquainted with Robert Ure and Francis Drake. They attend balls and theaters together, and Glory thinks society very fascinating.

John Storm becomes disgusted with the Canon Wealthys of the Hospital, and joins a Brotherhood or Monastery, where he meets Paul, a brother of Polly Love. Glory, hearing of John's intentions by mail, desired to see him, and left the Hospital against orders, and accordingly was discharged. This placed her in a startling situation—in London without friends or money.

Nevertheless she found shelter with a Mrs. Jupe, whom she had found through Polly Love. Here she worked behind the counter, though it was not altogether a pleasant occupation.

Afterwards she became an actress in a cheap theater. Filled with a genuine love for Glory, John Storm

could be content no longer in a Monastery, and left it after the death of Brother Paul. His notice was attracted by the word "Gloria" on the advertising boards on the street. He called upon her and expressed his displeasure with her success in this line and she decided to go home on a vacation.

Twice Glory promises to share the ills and joys of home life with him; to quit the stage and go as a missionary into the darkest corners of London, or to the South Seas, and twice does she recall this vow. Her admiring friends urged her to continue as an actress in the theater where she had become so popular, and the temptation proved to be too strong to be resisted. Her picture and biography appeared in all the leading newspapers, and on Derby Day, when she drove to the races with Drake and other friends, people singled her out and spoke of her wonderful talent and beauty.

John Storm had visited his uncle, the Prime Minister, who aided him in securing a church in one of the dark corners of the city, and from his preaching the people had formed the idea that the world was to come to an end on Derby Day. On the evening of this wonderful day John Storm was accused of being the cause of the panic and terror which had seized London, and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest.

"Fifty thousand persons from all parts of London had quitted the doomed city that day to await the catastrophe under the open sky." Two days afterward he gave himself up to the officials. While out on bail, given by Francis Drake, he was attacked by a crowd of ruffians and seriously injured. Glory attends him as nurse when he is taken to the hospital, and here, as he is dying, they are married.

The letters written home by Glory are full of life and affection, and form interesting bits here and there in the book. In the character of Glory we see vividly portrayed the struggle and failure of a soul to rise to its highest ideals. Her longing for fame, power and luxury drags her down until she stoops to the personification of a thoroughly evil character, though perfectly conscious of her downfall and disgrace.

The shock of Storm's death rouses her better nature, but the reader remains in doubt as to the final result, and cannot help but think another chapter would have pictured another failure to hold to a true and beautiful life.

M. BREWSTER.

#### READING.

You often hear in school rooms "do this," or "do that," and most often, perhaps, "Read," and to this latter message I should like to add one voice and one thought—

Read to know the beautiful, the wise, the helpful, the stimulating thoughts of others wiser and better than yourselves. Those who see things most deeply—the seers—those who think most deeply into things—are the best poets, the best writers.

Read poetry for the stimulus that comes from rhythm, fancy, beauty of thought—for the sake of the imagination. Read fiction for the thoughts of other men about character and the things that make life and character. We can know but few people well in this world—a good work of fiction makes us know many well, broadens our sympathies, makes us more understanding, more observant, more imaginative.

Read biography, history, science, mythology—everything—it all helps to make broader, better men and women—thinkers, seers, and if rightly applied, doers.

Until sure of your own judgment read only what older readers and judges have pronounced good. But learn to enjoy and appreciate a fairy tale or a bit from Ruskin, a story like *Ivanhoe*, or the work of a Maria Mitchell.

With all the other work there isn't time to read? Is there any one who cannot spare fifteen minutes a day for a visit with the great, sincere souls who have left a message to everyone of us who is willing to hear?

Be a reader of books, a worshipper of heroes as Carlyle was, a seer and thinker. Think other men's thoughts after them and then you will grow ready to think your own. You will soon learn to count among your best friends the greatest creations of genius and the largest souls of the ages.

Carlyle leaves us this message: "One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something from him. He is the luring light, a fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them." X.

#### THOUGHTS OF A MORNING WALK.

It was early spring. The soft, reddish brown leaves were just starting on the hardwood trees, but the great hemlocks were dark and still.

Out from a low, brown house, in the middle of a large clearing stepped a tall young woman. For a moment she stood in the balmy morning air, looking off across bright green meadows that stretched away to meet the darker green of a low, encircling fringe of woods.

Then with springing step and light heart she followed a narrow path down the long lane, into the high road and away from the clearing.

Before her as far as the eye could see led the long road, a forest-lined avenue. Above, a white cloud, beautiful and pure, rested serenely in the clear blue of the western sky. Often the great trees mingled their branches overhead, to throw cool, wavering shadows on her path.

She walked on through a little hollow where beneath the high bridge a stream murmured over rocks, or flowed silently through deep pools, to join the larger stream.

Bright, yellow buttercups nodded at her as she passed, and the sweet odor of masses of tiny, white violets filled the air. A cat-bird's wild, sweet note rang out from low cedar boughs.

All this she saw, and felt at first only the gladness of simply living; but gradually the beauty and sublimity of the grand old forest wakened deeper thoughts, and she walked on with eager steps, every nerve intense, every fibre of the soul filled with a longing, inexpressible, a hope, vague, but high as the blue heaven above.

Oh, for the opportunity to do something! To be able to make some little change in the thoughts of a great world, some way to bring others into a closer relation with nature and nature's God.

Suddenly, ah! that is the little white school house showing through the trees a little ahead. And with that

glimpse of the familiar place a new thought flashes into her mind. Are not those boys and girls, playing carelessly by the door and beneath the hemlock trees, waiting for someone to lead them on to truer thoughts, better lives and a realization of the possibilities that are before them?

A moment she stops beneath the sighing boughs of a lonely pine. Then, with purpose strong and courage from above, walks, with cheery "good mornings," past the group of children, into the dark little school room. Another day begins, but the small school-room trials and vexations fade before the new light which gives life and purpose to her work.

M. TENNEY.

A strong background of local coloring is one of the characteristics of the fiction of this quarter century. Hitherto, most of our novelists placed their characters upon an uncertain spot on the American continent, without ever designating whether it was on the eastern coast of Maine, or southern part of California. In the course of the novel, the personages engaged—or about to be—usually went to Newport or Saratoga for an outing, but always returned to that same mysterious spot, or another equally obscure. It is true that a reader gifted with an unusual amount of reasoning power and an extraordinary knowledge of geography, might be able, after a deal of hard thought and patient work, to figure out where this terrestrial spot was on which the characters worked out these thrilling scenes, but as few novel readers are thus gifted or so persistent, few ever discovered the spot. Now-a-days the places are carefully described and located. We know for a certainty whether we are in Alaska or Florida.

As an outgrowth of this localization certain writers became associated with the places they have described. I imagine a map of the United States with the names of popular authors printed where the names of places described by them are usually printed. Along the eastern coast will be the names of Mary E. Wilkins, Sarah Orne Jewett, Clara Louise Burnham, Wm. Dean Howells, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Peter Ford and Weir Mitchell. In the Mississippi valley are Hamlin Garland, James Lane Allen, Miss Murfree and George W. Cable. In California and New Mexico, Bret Harte and "H. H." Many other names might be placed in; for altho' the great American novel is yet to be written, there is no lack of novels belonging to different parts of the country.

#### A STRUGGLE WITH FRACTIONS.

Little Corine had written on her lesson paper  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 3 = 24. She came to school early next morning, and I improved the opportunity to make the little problem clear to her.

"Corine," I said, "suppose you had three sticks of candy, and gave Dora half of what you had, how many sticks would you give her?"

Corine, generous child, responded quickly, "I'd give her two and I'd have one."

"But I want you to have just as much as Dora: can't you think how to manage?"

"No, ma'am, I can't," one little finger on her rosy lips and a troubled expression in her brown eyes.—"Oh yes I can too! I'd give one stick to baby!"

"But suppose some one had given baby some so you didn't need to give her any?"

"Then I'd give one stick to (H)ughie!" A. P.



# THE NORMAL POINTER.

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## EDITORIAL.

Something which we do not find developed in our school to the same extent that it is in older schools is the college spirit. Is this fact desirable, or is it not? Some people find objection to the college spirit on the ground that it has elements which are simply relics of barbarism. They compare the school colors to the paint of the South Sea Islander, and the school yell with the war-whop of the American aboriginal. A sober deacon will pronounce these objections valid. Perhaps there is truth in them, but surely there must also be a better side. Imagine the deadness of the whole school atmosphere without the usual demonstrations by the students. When we unite in a yell, we show that we are still alive and are aware of the fact—we show our strength in our union. And we create the enthusiasm which is bound to beget good results. The success of a field-day is proportional to the amount of college spirit manifested. If that spirit is dormant the contestant goes at his work with the same enthusiasm that he would saw a cord of wood. But let that spirit be made evident; let the whole school be present to show its deep interest in the event, and he will feel that not only his own interest, but, what is greater, that of the school rests on his efforts. Give him a chance to show his loyalty; make him feel that he has a school to which he can show it, and he will do the rest. The same holds true regarding football, basketball and baseball. Our game with the Grand Rapids was probably lost because of the silence of the spectators.

Yet in athletics the spirit has been more wide awake than in debates, etc., where it is just as important to enthuse the debator to his best efforts for the school. This is where the school spirit especially needs development.

Repeatedly have we shown that we are capable of expressing our college spirit. The ovation given to the regiments passing through Stevens Point was an example. We have the power. Shall we not use it? \*

At this time of the year when baseball and field-day are monopolizing our attention, it may not be amiss to turn our thoughts to contests of another kind, the oratorical. The state contest is to be held in this city. This fact alone should give such an added interest to our preliminary contest that many would take part. Our school owes it to herself to show forth her sturdiest thought and effort in the contests. Interest, enthusiasm, perseverance and hard work will do much to bear the colors of our school on to victory, but the first two alone cannot do it.

The best orations have not been written in weeks, nor in months, but in years. Choose the subject for your oration now. Let it be one which is close to you, which has grown into your life. Read on it, think of it, talk about it. Choose that view of it that suits you, choose the line of proof you wish to sustain. Then you will have a clear idea of what you wish to say, and the words will come easily and naturally. Would Lincoln's Gettysburg speech have been possible had not his whole thought and life been in the struggle of which he so eloquently and tenderly spoke? There is no such thing as a hasty or improvised oration. It must have a soul. It must have lived in the life of its author. It must be the result of time, thought, earnestness and effort. Begin now, and prepare such orations—the kind which alone can make our contests successes.

R. R.

Following the precedents so happily established by the Press Association of former years, the June number of the Pointer will be the "Souvenir Number" of the year. It will contain several extra pages, with articles telling of our work during '97-'98, write-ups of the different organizations with appropriate designs; also "digs, dabs, drives and dubs" not a few. It is rumored that some profound secrets, only to be told confidentially, are to be published for the first and only time.

Photographs of some familiar faces will also be printed. May we ask your assistance in issuing this number—both "before and after?" Before—if you know anything which you would like to have printed, write it out and hand it to one of the editors. After—read your own copy, and buy extra ones for your friends.

It is no slight task to publish a school paper, no matter how poor it may be. Work and time, both in generous proportions, are needed. We believe that the school as a whole realize this and will, as formerly, give us its generous support and aid. We want this last number to be a school paper, not an editor's journal. It rests with you to decide what it shall be. It is the individual help we want. Will you give it?

A locomotive built by the Schenectady Locomotive works, with a train of eight heavy cars, recently attained a speed of 73 miles an hour. The run was made on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway, between Columbus, Ohio, and Xenia in the same state, a distance of 55 miles, which was covered in 47 minutes.

What has become of the Up-to-Date club? Many of the students would like to have a meeting and discuss the "happenings of these war times."

There are over 3000 men at work on the buildings and grounds of the Paris Exposition of 1900.



## SCIENTIFIC.

### SMALL INTERVALS OF TIME.

Most people think that a second is a short interval of time, and when they get a watch that registers fifths or tenths of a second they think they have reached about as small an interval of time as can be measured. A chronograph has, however, been recently constructed, which records as small an interval as a millionth of a second. This instrument was used to record the compression produced by a blow of a cylindrical piece of copper. In one experiment a thirty-three-pound weight fell fifteen inches, and produced a permanent compression of .1658 inches in the copper cylinder, the time consumed in producing the compression being .0030317 of a second.

The instrument consists of a rotating cylinder with a surface velocity of one hundred feet per second, on which is photographed a pencil of light, which is passed through a hole on the end of a rapidly vibrating tuning fork.

At the time of the World's Fair one of the large red sandstone quarrying firms of Northern Wisconsin conceived the plan of making a large pillar, composed of a single piece of sandstone, one of the features of the Wisconsin exhibit. For this purpose they quarried a single block of sandstone, which measured 115 feet in length and 10 feet square at the base and 4 feet at the top. They got no farther in their plan, however, owing to engineering and financial reasons, and the rough block has lain in the quarry ever since.

A movement is on foot now, however, to transport the block by water to Milwaukee, and set it upon the lake shore to mark the coming semi-centennial celebration. It is claimed that this stone is higher than any other single quarried stone in the world. The granite obelisk at Karnak, however, comes very near to it, being 108 feet high.

According to a French writer named Petrie, whose conclusions are noted in the Medical News, twenty per cent. of all the cannibals eat the dead in order to glorify them; nineteen per cent. eat great warriors in order that they may inherit their courage, and eat dead children in order that they may renew their youth; ten per cent. partake of their dead relatives from religious motives either in connection with initiatory rites, or to glorify deities, and five per cent. feast for hatred in order to avenge themselves upon their enemies. Those who devour human flesh because of famine are reckoned as eighteen per cent. In short, deducting all these, there remains only a proportion of twenty-four per cent who partake of human flesh because they prefer it to other kinds of food.—Sc. Am.

One of the latest uses to which asbestos is applied is as an intermediate sole for shoes. It is pressed into thin sheets, cut into soles and waterproofed on the under side. Asbestos being a non-conductor of heat, its value for this use is that it not only prevents dampness from reaching the feet, but it returns the warmth generated by the body.

The New York Evening Post reports a novel hot water system, which is about to be introduced in Boise City, Idaho. Water of 170 degrees temperature is to be piped into the houses from a subterranean lake 400 feet beneath the surface.

For preventing a railroad disaster by the timely discovery of a broken rail, and the stopping of an approaching train, a locomotive engineer at Halle on the Saale, Saxony, received a reward of 2 marks (50 cents) from the railroad company.

"The ship 'Nelson' arrived at Wellington, having struck on a rocky point and had several holes in her bottom. Divers found one hole stopped up by a large piece of rock, and another hole calked by a fish that had been squeezed in tail first."

The Pennsylvania railroad company is now having a machine made at Alliance, O., for cutting and splitting old ties into locomotive kindling. The new machine will shear the ties to any desired length and at the same time split the block into proper sizes for use. Its capacity will be about ten cords of wood per hour.

The Scientific American relates the following strange tales, but does not vouch for their authenticity:

"On November 19 the Catholic church at Ninip, Victoria, was partly blown over by a storm, and propped up by heavy timbers, spiked to the ground. A few days later another storm arose and blew the church plumb on its foundation again."

The French town of Etampes has introduced an interesting novelty by re-placing the recording secretary of the municipal council with a phonograph. Some of the members of the council objected to the innovation on account of the too great faithfulness of the apparatus in reproducing defective pronunciation and errors of speech; but a majority was in favor of making a trial.

UHLAND'S WOCHENSCHRIFT.

The search for Andree is about to begin. An expedition will leave Sweden in May under the leadership of the Swedish scientist, Prof. A. G. Nathorst. The expedition will strike out towards the north pole, but its purpose is not so much the discovery of the pole, as to find some traces of Andree, who, scientists are now agreed, barring unforeseen accidents to the balloon, is likely to be in some part of Franz Joseph Land.

Prof. Agassiz of Harvard has arrived at San Francisco, after an absence of some months in the South Seas, spent in studying the formation of coral islands. It is said that he is prepared to demonstrate in opposition to the theories of Darwin and Dana that coral islands are not built up from the bottom, but are formed by a comparatively thin crust of coral upon tops of submerged mountains at points where the ocean is comparatively shallow. In nearly every instance where borings have been made in the coral it has been found to have been shallow. At the few places where it seems to have great depths, Prof. Agassiz says that the material into which deep borings are made is lime of a former age of the earth.

## LOCAL.

The class in Geography have been taking observation trips with Mrs. Elliott.

In Grammar: "Compare ill."

Student—"Ill, sick, dead."

F. R. Springer was forced to be absent from school for a few days because of sickness.

Prof. E. J. Swift spent Saturday, April 16th, making investigations at the Sparta Reform School.

Estalla Muir, who is teaching at Anburndale, visited friends at the Normal the middle of last month.

It is rumored that there is a surprise hidden in an iron vase, but we do not care to give away the secret.

Some vegetarian (?) in the Review Geography class has pronounced coal to be a vegetable, not a mineral.

Walter S. Cate, formerly a Normal student and now in attendance at the State University, has enlisted in the "Rough Riders."

The war spirit at the Normal is not dormant:

Overheard from a senior:—"If I flunk in Review—I'm going to enlist!"

With the coming of the Spring sunshine the solar attachment to the stereopticon has been made use of by the classes in Cicero and in General History.

The Review Geography Class have taken their EXAMEN RIGOROSUM, and a new class has been organized. Classes have also begun in Professional Arithmetic and Grammar.

In Review Geography:—"Give me a definition of Geography which will be comprehensive."

Student:—"Geography is the science which treats of the earth and everything connected with it."

A wish has been expressed that one or more of the faculty might always, as in other schools, be keeping the good order of the assembly room; i. e. trying to keep it. The reason for the wish was that one might have a great deal more fun then than otherwise.

Miss Faddis' primaries, down in the Model Department, have been carrying on an exhaustive zoological and scientific research, the subject being a lusty little caged Bantam rooster. Meanwhile the physicists in the attic have been marveling over the propagation of sound waves.

It has been suggested by people who have a right to make suggestions, that a new department be added to The Pointer editorial staff, the duty of which will be to tabulate answers to conundrums and the points to the jokes of the preceding issue. The want is keenly felt, but probably is due to the fact that no genius great enough to fill the position can be found.

The Geography Lyceum having kept up its existence with unusual vigor for some time has disbanded. The work done by the society has been as beneficial as it was far reaching. April 9th the society tendered a reception to the new students. The attendance was good, and all report a pleasant time. A literary and musical program was carried out, all the numbers being well rendered, especially the comedy of "The Smith Family."

Our debate with Whitewater Normal on the question: "Resolved, That it is better to have questions of fact decided by judges, than by the unanimous verdict of twelve men," has taken place, and we can not give Caesar's brag of "came and saw and overcame." The affirmative was taken by Whitewater, with Messrs. Hemingway, Randall and Sterlin as representatives. The purple and gold was ably upheld by Messrs. Rounds, Hedbach, and Harrison. L. B. Caswell of Ft. Atkinson, H. L. Terry of Waukesha, and W. J. Turner of Milwaukee, were the judges who decided—two to one—against us. While we mourn over our defeat, we rejoice to think that we came "as near winning without winning as we could." The boys report a pleasant time. After the debate, the Lincolnian society, assisted by the faculty and Ladies' society, tendered them a reception in the gymnasium which was decorated with our school colors.

The spark of military patriotism has not failed to glow at the Normal. The organization of a company of Normalites was actually on foot, but was not carried out because of an effort to organize a company by the citizens of Stevens Point. Among those who have signed the petition to organize such a company, we find the following: W. H. Dignum, George E. Leonard, C. A. Bremmer, Anton Krembs, Walter Thoms, Elson H. Whitney, A. W. Tickfer, Walter Flannery, H. O. Manz, Phillip Koller, E. U. F. Loether, Chas. King, Edwin Killen, W. J. Holman, A. E. Dawes, and Geo. Zimmer.

Last year's Senior Class established a precedent which evidently is likely to be kept up by those who follow in their footsteps. The class of '98 has presented to the school a large statue of winged Mercury. W. H. Harrison eloquently gave the presentation speech, and almost brought tears to the students' eyes when he held before them the fact that the gift was a memento, and a memento meant a parting. Rut, then, the statue is to be enjoyed. It is one of the greatest master-pieces in sculpture, and the inspiration it gives will never cease.

The Tennis Association has elected the following officers: Pres., Prof. Culver; Secretary and Treasurer, Will. Hotchkiss; Executive committee, Mr. Teeple, Mrs. Elliot, and Ralph Rounds.

Balls have been ordered, the tennis courts have been rolled, and many good times will doubtless be enjoyed by all lovers of the sport.

May 5th, Mrs. Elliott spoke to the school on the Geography of the Philippine Islands, with special reference to Manila and Manila Bay. The subject of course is especially interesting now, and students hereafter will read of Dewey's naval operations more understandingly.

Our home field day was held Friday, May 13. The team which will go to Oshkosh, May 28th, will be chosen from the following "winners of firsts": Krembs, Bradford, Werner, Mathe, Carl, Cassels, Gesell, Leonard, Holman and Lees.

In a Model Department Geography class:—"What is the sky?"

"There isn't any sky."

"Well, then, where is Heaven?"



"No school until 2 o'clock." was the well-received notice put on the blackboard at the Normal Thursday afternoon, the 28th. The event causing it was one which gave a good object lesson on what war means.

At 1:22 a special train bearing the Ashland and Marshfield regiments of the National guard, on their way to Camp Harvey, Milwaukee, steamed in at the Wisconsin Central depot. Amid the prolonged blasts of the saluting steam whistles, the boom of the patriotic cannon, and the shouts of the general populace,—above them all could easily be heard the "Bish, boom, bah" of the Normal squad which presented to the soldiers a staff bearing a U. S. and a Cuban flag. After eight excited minutes of hand shakings and "God-be-with-yous," the train left amid the huzzas of the crowd. The procession of Normalites leaving the depot was a large and enthusiastic one. As the files streamed up the Normal walk, the air swelled with "Marching through Georgia," and all had an exceedingly martial air which was soon dispelled when everyone was again working at the arts of peace.

A letter from the Superior Normal, brings the sad news that our debate with that school must be declared off, because one of the debaters has gone to war. The question chosen was: "Resolved, That immigration of foreigners into the United States should be restricted to those who can read and write the constitution." Messrs. Houseworth, Lees, and Price had been working hard for the contest which was to take place at the same time as our field-day with Superior. But we are again disappointed. In the same way, last year's debate was called off. Some how or other, it seems that after preparations have been carried on thus far, at least on our side, that one man might be supplied by a school, which is a Normal school.

Many of the Normal students were in attendance at the Art Exhibit given by the Woman's Club in Forresters' Hall. The excellent collection of pictures, and reproductions of illustrations which have appeared in *The Century Magazine* and *Ladies' Home Journal*, and were kindly loaned by Prof. Ives of St. Louis, are now hanging in the Normal halls.

The officers of the Forum, elected for this quarter, are: Martin Nelson, president; Jerome Wheelock, secretary; August Tickfer, treasurer. The president, Victor Minahan and Phillip Koller form the board of counselors.

The Geology class has begun laboratory work analyzing rocks and minerals. April 23rd the class, en masse, took a trip to Yellow Banks. The 30th they examined the region about Mosinee which is of special geological interest.

Lawrence University has cancelled both of the base ball games that it was scheduled to play with us. The reason given is that its team has been forced to disband because so many of the students have gone to war.

A complete list of the records made by the Normal on previous field days has been posted in the hall. Are we going to change any of them this year?

Alfred Castner of Loyal, a new student, has withdrawn, the burning of his cheese factory being the cause.

In Physiology:—"The pectoral cavity is composed of the heart and the lungs."

"Why, cavity means hole"—

"Well, the pectoral hole is composed of the heart and lungs."

Since the first of January, 426 volumes have been added to the library, among which are many deserving our attention. The bound volumes of periodicals are always received with pleasure, and the constant use of them proves the important part they play in modern education.

The final volumes of the "Library of the World's Best Literature," complete a bright and shining row on the literature shelves, bringing to mind the way a boy arranges his first new marbles, standing off a short distance to admire their colors, only we do not use them as assiduously as he does the marbles; possibly because the beauty of these is inside the covers and not so readily seen.

Volume 28 of the set is composed of "Songs, Hymns, and Lyrics" of all ages. Vol. 29 is a Biographical Dictionary, giving a brief outline of the authors' lives and works; while Vol. 30 contains synopses of some 1,440 best books, together with a general index under author, title and subject.

Some new books of reference are "Our Familiar Songs and their Authors," which needs no introduction, it comes with the latch-string assurance of old and valued friends. "The History of the Flag of the U. S." has naval and yacht-club signals, seals and arms, and principal national songs, with a chronicle of symbols, standards, banners and flags of ancient and modern nations. Killikelly's "Curious Questions," Allibone's "Quotations," Wood's Dictionary of Quotations, Channing's "Guide to Study of U. S. History," and Powell's "Canyons of the Colorado," are all helpful books.

In fiction, there is "Count of Monte Cristo," "Seats of the Mighty," "Hugh Wynne," and "Five Little Peppers."

Science has "Ice Age in North America," Geikie's "Geological Sketches at Home," and "Scenery of Scotland," and Agassiz's "Cruise of the Blake."

Birds are remembered by Florence Merriam in "Birds of Village and Field," and Mabel Wright's "Citizen Bird," the latter a most charming book for children.

The Art department glows with bright bound volumes, as Crane's "Decorative Illustration of Books;" Pennell's "Modern Illustration;" Ward's "Historic Ornament;" and a volume from the Bureau of Education, entitled "Education in the Industrial and Fine Arts in the U. S." It contains sketches of the various schools of the country where art is specialized.

Pages 1053-58 give some practical thoughts on the decoration of school houses. One suggestion worthy of consideration is "Whether it is the best way to use objects of art, educationally, to have them always before the eye. Are the Japanese not wiser than we in this, since they are said to keep their beautiful objects in a store room, bringing out a single vase, or picture, for a few days to be seen, by itself, and then re-placing it by another, so that the eye never becomes wearied, or so familiarized by any one article, as no longer to note with interest the beauties which gave a charm to the object."

E. S.



## ATHLETIC.

### GRAND RAPIDS WON.

The first base ball game of the season was played April 23rd, between the Stevens Point Normal and the Grand Rapids High School. The game was close and exciting from the beginning in spite of the errors that were made by each team. The home team did better playing than the visitors, but made blunders at critical points in the game. They seemed unable to bat the ball at the proper time.

Springer pitched four innings,—for the Normals held them down to one hit,—but not having regained his strength, he was unable to pitch the entire game. Leonard then went into the box. He held the hits down, but his wild throwing let in several scores. Holman went into the box in the ninth. Grand Rapids then tied the score. The Normals were unable to get a hit. In the tenth Grand Rapids got two more scores. Two of the Normal men were thrown out at first. Munnell made a single, then Dignum drove the ball over the right fielders head, sending Munnell home and himself to third. The Normals had hopes of tying the score again, but the next man ran out, thus ending the game 9 to 8 in favor of Grand Rapids.

Munnell at second, and Dignum in center field, played a strong game. Ford pitched a good game for the Grand Rapids boys

The line up of the teams was as follows:

#### NORMALS:

Holman, c. f.  
Lees, c.  
Springer, p.  
Minahan, 1. f.  
Fuller, s. s.  
Porter, 3rd b.  
Mortensen, 1st b.  
Munnell, 2nd b.  
Dignum, c. f.  
Leonard, p.  
Fruit, r. f.  
Umpire—Lee.

#### GRAND RAPIDS:

Corcoran, c.  
Ford, p.  
Demitz, 1st b.  
Love, 2nd b.  
Compton, 3rd b.  
Green, s. s.  
Bullis, 1. f.  
Love, c. f.  
Crawford, r. f.

### NORMALS WIN.

May 7th, in one of the best games of ball ever played in this city, the Normal team defeated the High School. Both teams did exceptionally well. Zimmer's pitching, Minnehan's and Leonard's work in the box, and Parker's batting, were the best features of the game,

The young ladies Basket Ball team defeated the Weyauwega High School team at Weyauwega, Friday evening, May 13, the score being 8 to 2. The following girls composed the team: Misses Pope, Bruce, Kingsbury, Dangers, Wiesner, King, Erickson. Miss Lee accompanied the team, as substitute, and Miss Crawford went as umpire. This is the first time our school has been victorious in a basket ball game with another school.

The Normal base ball team defeated the Oshkosh Normal team at Stevens Point, May 14th. The score was 12 to 7. Our team showed great improvement in their playing. The two teams will meet again May 28th at Oshkosh.

### NORMAL MINSTRELS.

A full house greeted the performance given by the Normal Minstrels Saturday evening May 7th. The entertainment was for the benefit of young Moran who was seriously hurt in the foot ball game at Superior last fall. For some time he suffered with internal hemorrhages, and it was feared that he could not live. He finally recovered, and his physician put in a bill for \$200. The Superior Athletic Association assumed the bill. As the bill is a large one, our Athletic Association thought it would be a brotherly act to aid them, and so gave the minstrel show to raise the money.

The Athletic Association had the assistance of some of the young ladies and a few men from town. The management was placed in the hands of Miss Linton, with A. J. Latton, P. L. Pease and Harry Cowles as assistants.

J. C. Fruit took the part of interlocutor; and the ends were A. M. Johnson, Chas. Bremmer, Dan. Moran, J. N. Ballard, Will. Dignum and Harry Cowles.

The program opened with an overture by the Mandolin Club, followed by the full chorus. The following songs were sung: A. M. Johnson, "By, Bye, my Honey;" F. Putz, "Burnished and Bright are my Arms;" E. Townsend, "Pumpkin Colored Coon;" Dan. Moran, "The Wedding of the Chinese and the Coon;" Will. Dignum, "Klondyke," an original song composed by the singer; Will. Hotchkiss, "I'm a Long Coon;" Chas. Bremmer, "She is the Warmest Baby in the Bunch;" Walter Thoms, "Down on the Ohio;" J. N. Ballard, "Your Key Don't Fit this Lock no More;" Harry Cowles, "The Heroes who sank with the Maine."

The first part of the program closed with "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by Emily Spalenka.

Between each of the above numbers the interlocutor and his ends carried on a conversation in which many jokes were sprung. Some were new and original, while others possessed neither of these qualities.

Part two of the program was opened with an overture by the Mandolin Club. Then the Normal Quartet sang, "In Silent Mead." Will. Dignum made a brilliant stump speech in which he used only the letters of the alphabet in regular rotation, emphasizing different letters and using very expressive gestures. The next was the girls drill. They carried glass balls, and in a certain stage of the drill they bombarded the audience. The clog dance by Dan. Moran, Aug. Johnson and A. Augusted, was a pleasant feature. A. M. Johnson made a brilliant stump speech.

A. Augustad and Walter Thoms gave an excellent exhibition of tumbling, Thoms taking the part of the strong man.

The club and railroad lantern swinging by Will. Bradford, was exceptionally good. A. M. Johnson and A. Augusted each gave a baton drill, which were well received by the audience.

The news boy chorus was one of the best numbers on the program.

The final number was a good night chorus.

The net proceeds are over \$100.

The Athletic Association are well pleased with the success of their undertaking. It was the result of much time and effort from all who took part, and showed the result of many hours working and planning.

## EXCHANGES.

### GO STRAIGHT THROUGH IT.

Do your work at once.\* Don't stop to dawdle. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find that the rest will fall into line and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he managed to accomplish so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply. "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word "NOW."

### WHEN YOU FLUNK.

Some pros don't seem to care at all,  
But ju-t look past you at the wall,  
An' when you say, a-feelin' small,  
"Why—I sh'd think that a—"Next!" they call,  
An' then you know you're flunked.

But some are just the other way,  
An' when you know, but can't quite say,  
They give the answer plain as day,  
A-asking it some other way—  
And then you know you'd orter've flunked.

The exchanges on our table at the present time are: The Wisconsin Times, The 98, The Normal Advance, The Lawrentian, College Days, The Kodak, The Badger, The Beech Grove Oracle, The View Point, The Kodak, Eau Claire, The Green Bay Fly, The Carroll Echo, High School Chat, Olla Podrida, School Bells, and The Gramophone.

Many men of many minds,  
A saw we oft recall,  
Does very well, but, oh, one finds  
So many Freshmen of many kinds  
Who have no minds at all.

Discouragements are not impossibilities. They call for a little more perseverance, a little more exertion, a little more willingness to endure fatigue. Discouragements, however, are good for us. They make beautiful characters; they show forth so grandly man's powers. They demonstrate man's ability to overcome.

### TONIC-SOL-FA, AGAIN.

"Please," he said, "I can't remember  
What the first note ought to be."  
And the teacher smilingly answered,  
"Get the doh and then take mi."

In the language of Shakespeare:  
Freshman Year: The Comedy of Errors.  
Sophomore year: Much Ado About Nothing.  
Junior Year—As You Like It.  
Senior year—All's Well That Ends Well.

The true art of memory is the art of attention.

Some young men would stand very high if collars were character.

Common sense is the intuitive perception of the fitness of things.

Man's real buildings acquire their beauty of architecture from his air castles.

The freezing point—Thirty-two in the shade.  
The pleasing point—Thirty less.

If a man know how good he ought to be, let him live up to the standard he sets for others.

Teacher—When is the best time to pick apples?  
Pupil—When the farmer isn't looking and the dog is away.

Several of the eastern colleges have been challenged by Oxford, for a chess match, to be played by telegraph.

Tommy—What is the board of education?  
Mr. F.—When I went to school it was the pine shingle.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third humor, and the fourth wit.—Sir Wm. Temple.

An elective course in journalism, conducted by an experienced journalist, has been established at Mount Holyoke College.

Professor, (dictating Latin prose composition):  
"Slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled Junior: "It's under my chair, but I wasn't using it, sir."

As Charles was going out one eve  
His father questioned "Whither?"  
And Charles, not wishing to deceive,  
With b'ushes answered, "With her."

The student is he who loves knowledge more than facts; who strives for truth for its own sake; who aspires to manhood rather than to success. He sets before himself no mean standard of attainment. He finds his inspiration not outside of himself merely, but within himself, and with high-minded, unfagging zeal he employs every energy to become, first of all, a man.—The College Forum.

Puer ex Jersey,  
Iens ad school,  
Vidit in meadow,  
Infestus mule.  
Ille approaches—  
O, magnus sorrow!  
Puer it skyward—  
Funeral to-morrow.

MORAL— Sineridit a thing  
Non ei well known,  
Est bene for him  
Rilinqe id alone. —EXCHANGE.



## MODEL SCHOOL.

SIXTH GRADE.—LANGUAGE.

### SIGNS OF SPRING.

KATHERINE SOUTHWICK, Age 11. April 25, 1898.

What a morning is that first one of Spring! The robin is coming back again to build his nest in the old apple tree. The grass is getting green and the trees are already budding. We are awakened by a sparrow that is singing away with all his might. We hear the whisper of the morning breeze and are ready to live a new life.

The flowers, too, are beginning to grow, because we hear a chorus

"Of laughter soft and low  
From the millions of flowers under the ground,  
Yes, millions beginning to grow."

All of these things help to make the one beautiful spring.

The sun drives away the snow and makes it warm again, and everyone is rejoicing at the thought that spring is here.

LANGUAGE.—SIXTH GRADE.

MARION VOS BURGH

### SIGNS OF SPRING.

I think that spring is the most beautiful season that Mother Nature furnishes us with. In my mind I compare Spring to a baby or a child just blossoming into the shades of youth.

It is then, when the birds come back to us with their warbling notes full of joy and sunshine, and dear, modest little flowers nod their heads in the breeze. It is then that the trees begin to bud, and the cold snow can no longer resist the strong will of the sun, and the beautiful, pure, blades of grass mingled with the dear little buttercups and dandelions make their way through the sod.

This is house-cleaning time, too, which can be plainly seen by carpets out on the line, and through the windows may be seen mothers flying around with dusting caps on their heads.

These are all signs of spring.

SIXTH GRADE.

### SIGNS OF SPRING.

BEULAH NELSON.

Spring is the most beautiful season Mother Nature gives us.

We are awakened by the singing of the birds, whose soft notes are very sweet as they come to our room.

The pretty violets and arbutus are swaying in the morning breeze, and the trees are budding and the snow is gone and has uncovered the grass.

We can hear people pounding the carpets and the furniture is standing out doors, which means house-cleaning.

I should think everybody ought to be happy in Spring.

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