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**Write** for circulars, or BETTER STILL, ask definite questions about any part of the school work, and get an immediate personal reply.

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**THERON B. PRAY.**

Stevens Point, Wis.
IT was a sleepy afternoon in June. The tall maples around Victoria Park stood perfectly motionless and the summer roses drooped listlessly from the sunny verandahs on the square. The drowsy air seemed to invite repose and only the occasional whirr of a wheel on the smooth pavement broke the deep stillness.

Suddenly the peace of the neighborhood was rudely disturbed by the discordant clanging of the De Latre street school bell, and four hundred children swarmed into the wide playgrounds for intermission. All except the pupils of No. 6, for the principal was inexorable in his decree that the advanced class—the High school fadgeldings—should go recessless throughout the year. But this afternoon he seemed almost regretful of the fact and walked slowly to the open window, where a faint whiff of perfume-laden air greeted his dulled senses. Now be it known that the principal of DeLatre street school was a pedagogue of unusual dignity of person and demeanor, a deacon of the First Baptist church, and an unflinching dev-tée to duty. His severity of voice and manner forbade any approach to familiarity, and made him a terror to evil-doers. But during this particular quarter the principal’s equanimity had been somewhat ruffled by the conduct of two frolinsonc maidens, who had been engaged to teach in the two primary rooms and for whom life seemed to possess but one great desideratum—fun. Several times, when on official visits to one of their departments he was amazed to find the teacher absent and the pupils engaged in various forms of impromptu recitation. A glance into the adjoining room revealed the fair offender engaged in a pleasant social chat with her neighbor and to all appearance blissfully unconscious of the exploring gaze of the unlooked-for visitor. Such proceedings were absolutely foreign to the atmosphere of De Latre street school and the worthy principal was yet too dazed by the departure to decide upon action. Moreover he felt a little uneasiness over their mirthful sallies at his expense and his apparent inability to mould their methods after the regular type.

“Belle,” said Miss Graham, as the last wee tod- dler struggled down the front steps. “what shall we do this afternoon? My sunbeams(!?) want to speak as usual, but for some inexplicable reason Twinkle,
twinkle little star, Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, Little Jack Horner, and such imperishable classics, have lost their old-time charm. It’s too hot to go to the woods. How can we kill time until four o’clock?”

“Oh,” said Belle, commencing to laugh immoderately, “I must tell you about Christopher Columbus. Well, what did that enterprising pickaninny do but march into No. 11 this afternoon, armed with a huge mouth-organ, which he volunteered to play for “de chillen.” Of course I had to consent, and you can’t imagine the fun we had.

“Why,” interposed Miss Jaackson, “can’t he play”

“Play!” ejaculated Belle, “That five-year-old! I wish you had heard him! He puffed out his little black cheeks to an agonizing extent, rolled his big eyes in true darkey fashion and performed the most fantastic gymnastics with the squeaky thing: He fairly raced from bass to treble with exeretiating discords, abrupt pauses, terrific crescendos, and the drollest display of tempo with his little bare feet. Occasionally he stopped for breath and then went at it again as fiercely as ever. I politely inquired several times if he were nearly done, but the dear child informed me that he knew ‘los more’ and was about to begin da capo when the recess bell brought deliverence.”

“Oh,” said Miss Graham, jumping to her feet, “I have an inspiration. Let’s do some missionary work. Those blessed children in No. 6 haven’t been known to smile for a whole year. Why can’t we treat ‘his reverence’ to some high-class music?"

About fifteen minutes later a pair of little black feet pattered softly up the wide stairway, and a sturdy little fist pounded on the door of No. 6. The next moment Mr. McAlpine’s inquiring gaze fell upon the diminutive form of Christopher, who explained that Miss Ross sent him to play his pretty piece for the boys and girls upstairs. The principal looked dubious, but a faint recollection that Christopher belonged to a musical family flashed through his brain and he said condescendingly, “We are very busy, Christopher, but you may play one short piece for us.”

Christopher mounted the platform in great glee and made a bow which was the result of a ten minutes’ drill after intermission. It was a success and the peals of laughter that followed moved the young African to mighty deeds of valor.

Surely No. 6 had gone crazy. The teachers stepped into the corridors and looked mystified. What was the matter? Some one inquired if the principal were upstairs. Such a thing had never happened before. Why, the old school fairly shook with laughter. After what seemed a most unreasonably long time it slowly subsided, but at intervals broke forth afresh, showing that the dull tedium of the afternoon had been most effectually broken.

Thus it was that No. 6 was entertained.

A LITTLE WIRE HAIRPIN.

I am only a little wire hairpin, but have traveled ever so far, and my experiences are as numerous as the sands on the sea shore. I left the factory bright and new when I was but a week old, and traveled to Chicago in a large wooden box. This being my first journey. I found it long and tiresome, and especially so because my friends and I were so closely packed we did not have breathing room. At last, after many days of patient waiting, we were taken out of this box and neatly packed away in a large drawer in one of the big department stores. Here I was for a whole month, but I rather enjoyed this waiting, for I heard many interesting conversations and I caught little phrases here and there about a certain Prince Henry, who was about to visit Chicago, and a dinner which was to be given in his honor. How I longed that it might be my honor to hold up some fair girl’s tresses on that great occasion, never dreaming that I would. While these things were foremost in my mind I was taken out of the drawer and shown to a young girl, who, after looking at numerous articles of my description, exclaimed, “Here is what I want: a tiny hairpin, with which to fasten back the rough ends,” and she added in a whisper, “for don’t you know I am invited to that dinner?” My heart gave a jump, and I had to shake myself for fear it was a dream. The great event came all too soon, and I found myself in a confusion of laces and ribbons, and after an hour’s tossing about I was finally tucked away under a spray of roses, where I could not be seen, but where I could see everything.

At the great dinner I got a glimpse of the prince, who was dressed in the uniform of his country and
who seemed to be well pleased with the proceedings.

O. M. P.

TWO DOGS.

One morning last week as I came into school a thin, brown water-spaniel was trying to poke his way into school. He was so dejected looking my sympathies went out to him instantly. There wasn't the least curve in his tail and his ears flapped until his whole appearance was one of despair. He reminded me of some new student, who, trembling at the thoughts of the entrance examination or dissatisfied with his standings, was coming back to talk the matter over. By this time I had reached the upper floor and the sound of the class bells soon put the dog and his troubles out of my mind.

A few mornings later another dog was on the lower landing on his way out. This was an entirely different-looking dog. His tail was curved up over his back in the most artistic fashion and a smile of derision played round his mouth. He had the air of a man of affairs, or of a new student who had found the entrance examination “dead easy.” I wondered what his business was. Was it to see some little boy to school, or was he inspecting the building? If so, I hoped it pleased him, for his good opinion was evidently worth having. He was a smart-looking chap, and all he needed was a tooth pick to compare favorably with some of the dudes I have seen in cities standing on hotel steps trying to attract the attention of the passers-by. He seemed to be counting the pupils as they came in and hurried up stairs, and appeared amused at their care-worn expressions. I hope he will never know that I gave him more than a passing glance; not that it would raise his opinion of himself, for that had kept pace with Texas oil stock, and was still going up, but I wanted to appear perfectly oblivious to his saucy presence.

M. R.

A SLEEPY AFTERNOON.

It is three o'clock on a sultry afternoon in July. In the little clean-swept kitchen of a small cottage all is quiet. The old gray cat lies on the rug, dozing; now sleepily opening one eye, now the other. The Dutch clock on the shelf above the table ticks the seconds away as the pendulum swings slowly to and fro.

In a high arm-chair by the window an old, gray-haired woman is sitting; her glasses are set back on her forehead, her head is bent forward on her breast, and she drowsily hums an old-time tune as she moves the cradle to and fro with her foot.

A faint breeze comes in thru the open window, and on the honeysuckle vines outside the bees are at work, their drowsy hum mingled with the songs of the locust, the sleepy buzz of a fly on the window pane, and the soft cooing of the doves as they nod their glossy heads in the warm sunlight.

ANOTHER “PSALM OF LIFE.”

Tell me not in plain round letters
“Normal’ life is but a dream.
Those reviews with our professors
Are not snaps; they do but seem.
Life is real: work sufficient!
But notation’s not its goal:
The fundamental operations
Win no kingdom for the soul.
Not “flunking” or not “cramming,”
Is our destined end or way:
But to act so that our standings
May advance a step each day.
Lessons long, when time is passing,
And our hearts though strong as brass,
Still like large bass drums are beating
As we march out to the class.

In the “Normal’s” field of struggle,
As you try to make your mark,
Be not like the poor, poor “flunker,”
Be a hustler from the start.

Trust no plan, however pleasant,
That would check the growth of mind.
Pick the best you find at present,
And make use of all you find.

Lives of wise men all remind us
We may too have wealth of mind
And departing leave behind us
Thots for some one else to find.

Thots, that perhaps some idler
“Tramping” through the temperate zone,
Some thoughtless, wretched idler,
Finding, write them as his own.

Let us then be up and doing,
Try our courses to complete;
Still achieving, still pursing,
Always onward, ne’er retreat.—W. A. F.
THE NORMAL POINTER.

MARCH 15, 1902.

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EDITORIAL

Six numbers of the Pointer have been issued and at this tardy date, the editor of this department desires to make a few remarks on a subject which lies near the hearts of all the editors of the Pointer. We will give the subject this pompous name, "The Manifestations of the Spirit of Literary Effort." ("lack of manifestation." would have been nearer what we mean.)

Now the Pointer is a school paper. Its editors are students and are a part of the school life. Different school activities are reflected from their columns. Hence it is reasonable to suppose that in the departments of the Pointer our literary activities, great or small, will have their manifestations. But if this presumption is correct and if the experience of the editors is to be the basis of our judgment, then we should be ashamed of our year's record. For up to this time only one short production has been handed voluntarily to the editor-in-chief for publication: poetry, such as brightens many school papers, is a rarity that can scarcely be got at all; the rhetoric classes are obliged to grind out the greater part of our literary department; even the few jokes are (this is our private opinion) fabrications of the local editors. Students, is that a creditable showing? If that truly represents our literary effort and enthusiasm—our literary ability if you choose—is there not truly something wrong somewhere? Think about it. If you agree with us, your best means of atonement for the past is to read the announcement below this and—try!

Attention! This school needs a new song and a new yell. The old ones are getting threadbare and are out at the knees and elbows.

The Pointer management announces.

(a) That for the best school song a splendid book entitled, "Songs of all Colleges" worth $1.50, will be given as a prize.

(b) That for the best school yell a valuable book entitled, "Bad English" will be given.

Judges, Mrs. Clement, Chas. Houseworth and Merrill Ames.

(c) Those seeking to capture either prize must hand their compositions to any one of the above mentioned persons before April 15.

"Where is the Nautilus?" one of the shades that flitted across the Alumni column of the January number is made to query. For the sake of all interested in our school, in general, and of the '01ers in particular (in the case of the latter it should hardly be necessary) we will try to explain why there is no Nautilus this year. While last year's Nautilus was a great success in many ways, yet in one important particular it was much less so. Financially it was not a success. Knowing the energy of those who had the management of the Nautilus we know that this one unfortunate side to the project was due to no lack of good financial engineering. The causes of the failure were those over which the Nautilus staff could have no control.

Realizing this the Press association of this year felt justified in profiting by the hard facts that were evolved from the history of last year's experiment. Hence the absence of an '02 Nautilus. It is down where the '01ers were obliged to leave it. Is the inquisitive shade answered?
A Campaign.—And what a campaign! What long, bitter councils-of-war were held by the chiefs of the Juniors; how often did the Senior leaders convene in solemn session! What rumors of battle were afloat, how hoarse were the sounds of the coming conflict! How often the flag of truce passed between the hostile lines, how often the defiant message! How often did the wily Seniors seek to cut off the supplies of the Junior army: what attempts did the Juniors make to extend their ramparts to a strategic Senior outpost!

With what assiduity did the Juniors seek an alliance with the elements, what mighty efforts did the Seniors make to influence the utterances of the great oracle within the innermost shrine of the temple.

How often did hostile scouting parties meet, how often was there picket firing in the dead of night! What skirmishing, what marching and counter-marching, what maneuvering for position, what flanking!

Finally the two armies met in a valley among the hills and the battle was on. And what a battle! Now the Seniors charge and the Juniors are thrown into dire dismay: now they rally and the Seniors fly! And what a sight on the hills! Clouds of blue and of gold and black, alternately wave, as the tide of battle rolls back and forth! What slogans rise, now from one side, now from the other.

At last just at dusk the Senior line is broken: the Juniors rally and charge, and the day is theirs!

How dark and mournful is the defeated Senior host that night, how gloomy their few smouldering fires! What joyous revelry in the camp of the victorious Juniors, how radiant the glare of their thousand camp-fires.

Beautitudes of School-Life.—Blessed are the diggers who do glory and triumph yet a little while, only in the broad expanse of their knowledge, for they shall receive the reward of drudgery.

Blessed are the Freshmen for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are the wise for they shall inherit the day of judgment.

Blessed are the Seniors for they glory in their own understanding.

Blessed are the meek for they shall be meek.

Blessed are the flunkers for they shall be as a strong right arm a comfort in the time of need unto their weaker brethren who have also fallen by the way.

Blessed are the bluffers who though knowing not, yet do think they know that which they do not know, for their ignorance is as a shield.

Blessed are the Juniors for ever in the hour of victory they are just and merciful.

Blessed are the practice teachers for they make plain the paths of wisdom make clear her roads unto the eager feet and inquiring minds of model children.

Blessed are the Elements for they are wisely and well chaperoned.

Blessed is a Normalite for he layeth up riches where moths and rust do not corrupt or thieves break through and steal.

Wanted.—

A spelling class. Forum.

A receipt for the transformation of class spirit into school spirit.

That invitation from the Forum and Athenaeum which we are going to get. Arena.

To know which side is going to win. Elements.

A girl. Dever.
Class meetings are very popular.
Levi Townsend has withdrawn from school.
Mr. Clark Jenkins visited several of our pretty girls recently.

Cherry—“Did Samuel and David live before the time of Christ after?”

Third drawing—T-e-a C-r-e-r. “I don’t like that house. It looks tipsy.”

Miss Lulu Hitchcock of Shiocton spent a week visiting friends in the city.

Carl Ogden, Alfred Herrick, Darwin Follet and Miss Isabel Marshall visited their respective homes Feb. 22.

The Seniors have been treated to two rows of new bright, cherry-topped desks. Is this a reward of merit, or——?

Mr. F-e-m-n (in 3d Algebra) “According to Algebra that may be all right but according to common sense it is nonsense.”

Emmet Miles and Robert Morrison, two members of last year’s Elementary class and now teaching at Hancock, spent a part of their week’s vacation with us.

Mr. Widmer’s Eating club now meets regularly three times a day at the house of Mrs. Rogers on Normal avenue, having moved to that place last week.

Geography class.—Young lady describing a trip across the Alps. Miss De Reimer.—“Well, how did you get across so quickly.” Young lady—“I jumped across.”

M-I-e- and D-w-s have decided that going out through a closed window may be very funny, but too expensive to make that mode of exit very popular or very common.

Attention! ye Normalites! The local editors offer [oh some little kind of reward] for the best joke handed to them before April 10. The joke must be handed in writing and must narrate an actual class room or school happening.

Regent J. Q. Emery of the committee on graduating classes visited us the last week in February. The practice work of the graduating classes received special attention. At general exercises he gave a talk on the training school at Menomonie, Wis.

Is the school getting ready to give Mr. Ames the right kind of a “send off” when he goes to Superior? Let society and class spirit be laid aside and school spirit enough take its place to cheer our orator on to the victory which Stevens Point this year has so excellent a chance of winning. We not only want Merl to win but we expect him to.

Mr. Houseworth through lack of time has been forced to resign from the school debating team. The oratorical association has selected Carl Ogden to take his place. While the school regrets Mr. Houseworth’s resignation, it feels that he has in Mr. Ogden a strong successor, who will do everything possible to bring victory to the purple and gold.

Prof. Sanford gave at general exercises an interesting and instructive talk about the work of the census department as observed by him at the time of his visit to Washington during the holiday vacation. Some of the time saving machines used by that department, were clearly described by means of draw-
ings. The immensity of the work that Mr. Merriam and his helpers have to do was brought to our minds more forcibly than ever before.

**Rhetoricals.**

On last Friday afternoon the primary children presented the rhetorical program in the assembly room. It was a pleasing variation from the usual programs, and showed what little children can do when properly guided and helped. The program consisted of readings and recitations from the writings of Eugene Field, "The Children's Poet." The children furnished most of the music also. The Glee club gave several pleasing selections. The exercises were thoroughly enjoyed by the school and the many visitors present.

**Washington Reception.**

On the evening of Feb. 22, a Washington party was given in the gymnasium. Following the suggestion made by the committee a large number of those present came in costumes representing different periods of our national development. The powdered wigs, tight knee breeches, gaily decorated coats, and slippers with huge silver buckles were popular with the young men. Many of the young ladies wore charmingly and coquetishly the attractive dresses of the colonial period. And then there were present different people who have made this their adopted country. We had with us all kinds from the "yolly" Swede to the bloody Turk and the graceful Japanese.

Some fine singing by Miss Lulu Hitchcock of Shiocton, a grand march led by Prof. Collins and Mrs. Bradford, dancing in the gym and refreshments in the old psychology rooms and a very pleasant evening was ended.

**Arena, February 28.**

Friday evening was a red letter evening for the Arena society, for the program was rendered not by the fair members of the society, but by those who are high and mighty among us, even by the faculty themselves.

The program was opened by an inspiring talk to the young women by President Pray. Then Miss Simpson read two poems in a very delightful manner, followed by a bright, spicy recitation by Miss Fenwick. Miss Gerrish then gave a charming selection on her violin.

The program was closed by a very bright and entertaining talk by Mr. Spindler, in which he told us of the part that the young women play in the social life at Harvard. He also gave us interesting pictures of life at Wellesley and Oberlin, and gave many laughable examples of college rules and the girls' wit in both keeping and breaking them.

The program was voted a great success and the Arena feel justly proud of the faculty as entertainers.

**Spelling Contest.**

Not long since at a joint meeting of the Arena and Forum fifteen blushing maidens faced as many gallant youths in an old fashioned spelling match. As a matter of courtesy the first word went to a maiden; but the fire from a battery of bright eyes caused the first young man's downfall. A feeling of joy began to steal over the Arena as they saw that phonetic spelling was much in vogue among the Forumites. Six times around and the girls are ahead. Now for a spell down. One by one the contestants drop out until six girls are left and but one man, the gallant Houseworth, who proudly surveys the scene with folded arms. He, too, must fall. Loud and long is the applause as he slowly takes his seat.

Six girls are left: one by one they, too, go down, until the president of the Arena, Miss Jennings, stands alone. Great applause greets her as she spells the last word. The question now arises as to what is to be done with the youths, whose early education in spelling has been so sadly neglected. It has been deemed by many young ladies that for men private tutoring is more advisable than spelling classes. So, dear reader, if you chance to come upon some fair one and her pupil in a retired nook, go as you came and entertain no unjust suspicions.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a Freshman.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is a Sophomore.

He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is a Junior.

He who knows and knows that he knows, is a Senior. — Montpelier School Record.
A good sized squad has begun training for track work. If the weather permits, outdoor work will be begun soon.

The school basketball tournament is over. The following is the order in which the teams finished:

"Cardinals," 1st. Miss E. Men’s team, 1st.
"A. L. S.," 2d. Miss A. Men’s team, 2d.
"Fast Folks," 3d. Miss Wysocki’s team, 3d.
"White’s Winners," 4th.

The A. L. S. Team Loses at Wausau.

On Feb. 28 the A. L. S. team went to Wausau where they were beaten by the W. Y. M. C. A. team. The game was played at Castle hall on a very slippery floor, and consequently considerable contortion work was indulged in by the members of both teams. Big Schofield at center made it possible for the Wausau team to roll up 34 points in the first half, while the A. L. S. boys made only 9. In the second half, however, the A. L. S. boys took a brace and by quick team work outplayed their taller opponents at every turn. The call of time greatly relieved the anxious Wausau crowd. The final score was 39 to 46.

The Normals Defeat Athletics.

On Tuesday evening Feb. 18, the Normals won from the Athletics by the score of 37 to 33. For the first time this year the Normal boy had to work to win their game, as any team that wins from the Athletics must do.

That the small crowd that witnessed the game saw the best game of basketball played at the Rink this season, is beyond question.

The two teams lined up at 8:30, and from the time the ball first went up in the center till the close of the game, the bird of victory hovered between the two baskets uncertain where to alight. During the first half the score was tied several times and within two minutes of the close stood 14 to 14. Excellent work by Paris then gave the Athletics three field goals in quick succession and the half ended 23 to 14 in their favor.

The second half opened with fast work by both sides. In spite of the terrific gait set by the Athletics, however, the Normals soon had the score tied again. Two sensational field goals, one by McLees and the other by Tardiff, then gave the Normal boys a lead of six. The Athletics then took a brace and a field goal by Bremmer lowered the difference to three points, from then on the playing was about even and the game ended with the Normals four points in the lead. The line-up follows:

Athletics

| Team            | Position | Normal
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bremmer</td>
<td>rf</td>
<td>Tardiff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curran</td>
<td>If</td>
<td>McLees</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paris</td>
<td>c</td>
<td>Halverson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Krieger</td>
<td>lg</td>
<td>Lange</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGlachlin</td>
<td>rg</td>
<td>Murat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Referee, McCaskill</td>
<td>Umpires, Bischoff and Cashin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Normals Girls Win.

On Friday evening Feb. 28, the young ladies played their first game with an outside team. A fair sized crowd was present in the gym to see them defeat the ladies’ team of the Wausau High School by a score of 20 to 10. Although the Normals lead from the start the visitors made them play hard for every basket. The Wausau girls say they will even up matters when our girls go to Wausau. Get ready girls! The line-up follows:

Wausau II, S.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rose Berry</td>
<td>e</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gertrude Marsh</td>
<td>ass't c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mannie Hollahan</td>
<td>rg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayo Morsett</td>
<td>ig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara Becker</td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stella Braeger</td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Referee, Houseworth</td>
<td>Umpires, Ellida Moen</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Prof. Schultz.
The letter of the class of '99 is again on its way and thinking perhaps some who knew us in all our glory in the old days might be interested still we have picked out a paragraph here and there to let you know what we are doing.

"I have just been counting up and find that there are eight '90ers down here this year. That means over 20 per cent of the whole class. Can any other Normal school class show a better record? Of these I think five are Seniors, two Juniors and one—well I'm no longer a despised Freshman but as you would probably learn if you asked some of the other '90ers, 'one of those noisy Sophomore Engineers.' And then we mustn't forget that there is one who has already graduated and is now, I believe, Prof. Chas. Ralph Rounds, Ph. B., Instructor in Argumentation and Public speaking at the University of Illinois.—WM. BRADFORD, U. W."

"To those of the class who are not already here I would say, 'Come at your earliest convenience.' Tho the 'Hill' of learning is hard to climb (or at least I find myself out of breath when I reach the top) yet the effort pays.—ELSIE KING, U. W."

"Sept. 17th. I think, I took charge of my 'hopefuls and irrespressibles' and enrolled eighty-four, aged from 5 to 20. Before this, Little Black, that's the place where I am stationed, had two teachers, but the people tho't a '99er could do the work alone. Mr. Lattum (Arthur J. of the class of '98) wanted to make the school board believe that even a '99 couldn't hold down such a large number of irrespressibles, but he was less successful than in his last fall's campaign. So I have to plod on with my hopefuls.—O. KUENNE."

"I never was so happy, well and fat in my life and I think I enjoy life more every day. Instead of being sickly as I once was I believe I am today the strongest (I mean in health) teacher here in Neillsville. I have 82 third and fourth graders who keep me busy during school hours, but who leave my evenings in peace.—GRACE OGDEN."

"October 18th and 19th the Teachers' association meets here. That means some more work. Ladies entertained free. Loether, Werner and I are on committees to meet them at the depot and take them around town. Lots of fun. I hope there will be some pretty ones in the crowd. Werner says he wants first pick. . . . Remember, '99ers, June '02 is the time for our reunion at Stevens Point.—H. O. MANZ, Eau Claire."

"It seems we have divided pretty evenly in our present vocations. Almost all are teaching or being taught. We are either, to use the expression of the preceding letters, 'irrepressibles, hopefuls and irresponsibles' or we are dealing with younger generations of the same kind.—NELLIE LAMOREUX, U. W."

(Continued from page 71.)

I went into the woods and found only one flower. That flower was a lily.

"Rainy woodlands" makes me think of one day in June when I was picking wintergreen berries. I was in the woods and it began to rain and I ran home as fast as I could. When I got home I was just as wet as I could be.

I stayed in the barn until I was dry.

"Softest light" makes me think of one day in July. I wanted to go out in the yard to play. It was raining so I could not go. All at once the sunlight came in the window. It made me feel very happy.

"Drooping head" makes me think of one day in July when it was very hot. I went into the garden to look at the flowers. They were drooping their heads. It made me feel sad for the flowers.

This little poem means if you were a sunbeam you'd know what you'd do.

You would seek thru rainy woodlands means you would seek everywhere even in dark and gloomy places.

You would seek the people that were sad. You would shed your softest light by being helpful and make them happy. You would make them so happy that they raised their drooping heads.—Harvey Rogers.
For an all round school paper the whole year round, give us the Crimson.

"A Just Reward" in the Pythian for February is very ably written and well worth reading.

The February Ryan Clarion contains an article on "High School Debating" that is well worth reading even by College Debaters.

There was a crowd, and there were three—

The girl, the parlor lamp and he;
Two is a company, and no doubt
That's why the parlor lamp went out.—Ex.

If you wish to get a few "pointers" on Exams read the Sphinx of Feb. 17. To a few (?) of our fellow students we recommend the reading of "King o' the Lamp o' Green" in the same number.

The High School Record from Evansville, Ind., is one of our best exchanges. The reading matter is so arranged that it is interesting from cover to cover, and its jokes and grinds appeal to all readers.

The Colfax Collegian has the distinction of being the only one of our exchanges that is printed by students. The February number speaks for itself and does credit to the school and students. Students who undertake such a task will never be "found wanting" after they are thru with school life.

"Doudna closed the debate for Whitewater. It was interesting to hear him proclaim that 'The affirmative never tried to refute the arguments of our first speaker. Why didn't they? I'll tell you why they didn't. THEY COULDN'T DO IT.'"

The above is a quotation taken from the write-up of the Milwaukee-Whitewater debate in the February Royal Purple. While we believe in letting others know of our victories, and occasionally do a little tooting ourselves, yet even to us it seems that Whitewater's yell sounded something like this:

What's the matter with Whitewater? She's all right!
Who's all right? Whitewater!
Who says so? We all say so!
Who are we? Whitewater!

Great Men's Opinions of Women.
The society of ladies is the school of politeness.—Montfort.
Remember, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.
All I am or can be I owe to my angel mother.—Lincoln.
No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—Richter.
Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart.—Luther.

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own, your words are so no more.
—Delaune.
Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—St. Bernard.
Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.—Longfellow.

The best new exchange that has come to us for some time is the Normal Student from the State Normal School at Castleton, Vt. The paper is first-class in every respect and we are glad to welcome it as, we hope, a permanent addition to our desk.

A new exchange is the Everett Elephant from the Nebraska State Normal School, Peru, Nebraska. Forgetting the name, the paper is well gotten up altho an exchange department would make the paper more complete.

A Mosquito.
At last upon a Senior's head,
He settled down to drill,
He bored away for half an hour.
And then he broke his bill.—Ex.
We present this month some work from Miss Burgert's Third grade language. The original ideas and the freedom and excellence of expression are so striking that a word of explanation as to the method which attains such results is in place.

Miss Burgert's work in language is based upon Dr. Sherman's Analytics of Literature. She has adapted his principles to primary grades and succeeds in getting from her pupils independent thought clearly expressed. The work given below is the result of a study of the first stanza of The Sunbeam, by Lucy Larcom. The poem was read, and the class selected the "pretty," that is, the poetic words and phrases. Every pupil then described the experience which each word or phrase brought to his mind. After this the pupils studied with the teacher the theme of the poem and wrote what it meant to them.

THE SUNBEAM.

Pretty words:—
    sunbeam
    white lilies
    rainy woodlands
    softest light
    drooping head.

"Sunbeam" reminds me of a Mayday when we were out riding. It made me very glad, for the sun had not been out for two days. If it had not come out then, we would have gone home. Then papa went out on a new road.

"White lilies" reminds me of the day I was sick the last day of the summer term. My sister Thada brought me a large white lily.

The stalk was straight. I watched it as long as it lived. When the white part withered the nurse took it out and took the white part off. Then I watched the little yellow part until it came off. I enjoyed it very much.

"Rainy woodland" reminds me of the time when we were out on a picnic. It began to rain and we got into a top buggy.

We could see nothing but sheets of rain. We did not have a good time then.

"Softest light" reminds me of one summer night. I was sitting at the window and I saw the sun setting.

I thought that I would watch it. It turned different colors, then seemed to fade away. I watched it and watched it, until no color was left.

"Drooping head" reminds me of a little violet in our yard. It is just under the porch. It had a little yellow center. That was the only flower there.

I think this poem means that we all can be sunbeams if we try to be kind and thoughtful to the poor unhappy people and make them happy again.

ESTHER BOSTON.

For comparison we present another lesson on the same stanza, written by one of the boys in the class. The words and phrases used are, of course, the same, but the experience and expression are markedly different.

"Sunbeam" reminds me of one day in June when I was sick and could not go out to play.

I was in bed and a sunbeam came in the window and lighted on my bed.

It made me feel happy to see it.

"White lilies" makes me think of one day in May when I went to pick flowers.

(Continued on page 70)
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