

1902-03. APRIL.

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Vol. VIII.

No. 7.

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THERON B. PRAY, Stevens Point Wis.

Vol. VIII.

Stevens Point, Wis., April 15, 1903.

No. 7.

LITERARY.

SAMUEL'S POCKET BOOK.

Samuel Hall was the only son of his doting parents; and was considered—by himself, at least the smartest man in Marshville.

His personal appearance was somewhat striking. He was tall, lank, and inclined to feel incumbered by his hands and feet. He was sandy haired, with eyes and complexion to match. When Nature planned Samuel's personal appearance, she did not believe in contrasts, but in a simple uniformity.

Samuel had been brought up on a farm; and at the age of twenty-one he had not been farther than thirty miles from his home. At this epoch in his history he sold a colt which his father gave him, for seventy-five dollars. With such an enormous sum of money in his pocket, his ideas of life grew very much wider. Now he realized how circumscribed his life had been.

After giving the matter much serious thought, he decided he should travel. So, one morning at breakfast, he frightened his mother by saying "I am going to Bosting."

His mother sprang from her seat, upsetting the tea urn on her clean gingham apron, and flew to the side of her son.

"Samuel !" she cried, "you're going to have another spell in your head, I know! You was took afore a-talking strange !" "Zebulon," to her husband, "you'd better harness the old mare and go after Dr. Jones." "I'll make you some catnip tea as quick as I can, Samuel, and put a mustard plaster onto yer stomach !"

"Don't be spooney on a feller, old lady," replied Samuel. I guess if you had as many greenbacks as I've got, you'd want to go to furren parts !"

"Oh! Samuel, my boy! you can't be seris!" cried Mrs. Hall in great distress of mind. "Yes, I'm as seris as ever Parson Brown was to a funeral. I've heard tell of Bosting, and I am going there to see the sights."

So, next morning, he set out for the station. He was resplendent in a suit of home-spun gray, adorned with steel buttons which shone and glittered like so many full moons. His vest was of scarlet velvet, his neck-tie had long been used as ribbons on his mother's Sunday bonnet, his collar stood up around his neck unyielding as fate. On his arm he carried a basket full of cheese and dough-nuts, and following his mother's advice, had taken with him the old gun which had been his grand-father's. He would need something with which to defend himself.

His money was deposited in his father's old pocket-book. Every few moments Samuel tried to make himself a man of property, and gently patted his pocket to assure himself.

The cars drew up to the platform, Samuel got on board and plumped down into the first vacant seat which presented itself. He looked around at the passengers. One gentleman, he decided at once, was a pick-pocket. Pick-pockets always wore black whiskers and rings on their little fingers, he had been told. This man answered to the description. He occupied the seat in front of Samuel, and was reading a newspaper.

At the next station, a very handsome young woman got in. Samuel thought she was beautiful; and that Mary Ann Hinks was simply ugly in comparison with her.

She paused beside the seat of Samuel. and said in a sweet voice, "Is this engaged ?"

Samuel answered, blushing and stammering like a school-boy, "Engaged? well, no, I hain't ex-

actly; tho Mary Ann Hinks has took quite a shine to me. I bought her a bosom-pin of a peddlar, last Spring; but that hain't nothing."

"Of course not," returned the lady. May I sit down?"

"To be shure! Set right down! Be you engaged, may I ask?"

"No," simpered the lady, holding her handkerchief up to her face.

"Wal, that is strange! You see I'm a man of truth, if I be a man of property."

"Then you are wealthy?"

"Sarting! I've got seventy-five dollars in here!" tapping his pocket.

The young lady attempted to look suitably impressed, and enquired, "What shall I call you, sir ?"

"Samuel's myname—SamuelHall. And yours?" "Kathryn Orme."

Samuel looked at her attentively; and before they had traveled many miles it flashed over him that he was in love.

"Look here !" said he, "why can't you and I make a bargain ? I hain't engaged, you are not, and we're both of us as good looking as the next one; and I've got two cows to home--a red one and a brindled one-both of 'em master hands to turn out butter you ever see! and butter is twenty five cents a pound now! and I tell you, if you'll have me, you'll sell all the butter and no questions where the money goes; and you can dress in silks and satins, too."

At this stage of his declarations. our hero put his hand in his pocket, grew pale, and started to his feet.

"He's got it !" shouted Samuel. "Stop him ! I knowed he was that kind of a feller when I first seed him ! Help me hold him, som body, quick !" and he seized the astonished gentleman in front by the shoulder.

"If the gentleman wishes to search me, he is at perfect liberty to do so," answered the gentleman in black.

The search was short: but it developed nothing beyond a few papers, some change, etc.

"The gentleman whom you have just searched," said the conductor, "is the Reverend Woodbury, of Boston, one of the most respected clergymen in the city. It's my opinion, that if you've lost the money, that the girl who sat in the seat with youhas got it.''

"She !?" exclaimed Samuel, "I was as much as engaged to her. You know there's such a thing as first sight."

"Especially when the object's a red pocket-book containing seventy-five dollars," answered the conductor.

"Wal," said Samuel, "I guess I'll go back home. Conductor, you just hol' up a moment while I git out."

Samuel was informed that he could alight at the next station two miles ahead. He did so; and the return train brought him back to Marshville by noon the next day.

He told his mother he had been robbed; and proceeded to take off his hat, when he saw some thing which caused him to exclaim, "It's here! It hain't been stolen! Irememberit all! Wal now! I was dreadful afraid I'd lose my money, so I put it into my hat. I guess it's jest as you say, mam, that I hain't fit to go to these furrin parts. I'll stay to home, put my money in the bank, and marry Mary Ann Hinks. I've seen enuff of the world!'' M. OLSON.

HEWERS OF STONE.

This spot where we stop under the abrupt walls of a barren hill, upon which a warm Syrian sun is pouring its bright rays, is only an abandoned stone quarry. To a casual observer, it would possess little of interest; but it may be worth our while to enter that curious narrow niche with parallel sides. For some twenty feet 'we can walk into the rock, and then we face a straight wall forty feet high, rough yet with the marks of the picks that cut the chasm, marks made so many centuries ago that even the nationality of the workers is forgotten.

What were they doing, those old-time stone-masons? A similar niche about fourteen feet away runs into the rock and parallel to the one we entered. A few moments thought and the purpose is evident. These niches, just wide enough so that one man can work at ease in each, could be continued as far as the men willed—could be connected by a cross passage-way, and so a huge monolith could be separated from the cliff.

Upon that plan the ancients must have worked; for a mile away, nearer to the village to which we are bound lies upon the ground, abandoned, useless, such a perfectly squared stone as one has difficulty in imagining. It is smoothed and still sharp in its outlines, and its dimensions are simply enormous. Seventy feet long it is, by fourteen feet high and fourteen feet wide. Think of a room fourteen feet high and fourteen feet square, and then realize that five such rooms set end to end are in this one stone. Why is it here, on the rough and barren hill-side half-way between the quarry and the ruins of the great temple we can see beyond us? Was it too large to be transported ? If they, those olden time architects, could cut it out, fit it so faultlessly, and bring it this one rough mile, why could they not carry it to its destination? Did famine, or war, or pestilence strike the workers? and were their successors a feebler class? History has no answer to give these questions. They are among the mysteries.

But over there at Baalbek what can we see? In some respects, the greatest, most impressive ruins of the world. The outer wall, the wall upon which rest the ruins of at least two other marvelous buildings of widely different ages, seems connected with our deserted giant on the hill-side. The foundation layers are enormous blocks of squared stone rising to a height of perhaps thirty feet. Upon them is a layer of six stones each thirteen feet high and thirty feet long, lying end to end; rising upon them another layer still, the famous trilithon whose three blocks are each fourteen feet square, the longest sixty-four feet long, and the other two nearly its equal. All are so closely fitted together that where the joints have not been chipped by force it is almost impossible to detect the line of junction, where no mortar was ever used.

Perhaps the Phoenician laid these walls? perhaps they were built in those days when there were giants in the land? No one knows. What a field for speculation! How the imagination plays about those primeval times! What countless human beings must have labored here where now but a squalid village exists! What loves and hates, what ambitions, what intellectual growth, and what decay have had their day in the forerunners of these half civilized natives who now beg persistently for a scanty charity!

The ancient wall must have been built when Baalbek was old; long after the magnificent temples of the Sun and of Jupiter rose in stately grandeur above the work of these forgotten people and then themselves fell into decay; a stern fortress took the place of the temples, and in its turn was destroyed; a gorgeous Greek church was made from the wrecks, and now that stands a picturesque ruin of arches and columns whose mismatched capitals show that even with such a storehouse of elegance and beauty, the later architects were incomparably poorer.

Of the beauty, the sublimity of these conglomerate ruins we cannot speak now. If these words about the trilithon, the abandoned monolith, and the deserted quarries will start a train of thought and a little reading about that wonderful Syrian region, this note has accomplished its purpose.

> Behold this ruin! 'Tis a skull, Once of ethereal spirit full,

- This narrow cell was Life's retreat; This space was Thought's mysterious seat:
- What beateous visions filled this spot!
- What dreams of pleasure long forgot!

Nor grief, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear Has left one trace or record here.

- Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye;
- Yet start rot at the dismal void!

If social love that eye employed,

If with no lawless fire it gleamed, But thru the dews of kindness beamed, That eye shall be forever bright

When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;

If Falsehood's honey it disdained,

And when it could not praise was chained:

If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gentle concord never broke,

That tunefull tongue shall plead for thee When death unveils Eternity.

(Continued on page 85.)

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ALUMNI.

GLIMPSES OF THE ALUMNI.

The Alumni Editor, by sending out frantic appeals for help, has been given a few glimpses of the Alumni from time to time during the year. But these glimpses were so fleeting and desultory that it has hardly seemed worth while to try to do anything with them before. But here they are in the last regular issue of THE POINTER, the sadly out of date, and the very up-to-date, without any order of arrangement, chronological or otherwise.

H. O. MANZ, at one time business manager of THE POINTER and for the past few years a ward pripcipal in Eau Claire, resigned during the year to accept the management of the Idaho Beet Sugar Company with headquarters at Chicago.

An eye witness of a basket ball game between the University of Wisconsin and a Manitowoc team, asserts that H. E. Schofield, Stevens Point Normal's former athletic leader, was the star of the game.

CARL OGDEN was obliged to give up his school about the middle of the year on account of ill health. He is now in the West, and, it is hoped, in health once more.

MERL M. AMES resigned his position in Appleton, on March 27, on account of poor health. He expects to vegetate on his father's farm during the next few months.

ALFRED J. HERRICK says he is delighted with his school at Whitehall. His daily program, simmered down and worked out to the fraction of a minute, which he sent us, demonstrated again the old time mathematical precision and nicety for which Mr. Herrick is noted.

MR. HOUSEWORTH, at Osseo, gave Howell's "Sleeping Car" Farce at his school early in the winter. If Mr. Houseworth found players who could do their parts as well on the floor and in the seat of the car as he could do his in the upper berth, the success of the production was assured.

Nothing has been heard of J. H. AMES since January 31.

ELLA DEYOE, Edith Root, and Edith Marshall, all teachers in the Neenah schools, are meeting with success.

J. P. Soper, class 1900, formerly holding a position in the High School at Appleton, is now principal of a ward school in that city.

It is time for the members of the Alumni Association, the bulk of whom disappear into the ''tall and uncut' in September, and are not heard from again until June, if at all, were thinking about the Annual Meeting of the Association at Stevens Point during Commencement Week. Plan to be there and make the Re-Union a rousing one.

ANDREW L. LARKIN.

News comes to us of the death of Andrew L. Larkin, a former well known student, and an alumnus of the school. Mr Larkin died at his home in River Falls last Saturday, from a sudden and violent attack of diphtheria.

Mr. Larkin came here in 1894 and completed his course in 1897. Immediately after his graduation he secured a position of teacher of science and languages in one of the Appleton High schools. He resigned there June 1902, intending to attend Rush Medical college, but was unable to complete his plans at once, and last fall took a temporary position as traveling representative for a school supply house. Mr. Larkin while he attended school, here was one of the most prominent students, always taking much interest in student matters, and in the societies, athletics and rhetoricals.

He won the local oratorical contest one year and took second in the state contest. He was also the first editor in chief of the Pointer, seeing it close a successful year in June, 1896.

Mr Larkin was a strong student and possessed many qualities which denote a leader among men, and he promised to make a mark for himself. His many friends deeply regret his death.

IN MEMORIAM.

ALICIA DERIEMER, DIED APRIL 8, 1903.

It is with deep sorrow that the school receives its last regular number of THE POINTER. One week ago to-day will be remembered as the saddest of days in the history of our school. It was hard to loose forever two school-mates within the year; but more painful still is it to lose a teacher so universally loved among us as was Miss DeRie-

mer. Little did we think, when only a few short weeks ago she left us in the best of health to spend a happy vacation, that she never was to return to us. When the news came that she had passed away, it could hardly be believed or realized.

Miss DeRiemer had been with us for nearly three years. From the first day she won the friendship of all who met her. The time she spent among us was one of peaceful and unconscious conquest of friendships and hearts. Whether it was in the class-room or at the little social gatherings her courtesy and pleasant ways always marked her presence. We shall always miss her.

Easter Sunday afternoon the school and the many acquaintances of Miss DeRiemer gathered in the assembly room to attest their respect and esteem of their departed friend. A short, appropriate program was carried out.

The exercises were opened by a hymn, "Sun of my Soul," sung by all. Then the Treble Clef Club tenderly rendered "One Sweetly Solemn Thot." Scripture reading from the Twenty-third, Twentyfourth, and Ninetieth Psalms, and First Corinthians, fifteenth, by President Pray, following which was a song by the Presbyterian Choir, "Abide with Me." Prayer, by Rev. Marcus McClure. Response by the choir. Solo, Ethel Kirwan Rood.

Then was read a memorial tribute by Mrs.

Bradford. The Glee Club next sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." A hymn "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," by the assembled friends: followed by a blessing by Rev. McClure, closed the exercises.

Much can be said of the services which Miss DeRiemer so unselfishly rendered while among

> us, and the beauty of her character can never be extolled too highly. But from one who knew her well, as a teacher and as a friend, comes those words which we cannot hope to excel. In her memorial tribute, Mrs Bradford said :

> It is not my purpose to deliver a eulogy upon the friend whose memory we honor by this meeting. Her work in this school during the past three years is a better eulogy than any one can pronounce.

It is not possible for me to give you any further information than that already known in regard to her life history.

Many of you, who as students enjoyed weeks and months of associ-

ation with her in the class room, know her in a professional way more intimately than I do. Others who were closely associated with her in her musical, social, and religious interests, have a better knowledge of her earnestness and helpfulness in those fields.

But as her companion in work for nearly three years, I came to recognize in her certain elements of character, certain qualities of mind and heart, which, combined with that indescribable selfhood called personality, made her influence what it was and is.

On this occasion, if we are rightly to express our gratitude for that life, if we are wisely to commemorate it, we are to do so, not alone by words



of commendation, but by striving to understand it, — to know the sources of its strenght and the elements of its efficiency, and knowing, to profit thereby.

Inheriting brightness of mind, Miss De Riemer had made the most of her natural endowment. After her elementary education, she laid the foundation for her work as a teacher in a liberal college course, upon which she afterwards built the special preparation in her chosen subject, that of geographical science. Dwell for a moment upon the time and effort necessary to attain the breadth and thoroughness which her efficiency as a teacher of geography demonstrated. But as you know, her professional excellence was rivaled by her ability as a musician.

It is easy to let the more serious duties of life crowd out some attainment of our earlier youth, till the skill gained by long hours of practice is lost or weakened. But Miss De Riemer, though deeply interested in her science, and though making its teaching her life vocation, did not relinquish her art. Her skill as a pianist and organist so often enjoyed by us all, testified not only to an inherent love of music, and study of its classical exponents, but to patient years of effort in the mastery of its technique.

With the mention of her general culture, her proficiency in the teaching of her subject, and her music, I have named the chief intellectual accomplishments she brought to the class room and to the social life of the school and community. But in these attainments alone did not lie the secret of her influence, or the chief cause of our gratitude and affection.

The fountain of beauty in her life was her heart a heart filled with *sympathy*—without which she could not have wrought the same amount of good. In the school room, where it is the chief ingredient of power, her sympathy gave her an insight into the needs of her pupils, and enabled her to adapt the facts and principles of her subject to those needs. During last quarter, as I passed the door of the room where she was teaching the Sixth Grade (a class voluntarily taken for the purpose of bringing her again in touch with children), I often paused to enjoy the picture of the interested eager children grouped closely about her, listening to every word, and held constantly by their regard for her and confidence in her to their best effort. I thought, could all who would be teachers, come to a full appreciation of the real cause and effect of the conditions found in that class, they would be in possession of a most valuable ideal.

Outside of the school room, this sympathy was felt by any who in sickness or in trouble needed a friend. During the season of prevalent illness last quarter, there was one week when every day after school she visited some sick student. Her kindness was of a very unostentatious sort. It seemed actuated by the beautiful philosophy: "I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

No person could be more willing to give herself to any cause that needed her help.

Of her musical talent she was most generous. Whenever possible, it was at the service of any that needed it, and was freely and graciously given. First of all, the school profited by it, and the public enjoyed it in choral society, in concert, and in church. Her happiness seemed to exist not in having but in giving.

Believing as she did in the efficacy of a social and religious organization among the young women of the school, she gave her support to that cause, and fostered its initiation and growth. Among other evidences of her willingness to serve, is the formation of special classes during leisure hours for helping students in certain lines of geographical work which a crowded course would not permit in regular class time.

In this analysis of her influence, another quality must be given; namely, her *courtesy*. And this with her was not a superficial social adornment; but sprang from the heart, as all genuine courtesy must. It was simply her love, her sympathy, her kindness manifesting itself in little ways.

Besides these attributes, all who knew her came quickly to recognize another which contributed as largely to her efficiency, adding greatly to the value of her service in whatever place she was

called upon to fill—a quality, the lack of which in persons equally endowed has practically nullified their influence. I mean her *absolute reliability*. Reliability signifies strength of will, the possession of that wherewith obstacles to purpose are put aside. It mattered not if the promise made involved trivial or important interests, whether the duty undertaken was light or heavy, once she felt the trust hers only serious physical disability, or similar unavoidable cause, could hinder its fulfillment.

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Finally, in the manifestation of all these qualities, there was shown a sweet womanliness, characterized by an individual beauty of voice and manner, and revealing her own personal soul attributes. The faults and weaknesses, which she possessed in common with all humanity, were of small significance in making up the sum total of her traits—which we call character.

It is on account of all this that she lives to-day in our thoughts and feelings, and will continue to live even after memory of her has been dimmed by time—live in many lives, touched and changed, made other than they would have been by her helpful influence.

Let us be grateful that she lived and worked for a while among us; and when we think of the change that so suddenly severed our relations, let the words of the great and wise, voiced afresh by a modern poet, bring relief and consolation :

"Be patient and wise! The eyes of Death Look on us with a smile: her soft caress, That stills the anguish and that stops the breath, Is Nature's ordination, meant to bless Our mortal woes with peaceful nothingness. Be not afraid! The Power that made the light In your kind eyes, and set the stars on high, And gave us love, meant not that all should die— Like a brief day-dream quenched in sudden night. Think that to die is but to fall asleep And wake refreshed where the new morning breaks, And golden day her rosy vigor takes From the winds that fan eternities' far height, And from the white crests of God's perpetual deep."

The NORMAL POINTER

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EDITORIAL.

Heretofore it has been the custom to elect the officers of school associations at the beginning of each school year. But objections can be raised to this method in that it launches the incumbents upon their brief careers all too quickly to make needful plans and preparations.

Take the positions of editor of THE POINTER, and foot ball manager. Both of these positions should be filled by men who have been at school the previous year, and just as society presidents, should be elected during the spring preceding. Then the editor can be planning on his work for the succeeding year; and further, can obtain considerable and (often) very welcome suggestions from the retiring editor. An editor can not leave behind for his successor all that he learns thru experience, during the year; but the little that he can leave and the long time from June to September to think it over, may help the next man greatly. Our paper might be materially improved thereby.

In the case of the foot ball manager, he would be able either in the spring, or before school was running smoothly, to schedule desirable games on favorable dates.

From the moment this number of THE POINTER goes to press your servants, the editors, will devote their entire spare time to the SOUVENIR. They are serving you. What will you have? The Souvenir will be what they can make it with your help.

THE SOUVENIR is issued for at least two purposes. One is that it may serve as a happy reminder and memento of the days spent at this school during 1902-3. To its pages you may turn in future years and recall the many pleasant incidents of school life as they are brot to mind by the faces or names of teachers and schoolmates. You will read again with pride the revelries of your class-mates, or the triumphs of your society or "team." Or, when you return home you will carry to all your friends at home, an entertaining and amusing resume of your year at this Normal. They will praise you, or they will roast you just as they see fit, and you will be all the better friends for it; and will come back next year, if you are thus fortunate, and do better.

Another reason: Not only your friends but others will see this "year book" of your school, and upon its contents will they base their estimate of the worth of the school. A prospective student is like a bayer in the market. He never fails to take inven ory of the "doings" at the different schools. He sizes them up, and he selects that one which shows the most push, the most spirit and activity and life, and which has carried its banner fearlessly and honorably. Thus the SOUVENIR may become our business card and advertiser. If we take pride in our school it should not be for to-day only, but for all time.

Let us endeavor to attract to our school those students from whom we may recruit our societies, and who will maintain our banner at the height to which it has been raised in oratory and athletics by the men of years past.

LOCALS.

"Farmers meet at 9 a. m. Saturday."

Miss Lotie Deyoe was a visitor at school to-day. Professor Collins attended the Scientists Convention in Chicago last week.

Mr. S.—Are these Normal (ordinary) people? Mr. S-a-ks—No; not students.

Mr. Wakefield, weigh-master for the D. M. & N. R. R. was a visitor at school March 25.

Professor V. E. McCaskill of Superior Normal, was in the city a few days during vacation.

Last Wednesday morning the school was pleasantly favored with a vocal solo by Miss Furro.

Jasper Jenkins, Parley Rockwell, and Darwin Follett were visitors at the school during last week.

Some portion of the University of W1sconsin blew up sometime last week, and Kenneth Pray landed here, Friday, for a visit.

August Grimm, class '98, visited the school last week. He will finish the Philosophical Course at the University of Wisconsin this June.

Mr. Gesell, of Alma, Wisconsin, spent a few days of last quarter visiting the school. Mr. Gesell was a guest of his daughter, Miss Wilma while here.

MARCONIGRAM from J. Glasspoole:-To my friends: I'm all up in the air; but expect to be down soon. Don't call until I am "at home" on "Multiple hill."

April 6th was the busy day of the quarter. What with drawing books, having study slips approved, and saying "How-dy" to friends, every body was fully engaged.

Professors Livingston, Sechrist, and Sanford attended the Teachers' Association at Madison. They also had the pleasure of hearing President Rosevelt speak at Madison.

Several of the old Normal students now engaged in teaching visited school during the last week in March. Among the number were Mr. Cate, Mr. Grimm, Miss Hetzel, and Mr. Polly. John Wysocki has withdrawn from school.

Professor S-i-d-r (looking over papers)—"Let me die! Let me die!!!"

Professor Sanford was absent a few days, on account of his visit to Milwaukee.

Rumor says the Fourth Algebra spread will not much longer be an unknown quantity.

Conrad Olson won a prize of five sticks of redpeppermint candy at the Forum literary contest.

Miss Edna Palmer has completed the full course at the Normal, and left for her home March 27th.

The library was open April 1st and 5th for the benefit of all who wished to make use of it during the vacation.

Why didn't the people who smiled to think they would get home first get there as soon as they expected to?

Roasts! Roasts! Roasts!

The staff solicits a good roast on every one in the school for THE SOUVENIR.

Miss McNutt has withdrawn from school on account of ill health; but expects to return next year to finish her course.

PROF. B——N IN GENERAL HISTORY.—Could a a witch be with her husband and at the same time out torturing some one else?

The program in the Practice Department for last quarter was carried out until April 7th. By that time the new program was in good running order.

Superintendent Carl Mathe, of Wausau, was at the school, last Wednesday, looking up likely candidates, feeling of muscles, and asking various suspicious questions.

Work on final essays rapidly progressing. Many students with chewed pencils and tumbled hair found in library April 1st industriously pouring over musty volumes.

Allan P. Temple, former teacher of Science in the Stevens Point High School, and now teaching in the same department at Owosso, Michigan, was a visitor at the school March 23.

The Glee Club has received an invitation to sing at the Graduating Exercises at Almond.

Miss Bessie Rawson, Elementary '02, has been visiting at school during this week.

The Forum was pleasantly favored, last Friday evening, with an instructive talk by Professor Bacon.

Miss Gerrish, teacher of gymnastics, has returned from the East where she has been visiting her mother for several weeks.

ALL COME TO IT.—Why, only the other day, while T. O'C. was gazing at the proofs of the Treble Clef Club, he exclaimed, "Oh ! how sweet!"

Miss R-i-l-r-Mr. Bacon, I want to examine your head.

It turned out that it was a Greek head Miss R-i-l-r meant—at least, so she says.

After vacation when every person who returns from home is home-sick, and some long for those who do not return, everybody should smile and try to make others happy.

There will be seventy-seven practice teachers at work in the building this quarter. Last quarter there were ninety-four, the largest number ever employed in the history of the school.

Is'nt it about time to be thinking about a football coach? We have material now for a good team, and understand we may expect some more first-class men next fall. If we are to have a team, we must have a coach.

At a meeting of the students, last week Tuesday, a school pin was chosen. As soon as the different classes can determine how many pins are wanted, the committee will be able to have them here in a short time. All, should get a school pin.

The Tennis Asso. met last Monday and elected officers. Pres. Prof. Culver, Sec. Miss Elida Moen. The Asso. this season hopes to arrange for a tournament with Oshkosh, to come off before the close of the quarter.

In a late number of the N. E. J. of Ed. Dr. Winship credits this normal with the largest percentage of university trained teachers of any normal in the country. In another number is a very full description of the courses in Domestic Science. Cheer up, Daisy! it may not be so.

Professor - - - n - - - (calling roll) - Now all those who aren't here please answer.

Ralph Blodgett has left school and gone home. We hear he has a good job rushing the can(s).

Miss Hannah Conway, a graduate of the full course, is teaching in the Fourth Ward of this city.

The Arena society will entertain the school Friday at Rhetoricals with a farce entitled "The Champion of Her Sex."

Geo. W. Hunter, our janitor during the pas three quarters, resigned last March. His position is now filled by Mr. Bruce Wilcox.

Arbutus is in blossom. If you don't believe it take a position at some corner and notice the many couples strolling out towards Plover hills.

Miss Pray had recovered sufficiently from her long illness to return home the first of the week. Miss Pray will not take up her duties in school for a week or two.

Authentic (?) Confirmation.—Professor C-r— (explaining a matter in physics)—My pocket book has capacity, but there isn't a cent in it— C. M-s-r—Yes, that's true.

Professor J.W.Livingston entertained the school March 24, with an interesting talk on the subject of Country Schools, their influence and what might be done to better their condition.

Rhetoricals last Friday were unique and very interesting, a verse or two of famous songs being sung after a short talk on them and their authors. Misses Hill, Furro, and Hancock, and Mr. Pivernetz rendered solos.

Arnold Gesell won second place in the Oratorical contest at Madison last week; and he will go as alternate to Minneapolis, May 1st, as a Wisconsin representative to the North Oratorical League contest. Mr. Gesell also won the Lewis prize, a neat sum of eighteen dollars.

The following new students have enrolled for the spring quarter: Ella Blomberg, Ogema; Fred. S. Curran, Liberty Bluff; Mrs. Elizabeth Hamlin, Unity; Olive Gardner, city; Helen Astrum, Hancock; Albert E. Hamilton, Coloma; Francis L. Tracey, Necedah.

What's the matter with Ward's liniment? It's all right! What's all right? Ward's liniment! Who says so?

P-v-r-e-z!

Officers of the societies for this quarter are: Athenaeum, Pres. Wm. Brown, Sec. E. Mathe: Forum, Pres. J. Christensen, sec. Fred Somers, Cleonian, Pres. Miss Martin, Sec. Miss Frazier; Arena, Pres Dora Drowatzky, Sec. Mable Manning; German, Pres. Wm. Auer, Sec. J. Glasspoole.

After Third Algebra examination:

G. S.-Well, John, how did you come out?

J. M.-Oh! I struck a root, and, by the powers, I couldn't get out.

G. S .- What did you do then ?

J. M.—Crawled under a radical and stayed there.

Miss Emma Leutcher, who has been confined to her room during the past two months, is now quite over her illness and will leave for her home some time this week. Miss Leutcher intends to return next year to finish her course. Miss Leutcher's many friends at school extend to her their heartfelt sympathy for her misfortune, and rejoice at her recovery.

Last Tuesday morning, Professor Bacon's turn in the Faculty Rhetoricals came around again. Professor Bacon gave the school an interesting talk descriptive of a visit to California by himself and Mrs. Bacon. The Professor did considerable nature work while in California, and took a brief course in fleaology. It is an entrancing study, in which one soon becomes deeply and personally interested.

Readers at the reading table have noticed a unique publication there during this week. It is the first, last, and only issue of THE TEA KETTLE, published by Messrs. Stinson of New Lisbon. It is only half of a very unique advertising medium. A large tin tea kettle was hung upon a beam from the roof high above the sidewalk. Prizes were given to purchasers for correct guesses of its capacity. The scheme worked to perfection (as all of Warren's schemes do), and it is said one can't touch his business with a Nome City nugget claim.

The last quarter is the "fly" time of the year in more ways then one. Many interesting events take place during the last two months; in fact so many that a sufficient number of Friday nights are seldom available to supply the demand. As far as can be ascertained the following is a brief calendar for the balance of the year.

High School Declamatory Contest, May 8. Whitewater Debate, May 15.

RESOLVED: That it would be to the advantage of the United States to establish complete reciprocity between the United States and Canada.

DEBATORS : Whitewater-H. M. Armstrong, Phillip Roach, R. M. Whitney.

Stevens Point-C. Olson, J. Smith, and J. Christensen.

Inter Society Declamatory Contest, May 22. Treble Clef Concert, May 29.

Annual Excursion. To the Dells, May 30 (?)

Class Field Day Tournament, June 7 (?)

Baccalaureate Sermon, June 14.

Forum-Athenaeum Debate, June 15.

Senior play June 16.

Class Exercises June 17.

Commencement, sheepskins, Alumni Banquet, all off for home, June 18.

(Continued from Page 77.)

Say, did these fingers delve the mine, Or with its envied rubies shine?

To hew the rock or wear the gem

Can nothing now avail to them:

But, if the page of truth they sought,

And comfort to the mourner brought These hands a richer meed shall claim

Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod

These feet the paths of duty trod? If from the bowers of Ease they sped

To soothe affliction's humble bed,

If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,

And home to Virtue's cot returned

These feet with angel's wings shall vie, And tread the palace of the sky.

(The author of this poem is unknown. It was found beside a skeleton in a tomb in England.)

ATHLETICS.

The basket ball season did not turn out as well as it promised at the beginning. However, out of seven games scheduled we won three and lost three (one being cancelled): and our opponents' total points were 127; while ours were 153. If the Weyauwega return game had been played, we should have, without doubt, totalled a much larger majority of points. It was indeed a severe misfortune to lose two of the best members of the team just before the last games : but it was not sufficient reason for dropping the game with Weyauwega. We owed Weyauwega a game. Our men were given a trip and game at that place; and because the scheduled game had to be postponed until late in the season, was not sufficient cause for dropping it. If we continue doing this we may find it hard to schedule outside games.

The tournament is another matter which went by the board, and for no other reason than that it was indefinitely postponed. The tournament is one of the most interesting events of School Athletics, and was patiently awaited by all the school. Many teams organized and practiced diligently in expectation of winning places, and it was an injustice to the boys that a schedule was not prepared.

It might be suggested that to avoid a repetition of the default of this year, the teams petition the Athletic Association for the tournament, and a. committee be appointed, as last year, to arrange for it.

The pennants offered by THE POINTER will be kept, and will be offered again next year at the new staff's pleasure.

It being the close of the basket ball season, and the opening of track training, nothing much is "doing" in Athletics. Several track meets are in sight and will probably be arranged for. Plenty of good material is available, and with proper training our team will be able to hold its own with any of its class. Under the efficient supervision of Miss Gerish and Manager Brown there is every reason to believe a strong team will be turned out. There are several ridiculously low records upon our record bulletin and we should be ashamed to leave them there at the end of the year.

The younger boys should get out and learn the tricks of the different events. Form is a difficult thing to master. If the younger boys begin work now, when they have attained full strength in after years they will know the forms and can put all their energy into record breaking. The only thing to be regretted is the delay in beginning the work. The spring vacation seems to make it inevitable, however. The short time after vacation urges men to hurry which is harmful. A few days real "strenuous" work at the beginning may lay one off for the whole season. Quite a few men have started in already, but we need at least twenty at practice.

A fencing club is a new organization in the school. It has started out with a membership of eight young men: John Hughes, Orin Patch. H. Brasure, Levi Townsend, D. Reed, G. Pierce H. Welty, and P. Giemer. We are assured that they have already begun "jabbing" from the following notice which appeared last week:

"Fencing class meet in suits at gymnasium at 4:30 Friday. (A fact)." Miss Gerrish will instruct the class.

Fencing is becoming more popular every year. In all progressive schools both men's and women's classes are formed. It is a splendid exercise, especially for the back, arm and wrist. We hope the class will be permanent and that the girls will catch the spirit soon.

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TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

GOPHERS.

Down in the basement, in a little box of cotton, there is a small brown furry ball. This ball is about the size of a lemon, and when it is unrolled it is seven or eight inches long from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail. The fur is of a yellowish-white color on the breast and stomach, and along its back run several dark brown stripes. If you watch this ball for a little while, you will see it breath. The little animal breathes once to our six times.

It is a gopher, or pouch-rat, as it is sometimes called, for the reason that it has two pouches or pockets, one on each side of its face. These pouches open inside the animal's mouth. He uses these to carry food in, and they come in very handy when he stores up food for the winter. I have caught gophers, and as I would take them by the back of the neck they would spit out sand. I think they were carrying the sand away from their holes, and I have often found little heaps of sand which were quite far away from their holes.

My gopher is the only one that survived the winter out of a lot of three. He is about a year and a half old, and has spent only two-thirds of his life awake. He will wake up and stay awake for quite a while when I put him in the oven; but he will always go to sleep again. He will neither eat nor drink when he wakes up on these occasions. I have had many gophers in the last four years; but I have never before kept nor tried to keep one over winter.

There is one disagreeable thing that I do not like about gophers, and that is the fact that they eat each other. I think it must be due to something that they need and which they do not get when in captivity. I have fed them everything that I can think of and still they will devour each other. I had an old one with eight young, and in the morning they were all gone. She must have eaten them, for they were too young to walk, and having no other gophers in the same cage, I thot her guilty and let my pet crow have her. She was more than a match for him, so she drove him up on the perch and sat down to eat his corn; but the neighbor's little dog had her for supper.

The way I get my gophers is quite a good way. You have a pail and walk around in the field until you see a gopher stick his head out of his hole. Sometimes as you pass a hole you will hear them whistle: or at other times you will see them sitting up straight as a stick near their holes ; but when you come near them they dive into it. Then you stuff it and all the other holes near it with sticks and stones. Next, fill your pail at a pump or mud puddle and take it over where you have the gopher imprisoned. You take the sticks or stones out of the hole he went into and then pour the water in, and if he does not come out after putting the first pailful in, put in another. You do not want to put a lot of water in for he may be at some other hole with his nose sticking out and all your water is soaking into the ground. The hole may be only as big as your finger, but he can get air thru it. You can generally find such holes and stuff them up, and then the gopher is sure to come out; and as he comes out put your hat over him and you have him. Then put him into an old tin can and bend it shut; and if you are as lucky as some boys are, you will have six or seven cans and as many gophers to carry home.

WILLIS BOSTON, Eighth Grade.







Some of our Exchanges have expressed a wish that we would criticise more and not copy so many good things. In this issue we will devote the Exchange Column to criticism of our Fxchanges. We would wish to have the remarks taken in the spirit they were written in—the desire to help. If we have heretofore not criticised greatly it is because we thought that the Exchange Department would be more interesting to our subscribers if we gave them a taste of the good things to be found in other school papers.

The Literary Department of THE ÆGIS is instructive.

THE WICHITA MESSENGER issued a very good number for its last issue this year.

The Alumni Number of THE KODAK is very good. One of the contributors was a member of the class of 1855.

"The Aerial War of 1942," in THE PYTHIAN, is concluded in the February number. It has been a very interesting story.

THE IRIS is a paper that is edited entirely by girls. The paper, print, and articles are good. Ye boy editors, look to your laurels; or else you will surely be beaten.

The class of 1902 of Carroll College issued the last number of THE CARROLL ECHO. A unique feature of the issue is the numerous Sketches. The issue is certainly a credit to the "Immortals."

One of our best exchanges is THE S. V. C. of St. Vincent's College, Chicago. Its stories are fine, and the critical articles on authors, intellectual movements, etc., are well written. Glad to make your acquaintance. THE CRIMSON contains a good story, "A Michigan Deer Hunt."

The editorials of THE NUGGET are excellent. "The Snobbery of Education" is well worth every students perusal.

The funny (?) sayings of THE CRESSET are poor. They consist mostly of silly slips that persons who are learning the English Language would naturally make.

THE NORMAL ORACLE contains a review of the contents of the late magazines. In this way students can have their attention called to the good things in the papers that they would probably not read otherwise.

THE SPECTATOR, of Columbus, Ohio, is one of our new exchanges. It contains a good article on Detroit Municipal Government. The humorous part of the paper is also good. We welcome you to our Exchange Table, and hope to continue your acquaintance.

In THE SPECTRUM there is an account of how a student traveled thru sixteen different countries during a period of two years. He did this without spending any of his capital; and, in fact, saved money while doing it. If a person is willing to work, he can secure the broad education that travel affords, even if he has not money.

THE PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL CARDINAL is a bright newsy paper. The story "How Science Won the Game," which appeared in the March number, is merely a slightly condensed form of a story that appeared in THE YOUTHS' COMPANION a couple of years ago. No credit is given, however, to that paper; and so it is plagiarism.

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