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POINTER.

MARCH,  
1899.

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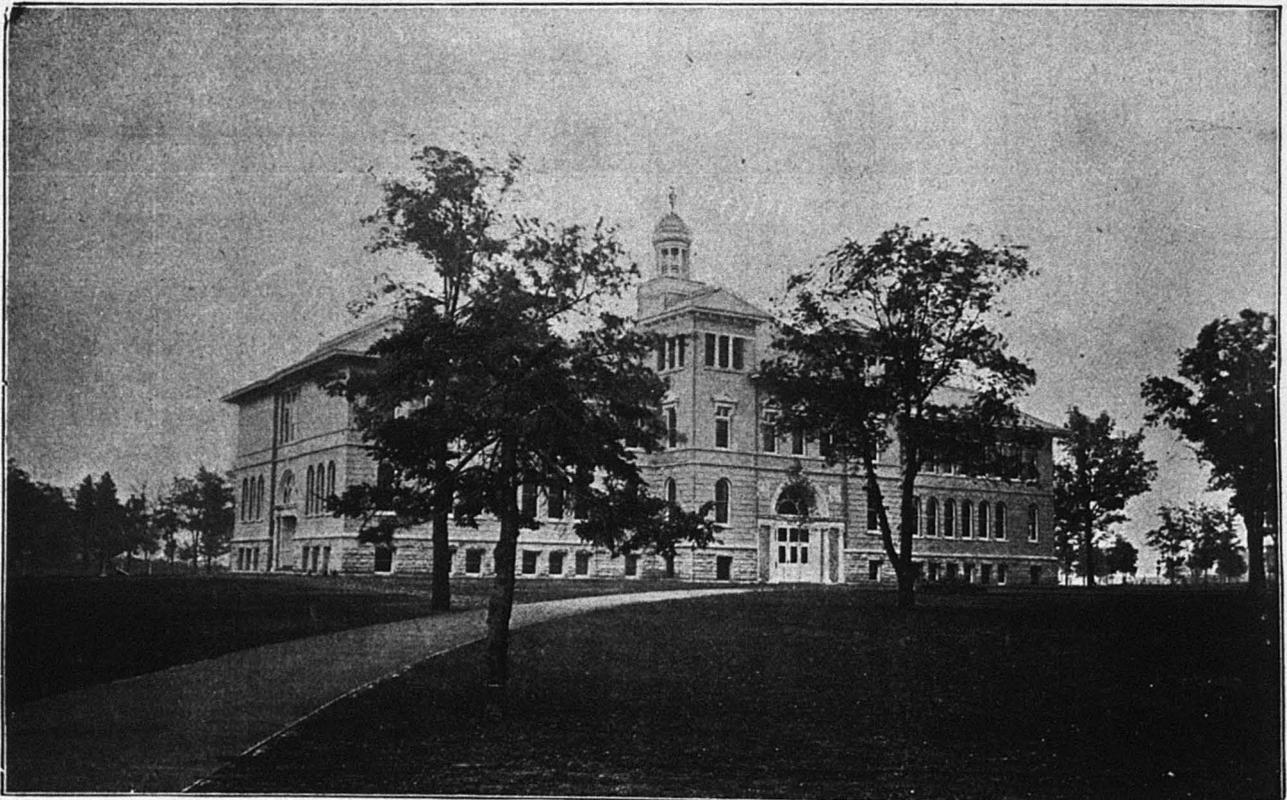
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# THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume IV.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MARCH 15, 1899.

Number 6.

## Literary.

### "HANK."

The other men in the Carter's logging-camp had decided, after vain efforts to draw "Hank" Johnson into conversation, that this was one of the days when he was "down in the mouth." They had found out that though he was generally the best natured man in camp, he would occasionally "get down in the mouth," and the best thing to do was to let him alone.

He was sociable enough generally, and was always ready to talk with them about their affairs; but had never a word to say about himself. There was a great deal of speculation as to where his home was and why he never said anything about his own people, if, indeed, he had any; but no one knew for a certainty anything about him. There was a general idea that his home was somewhere in Indiana, and his dialect supported this supposition. Some thought that he had left home with some trouble on his mind; but no one dared ask "Hank" personal questions; except, indeed, Mary, the foreman's little daughter, whom he never repulsed. She had climbed on his knee at noon of this day, and was particularly talkative. "Hank," said she, "I likes you; you're almost as nice as a pa. "But," the thought seemed to occur to her suddenly, "I s'pose your little girl thinks you are just as nice as a pa. Where's your little girl, Hank?" and the big brown eyes gazed at him full of inquiry. "Hank" stared at her as though he thought she were some kind of an elf who knew everything. "Why, little one," said he, "what d'yeou know about my little gal?"

"Oh! I didn't know anything about her, Hank, but I just THOUGHT, and I wondered if it didn't make her sorry 'cause you wasn't home: 'cause I

does really think you'd make a nice pa, Hank." "Though," she added doubtfully, "your face is orful prickerly when you puts your cheek against it, just sorter like a broom-brush, Hank. Does your little girl think it feels like a broom brush?"

And Hank answered absently, "I reckon."

Then Mary laughed, a rippling little laugh; for it was so funny to hear Hank say "I reckon." "He says it so long and so slow, you know, and puts his mouth like he was cracking nuts. I tries to say it like him lots of times, but I can't; so one day I put a nut atween my teeth and then tried to say it and crack the nut at onct; but ma she ketched me at it, and took the nut away, so't I wouldn't crack the animal on my teeth. So I don't spose I'll ever git to say it."

Mary's little remark, "and I wondered if it didn't make her sorry 'cause you wasn't home," had set him thinking. He wondered, too, if his little girl cared. It was more than two years, now, since he had left his Indiana home, decided never to return. It had all been a mistake,—his marrying Susan, for they never could agree. He had stood it for five years, and then had come up into the pine woods of Northern Wisconsin away from it all. But at times he could not prevent himself from thinking of the old home and his family. Most often he thought of his little daughter Edith with the golden curls and big blue eyes. How hard it had been when he realized that in leaving the unhappiness of his life, he was also leaving that which was most dear to him. But he had given himself no time for reflection till he was well on his journey north, and his strong will kept him from getting out of the car at the next station and taking the next train south. And now two years had passed, and he had not returned. It is true, at times it seemed as if he must go back, so great was his longing to see his little daughter again;

but the thought of the unhappiness of his home restrained him.

With these thoughts in his mind, he had worked mechanically all the afternoon, with no word for anyone. When the work of the day was done, and the men had all returned to the camp for supper, his thoughts had lost their bitterness; and for the first time in these two years he wondered if he might not have made his home happier if he had tried. He did not enter the camp immediately, but leaned against a tree and thought it all out.

The early night had swiftly and silently settled down over the northern woods, and the great pines loomed up darkly all around him. The snow gleaming in patches through the trees relieved the gloomy darkness. Through a clearing in the forest the moon not yet far from the horizon, struggled feebly through long bands of dusky gray clouds. The long low logging camps squatted close to the ground, dark indistinct piles with a faint light gleaming through the windows. Some of the men were putting the horses away in the stable, and their heavy voices were heard subdued and unintelligible.

Nothing else broke the calm intense stillness, and "Hank" was left to his thoughts of his little girl. He was thinking how pretty she had been, the little girl of five years with the tangle of sunny curls and the serious violet blue eyes. On Sundays she was always dressed in white, and Hank thought that the angels must look like Edith when she was dressed in white. She had told him about the angels, one Sunday after she had returned from Sunday-school. "Yes, pa," he could now hear her say in her clear musical voice, "they are all dressed in white and shining. I suppose they are sprinkled with frost dust. And they wear crowns, and their hair comes down on their shoulders. And they're so good, pa! Oh! I do wish I was an angel!" And Hank had looked so shocked and frightened at her words, and the far-away expression in her eyes, that she had suddenly clasped him tightly about the neck, and said, "No, I don't, pa dear, 'cause then I couldn't be with you." Then she had looked at him suddenly in a puzzled, grieved way. "Why, pa, what would they do with you? Where would they put you? 'Cause they all dress in white, and I think you'd look funny in a dress. Then I do think your face is awful red for a white dress. But may be it'll get

whiter. I heard Lizzie Beck say sour milk was awful good for tan; so, pa, won't you put some on your face now? Because I don't want to be an angel one bit if you ain't there. "But then," with a reassuring little pat, "I think you'd make a real good angel, pa dear, and I'd pretty soon get used to seeing you in a dress. And your eyes has such an angel look in them when I sing for you that I wonder sometimes if you haven't begun to be an angel already."

How he would love to hear her sing now. She had a wonderful voice for such a small child, as everyone said. But "Hank" Johnson was not the man to break his word, and he had said he would never go back.

Just then he heard the foreman's wife and Mary singing together to the accompaniment of the rickety little organ set back against the log wall. The men came from the stable and passed him with their lanterns, but he shrank back into the shadow, and was unobserved. Then all was still, until someone opened the door of the foreman's shanty, letting forth a stream of light. "Hank" could hear the words of the song distinctly now, and "sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon," floated out on the still night air. Then the door banged to and the light had vanished.

Within the eating shanty about a hundred men sat at three long tables eating and talking rapidly. They were dressed in their mackinaw suits and bright red or blue shirts, and looked very picturesque in the flickering glare of the kerosene lamps suspended from the ceiling. Many of them were solemn and taciturn Swedes, tall and muscular with flaxen hair and faces reddened by exposure. There were some Frenchmen, too, dark and fierce-looking with their bristling black mustaches, reddened skins and bold black eyes. And here and there, an Irishman with his red hair standing up as straight as possible, and his flaunting red whiskers roaming unhindered over his jolly countenance.

When they had nearly finished supper and were all talking and laughing boisterously, Hank entered, and with an unusually happy smile on his face, announced that he was going back home to-morrow, to Indiany. Of course they were surprised, and regretted that they were to lose Hank, who was a favorite: but they never expressed their feelings by

look or word, and took his announcement as a matter-of-fact. No one asked Hank any questions; but he further remarked that he was going to see his little girl. It was another surprise to find that he had a little girl; but no one remarked upon it before Hank.

The next evening then, Hank was on his way home—a happy man. He rode all that night and the next day. About dusk a bustling little woman boarded the train a few miles north of Hank's home. She peered about the car over her spectacles for a moment, and then made a rush for the long, lank woman who occupied the seat in front of Hank. "For the land's sake, Mandy, if that ain't you! Well, I swan! Goin' to Anderson to see your cousin Mis' Johnson. I s'pose? I'm goin' to see my daughter. I s'pose 'Hank' hain't come back yet. And then to think Susan up and died, last—last, why its six months ago! My, she had an awful temper! Druv her man away from home; though some thinks he could a' stood it! Of course you know the little gal stays with her grand-ma Johnson. Queer, ain't it? But she declares she knows her pa will come back. Nobody else don't think he will, 'cause he said 't he wouldn't, and he's so sot. But they say he set a store by that little gal. My! ain't her voice a caution? Just a caution says I."

Hank's hat was over his face, but he had heard every word. His wife's death filled him with a regret that he had not been more patient with her; but he could not grieve. And his heart was filled with joy at the thought of Edith's waiting for him. He left the train at the little depot at Anderson and started down the road toward his mother's home. It was dark now, and he could run without attracting attention. When he reached the house his courage began to fail him, and he crept up to the porch and was about to walk across it to look in at a side window, when a door opened, and he dropped to the ground to escape observation. He was sure it was Edith who stepped out on the porch and softly closed the door; but he could not see her. He listened intently, and then heard Edith's voice stronger now than when he heard it last, saying, "Yes, little stars, I never forget to tell you everything, do I? No, he hasn't come yet, but he will, and then I'll tell him what Miss Francis told me when I asked her if they could make an angel of him. Isn't it

funny he doesn't come quicker, little stars? But he will come, 'cause the song says so. The song that Miss Francis taught me. I'll sing it to you again, little stars." And she began to sing in her clear sweet voice "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee, soon." In an instant Hank was on the porch with his little daughter in his arms.

"Yes, little one, I reckon he will," he said tenderly. And Edith clung to him, saying with a sob, "Oh! pa dear! and you can be an angel!"

MATIE BARRY.

#### MY FIRST DAY AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

It was on a bright Autumn morning—the seventh of October, 1895—that I started on my walk to the school house in which I was to preside the next seven months. As I walked along, I was thinking, not of the beauties of Nature spread out before me, etc., etc., but of the more weighty problem of how to commence and conduct school that day. Still pondering, I turned the key and opened the door of the school house. As I entered it seemed as if I was at least an inch taller, and there was a strange tightness about my shoulders and hat-band. It must have been caused by the thought which flashed through my mind that I was at last a schoolmaster, and "monarch of all I surveyed."

It was a typical country school house. The door by which I entered opened into a hall-way from which there were two doors leading into the school room. There stood the big box stove in the center of the room, the desks on each side of it, and behind it the teacher's desk on a raised platform between the door-ways; the recitation seats to the left of the teacher's desk, and the book-case to the right.

I started a fire,—the morning being a little chilly,—and then, with some curiosity, I began to examine the book-case and other furniture. The most curious and, to judge by the looks, the most useful thing I found, was a long, wide, and comparatively thin ruler, just the kind that stings so. But no register, nor anything else to tell me about the work of the previous year, could I find.

In about fifteen minutes, the children began to come. They came straggling in until about a quarter of nine. Then I heard a heavy tramp, and turned, expecting to see the clerk with the register.

(Continued on page 71.)

# THE NORMAL POINTER.

MARCH 15, 1899.

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

Entered at local Post-office as second class matter.

Terms of subscription—50 cents per year in advance. 75 cents if not paid before Jan. 1, '99.

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WILL W. CULVER	The Censor
EDNA SAXTON	Local
ELSIE KING	
P. A. ROCKWELL	Athletic
GRACE OGDEN	Exchange
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Articles solicited from former students and teachers.

Readers and subscribers are respectfully requested to patronize our advertisers.

## Editorial.

Stevens Point is this year honored in being the arena for the Inter-normal Oratorical Contest. We take this opportunity for extending to our sister normals the most gracious welcome in our power. The contest, of course, will be a contest, a battle, and there will be plenty of competitive oratory and keen rivalry; but we hope that the reasons for organizing the I. N. O. L. will be remembered, that no animosities will rise, and that a friendly spirit increase. Meanwhile, "Welcome!"—and we are ready to do the rest.

At the end of this week, when delegates, not a few, from all the normals of the state will be assembled under our roof, we shall as never before have the opportunity to show how deep and true is the royal of our purple and gold. "The committee of one" and "in union there is strength" adages—we can never follow them to better advantage, if we wish to make the event a memorable one. Let us hope that every blessed normalite, who has a mouth to

ope and a hand to shake, will consider himself a needed cog in the great drive wheel of hospitality, and thus set the machinery humming. Stevens Point will score the greatest victory of the contest if she shows that she is not beneath her elder sisters in her powers as a hostess, and if every visitor will go home, believing as we do,—

That 'tis no josh.

That 'tis no bluff.

That Stevens Point Normal's

Pretty hot stuff!

We are sorry to state that Prof. Teeple has resigned his position on our faculty. Ill health has for a very long time hindered him from carrying on his work as conscientiously as he wished it might be done; and recently the strain became so great that he found it unwise to continue. He is now under the influence of Mother Recuperation at Whitewater, Wis., where he will later on, probably take up less exacting work of a literary nature. Those well acquainted with Mr. Teeple know of his untiring efforts in the interest of the school, and especially in the literary sphere. Many a patient hour has he devoted to the aspiring author, the debater, and the orator. The Pointer has always found in him an interested and a helping friend, and takes this opportunity for expressions of gratitude and also of best wishes for the future.

One of our exchanges has, among other things, been criticised for not having an exchange column; and comes out in an editorial stating the reason to be "because the students and faculty of our school have furnished us with more matter than we can print." It would seem that this were a happy state of affairs, but most school periodicals, we find, pride themselves on being published and penned by the by the student body alone. Do the scholastic articles by the faculty represent the school? Would not a higher ideal be reached if the abstract articles on science and pedagogy by the professors were rejected with an independent spirit by the student editors to make place for an exchange column, a department, the merit of which every bright school paper appreciates?

The Pointer staff welcomes Mr. Hotchkiss as its new assistant business manager.

## The Censor.

**Company I.**—According to the daily papers "the war" has for some time been a thing of the past, but to Stevens Point, at least, the history of the war was not closed until the boys of Company I, her band of soldier volunteers, had returned to their homes.

When the eventful hour of their home-coming arrived, it seemed as if the entire population of the city had turned out to do them honor. The little depot was completely surrounded, and Main street was blocked for a considerable distance. People of all kinds and conditions were there—nor did the normal lack representatives, for we all remembered that the names of several ex-normalites were on the muster roll of the company.

The train was advertised to arrive at 9:30 p. m., but it was nearly 10 o'clock when the small boys perched on top of the box cars in the siding, caught sight of the headlight of the locomotive. The news was quickly communicated to the jostling, cheering throng below, and at once their enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. Shouts, cheers, and the blare of tin bazoos filled the air. Bells and whistles in all parts of the city joined in the welcome. Slowly, steadily the train approached the waiting crowd, and finally halted in its midst. The tumult increased, and for five minutes pandemonium reigned supreme. Company I had come home.

**On Basketball.**—The season for basketball just now closing has been a most successful one for our school. The game has more than paid its way, financially, and has given exercise and recreation to a greater or less extent, to fully twenty per cent. of all the students enrolled in the normal and preparatory departments. In addition, there are no less than ten teams in the grades of the practice school. Taken all in all, basketball has done more for the school, and at the same time cost less, than any of the other athletic sports in which we engage.

In view of these facts, it seems rather strange to the Censor, that so few of the schools have taken up the game as a regular winter sport. It is sometimes urged that the average high school or college student has enough of athletics if he plays football in the autumn, and goes in for baseball or field day

in the spring. Perhaps this is true, but still the Censor wonders whether it would not be advisable to make a change from the present plan, and have the student, when he enters school in the fall, fresh from the long summer vacation, turn his extra strength to mathematics or history, instead of football. When winter comes, and the impetus gained through vacation is about exhausted, then let him go into basketball for a month or two, to regain his strength, and improve his bodily condition generally. Then he will be ready to make the long pull to June.

Of course the Censor does not mean that during the spring and autumn months the student should do without physical exercise entirely. Some exercise is desirable, if not absolutely necessary, at all times; so in his plan of reformed athletics, the Censor would include some light gymnastics or field work in both autumn and spring.

**Wanted! A Poet.**—It seems strange that in a school of this size, and with an attendance roll as large as this normal boasts, there is not some person possessing more than ordinary ability in the art of versification. There is nothing in the requirements of the school, so far as the Censor knows, which would in any way tend to exclude persons having the poetic gift. Possibly we have several poetic geniuses in our midst, who only await inspiration and encouragement to start them on the high road to success. The Censor suggests, therefore, that the Press Association, in order to hasten development along this line, offer prizes for the best poems submitted by students of the school on or before some specified date. In this way we shall be able to discover whether the school possesses any ability of this kind, and at the same time secure some interesting contributions for the Pointer. It is hardly necessary to add that the Censor has no aspirations along this line, so his suggestions are wholly disinterested.

**Only a Cat!**—It would seem, from recent events, that the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would do well to start a branch in this institution. It was only a cat, to be sure, and no serious damage was done, but the Censor sees in this incident the premonition of greater evils to come, and so, in all seriousness, cries, "Halt!"

## Local.

Mrs. Bradford conducted an institute in Waupaca county.

Prof. Livingston was absent a couple of days, on account of illness.

Della Polifka has returned, after a week spent at her home in Tomah.

Phoebe Hazen was called to her home in Eau Claire by the illness of her mother.

Mr. H. R. King of Great Falls, Montana, visited his sister, Miss Elsie, recently.

Andrew Larkin came up from Appleton, March 4, and was a caller at the Normal.

Kenneth Pray is again in school after being absent some time on account of illness.

Miss Simpson is again at her desk in the library, after an illness of nearly a week.

Kathryne Maines was on the sick list for more than a week, the first of the month.

Mae Clark enjoyed a short visit from her sister, Miss Nellie Clark of Alma Center, this month.

Prof.: "Who discovered gravitation?"

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## Local.

Mrs. Bradford conducted an institute in Waupaca county.

Prof. Livingston was absent a couple of days, on account of illness.

Della Polifka has returned, after a week spent at her home in Tomah.

Phoebe Hazen was called to her home in Eau Claire by the illness of her mother.

Mr. H. R. King of Great Falls, Montana, visited his sister, Miss Elsie, recently.

Andrew Larkin came up from Appleton, March 4, and was a caller at the Normal.

Kenneth Pray is again in school after being absent some time on account of illness.

Miss Simpson is again at her desk in the library, after an illness of nearly a week.

Kathryne Maines was on the sick list for more than a week, the first of the month.

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# Athletic.

## L. U. vs. NORMAL.

'Twas easy! In fact the game was said by some to have been quite slow. However that may be, the Normalites won, and were enabled once more to rejoice in victory over the good people from Appleton.

These same Appletonians were too much for us in basketball last winter: they were too much for us in football, by one point, last fall; but on the evening of Feb. 11, the fabled bird of victory saw fit to perch on a branch of the scrub oak which overlooks the gym windows and condescended to remain there during the entire game. Therefore, every small boy who could scrape up a relationship to a Normalite, or who hoped ever to become one, found himself able to yell just twice as loud as any young man from Appleton who ever walked into our gym. The score was 14 to 7.

How it was done is hard to tell. The theologs played poor ball. The pedagogs did little better. Some way or other, the school masters managed to throw more baskets than the ministers did; and as baskets make the points, the school masters won the game.

Team-work and brilliant playing did not characterize the game.

The question of interest, just now, is—will there be a different story to tell after the return game, which will be played on their own grounds, and with their own girls to root for them. We hope for the best; and in the meantime will work.

The official score sheet is as follows:

L. U.	Baskets.	Free throws.	Fouls
Wilson, L. G.	0	0	2
Kellog, L. F.	0	3	2
Boyd, C.	0	0	1
Lean, R. G.	0	0	3
Hall, R. F.	2	0	2
Normal.			
Smith, L. G.	1	0	3
Rockwell, L. F.	1	0	0
Lamont, C.	1	0	3
Culver, R. G.	0	0	3
Roseberry, R. F.	2	4	1
Subs. { L. U.—Bullock.			
{ S. P.—Miles, Hotchkiss.			
Referee—McCaskill.			
Umpires—Bullock, Munnell.			

Points:  
L. U. .... 7  
Normal .. 14

## TOURNAMENT TIPS.

The first games of the Basketball Tournament came off Saturday, Feb. 25th.

The ladies' game was between the 9th grade and first year teams. The 9th grade won by a score of 4 to 2. The game was close and well played. The feature of the game was the guarding by the players on both teams, very few chances for basket throwing being given.

The following is the official score sheet:

1st Year	Baskets	Free-throws	Fouls
L. F., M. Koffman	1	0	0
R. F., M. Mains	0	0	1
C., M. Wilbur, Capt	0	0	1
L. G., M. Johnson	0	0	0
R. G., Kate Johnson	0	0	0
Total	1	0	2
9th Grade.			
L. G., A. Moen	0	2	1
R. F., M. Parker	1	0	1
C., E. Hill, Capt	0	0	1
L. G., M. Huff	0	0	0
R. G., S. Van Buskirk	0	0	0
Total	1	2	2

The gentlemen's game was between the 1st Year and the Ottawas. The latter won. Score, 11 to 16.

Considerable interest was aroused by this game. The score was close from beginning to finish and never for an instant did the interest slacken.

Score sheet as follows:

1st Year.	Baskets	Free-throws	Fouls
L. F., Halverson	0	1	3
R. F., Atwell, G.	1	1	2
C., Porter	1	5	5
L. G., Atwell, E.	0	0	1
R. G., Lange, E.	0	0	6
Total	2	7	17
Ottawas.			
L. F., Zimmer, G.	2	0	1
B. F., Argyle	3	2	6
C., Karnopp	0	0	3
L. G., Switzer	0	0	3
R. G., Soule	1	0	3
Total	7	2	17

Fouls were numerous but did not seem to mar the game.

The following is the schedule for the remaining games of the tournament:

March 11.	{ Dawes vs. Bettas, men's teams, 1st Year vs. 2d Year, ladies' teams.
March 18.	{ Dawes vs. Ottawas, men's teams. 1st Year vs. Bettas, men's teams.
March 25.	{ Bettas vs. Ottawas, men's teams. Extra—ladies' teams.

## Exchanges.

Teacher.—“Do you stutter all the time?”

New Boy.—“N-n-no, ma'am; only wh-wh-when I t-t-t-talk.” —Ex.

The Gitché Gumme, from Superior, has made its exchange column very amusing by having cuts to illustrate the humorous sayings.

A new exchange, The Tattler, from Tomah, we can not help but speak of with praise. One feature that is interesting about it, is its original poems.

“If it wasn't for me,” said the big boy who was trying to make the small boy understand his lesson, “you'd be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island.” —Ex.

A punster.—Could Socrates the girls? Could Bartholomew? Could Shakespeare an eel? Could Shylock a bank safe? Could Cataline his trouser-loons? Could Americus? —Ex.

“Only one thing could have prevented the sinking of my fleet,” said the Spanish Admiral.

“And that was——?” cried out the eager reporter. “The draining of the Caribbean Sea,” whispered Cervera.

“The Geographical Problem” in The School Bell Echoes, is a very original, and in some respects, a difficult problem. It will pay any one to work it, if he wishes to find out how much geography he has forgotten.

A little girl asked her teacher if the moon was made of green cheese. The teacher wished her to find out for herself. The little girl knew enough to turn to the first chapter of Genesis, and exclaimed,

“The moon isn't made of green cheese!”

“How do you know?” asked the teacher.

“Because the moon was made before cows were!” —Ex.

We were seated in a hammock,  
On a balmy day in June,  
When the world was hushed in slumber,  
'Neath the guidance of the moon.

I had asked one little question,  
And my heart was filled with hope,  
But the answer never reached me,  
For her brother cut the rope. —Ex.

The Lawrentian seems to think that Lawrence has always been a “match factory,” but this year is going to prove an exception. For on account of “cold shoulders” and heart trouble, the young men have banded themselves into an organization called the “Marble Hearts,” and have resolved to be entirely unsusceptible to Cupid's darts. No more evening calls, walks, sleigh-rides or parties. O, my!

The Normal Advance, of this month, shows that the young ladies of Oshkosh Normal take a great deal more interest in oratory than the young ladies of the other Normals have this year. The Advance is entirely devoted, this month, to the debate, orators and orations.

The Normal College News, from Ypsilanti, tells of very interesting meetings in their literary societies. Among the number was a Mock Congress which is being carried on by one of the societies and seems to be a great success.

For some unknown reason, some of our most valued exchanges have failed to put in an appearance this month. We hope to see them next month; for this is not a case “where absence makes the heart grow fonder.”

“It won't do any good to teach school to kill time in the winter, Dick,” said an Alleghany girl to her steady company. “I know several ways, but which is the best way?”

“Sleigh it.” —Ex.

An Order for Dinner, after the game:

Charley Leftguard—“Let your kick off be cream soup; a touch down of roast beef next; with a ten yard gain of duck to follow; wind up with coffee for goal.” —Ex.

The Kodak from Eau Claire, of this month, is dedicated to the class of '97, and is about as fine a paper as one is apt to find. Read it.

One thing, The Wisconsin Times from Delevan, is always on time, and that is more than can be said about many of our exchanges.

The Cubans should remember that a little horse sense is essential to the establishment of a stable government. —Ex.

## Model School.

### PRIMARY.

The little people in the Primary Department had their usual Valentine Celebration on the afternoon of February 14.

A chafing dish which manufactured "January thaw" while the eager faces watched was much appreciated.

The box contained only pretty valentines, most of them of the children's own make. A strong feeling was manifested against the so-called comic valentines of the market, and none of them entered the room this year.

Owing to the severe weather, the attendance in all the grades has been irregular.

Lucy Campbell in Second Grade, and Leon Carley in First Grade, are the new names on the roll.

The "Eskimo Corner," made by the language teacher and primhries, has been much enjoyed.

### INTERMEDIATE.

Following are two specimens of the Fourth Grade language work :

#### Rip Van Winkle's Character.

Rip VanWinkle did not like work. He would not work around home; but would go to his neighbor's and help. He liked to fish and hunt. He would sit all day on a stone and fish, but seldom caught any; but Rip did not care. Rip had a dog named Wolf. Rip's wife did not like Wolf. If Wolf came into the house, Rip's wife would chase him out. All the boys and girls in the village liked Rip, because he was so kind to them. The children would run after him down the street. Rip would take the children on his knee and tell them stories. He made them kites and boats. The women liked Rip because he would run errands for them.

GILBERT ATKINS, 4th A Language.

#### Rip's Character.

Rip was a very lazy man. He would go over to the neighbors' houses and help them with their work. But he would not help his wife. He would go on errands for the neighbors, and he would help

the children fly their kites and make windmills. He liked very much to go hunting in the woods and fishing. When he went, he took his dog Wolf. He would sit on a stone all day, and perhaps not catch a fish. He had a garden in the back yard. He would plant things in the Spring when he felt good; and in the Summer it was so hot that he would not tend to it, and it would go to waste. Rip was so lazy that when Mrs. VanWinkle saw the dog come into the house she would chase him out with any thing she had in her hand.

BUELAH LAMP, 4th A Language.

### ATHLETICS.

The A. L. S., our flourishing Model School Athletic Association, consists at present of about twenty lively Model School and High School boys.

The object of the association is to enable the younger boys of both schools to enter systematically into basketball, baseball, and all the sports which heretofore have been quite monopolized by the older boys.

The basketball season will be closed within the next three weeks, by a tournament of twenty-five games. Ten organized teams are divided into two sections, the Juniors and the Seniors, and each team will play for rank in its section. Three of the teams are regular club teams, and all are under the auspices of the A. L. S.

Most of the games of the tournament will be closed except for club members; but the public is promised an occasional treat to open doors.

Already training in the line of exercising, bathing and dieting has commenced for field day sports, and in three weeks the regular training will begin. It is expected that all the usual sports will be entered into, including running, jumping, cycling, etc.

For running exercise, a cross country, two mile run took place Saturday the 11th; and on the 18th or 25th, there will be a hare and hound race of five miles.

The boys promise to furnish us, before long, with another pleasant afternoon similar to the one we enjoyed when Grand Rapids was here. They expect, however, to add some new features in the line of wrestling, vaulting, etc. We shall all watch for their announcements.

## Literary.

*(Continued from page 63.)*

But no! In slouched a big over-grown boy, his hat on one side; a lone suspender supporting his blue jeans, one leg of which was tucked inside of his boots and then drawn down over the top of them; traces of something which looked wonderfully like tobacco juice about his mouth; and with that indescribable air of "I am a tough, look out for me," expressed in his whole attitude and bearing. So this was the boy who had boasted that he was "goin' to lick that kid of a school-teacher." He certainly looked as if he could keep his word. "Mornin'," he answered in response to my "Good morning!" And, after eyeing me a moment, he slouched out as he had come in, much to the amusement and admiration of the group of boys clustered about the hall door. Oh! how I wished I had a kodak that morning, and might dare to use it!

Nine o'clock came, and still no clerk or register. What would I do? I called school, and after a song and my "inaugural address," I began to take the names of the pupils. The first was that of a little girl. She became frightened as I approached her. "What is your name?" I inquired. No answer.

"Please tell me your name." Still no answer. "Please sir, she's my sister. Her name's Minnie," spoke up a boy near me. "Minnie who?" "Minnie Miller. She's in the chart class." "Your name?" I inquired of the next girl. "Selma Patitz." "What reader were you in last year?" "I was in the second reader last year, but our other teacher said I could go into the third reader this year." So it went on till I came to the hero of my story. "Your name, please?" "Otto Elschlepp." "How do you spell it?" "O-t-t-o E-l-s-c-h-l-e-p-p," he spelled slowly and distinctly. "Thank you," I said rather angrily, as a titter ran round the room. "Make a list of the studies you wish to take, and bring it to my desk," was my next command, thinking it best not to question him further.

After I had finished taking the roll, I called the different classes and assigned lessons for the afternoon. Twelve o'clock soon came, and I dismissed them for dinner. The children were soon eating their dinner with evident and audible satisfaction; but my appetite, for once, had failed me.

Nothing unusual happened during the afternoon. I dismissed school at four o'clock. And having found out where the clerk lived, I paid him a visit. When I enquired of him why he did not bring the register, he answered, "Well, I snum! I forgot all about school commencing to-day. The register is over to the house there," he pointed across the fields. "My old woman will git it for you." I got the register; returned to the school house, and went to work. In the register I found the last year's program, and the report of the previous teacher. With the aid of these, I soon had things ready for the morrow; and with thankful heart left the scene of my labors. As I locked up, I did not notice the strange tightness about my shoulders and hat-band which had troubled me in the morning. Indeed, my coat and hat seemed quite loose now.

So passed my first day of "teaching the young idea how to shoot." This was the first day of my life I had ever been thrown entirely upon my own resources; and 'tis a day which I shall long remember. I realized, then, the significance of our graduating motto: "Out of the bay into the ocean." Surely, I had struck a gale the first league out!

RONALD LAMONT.

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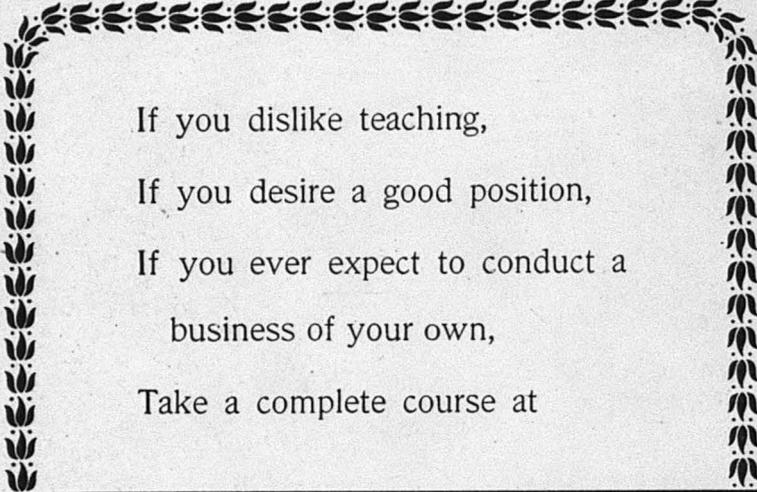
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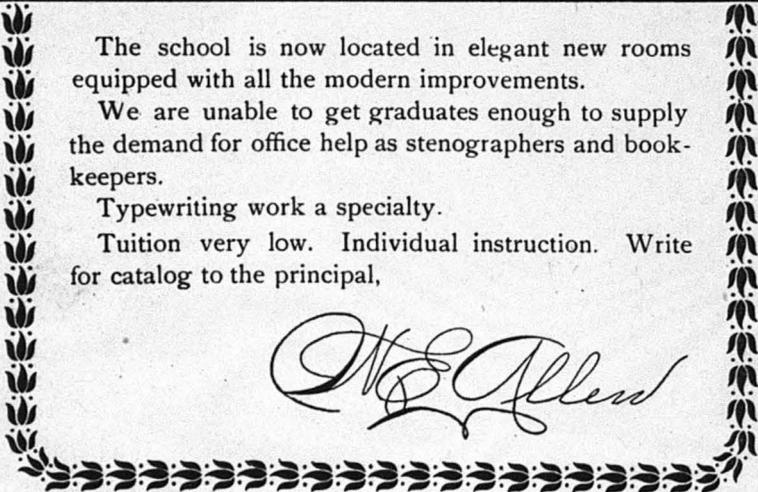
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