



**THE
NORMAL POINTER**

H.A. MILLER

VOL. V.

APRIL 15, 1900.

No. 7.

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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume V.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., APRIL 15, 1900.

Number 7.



MUSTERED OUT.

IT was a wet, dreary October afternoon. A cold, drizzling rain had been falling all day. It soaked through the weather beaten tents and dripped on the blankets inside. It formed little puddles in the company street and put a woe begone expression on the face of the guard who was tramping dejectedly up and down before the colonel's tent.

Occasionally some restless fellow would go down to the mess shanty and give vent to his feelings by cussing the cook who was making vain efforts to fry some fat pork over a fire that sputtered and went out as many times as he started it, until he gave up in despair and swore they would never have any thing to eat unless the rain let up.

Six of us stood shivering near the smoldering fire waiting for our supper. We had received orders that morning to report just as soon as it quit raining at a distant camp for extra duty on an ambulance company. Finally we were ordered to start, rain or no rain, and that in the army means to begin moving at once. So we were forced to give up our chances for supper and commence our journey. One fellow more hopeful than the rest, began to show the possibilities of getting something to eat at the next camp, but the frowns and exclamations which greeted those

suggestions, showed him very plainly that we were in no mood to discuss those remote chances.

After tramping about five miles across a valley through rain and mud, we came to the line of tents where the ambulance company was stationed. We were wet, homesick and hungry and there was not one among us who would not have gladly given up his chance for being President for a good supper and a warm bed. On our way up the hill we passed the mule corral and a sorry looking lot of creatures they were, huddled there together, the cold rain dripping down their flanks. Harmless enough they looked to us that first day, but we had yet to learn that the expression on a mule's face is no indication of his battering abilities.

A sergeant met us at the corral and took us down through the line of tents "Here, you," he said turning to me with the commanding air of a Napoleon, "Put your blankets in there," and he pointed to an old dirty tent that was flapping in the wind. "Hurry up now and be ready for roll call." I ventured the remark that I would like some supper. "You are too late for anything to eat here," he answered and then strode off and left me to introduce myself to my new quarters. I pushed the flap aside

and looked in. On the other side of the tent sat a dark haired lad, with an old blue overcoat buttoned tightly around him. I could not see his face for he had his back turned toward me and he was bending over an old box writing a letter. He did not look up when he heard me at the entrance but shouted in a pleasant voice, "Come in, old fellow; make yourself at home; a little bit wet, ain't it?"

I remarked that it was a little damp.

He looked up and smiled.

"Throw your blankets on the bunk there. Take an old box, sit down and prepare to give us a long visit."

He resumed his writing while I began to unfold my blankets.

I knew from his rich, easy speech that he belonged to one of the southern regiments and like myself had been detailed for this extra duty. He was hurrying to finish his letter and for a few minutes I had a good opportunity to "size up," as the boys say, my new acquaintance who had given me such a jolly welcome. He had a mass of dark hair brushed neatly back from his forehead, a smooth, boyish face deeply tinted by the sun and wind and his large, lustrous eyes seemed to sparkle with a hidden merriment.

When he had finished his letter he came over where I was and shook my hand and inquired where I was from. "Oh! Wisconsin; I thought you were a northerner; Well, I'm Kentucky, but we won't quarrel about that; Kentucky and Wisconsin will sleep together tonight and nobody will be the wiser. But I am sorry, if I knew you were coming I would have had some extra sheets and pillows, but since you took me by surprise you will have to be content with just ordinary blankets." I assured him that under the circumstances I was very thankful for anything dry. "Haven't had anything to eat, I reckon, eh? well you just lay low; I know where the cook keeps the grub and I'll make a raid."

He pulled his slouch hat down over his eyes and started toward the mess shanty. There was something about this handsome, good humored boy that fascinated me. He had such a genial laugh that it dispelled all gloom and homesickness and under its influence I soon forgot the rain and wet blankets.

He returned in a few minutes with some bread and a large piece of pork beneath his old overcoat. "I caught the enemy napping," he said, "and came off with the spoils. Mother would hold up her hands in horror if she knew what a successful swiper I am getting to be."

We sat there in the tent that night long after taps had been sounded telling each other stories of our home and people. He had been at Chickamauga all summer but he expected to go home in a few weeks, "back to the old Blue Grass state, you know," and he winked as much as to say that was the only district worth living in. He told me all about his mother, sisters and sweetheart and how they longed to welcome him back.

"I never thought I did amount to much until our company started away last spring but I tell you they all felt blue and I had quite a job to keep braced myself but when I get back I bet they will turn that old house upside down," and he chuckled to himself at the thought of that expected meeting.

Next morning after roll call the boys asked me if I was bunking with Adkins, "The boy from Kentucky." When I told them I was, they said, "well, you have got a fine tent mate; he has only been here a few days but we all know him. He is the jolliest fellow in the company and we would all commit suicide if he wasn't around; it gets so blame lonesome here."

The routine of camp life became more monotonous every day, answer to roll call and the rest of the time sit in our tents listening to the rain dripping on the canvas and look wistfully at the long line of misty hills away to the northward. But the weather never seemed to have any effect on Adkins. He was always joking and laughing and he would say on those dark days, "Never mind, fellows, brace up, we'll go home pretty soon and then we'll hoe it down." Nobody could be blue where Adkins was; he always heard some pleasant rumors that our regiments were going home. We never asked him where he got those rumors but always took them for official reports, and if one of the homesick fellows would come singing down the street the boys would wink and say, "he's got one of Adkins' official reports."

He would get long letters from his sweetheart tell-

ing all about the parties and country dances and a hundred other little details which make those letters from home so interesting. He would read them over to me as we sat together and pat me on the back with a "Say, old fellow, you havn't any girls in Wisconsin like her, now, have you? I am going back; finish my education and marry her, and then come and visit us, we'll give you a royal time.

The typhoid fever broke out in camp and part of the ambulance company was ordered to another post. I was one of those who were picked to go. When I heard the news I hurried up to headquarters and tried to get permission to have Adkins go with me, but the officer informed me that orders were orders and I was forced to bid him good bye. "Now remember," he said as I started away. "when you are relieved come back here. I'll try and keep house while you are gone." He waved his hand to me until I was out of sight.

Those were lonesome days while I was waiting to be relieved and get back to see the boy Kentucky for no fellow could make me believe that we were going home except Adkins and he could make me believe that rain was sunshine. Finally the order came for me to go back to the ambulance company. I could hardly wait to pack my blankets I had so many things to tell Adkins. Some good jokes that I had picked up, but best of all I had some good news for him. I had heard the officers say that morning that the southern regiments were going to be mustered out the next week. I was glad for his sake, yet sorry to think that he was going to leave us. When I reached the company street I hurried up to the old tent but it was empty, and the silence and gloom that pervaded it made my heart sink. For a moment I was lost and did not know which way to turn. The sergeant came down and told me that they had taken Adkins to the hospital.

I went up to see him, but he was delirious and did not know me. I told the surgeon that his regiment was going home. "Well," he said, "it won't be necessary to see him; he'll never go home."

And then I knew they had given him up. For a week he lay there in a feverish dream and the last night he opened his eyes and recognized me. He smiled and whispered, "Hello, old fellow, are we

going home pretty soon?" I had no answer.

The sweet low strains of some band playing "My Old Kentucky Home" came softly up through the mist of the valley. The solitary candle threw its pale light across the cot, and fluttered as if though it was struggling against the encroaching darkness and trying to force it back.

I heard one long sigh and then there was a deathly silence, broken only by the dying echoes of some far-off bugle sounding taps. And I seemed to hear an answering note from some distant unknown camp.

R. MUDVIHILL.

WATER COLORS:

We began pen and ink work today, and I can draw a full breath once more. Anything like those water color daubs we have been making was never seen by mortal eye before. They no more resemble crocks, jugs and vases than they do Chinese dragons and the backgrounds look like nothing but the cyclonic skies that one gallops under when riding a nightmare. May I be spared any more still life colors. I wonder who drew the first one. May water colors pursue him as long as time lasts. If he knew the tortures he was preparing for his innocent fellow mortals the sentence is not half severe enough.

What horror overtakes the struggling drawist, (I won't say artist) when carelessly dashed in the blue, yellow and red he finds his background coming out in muddy spots of the three colors, instead of the shadowy gray he hoped to behold. If he tides over this rock, how his heart sinks as the dangerous water creeps up! What anguish seizes him when the cowardly colors begin to run and how hopeless, oh, how hopeless is the pursuit even with a blotting pad! At last the wretched thing lies before him finished; as he gazes at the terrible creation of his hand a thought strikes him. "I'll try a shadow there!" He seizes the brush, fills it with two or three colors and dashes in the shadow. Oh misery! the painting was only half dry, and if it were unthinkable before—what is it now? Truly the life of the water colorist is a weary thing and I hope I may soon escape from its shadows.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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EDITORIAL

To accomplish anything one must not only talk, he must also act. This fact was most strongly impressed upon us by Mr. Taylor's address on the evening of March 9. Everwhere men and women are conscious of existing evils. They realize that society ought to be reformed, but their convictions are not strong enough to rouse them to action. There are thousands of men in the world who possess talent of the highest order, who have the ability to see clearly and practically apply the proper remedies to impending evils. But when the crucial test of action comes they are found lacking. They are without the moral courage and mental stamina to stand firm, and to sacrifice themselves, if necessary, for their principles. It is for this reason that reforms recognized as being essential to the well-being of society, are so long delayed.

From these few thoughts of Mr. Taylor's lecture a valuable lesson is to be learned. We can succeed in our undertakings only by firstly, securing thorough preparation for our work, secondly, by devoting all our energies to the accomplishment of our purpose and work unswervingly toward that

result. If these truths have thoroughly impressed upon our minds, then surely this lecture has left a most enduring result.

The last quarter of the year has just begun. With it come the responsibilities and anxieties incident to the close of the school year. We are beginning to see ahead of us the goal toward which we have been striving. Before us, however, are still ten long weeks of hard work, and, worse than all, it is the season of the year when we feel least like working. The temptations luring us from our duty are many. This is the time when a strong mind finds its best disciple. In overcoming obstacles, in resisting temptations, in strict adherence to duty in the midst of distraction, the strong pupil now finds an opportunity to exert his power, and to attain "success even through difficulties." Let us then, during the remaining ten weeks of school, show our teachers, and better still ourselves, that when a trying ordeal is to be passed through, we shall not be found wanting.

A souvenir number of the Normal Pointer will be issued in June. As is the custom, this number will contain cuts of officers of the various classes, societies and organizations, with an accompanying article setting forth the merits of each, cuts of the foot-ball and basket-ball teams, and last but not least a half-tone of the officers and editors of the Press association. To make the whole still more attractive, etchings will appear on nearly every page. Another feature of the issue is an entirely new design for the cover. The number will be about twice its usual size and the whole is to be printed on paper of a superior quality. Single copies can be had at 10 cents each. To make this issue as attractive as possible and to lower the necessarily large expense connected with it, it has been decided not to have a May number. So, gentle reader, do not send a letter demanding an explanation if a "Pointer" is not sent you in May.

It is with pleasure that we print in the Alumni column of this issue three articles, one from the able pen of C. R. Rounds, one from the pen of Miss J. Boreson, and the other from the equally able pen of Miss Florence Pray. All the articles are well written and well worth reading.

The Censor.

Hurrah!—For Milwaukee—then for Whitewater, and then for Stevens Point. We, as a school, feel very grateful to Mr. Wheelock for the excellent work which he did for us at the State Oratorical contest. He worked faithfully and we believe did his very best. We are satisfied with the place he won, and thank him for the earnest effort which he put forth.

"Meet."—Met in the "Gym"-dandy time—forecast of spring all in rhyme. Toast to the boys warm and brown. "Tornado" newspaper, best in town. Every one hit, no one cared, through it all we equally shared. Ring games played, lots of fun. We died to see the faculty run. Supper was good, boys were praised. At their cooking we were amazed. Program was short, very good. Let's meet oftener, as we should.

Marbles.—There must be some strange element in the spring air this year which causes the Normal boys to caper about as they do. They play marbles with the intensity of the small boy, hide and seek each other with great earnestness, leap the frog as if it were part of their business, and run in races as if flying from the worst of enemies. It does seem as though they were getting reckless in regard to their professional dignity. We are going to try and hold our peace until after Field Day, thinking this may possibly be an early introduction of some kind. However it is something new and strange in the history of the school.

A Treat.—Many fine examples of what Mother Nature has been doing these long, long ages were thrown on a canvas for two class periods this quarter for the physical geography class. They roamed around the whole world, and feasted their eyes on some of the grandest, most beautiful, most sublime, most desolate, most awful and most wonderful places that one could visit. And the journey was such a comfortable one. All the hardships were dismissed. Everyone enjoyed it, and the interest did not lag for a moment. How would such a treat work in your High school? And how could such a thing be made possible?

Field Day.—You who did not go into the enthusiastic meeting which was held especially for those who are to enter the field day work, do not know what you missed. The best thing to do now is to watch results. And that will be easy, because we are to have an athletic bulletin board. From day to day you will find announcements of what the boys are giving, how fast they are progressing, when they are to practice together, and just what nights the girls will be allowed to go and see them practice. In this way we hope to know just about how enthusiastic to get when Field Day comes.

Welcome Them.—The beginning of the new quarter brings us many new students. And if you will take a moment to think of how you felt when you first entered school as a stranger, you will be convinced that now and then you can spare a moment to make some of them feel a little less lonely—a little more at home.

A Joke.—The snow on the new suits. The speed of the freight Monday on the Almond people. The time when Mr. Hamilton saw Venus. Mr. Rockwell's choice of the planets. Mr. Ames has been asked to take a music class. Joe Baker was asked to write the Senior class song. Arthur Dawes' court-plaster.

Changing.—If you want another evidence that spring is coming, just watch the change of work in the Model School. It will do you good in more ways than one. And perhaps you will find an antidote which you can give to your school next year when it begins to be afflicted with that tired feeling.

Souvenir Number.—We all want the last number of the Pointer to be the best one of the year. We want those things in it which we will care to remember for a long time. And so the staff wishes to ask everyone for their suggestions and help, that the last edition may be satisfactory to us all.

Sketch Club.—What is it? Where is it? What is it for? Who belongs? What do they do? Where do they go? Do you belong? Do they do work that could be done outside of a Normal? Have you been to visit them? When do they meet next? We don't know, but we are going to find out.



Harold Week has withdrawn from school.

The Clonians elected the officers of the last quarter.

Miss Estella Miller of Humbird has withdrawn from school.

Will Culver, who teaches at Eau Galle, spent his vacation at home.

Will Bradford is back with us, and is aiding Prof. Culver in the laboratory work.

W. D. Fuller, Foot Ball Fuller, shook hands with old comrades, the first of last month.

Marion Maxfield, a former student, spent a few days at the Normal just before vacation.

Miss Lydia Wheelock, who is teaching in the High school at West Salem, spent a short vacation at her home in this city.

It seems that some of the faculty took advantage of the absence of Mr. Pray at Madison, and entertained us with talks.

A number of the members of the Lawrence Mandolin club which is making a tour of the state visited the Normal March 29.

Mr. Henry Rux was elected president of the Athenaeum; Elmer Brown, vice-president; Mr. Gowell secretary, and J. Larson treasurer.

Loren Van Gorden, our little boy, withdrew from school before the end of the quarter, having secured a position as teacher near his home at Hixton.

Herbert S. Perry, now a student of Lawrence University, visited at the Normal and bade us all a good bye as we were leaving for our respective homes.

The Sketch club has organized with the following

corps of officers: President, Clark W. Jenkins; vice-president, Cora Halladay; secretary, Myra Hart.

At a special meeting of the Athenaeum A. G. Brown, Wenzel Pivernetz and Arthur Dawes were chosen to represent the society in the annual debate with the Forum.

The work to be taken up until the weather permits of outdoor work, will be sketched from life, and the class will meet every Friday afternoon for the purpose of criticism.

The Arena elected the following officers for the last quarter: President, Mary Hargrave; vice-president, Emma Skatvold; secretary, Grace Talbert; treasurer, Lydia Newton.

A number of casts and models have been added to the art department, and a large number of pictures for various rooms are on exhibition in the main hall and library, but are not yet framed.

Archie Kier was taken suddenly sick the week preceding examination. The doctor pronounced it a mild form of appendicitis, but it was serious enough to keep Kier out of school for a week.

The following question has been submitted to the Athenaeum:

Resolved, That the City of Stevens Point should own and operate its water and lighting plants.

The Forum elected the following men to debate the Athenaeum: Messrs. Jesse Ames, Elson H. Whitney, and Edward M. Gilbert. Mr. Whitney being unable to take part in the debate Mr. Ed. Colegrove was elected to take his place.

Prof. Livingston tried to get to his old place on the rostrum, one morning just before exams., but was discovered and given a rousing welcome. He felt so modest about it that he said he would not appear again until he came to stay.

Miss Edith Scott, one of the January graduates of the elementary class, has secured the position as principal at Babcock for the remainder of the year. Miss Scott is highly spoken of as a practice teacher, and we are sure that she will make a success of her work.

The Athenaeum and Forum invited the Arena and Clonian societies to take part in a joint meeting in in the Gymnasium. After a short program refreshments were served in No. 10, and everyone enjoyed a pleasant time, and thought the signal to leave was given all too soon.

Prof. Swift told us what real homesickness was, he told us of his troubles in Germany while studying there. He told us of a friend(?) of his, who having visited at a place where there happened to be a few young ladies, for a few evenings, was stopped by the hostess, who inquired which of the young ladies he wanted.

Prof. Sanford told of a conversation between some teachers and seemed to forget just what they had said, and expected the school to help him out. Many of us firmly resolved to read the magazines and papers, so that in the future, when the faculty give us a test upon current events we shall be capable of getting a passing mark.

Mr. O. E. Wells, one of the official visitors and at present at the head of the Marathon county training school, visited with us for a few days, and entertained us with a pleasant talk, in which he compared the training school to the Normal, and it seems that for a small institution it has many things in common with the Normal. The work is not so advanced, the main purpose being to fit teachers for district schools.

Thursday morning, March 15, a number of songs, gotten up for the occasion, were sung by the school to cheer our orator on to victory, and when Mr. Wheelock delivered his oration for us we were in high spirits and sure of success, and although he did not get the place we had reserved for him we feel proud of our Jerome. Only a very few went with Mr. Wheelock to Milwaukee, as it was impossible to get the rates asked for.

The original schedule of the markings of the orators at the state contest at Milwaukee, was posted in the main hall for a few days. Mr. Baker, who, as secretary of the Oratorical association, was the only person who was not interested in it, as he said he would get enough of it before he had copied all these markings in the records. It was interesting to note how the different judges varied in their ideas of the merits of the various orators.

We note with pleasure that a couple of Normal students at present at the University are winning fame. C. Ralph Rounds, famous here as the Phi Beta Psi punster, has been given a place on the editorial staff of one of the University papers, the Sphinx. Will H. Hotchkiss aspires for a place in the Freshmen's crew which goes east next spring, and

he seems to be sure of a place unless something unforeseen happens. May they both be successful.

At last it seems as if it were going to happen. We have been looking for the promised addition to the Normal building, and when Prof. McCaskill and Prof. Sanford made a rush for the center of the rostrum, Pres. Pray, who had just gotten back from Madison, felt that he was caught, for Prof. McCaskill, being nearer the front than Sanford, got the start of him and announced to the school that he was pleased to have with us a man who was interested in Normal schools. Pres. Pray could not run, so he told us that the regents had met and the governor had promised them the required funds, and soon we would see the work upon the addition begun, and in all probability it will be ready for occupancy by next fall.

K. P., in geography class, the teacher taking names of students—"You are going to have me in your class this year, Miss G."

Miss G.—"What is your name?"

N—son, in H. of Ed. to lady who is waiting for standing in test—"I guess I will have to lead you to the altar, Miss H."

Prof. S. to Miss Q.—"What has Gov. Schofield done that we should think of him?"

Miss Q.—"Why, really, I dont know."

Mr. Sw—zer in geography class, speaking of springs—"I think that kind of a spring is called a hyphen spring."

Mr. L., introducing his brother to our quarterback—"Mr. Mush, this is my brother."

Mr. L.—"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Mush."

In Literature class, studying Hamlet, Mr. D., discussing the phrase "He died full of bread," said that he must have been killed just after dinner.

In Prep. class.—"Webster was the greatest orator that ever lived or ever will live."

A young fellow who had been walking rather hurriedly along the rubber carpet in the hall brought his hand rather near the face of a nice young girl, when she exclaimed, "You shock me!" and the fellow will not know until he gets into Junior Physics what the girl meant.

Mrs. E.—Anybody that revolves will take the form of an oblate spheroid.

Our Athletics.

Owing to illness, James Warren Stinson has resigned the position of coach of spring athletics. Under his supervision the work was well under progress. The outlook is good for all of the events to fill. The athletics are training along all the lines. The work begun will be carried on the last quarter by Charles Lange, who was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Lange is an experienced athlete and with his experience and executive ability will surely develop some sturdy athletes. Systematic work is being done and excellent care is taken of all who are training. This part of the athletic work is overseen by Mr. Cowan and his able assistants, Messrs. Berto and Schofield. These men are specialists along this line.

At a recent meeting the Athletic Association elected Martin Nelson as manager of the field sports. Mr. Nelson is a hustler and when he puts his shoulder to the wheel something has to come. He is on the lookout for dates and challenges. It is expected if it is not already an assured fact, that a field day will be had with Oshkosh. Oshkosh has always been worthy of our steel and a good meet is anticipated.

A revised and authentic list of the best records in all athletic events made in an athletic contest, either local or with some other school, has been compiled and placed upon the bulletin board. Some of these records have been the school records since 1895. It is about time they were smashed. Who will be the one to set a new and better mark.

It is rumored that the ladies are planning to arrange a pleasing and novel surprise in athletic circles. Exactly what it is we have not been informed, but we anticipate it is along the line of encouragement. No one realizes more than the boys what inspiration comes from the co-operation of the ladies. The girls are going to form a ring and smile on none but athletes.

While there is activity and interest in spring athletics, we have not forgotten the popular game of football. The pigskin is at rest but steps have been taken for next fall's campaign. Realizing that management and system is the rule and necessity of bus-

iness, the Athletic Association has adopted its methods. Football next fall will be a business as well as a pleasure. Mr. H. A. Schofield has been chosen manager of the football teams of 1900. He has won his stripes on the gridiron and knows the game. It is the desire of the manager to complete next fall's schedule before the end of the spring quarter. We would be pleased to hear from our sister normals and gridiron acquaintances.

Prof. Swift is able and willing to give lessons in running. His speciality is the correct way of starting in the 100 yd. dash.

THE ATHLETIC EDITOR'S DILEMMA.

The editors upon the staff
Are hasting to and fro,
To gather news and notes and rhymes,
To make the paper "go;"
With wise and haughty mien they sit
And scribble half the day—
But the poor athletic editor—
What does he find to say ?

The "local" editor of course
For copy need not sigh,
For people kindly, every day,
Get sick, get well, or die,
Or make a visit, break a leg,
Or hold a party gay—
But the poor athletic editor
He don't know what to say!

The football season long ago
Was closed with shouts and gore;
Its phases all were written up
And victories gloated o'er.
Athletic notes have all been gleaned
From Europe to Cathay—
The editor is in despair—
He don't know what to say.

He cracks his brain and tears his hair,
And threatens to resign;
He vainly dips his pen in ink—
He can not write a line!
But still he keeps his courage up,
And thinks of lovely May,
When baseball games and field days come
And he'll have lots to say.

Alumni.

A SKETCH.

"Spring's come," called little sister's gay, sweet voice beneath my window. The words sent a thrill through my heart. I looked out and saw the bright tops of the trees, the blue flash of a jay's wing in the bright light. Surely this was Tennyson's Early Morning.

"Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold."

"Yes," answered I, "spring is here."

Noon came, and as I walked home my glance fell upon the rows of trees whose trunks and branches seemed rigid with that sheath they put on before the fury of a wintry storm. Beneath the rows of bare trees wound the road—a strip of mingled mud and dirty snow. In the distance, framed by the shivering trees, was a dull brown lawn with the house standing out from it coldly white. Over the muddy road, the gray skeleton trees, and the bit of brown lawn, hung a chilling sky. Loose, heavy clouds drifted here and there, blown by fitful winds. A world without a purpose it seemed. A world not yet strong enough after the winter cold to care much whether it awoke or not. A world exhausted with its one effort to stir. A chill wind that rippled the little standing pools in the patches of half melted snow made me, too, shiver and turn away. "Ah, is Spring here?" thought I.

JENNIE BORESON, '99.

The students of the University and the people of Madison have been more than usually fortunate this winter in their opportunities to hear and see men of note. Prof. Trent, of the University of the South, Prof. Carson, of Cornell, Prof. Jewett, of Minnesota University, and Dean Worcester of Michigan are only a few of the more noted who have lectured here upon topics ranging from literature and history to political and economic questions of the present day. Then too, earlier in the year, President McKinley was here long enough to be heard and seen for a few moments.

The wholesome effect of hearing and seeing, and becoming in a sense acquainted with men thus advanced in their various lines, and having the power and responsibility as well, that they do,—cannot be doubted and is hardly apt to be exaggerated. And

besides the broadening of one's outlook upon life, that is so often spoken of as the chief value to be gained from hearing great men, there is another result that seems to me even more important. It is the satisfaction one feels in getting some ideas first hand, in hearing the men, and not simply learning about them. It is as though uncertainty and superficiality were for the moment cast aside, and you were allowed for a while to get to the bottom of the truth. For there is a vast deal of difference, you know, between a reporter's interview with Dean Worcester on his ideas about the Phillippines and his own word of mouth as to the policy he would advise there; or between the Nation's, or the Outlook's, or Harper's Weekley's opinion of what the President ought to have done and ought to do—and the President's own words explaining why he did as he did, and why he expects to pursue the policy he has outlined. For my part, I have such faith in the potency of truth gotten so near the source as possible, as to convince me that if the debating team representing the Sixth last year could have had a chat with Dean Worcester himself before that eventful evening, the score with Whitewater might now be a tie instead of 2 to 0.

C. R. ROUNDS, '99.

Madison, March 3, 1900.

When the Alumni association consisted of three members, it often held reunions which all the members attended, and in respect of loyalty the class of '96 leads. But why cannot the larger classes unite and make this year's meeting a success? We now number one hundred, and the majority of us live within a radius of one hundred miles of Stevens Point. Some of us are teaching nine month and some nine and a half month schools, but we will all be free on the 21st day of June. The summer schools do not open until July, so that will keep no one away. You have all received cards from the secretary asking for your annual dues of 20 cents, and most of you have paid them. You who have not, please do so at once. Isn't your interest worth 20 cents to you? Have two, three or four years deadened your feelings for this school and your class mates? Of course not—you would be the first to deny any such charges, and the officers wish you would deny it with your 20 cents

Give your help and this year's reunion will be successful. Talk it, write it, and come to it.

Exchanges.

Reading page after page of would be funny sayings and jokes the exchange editor longs for something genuine. He reads the same joke in seventeen different papers, and at last gets as familiar with it as with an old acquaintance whom he owes ten dollars. If he sees it approaching he will avoid it. After seeing too much of this sort of humor it does him good to look between the cover of such a bundle of jolly good jokes as the Sphinx. This paper comes from the U. W., and is certainly a credit even to so great an institution of learning.

If the interests of the readers of school papers were to be considered we feel confident that the continued story fad would be dropped more hastily than it was taken up. Aside from a very few students in the home school, these continued stories are not read. Most of us do too much other reading to follow these from month to month.

In the School Bell Echoes we read that the "psychology class" of the high school are using the teachers' manual of the Course of Study as a text. We received some back numbers of the Echoes from Merrill not long since. The Echoes' ideas are certainly, to put it mildly, unique.

The athletic department of View Point is handled in a businesslike way which we like very much. The High School's position is stated clearly and briefly in a way which will hold the interest of any person concerned in athletics.

The Normal Advance, which contains the orations delivered in the school contest at Oshkosh is of special interest to us. The orations tell their own story of the hard work required to prepare them.

We are pleased to receive the March number of the Pythian from Kalamazoo, Mich. The poem "Then and Now" is well written and deserves the praise it received from our students.

The definitions of labor, business, genius, money and fun given in the College Days will be vouched for by any college boy who has ever played football.

The Breeze from Los Banos, California, speaks rather calmly of the destruction of their school building by fire. The building and contents were valued at \$10,000.

"Rainy Days" in the Normal Pennant is a writing of literary merit quite unusual to find in amateur journalism. The author writes easily and well, and the story is pleasing.

The Normal Badger comes with an apology for being late this month; but though late it is as interesting as ever. "The Sailors of Norway" is well worth the time employed in reading it.

The Helping Hand brings the good news from Ashland that the North Wisconsin Academy is free from debt. The burning of that disagreeable document, "The Mortgage," was accompanied by appropriate ceremonies.

In the Carroll Echo we read a very interesting page which is a plea for the birds. It must be admitted that most of us do not give the time and attention to the beautiful in nature to get all out of life which we might.

The Henry College Forum comes to us from Campbell, Texas. We always welcome the papers from distant states as well as from our neighbors for it helps us to get more in touch with the schools and colleges of our country, in each of which we take an interest.

Every person who is interested in the welfare of the common schools of Wisconsin is watching, with interest the two County Training Schools for teachers. As we are so much in sympathy with these schools the article in the Reporter from Wausau was carefully read by many.

In the "Island City Student" we find a somewhat enthusiastic discussion of "What is a Liberal Education? Does it Pay?" The style in which the subject is handled would certainly be a credit to a person above the high school student. The Student is very good throughout but this one article is, we think, one of the strongest which has come from a high school this year.

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