

THE IRIS

1906



Mabel A. Reading.
June '13 '06.



Mabel A. Reading.
610 Normal Ave.,
Stevens Point,
Wis.

THE IRIS

1906

Published by the students of the Stevens
Point Normal, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.
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❧ ❧ **DEDICATION** ❧ ❧

T	O our beloved President,
	Theron B. Pray, who has given
	to our Alma Mater her
	most endearing charms,
	whose energy, devotion and
	integrity have been instrumental
	in developing her individuality,
	whose work and
	life have inspired and guided
	all her children, we, the students
	of the Stevens Point Normal,
	affectionately dedicate this volume.

Salutation.

The Iris has blossomed. It has been our pleasure to watch it grow, to provide conditions for its growth. Our work is done. We hope you will consider the Iris a flower worthy the soil and atmosphere of S. P. N. Our only request is that you keep it, cherish it, preserve it in the album of memory as a memorial of our love and appreciation of our President. May you accept it graciously and hold it sacred to his memory. We humbly hope that it may serve to bind us all only still more closely to the dear dead days of 1906, to old S. P. N., and to Pres. Theron B. Pray.

OLD S. P. N.



THE OLD YELL

VE VE VE! VI VI VI!

VE VI! VE VI! VE VI VUM!

RAT-TRAP CAT-TRAP!

QUICKER THAN A STEEL-TRAP!

CANNIBAL! CANNIBAL!

BISH! BOOM! BAH!

NORMAL! NORMAL! RAH RAH RAH!

WHO ARE! WHO ARE! WHO ARE WE!

WE ARE THE NORMAL OF S. T. P.!

RAZZLE! DAZZLE!

BISH! BOOM! BAH!

NORMAL! NORMAL! RAH RAH RAH!



PRES. THERON B. PRAY

To President Pray.

Dear Guardian of our student years,
Thy name old S. P. N. reveres;
Thy smile illumines our hearts, and clears
Our little sky despite our fears.

Thou Teacher good and true and kind,
All Wisdom's ways with thee we find;
With thee life's close wound coils unwind
To form the warp and woof of mind.

Thou Master of the teacher's art,
Firm is thy purpose, strong thy heart;
From duty thou didst ne'er depart
To barter in base Mammon's mart.

Thou friend, whose heart is quick to feel,
Yet firm to strike for Honor's weal,
Deceit and Craft were neath thy heel,
Thy life hath blessed us with its seal.

Thou father of our Normal Days,
Thou Recollection now arrays
Herself in Sorrow's garb, her lays
Shall ever sing our heart-felt praise.

Thou model of the good and great,
Well hast thou served Our Mother State,
And now we pray Good Fortune's gate
Is left ajar by kinder Fate.

Farewell ! we breathe in whispers low,
Farewell, farewell ! for we must go
To face the blast; 'tis hard, altho
The thought of thee brings strength we know.

President Pray

Mr. Pray began his educational work in Wisconsin in 1872, as teacher of mathematics and vice-principal of Wayland Academy at Beaver Dam. During the thirty-four years since that time he has won promotion from one position to another and has steadily broadened the field of his influence. In 1877 he resigned the position at Beaver Dam to take the principalship of the high school at Tomah, where he remained for three years. From Tomah he went back to Beaver Dam as principal of the high school, leaving there in 1881 to accept the position of teacher of mathematics and civics in the Whitewater Normal School. In 1888 he became institute conductor for Whitewater, and served the state in that capacity until 1894, when he came to Stevens Point as president of the sixth normal school of Wisconsin.

Besides the regular service here described, Mr. Pray has been identified with many other educational interests in Wisconsin, and has borne many responsibilities for which the public is indebted to him.

By the resignation of Dr. Stearns in January, 1885, Whitewater Normal School was left without a president, and Mr. Pray was called upon to act in that capacity until the close of the year. From 1886-88 he had charge of the mathematical department of the Wisconsin Journal of Education, and before and since that time has made contributions to its columns. For three years he acted as a member of the State Board of Examiners, whose duties are to determine by examination the qualifications of applicants for the state diploma. During the past twenty-five years he has missed but three meetings of the State Teachers' Association, and was, in 1893, president of that association.

The chronology of this period of public service can thus be briefly told, but it is not so easy to estimate the effects of the work of these years. As academy professor and high school principal, he came into direct relation with hundreds of young people. Many more hundreds of teachers came to know him as institute conductor, and through these teachers the energizing effects of his influence passed on to thousands of children gathered in the district schools throughout the state. Then came the opportunity for still greater professional usefulness,—an opportunity that has no equal in importance,—that of carrying out his ideals of a training school for teachers, and through that school to multiply many times and to deepen by many degrees the influence already so potent in Wisconsin.

The school was established; and, while in courses of study and general management it has differed little from other similar schools, it has an individuality, traceable directly to the man at its head, who has selected its faculty and shaped its policy for twelve years.

When an attempt is made to analyze Mr. Pray's traits of character and to discover the secret of his success as a public man, the characteristic that calls for first recognition is his *genuineness*. The public is not slow to recognize and approve this quality, and is equally intolerant of its opposite. In this "public," students of all ages are included. It is an immeasurable good for a body of young people to come into contact day after day with a man free from any trace of affectation, cant, or hypocrisy; to breath the atmosphere of a school where "Sunday manners and morals" for visitors or inspectors is thought to be dishonest, and where the highest possible daily standard of work and conduct is considered all that is necessary. Such experiences influence character and result in more genuine manhood and womanhood.

In this school self-government has always been practiced, but there has been no formal organization. To accomplish desired ends, little has been done besides making common-sense appeals to people who are expecting to control themselves. During the first year of the school it was somewhat difficult to impress these ideas of school management upon a body of students used to external control, and expecting it; but afterwards there was always a sufficient contingent of old students to exert a supporting influence and make the practice easily successful.

The warm sympathy and support which Mr. Pray has from the alumni and students of all classes is the natural response to the deep interest felt by him in each one of them.

We feel sure that hundreds of men and women in our state, who have at some time known him, and doubly sure that all wearers of the "purple and gold" join with us in extending to Mr. Pray our best wishes for continued success. MARY D. BRADFORD.

Remembrances

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.

One evening more than twelve years ago, the conductor of a teachers' institute and the state high school inspector, who had been visiting the former's classes, went out Main Street and walked around upon the foundations of a new normal school that was just coming into being. A goodly building seemed promised, but the two men agreed that the task of creating the school would be far more difficult than that of erecting the building. Neither then knew that either would be specially interested in the new project. Later, however, they did return and worked together, one as president and the other as institute conductor, in the foundation of the school; the former always at home, planning, guiding, directing, the other frequently in the field, carrying information about the new school and executing the plans of his chief. Only I, who willingly seconded his activities, can appreciate the wisdom and excellence of Mr. Pray's designs, the tact and resourcefulness of his nature. It was as difficult a task as ever faced a man, for the new school was not everywhere welcome, its location was openly criticised, and some leaders in neighboring schools were distinctly unfriendly. Through all these manifold difficulties Mr. Pray guided the new school with a skill, gentleness and conservatism that disarmed the criticism of enemies, won the support of strangers and taught the state that a school could be created at Stevens Point; that it could outstrip others in point of attendance and yet not antagonize them.

For more than six years I saw the school grow in numbers and take its place among the best of the normals,—a recognized influence in the educational affairs of the state. Since leaving the institution I have watched as well as I could from a distance, the continuous development of the great school, and though its students are now nearly all strangers to me, yet I feel sure that the spirit of loyalty that characterized the early years is as strong as ever, and that the same devotion to right professional principles still endures. To the man who created the school and directed its growth to the present time, the state owes a debt it can never pay. Spotless character, unquestionable integrity of purpose even in minute things, unobtrusive helpfulness, undemonstrative but hearty sympathy in every good work,—such were the traits that endeared to us all the man who now leaves the stewardship. The hundreds of students everywhere, the faculty members, the citizens of Stevens Point, will not forget the strong personality that molded the institution, and new students will feel it for a long time to come.

To take up and carry on a work so nobly begun is an honor to any man, and, without a doubt, Mr. Pray's successor will find that true students show their appreciation of past teaching by their loyalty to the new.

C. H. SYLVESTER.



MRS. MARY D. BRADFORD

To Mrs. Bradford.

At the close of this school year but six of Mr. Pray's original faculty remain at Stevens Point, and Mrs. Bradford will not return to the school in the fall. At such a time one's thoughts naturally turn to those Autumn days when the Normal opened, and the three teachers of the Model School were confronted by the curious aggregation of children who had been sent into the new institution. To properly classify so strange a company, who varied no less in age and physical development than they did in mental culture, was the work of days. But almost immediately the three departments were differentiated and MRS. BRADFORD, MISS QUINN and MISS FADDIS began their sympathetic labors with the youngsters assigned to them. To one whose work involved daily observation of the rooms of those three notable teachers, there is cause for wonder, even to this day, at the ready solution of difficulties, the rapid extension of influence and the hearty response from the confused and embarrassed children. No more inspiring lessons were ever seen by pupil-teachers than came out of those early days, and their influence has been felt in a hundred different communities. The children themselves, now grown to manhood and womanhood, all carrying their own burdens and reaping the rewards of their own exertions, will understand how sincere and earnest was the teaching they received.

Changes come in every school, and later Mrs. Bradford, who had established her skill as a teacher in the High School at Kenosha, before she came to the Normal School, was chosen for the vacancy created by the resignation of the first Teacher of Methods. Here the experience she had gained in the years while herself a teacher in the Model School, enabled her to recognize at a glance the difficulties of the Practice Teachers, and to assist them not only in planning their work, but also in carrying it out in their classrooms. While her influence as an Institute Conductor has extended to the remotest corners of the State, it has never been felt outside in the same vital way as by those students who have fallen under her daily influence for months and have realized the intelligent comprehension, the broad sympathy, and the marvelous power for work which characterize her. Now, as she severs her connection with the school, there is a feeling of deep regret in the heart of everybody who remains behind.

Wherever her lines may be placed, the teachers and the pupils, old and new, will join in a hearty wish that she may have the strength and courage to do the same good work she has done here, and that other friends may take the place of the hundreds she leaves behind.

Mrs. Mary D. Bradford

TO ALL who have been as teachers, pupils, or patrons connected with the Stevens Point Normal School, and especially to all who are looking forward to a continuation of such connection, the resignation of Mrs. Bradford from its faculty is a matter of great regret, and we wish to express here our warmest appreciation of her educational work, of her personality, character and influence.

Mrs. Bradford began teaching at the age of sixteen near her childhood home in the vicinity of Kenosha. Neither then nor at any time since did she make the mistake of considering her own education complete, but while teaching in the country schools she pursued the Kenosha High School course as student. When she had thus become prepared for grade teaching in Kenosha she took up the Oshkosh Normal course as student, and when through that she had prepared for and obtained a position as High School assistant in Kenosha, she still pushed her own higher education by means of summer courses at Madison University and Saturday courses at Chicago University. Thus she became able, before taking a still higher position to obtain the state diploma upon examination before the board in 1894. This same eagerness for broader preparation and greater self-culture has characterized her since she came to this school. Through summer work in Clark University, she made intimate acquaintance with Dr. Stanley Hall's thought and method in education. Another summer in the east brought her under the instruction of Dean Southwick of the Emerson School of Boston, and through her power to appreciate the best within her sphere of contact and to win the appreciation of the best, was brought to us the delightful opportunity of two evenings with Dean Southwick.

That Mrs. Bradford has kept abreast of the new education is demonstrated in her recently published course of study for the grades. While thoroughly practical and tested in every point by actual application, it embodies the most advanced educational ideas, and will doubtless have extensive influence toward the better organization and modernization of elementary work in the state.

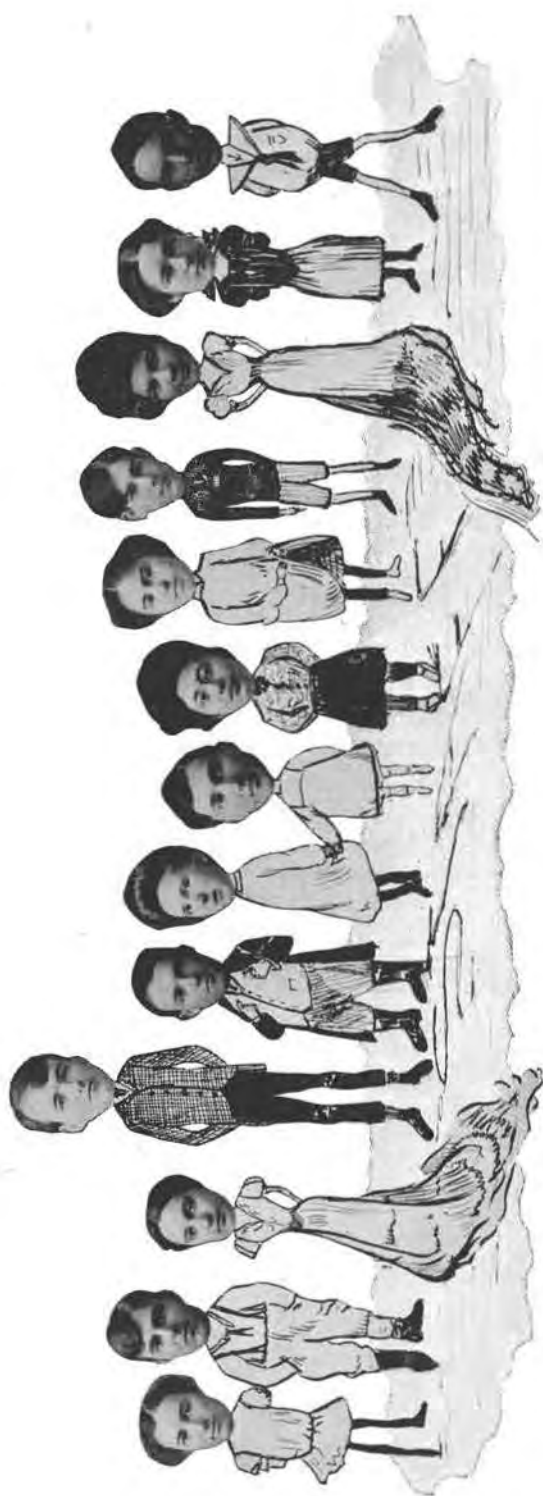
Mrs. Bradford is known not only through schoolroom work in Kenosha and Stevens Point but has served on important committees of the State Association, read strong papers before that association, and written considerable for educational journals, having recently taken charge of a department in the Wisconsin Journal of Education, but she is perhaps most widely known through her institute work, having had more calls to this work than she had weeks to give to it in her summers.

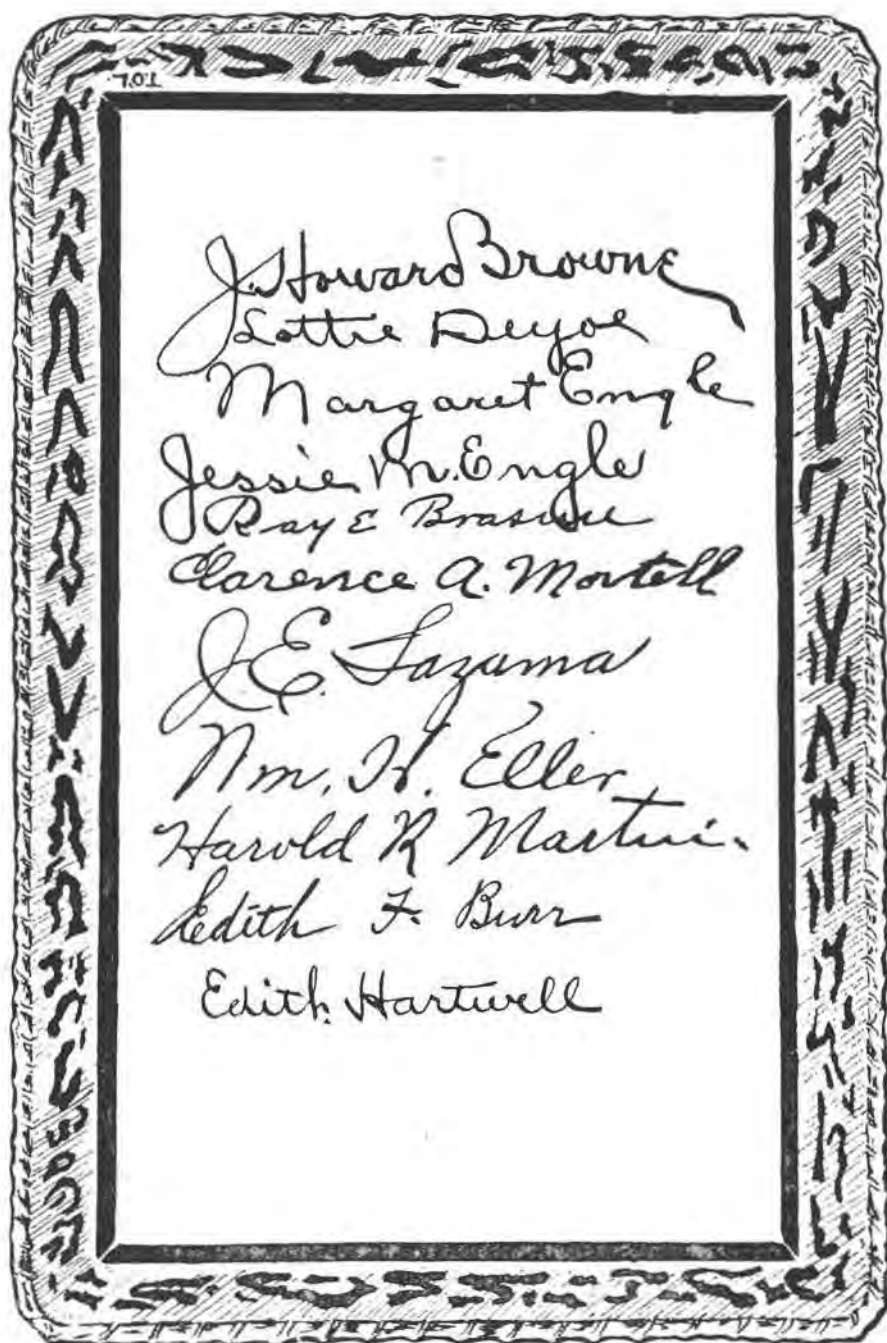
One who has known Mrs. Bradford throughout her career says of her work in his native town, "Her influence on her pupils was very strong and always in the right direction, and shows plainly its impress on their characters. No teacher ever exerted a broader and better influence in the Kenosha schools than did Mary D. Bradford. I know I reflect truthfully the sentiment of the people of Kenosha." And we do not hesitate to add that this is equally applicable to her work and influence during the last twelve years in the Stevens Point Normal.

Very few of the hundreds of students who have come under her inspiring helpful direction during these twelve years will fail to look upon their work with her as a great opportunity and one of the vivifying formative influences in their lives.

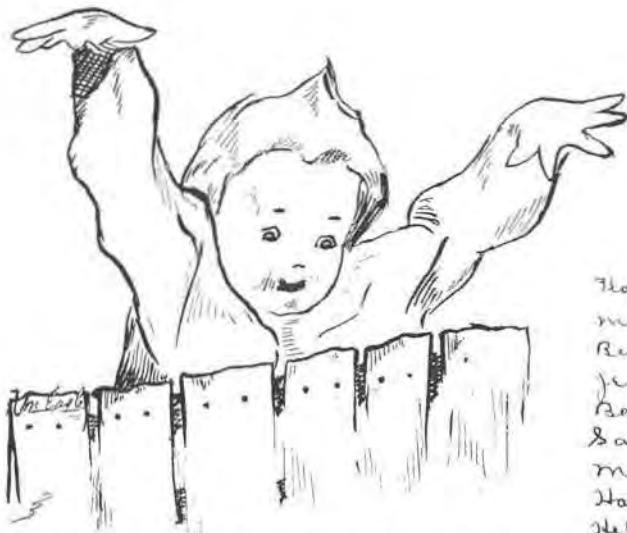
With a power of application and execution seldom equalled, with a man's clearness and force of intellect, Mrs. Bradford combines in plentitude das ewig weibliche which gives the readiest sympathy and encouragement to every good impulse and effort of others, and is the source of a teacher's best power in fostering the growth of character. Wifehood and motherhood, peculiarly fortunate and happy except as to the sad brevity of the former have broadened and deepened life's experiences and increased her sources of sympathy and helpfulness.


While Mrs. Bradford goes to a new position, she does not go to a new public, for her grateful pupils are at work in almost every county in Wisconsin, and she is known and valued by the best educators and school officials throughout the state. Regretting the loss to our school, we send with her the warmest congratulations upon her advancement and our best wishes for her happiness and success in her new work.





Howard Browne
Lottie Deyoe
Margaret Emgle
Jessie M. Engle
Ray E. Brascoe
Clarence A. Mortell
J. E. Lazama
Wm. H. Eller
Harold R. Martine
Edith F. Burr
Edith Hartwell



Fresh  mem
 Clarence Morse - Reader
 Conover M^o Bell - second
 Frances Baker - writer
 William Nolan - money keeper

Josephine Bamnack
 Bertha Bibbey
 Theda Boston
 Grace Brady
 Mary Breda
 Sadie Buck
 Bernice Calkins
 Isabel Cheaich
 Mary Christensen
 Clara Christensen
 Leona Clark
 Pearl Clark
 Kathryn Cobb
 Mabel Cobb
 Margaret Cookman
 Maude Daniels
 Florence Egan
 Grace Egan
 Mabel Egan
 Nellie Evans
 Alice Evans
 Phoebe Evans
 Leona Evans
 Myrtle Evans
 Carolyn Fickens
 Cynthia Flynn
 Inez Fulton
 Ada Goodard
 Edith Gray
 Ruth Gray
 Gladys Halverson
 Claudina Halverson
 Jennie Halverson

Peka Hansenman
 George Hill
 Sylvia Hill
 Gertrude Holmes
 Anna Jacobson
 Ada Judd
 Regina Kalinski
 Stacia Kropolski
 Myrtle LaTamore
 Lillian Loomis
 Belle Love
 Lillian McGinnis
 Dora McNeill
 Florence Manchester
 Ethel Mason
 Annet Maxwell
 Grace Miller
 Glennie Morey
 Winifred Nelson
 Ethel Nolan
 Hazel Norton
 Blanche O'Connor
 Francis Oestler
 Bridget O'Malley
 Kathryn O'Malley
 Jennie Parks
 Florence Parmer
 Nettie Phelps
 Francis Pierce
 Anna Trecovert
 Anna Quinlan
 Leora Riden
 Anna Robinson

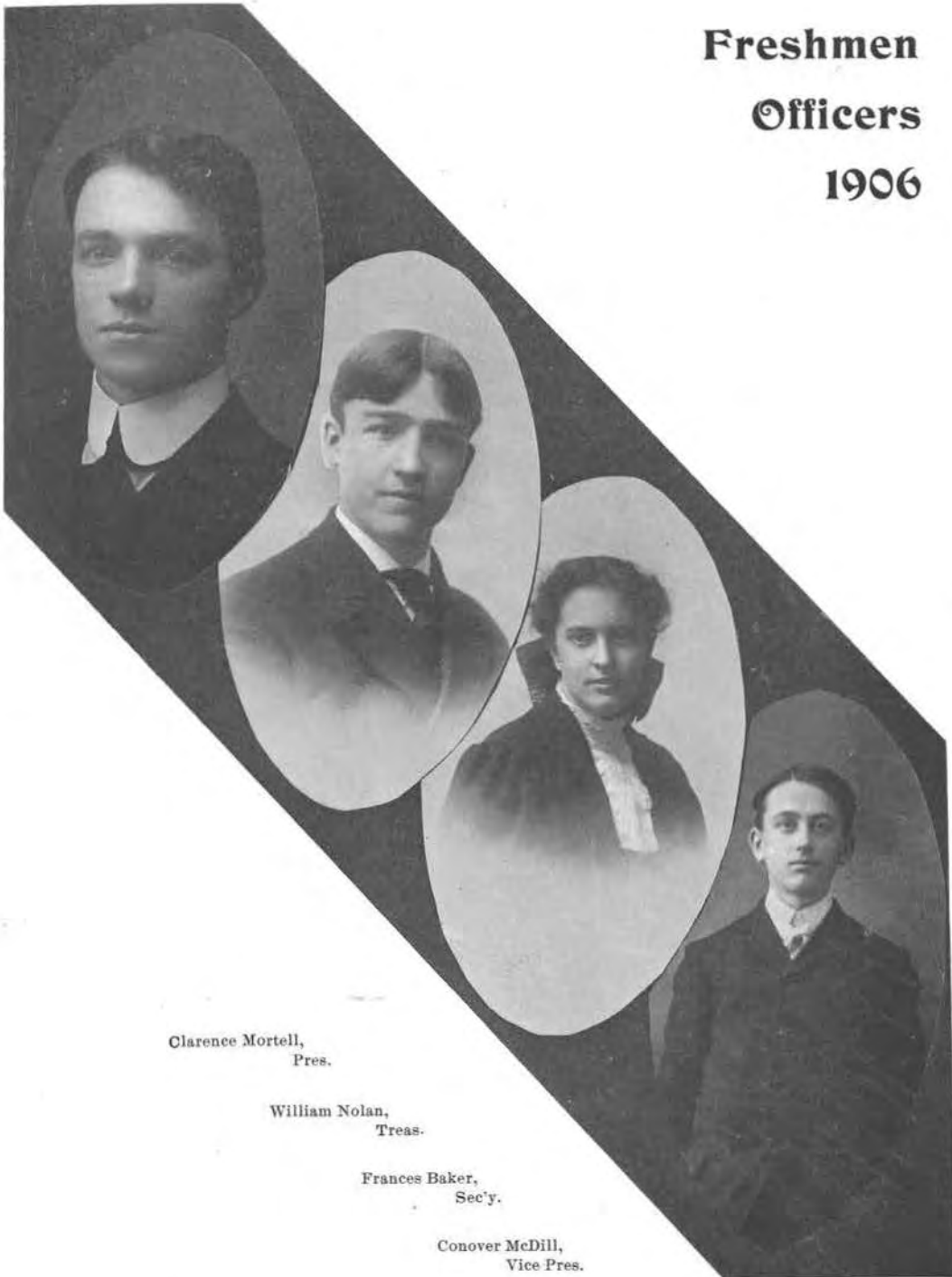
Flora Roller
 Mabel Roseth
 Ruess Rowe
 Jennie Satter
 Bessie Sawyer
 Sarah Schaffner
 Mita Schenk
 Hazel Sheldon
 Helen Sherman
 Alice Stinson
 Estella Vane
 Ada Van Orden
 Laura Webster
 Clara Whitney
 Ethel Wiley
 Laura Robinson

Leo Horn
 Lawrence Hill
 Jesse Judd
 Carl Kelly
 Alons Klein
 John Landvostek
 Harold Little
 William Lyons
 George Madden
 Peter Majerus
 John Moffitt
 Charles Ouradnik
 Lawrence Park
 Paul Pierce
 Walter Welch
 Earl Wilson

Joseph Barber
 James Burns
 William Clifford
 Garry Culver
 Charles Dineen
 Frank Finney
 Helen Greenwood



**Freshmen
Officers
1906**

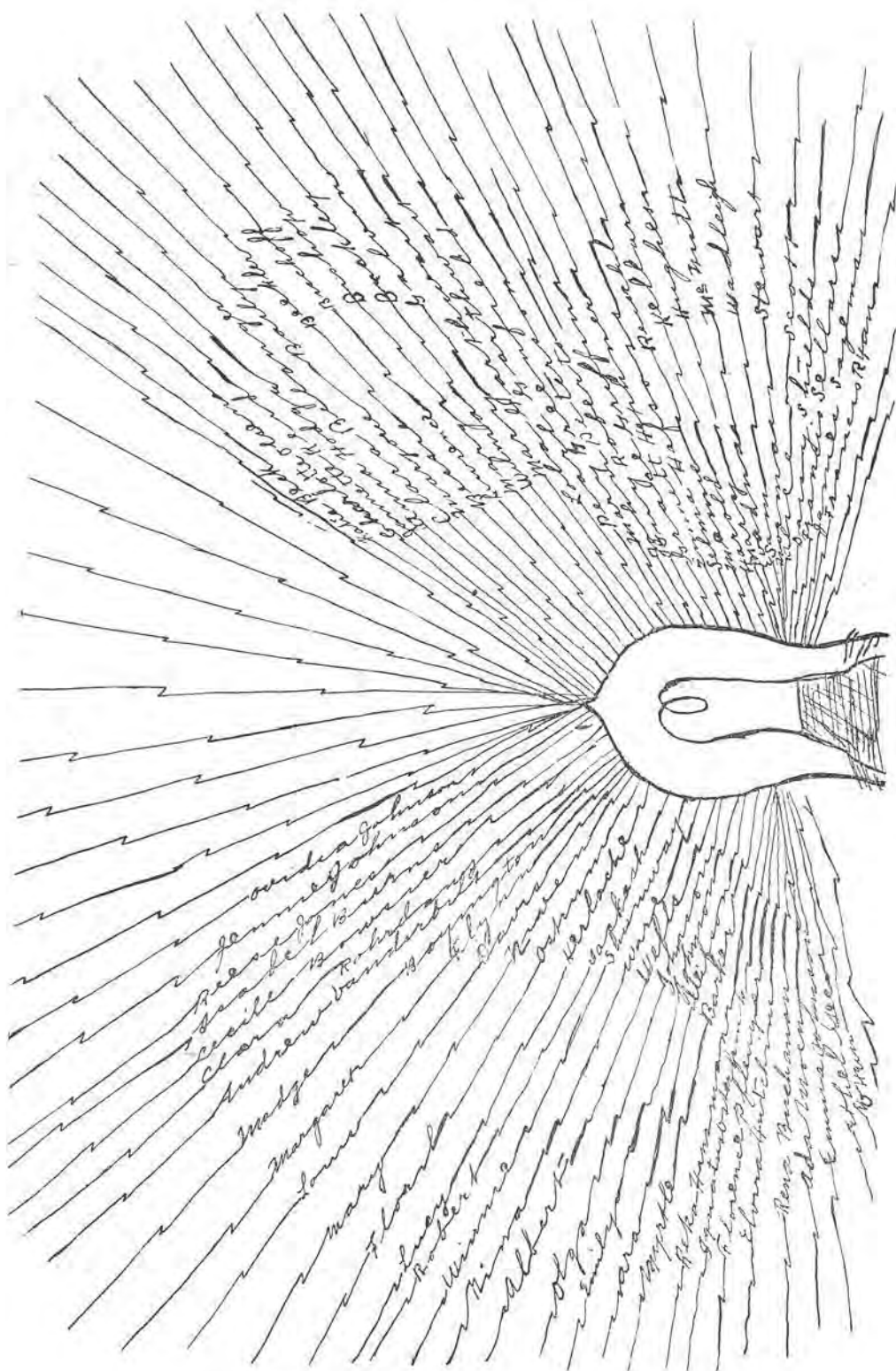


Clarence Mortell,
Pres.

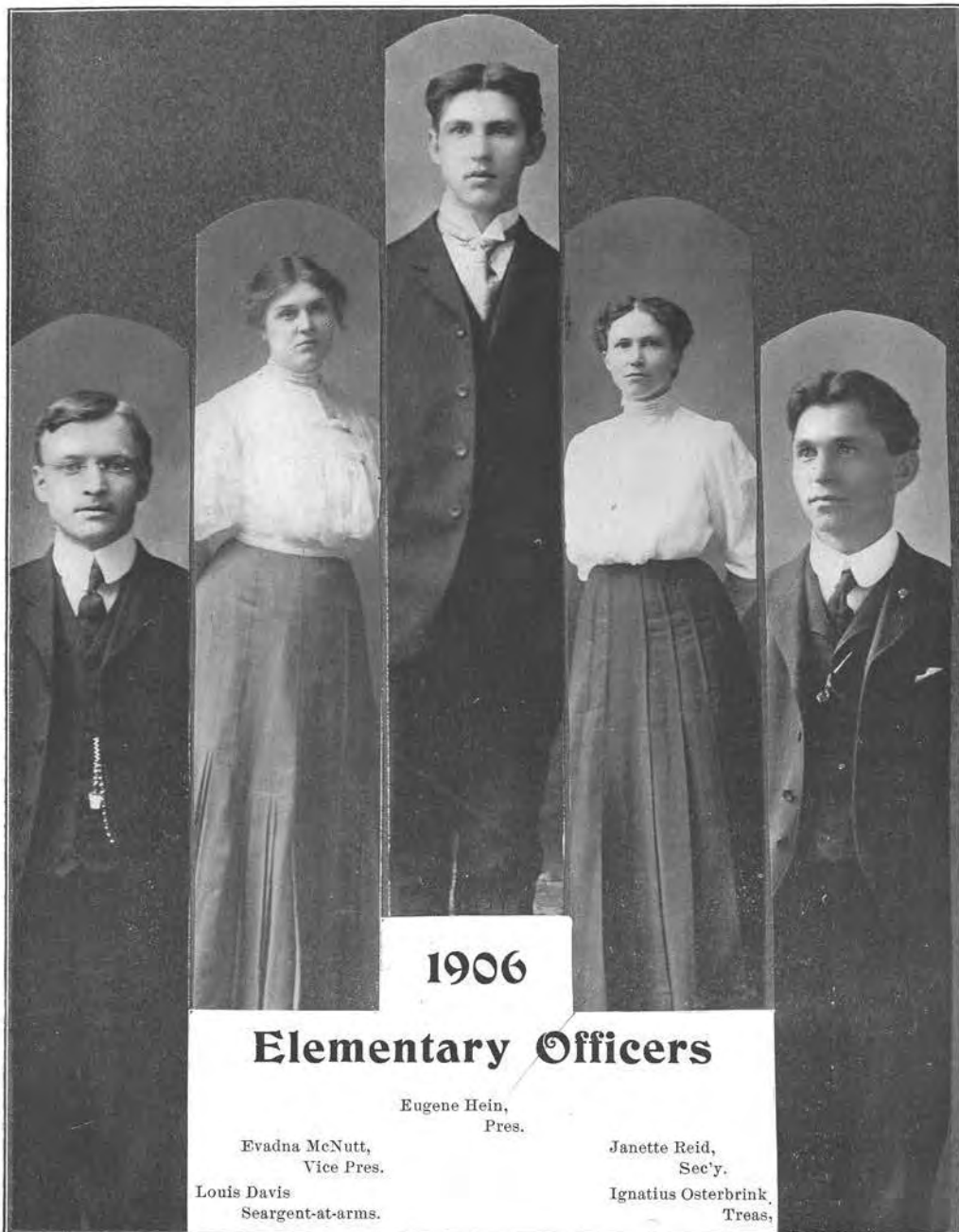
William Nolan,
Treas.

Frances Baker,
Sec'y.

Conover McDill,
Vice Pres.



Elementary Class Roll



1906

Elementary Officers

Eugene Hein,
Pres.

Evadna McNutt,
Vice Pres.

Louis Davis
Seargent-at-arms.

Janette Reid,
Sec'y.

Ignatius Osterbrink,
Treas.

Looking Forward

Time: 1918.

Place: Madison.

Scene: Laid in drawing room of private house.

Oh, dear! I must address these invitations for my reception next Wednesday night, in honor of Gen. Louis Davis, who has just returned from his last successful campaign in China. Only these few ready for the mail—and *so* many yet to prepare! What did I do with that list of names? Oh here it is—and the next name is Marjorie Bailey, who has just resigned her position in a Boston kindergarten. She is here to attend the annual meeting of the confederation of women's clubs of America, of which Mamie Rieschl is president. That reminds me! I had nearly forgotten to include her able assistant, Myrtle Barker, in my list of invitations.

There! the cuckoo bird announces the mail! Since Hein's new rapid transit pneumatic tube mail delivery has been adopted in this city the mail reaches us directly from the trains. (Goes to sliding panel in library wall and removes large package of mail.)

Hello! here's an announcement card.

"You are cordially requested to be present at a musicale and exhibition of drawing and painting, given under the direction of Prof. Vanderbilt assisted by the noted soloist Margaret Flynn, who explains Vanderbilt's new system of marking.

Yours sincerely, A. VANDERBILT."

This business letter is from my attorneys, Olsen & Olson. They write for possible evidence concerning the breach of promise case of Floril Ostrum against Gen. E. Hephner. I think I will refer them to Mary Greenfield." (Looks out of the window.)

There goes Florence Pflueger in her new automobile, the gift of her fiancée, Dr. Osterbrink. How sweet Florence looks skimming along with her constant companion Lucy Herlache. Fido is sitting between them, as usual.

Speaking of angels, and one hears the rustle of their wings—here's an advertisement for Dr. Osterbrink's hospital for treatment of nostalgia and corpulency. His head nurse, Bessie Beeckler, told me the other day that no patient would dare to die when Dr. Osterbrink has once said he will recover. Quite a number of the most noted Red Cross nurses in the late war with China received their training in this hospital. Among them Clara Rohrdanz, Isabel Burns and Ethel Gee.

Here's the Evening Epitome. (Reads from first page.)

"Special: \$2,000,000 of liquefied barley lost in large leak in pipe line. Barber's latest device for conveying malt to San Francisco, a failure. Report says, he has made up his mind in the matter and will soon make his twelfth attempt."
(Aside:—Wil(l) ma care? I wonder.)

What is this in the supplement?

"Coming! The world's greatest circus, under the special direction of Daisy Shields and Mary

Nevin. Do not fail to see the daring feats of the famous equestrienne Evadna McNutt."

Here is a glowing account of the success of the great civil engineer who with his gifted wife, C. Belanger Hughes is at present in Alaska busy in plans for the suspension bridge over Behring Strait.

Well, I declare! If here isn't the announcement of Katie Beck's marriage to an artist. As to the kind of artist it does not say, but I imagine not the tonsorial artist.

Here's the notice of the appointment of Frances Ryan as instructor in mathematics in Milwaukee-Downer. I wonder if her face is still an animated interrogation point. I must see what the score was between Milwaukee and St. Paul (reads): Milwaukee 8, St. Paul 0. The most amusing game ever played in Milwaukee. Roberts and Wadleigh, since joining the Brewers, have become so ponderous that today's game could not be played without allowing them to alternate in the pitcher's box." Who would ever suppose they would come to that. But I must open the rest of these letters. Here is Harold Kellar's note of acceptance stating that he will be present Wednesday night with his orchestra. Of course he will bring Mrs. Kellar (formerly Grace Griffin) with him.

I expected also a letter of acceptance from the Johnson quartette. I hope no other engagement will interfere with their being present.

Oh! I must telephone to the Palace of Sweets and tell them when to send the refreshments. Hello! (1204) What? Line busy? In just a minute? Alright. Yes, Reese liked the name Palace of Sweets so they incorporated. Hello! Palace of Sweets? Mrs. Jones? Say, Norma, will you have Reese send those refreshments about 6:30 Wednesday evening? Goodbye.

I will have to finish these invitations. Selma Hafsoos is next and then Elvie Hutchins. They have both become well known to the readers of the Ladies Home Journal through their illustrations in that magazine. (Turns to window.)

There goes Prof. Risk of the University, and the new instructor in gymnastics, Madge Boyington. Pearl must have invited Miss Boyington to tea, undoubtedly to meet her sister Lola, who is young and cheery.

There's the door bell! Who can be coming to call when I'm so busy! Oh, it's you, Anna, I'm so glad to see you, for I've just been thinking about some of the people whom we both know.

"Well, I can tell you something I just heard. Robert Qackisch has just been finishing an earthquake proof sky scraper in San Francisco. . . . And then you remember Rena Buchanan who is now dispensing gracious hospitality as the mistress of the executive mansion in Madison." . . . How nice for Rena! But I am curious to hear of Francis Sellars! "She is librarian in the new library and Alice Scott is her assistant. . . . But I can't stay a moment more, so goodbye."

Only two more addresses to write. Margaret Hughes, who soon goes to join her doctor in the west, and Janette Reid, who has become so popular as a writer in the Primary Educational Journal.

Ah! I hear a step in the hall. I believe that is Lawrence. (Voice in hall.) "Florence." There he is calling me and I must go. (Gathers invitations, goes to sliding panel, and after depositing them in a pneumatic tube mail box and pressing an electric button, passes out of the room.)

Juniors 1907

Talk about a Junior class!! Um-m! Well rather. The best Junior class that ever survived the horrors of Hallow-ene.

A class whose members have stood shoulder to shoulder throughout the year, working, playing, sorrowing and rejoicing together. Not since the foundation of the Stevens Point Normal School has there been a Junior class which has done more to "make things go" than the class of '07.

Forty-six members and forty-three subscriptions to the Pointer. Looks like business unity doesn't it?

Next to the smallest class in school, yet furnishing four out of six debaters, together with the school orator and half of the society men elected for debate.

That's a record to shout over!! Our colors have floated from the dome from midnight till midday undisturbed. No other class can boast as much. Through our efforts but three boys attended the Senior hop. We have lost sandwiches and found apples, fled some and pursued much, feared a little and frightened a good deal. The fact is, we've been busy. The Choral Club is officered from our ranks. We have supported every movement of the school from A to Z, and we'll all be on the spot to make things hum in September.

Junior Reference List

- Ames, M. E.—Oscar for mine. He plays the violin and sells monuments.
Anderson, A. M.—Ay tank ay lak Ripon colors.
Bennett, L.—A mere ghost of a sport.
Berens, M.—A lady of King Arthur's court?
Brunstad, H.—Stately she marches down the hall, head and shoulders above them all.
Burk, J.—I buy my maple sugar at Jensen's. He wants Religion.
Burr, E. F.—I must be good to Win(n).
Clark, M. B.—I am going to be a novelist.
Dickow, M.—She looks quiet, but ! ! ! ! !
Diffendarfer, L. M.—(Don't try to pronounce it.) Snow balling and jollyng are my special attainments.
Duschee, H.—Cynicism is my boon companion.
Everson, G.—Just see me laugh.
Fitzpatrick, M.—The lady with the rosy cheeks and Tipperary smile.
Freeman, V. A.—Charming and modest as a flower of the forest.
Fromm, A. G.—The stately man with the marvelous gait.
Hanson, A.—I'm alive every inch of me.
Hatz, J.—Frailty thy name is woman.
Judd, R. C.—A pugilist—all sizes accommodated.

King, J. E.—I know my own business.
 Krienke, O.—Limberger! Sauerkraut! I am here.
 Kruger, E.—I believe in being pleasant.
 Lang, M.—Only a Dot. but its Lang.
 Linse, E. M.—Innocence (a) broad.
 Love, F.—There's no place like home.
 McNamara, K.—She whispers of Macbeth.
 Martin, Harold R.—Gee! but I hate niggers.
 Martin, Hazel.—May Success (agent) attend her efforts.
 Massey, L. A.—I have a monopoly on a constant smile.
 Means, B.—Oh Gee! Let's have something doing.
 Maloney, E. L.—I wish I didn't blush.
 Nicol, M.—Only a counterfeit five cents.
 Niven, J.—A bonnie lassie.
 Oien, T.—A natural born jollier.
 Parker, B.—Experienced chemist H_2S a specialty.
 Phillips, V. A.—My heart is stone, it yields to none.
 Pierce, G. L.—Junior colors placed anywhere on short notice.
 Playman, M.—I wish I had a pass to Minneapolis.
 Pope, N.—(! ! !) Bruce has often led.
 Reid, D.—His heart is like his mouth, exceedingly ample. His hair is betraying in
 the dark cozy corner. No spooning for him after dark.
 Roach, M.—For silks and satins very fine.
 Rogers, A.—Any Chap(man) will do.
 Roulands (A. M., M. M.)—Just we two.
 Risk, F. M.—I have a Pearl of great worth.
 Salter, P. D.—My name forbids my being fresh.
 Schweppe, M. T.—I love fierce cases.
 Siebel, E.—I am a man hater.
 Smith, E.—Prof. Culver scares me.
 Smith, H.—I am the man of my family.
 Warnecke, A.—I fill my place in the world.
 Weinandy, O. R.—A handsome fellow all say I be. For grace and beauty just look
 at me.
 Wilson, A. J.—Business manager of Wilson, Judd & Co.
 Wysocki, John.—The world is mine, watch me.
 Wollum, A.—Just as Thelma says.
 Goodbye till September, 1906.

Junior Land-marks.

- 1..Juniors arrive.
- 2..Juniors explore city, and Normal.
- 3..Juniors organize.
- 4..We become inquisitive about the Senior Reception.
- 5..Juniors give a Reception. (Seniors well fed.)
- 6..Our colors—champagne and crimson.
- 7..Junior colors go up and stay there 12 hours.
- 8..Senior colors rise and fall 12 minutes.
- 9..We become eloquent over immigration.
- 10..Seniors take us to Hades.
- 11..We promise to be good.

12..Nothing Doing.

- 13..Juniors and Elements win at Basket Ball.
- 14..All's quiet. Juniors studying for exams.
- 15..Every body goes sleigh-riding.
- 16..Local Oratorical Contest in our favor.
- 17..Junior faculty take their places.
- 18..Cicero and the ghost appear.
- 19..They prove to be false prophets.
- 20..Oshkosh entertained.
- 21..Every Junior coming back next year.

1906
Junior Officers and Debaters



Hannah Brunstad,
Vice Pres.

Arthur Fromn,
Debater

Duncan H. Reid,
Pres. and Debater

Oliver Weinandy,
Debater

Verna Phillips,
Secy.

Juniors 1907

One August morn our sun effulgent rose,
And then bespoke a splendid day e'er close.
We viewed with joy our spacious airy home
Beneath dear Alma Mater's mighty dome,
Explored the town, discovered what 'twould cost
To explore further without being lost.

The day was fair and azure were the skies,
Yet thoughts discreet bade us to organize;
For danger! threatened—Seniors in array—
We chose a mighty captain for the fray.
The Senior cohorts, led by heroes proud,
Proclaimed through hall and court full brazen loud.
A grand conclave of all the Senior Peers
To taste of joys unknown to Junior years.
Then came a rushing as of mighty blast,
A dark cloud settled o'er the earth, nor passed,
Until the Senior knights were safe within.
But when each lady sought her knight to win
By gracious smile and captivating air—
We laughed to see that but three knights were there.

A banquet worthy of the brave elite
Was tendered then—to those who brought defeat
To senior plans. The menu named a score
Of dainty foods—nor had we need of more,
Tho' Senior, base perfidious knave!
With honor none the coward craven slave!
Crept slyly in 'neath darkness sable screen
And with foul hand purloined—nor was he seen!
We hope they feasted long—their first real taste
Of foods which Epicurus scorned as waste!

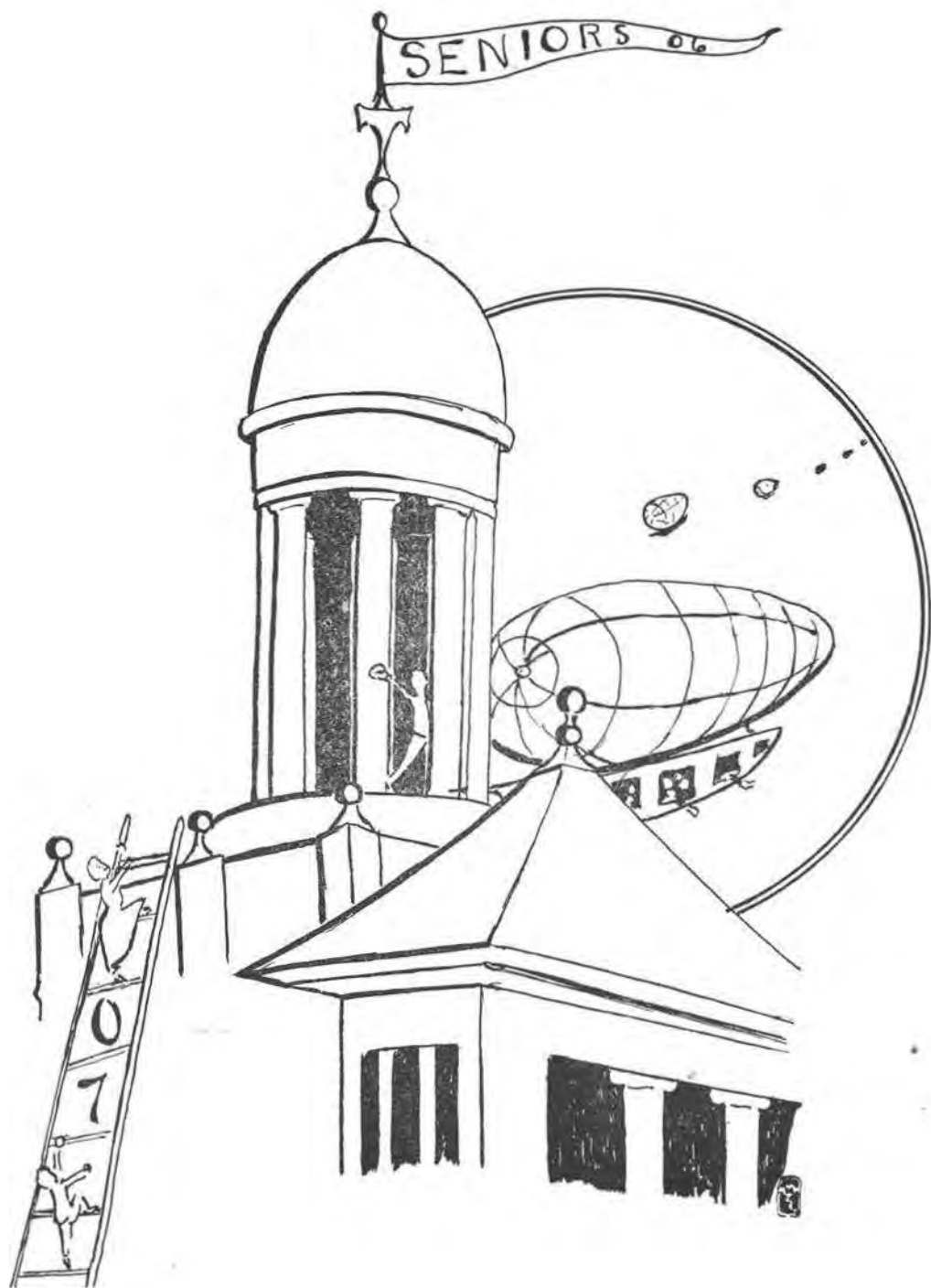
* * * * *

I hasten on—we issued forth—'twas late—
Our hearts magnanimous burned not with hate.
The Dome of Eminence all seamed and scarred
We scaled and planted there our banner starred.
Twelve hours it swung defiant on the wind,
Twelve hours sufficed no Senior bold to find!
Aloft upon this pinnacle so grand
Twelve hours it waved e're touched by Senior hand.
The denoument for pity I'll not tell—
Save that the Senior colors rose—*And Fell!*
Again I haste—the hours slipt softly past
As great events their shadows on us cast.

The great debate—His Majesty in Hades—
His cruel treatment of our gentle ladies—
The chemical reaction 'gainst the same—
The aftermath—and our official fame:
The game we played on the gymnasium floor
Our cramming and relief, exams once o'er:
The Winter—sports, and moonlight transportation—
The oratorical and our oration—
The wit and humor and sagacity
Of all our worthy Junior Faculty—
And here—this noted date must give us pause—
Our Cicero appeared to tell the cause
Of ghostly, ghastly, grizzly visitation
By spirit from his nether habitation.

* * * * *

We listened to a surge of sound,
A silence fell—a hush profound;
The great, the grand debate for glory
Indeed finds mention in my story,
Another time of thought, of work and cheer
We shall enjoy—we're coming back next year.
Our Junior sun is well nigh out of sight;
Adieu, dear friends! OLD S. P. N., Good Night!





Edith Hartwell

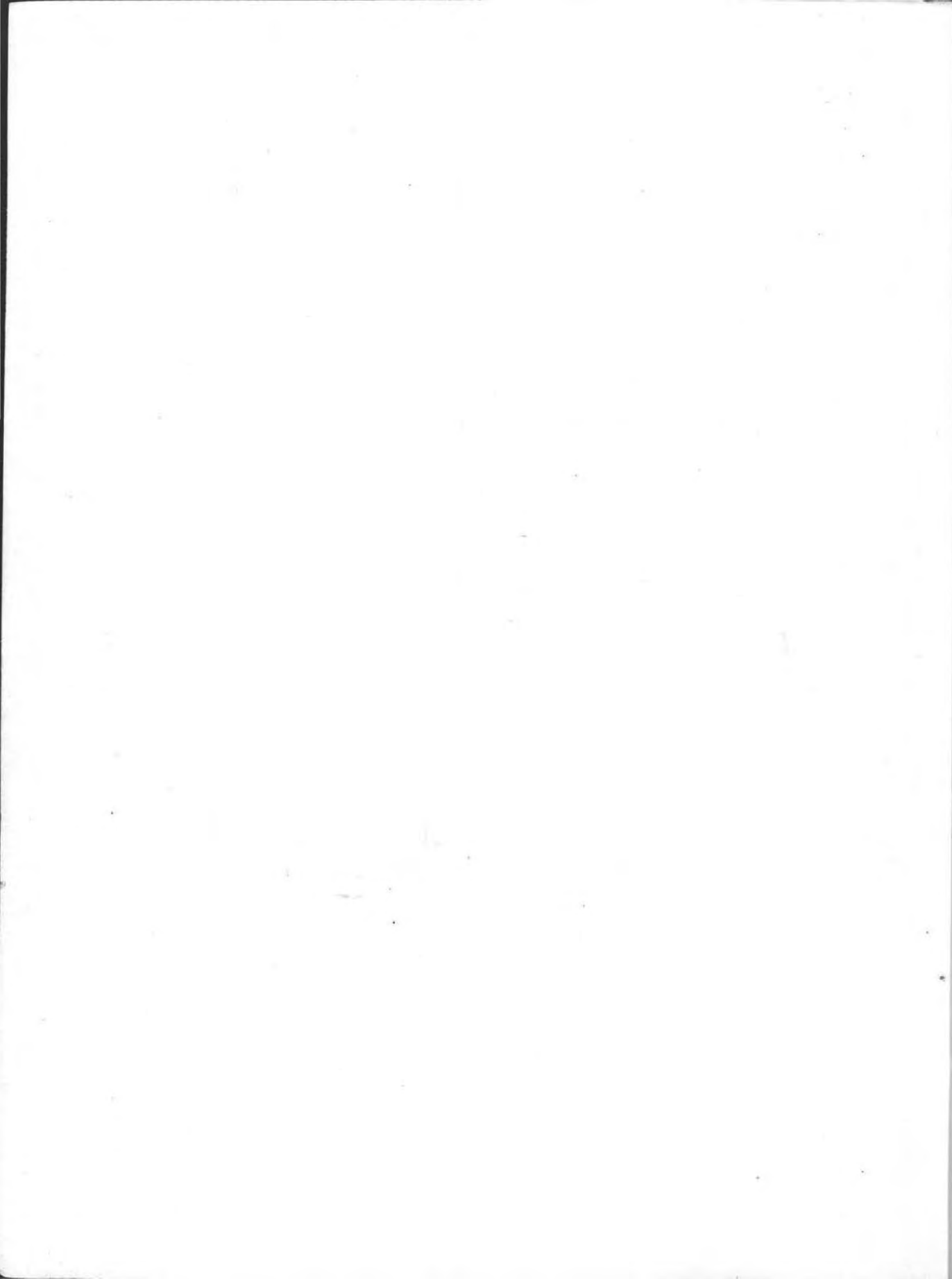
Janette Brown
Edna M. Pattee

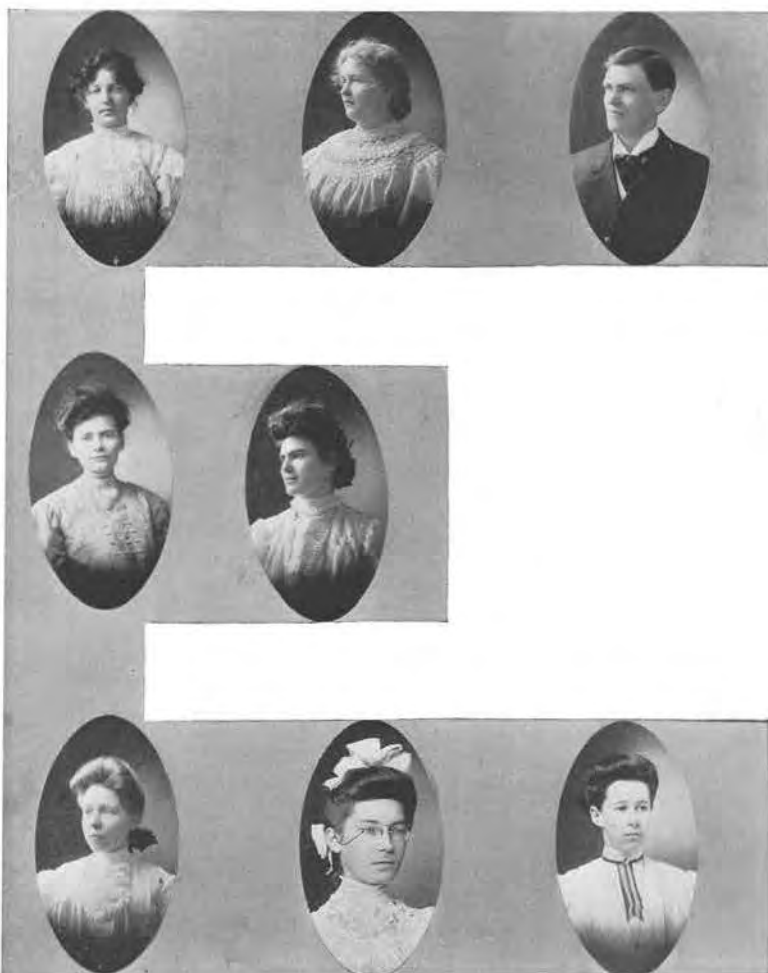
J. Howard Browne
Ray E. Brasure

Margaret E. Engle

Jessie M. Engle

Mary Kalisky

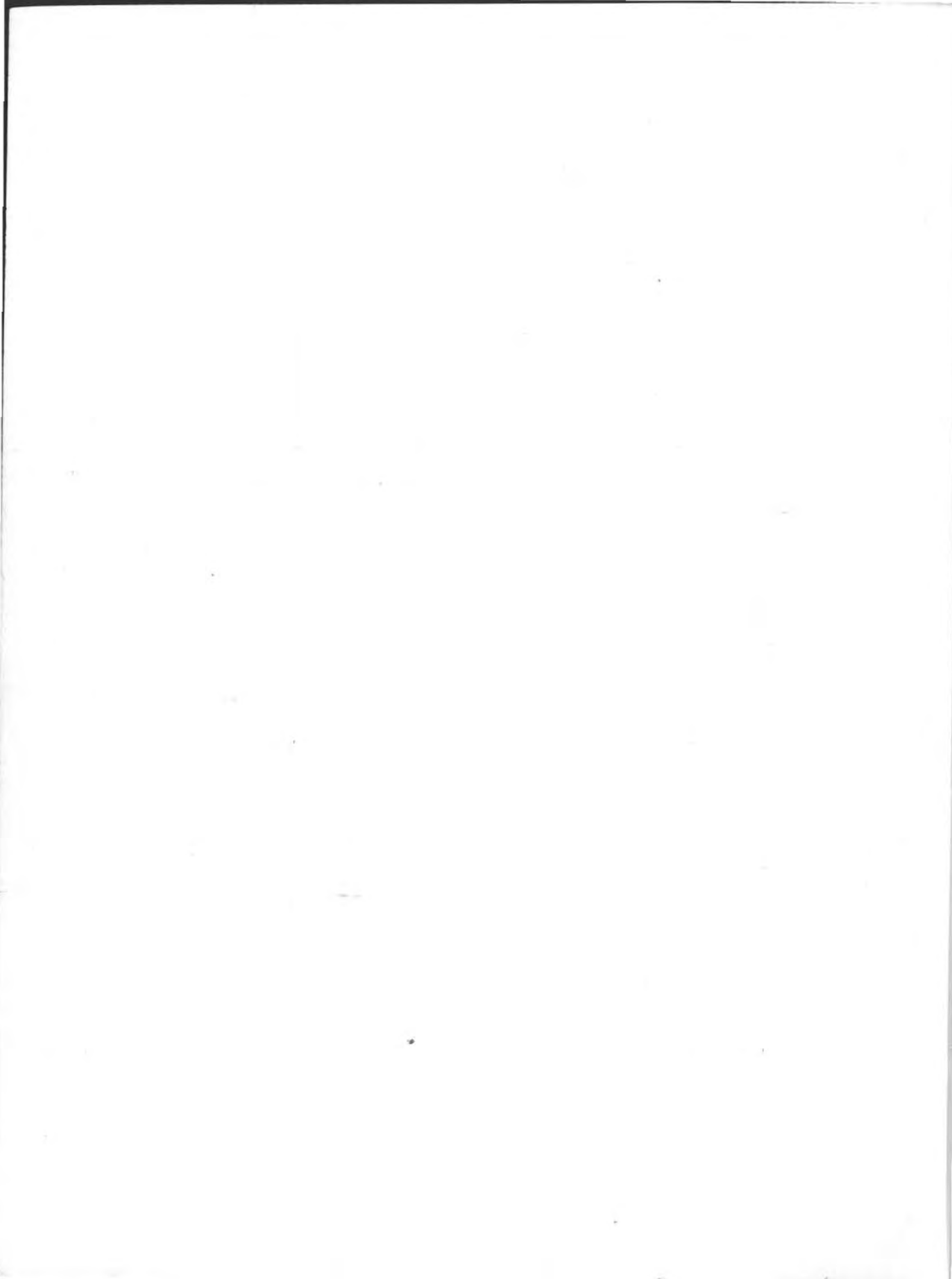


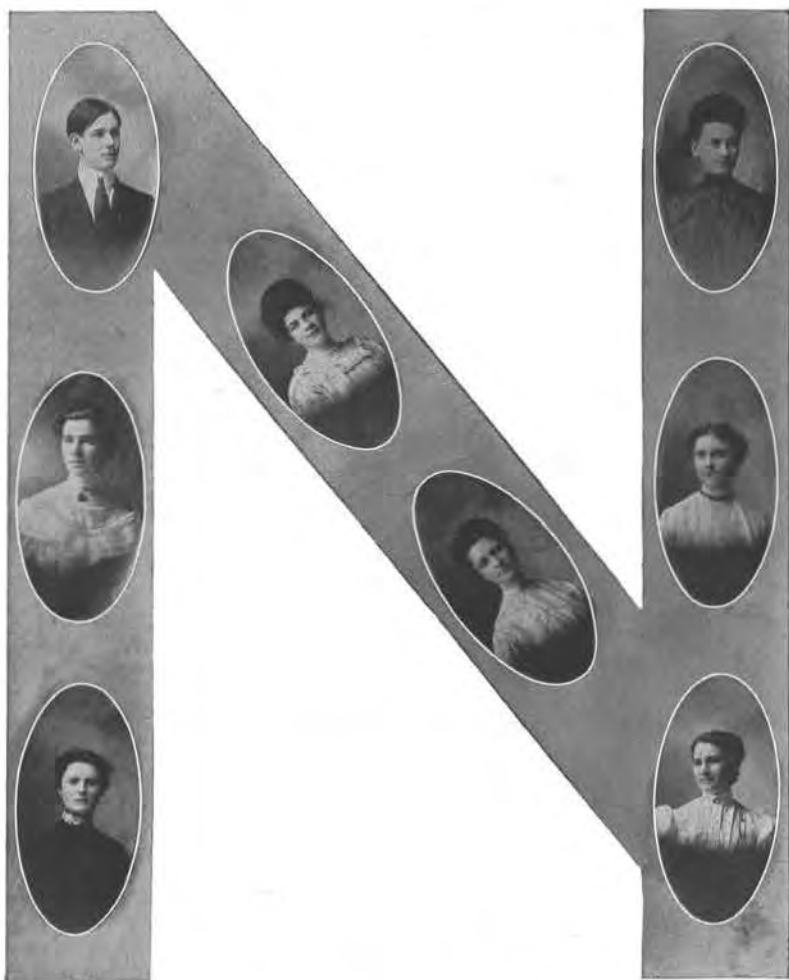


Catherine M. McMulkin
 Merle Raymond
 Myrtle C. Rogers

Agnes R. Tardiff
 Anna L. Combs
 Ethel M. Cartmill

Ferdinand Jaastad
 Nellie F. Moeschler



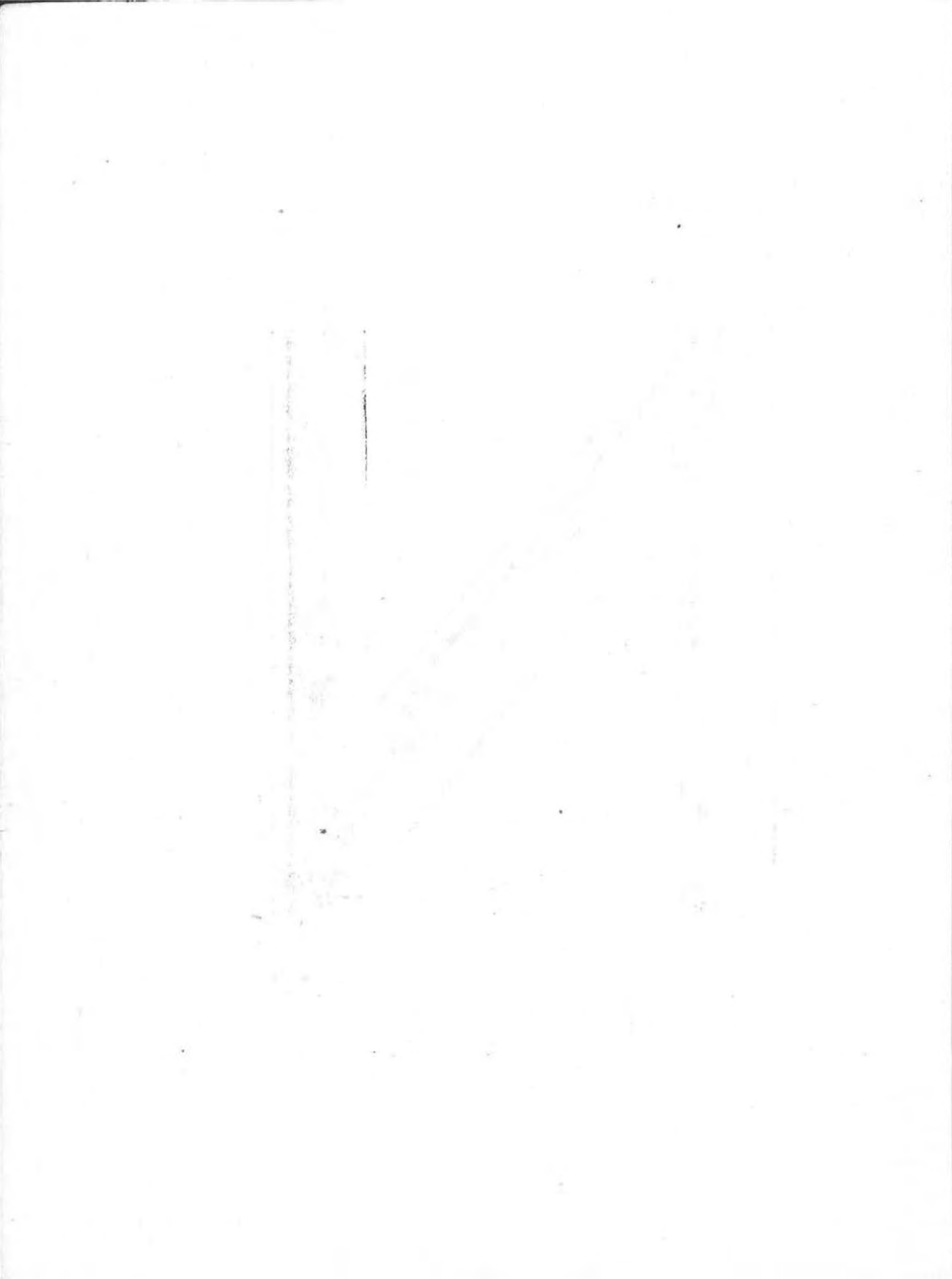


William H. Eller
Cora Grimm
Margarette Morse

Emeline V. Knothe

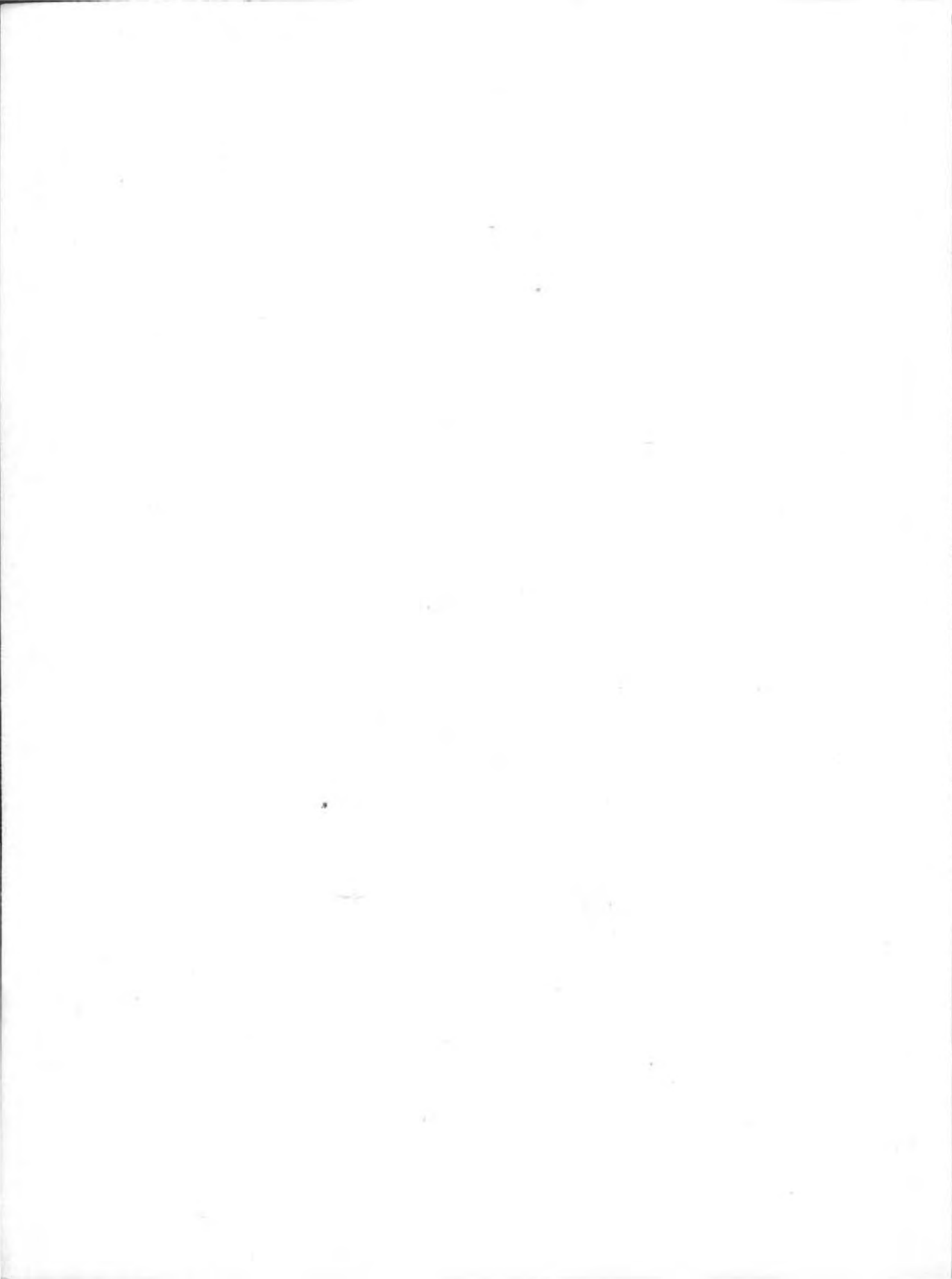
Eliza E. Yates

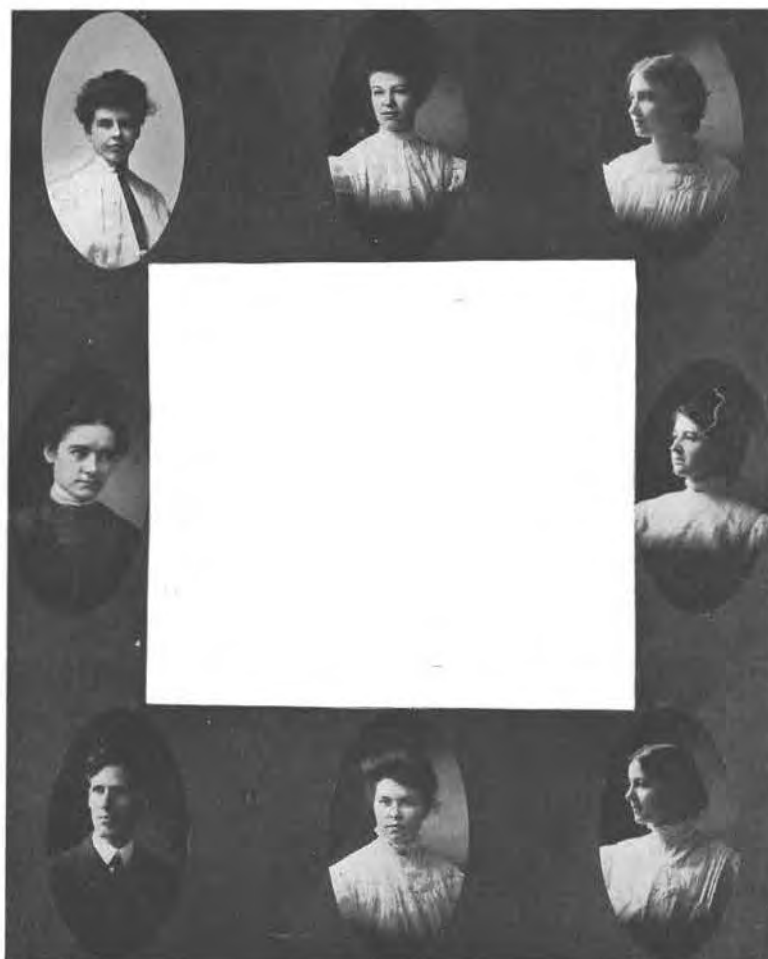
Anna M. Charest
Ottilia Neumeister
Clara E. Lane





J. E. Fultz
Ivy M. Rogers
R. W. Ormsby



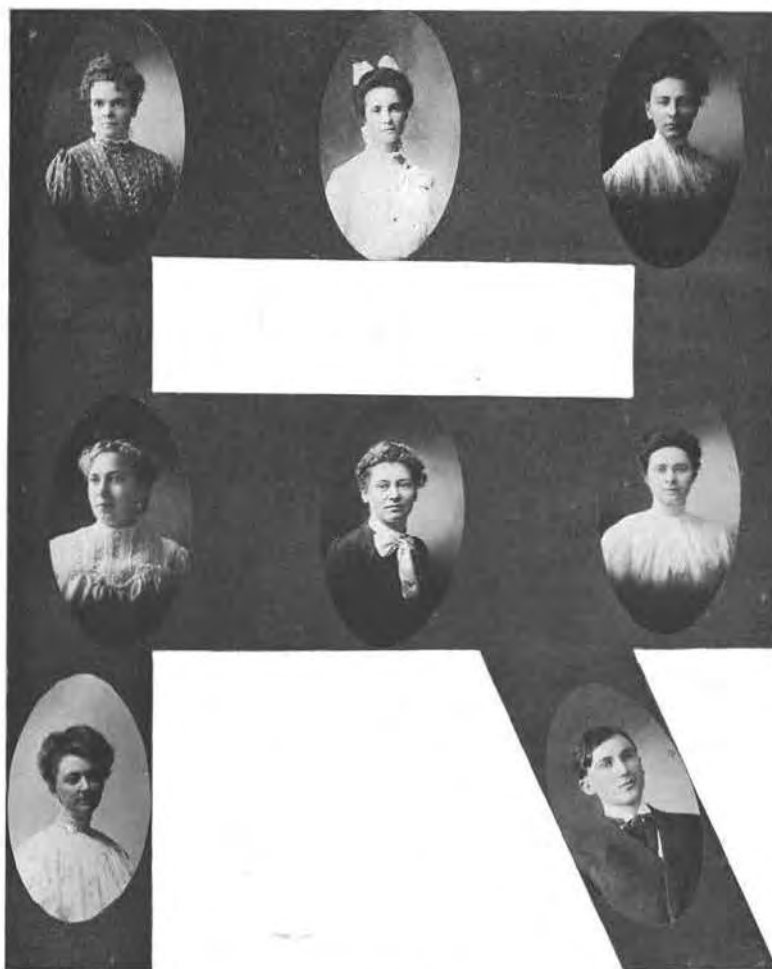


Gladys Park
Mable A. Reading
Harold Culver

Lottie Deyoe
Tessie O'Leary

Genevieve Heaney
Katherine Johnson
Ellen A. Hoffman

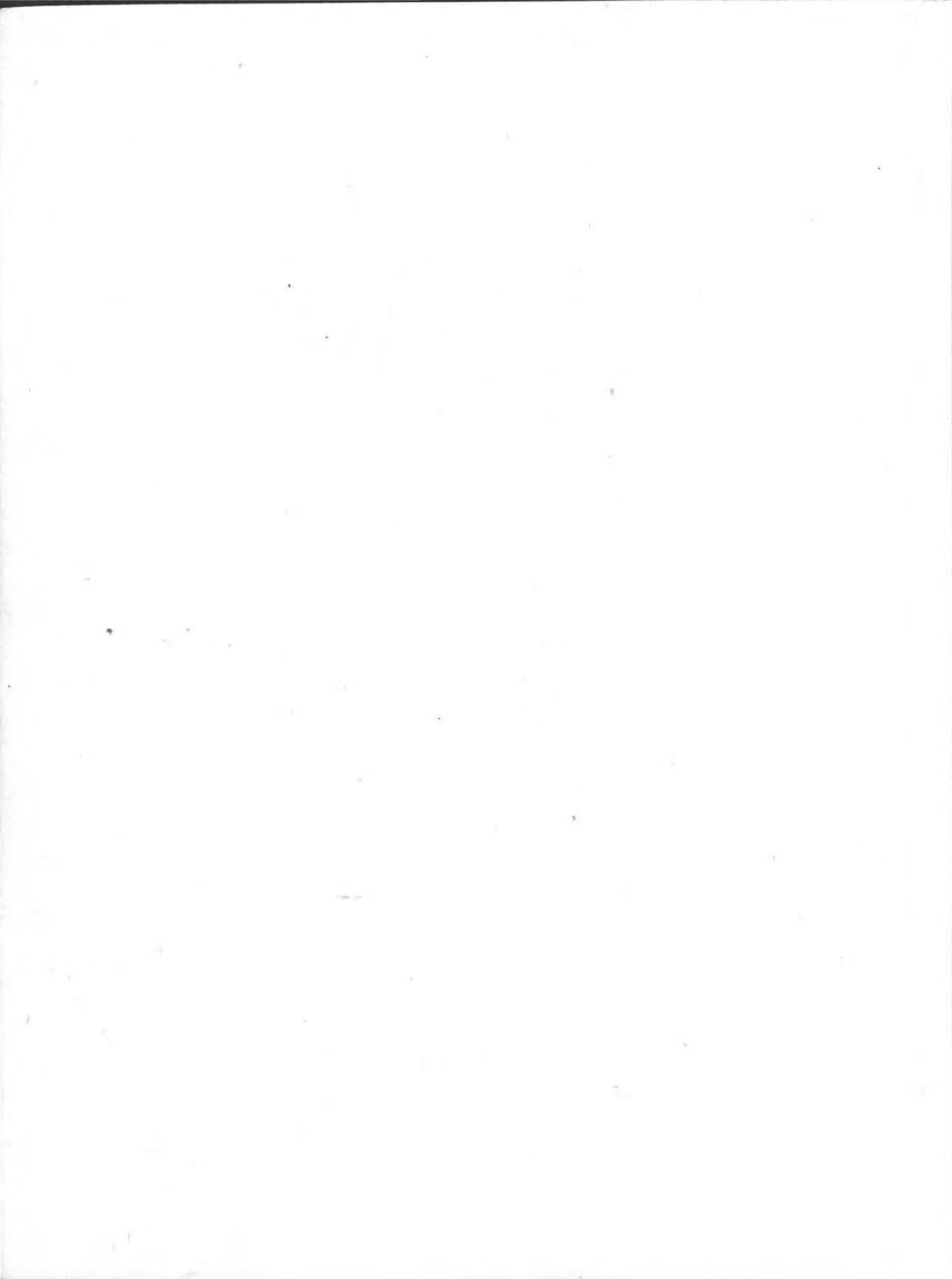




Ellen Hammond
Agnes A. Mitchell
Minnie Toraason

Eva M. Koehl
Linnie Krause

Louise Gartman
Lila B. Kendall
Joseph E. Sazama



SENIOR SPECIALTIES.

Genevieve Heaney — 'Burns' and Blushes.
Janette Brown—Learning to (know) 'Reid.'
Emeline Knothe—Winning hearts.
Mable Reading—A (K)night in the West.
Agnes Tardiff—Chronic Kicker.
Anna Combs — Botany
Gladys Park—Phonograph.
Merle Raymond—Matrimony.
Jaastad—Working teachers.
Nellie Moeschler—Running Arena.
Ray Ormsby—Horse laugh.
Agnes Mitchell—Dreams
Ellen Hammond—Office Reporter.
Margaret Engle—Innocence.
Jessie Engle—Writing letters 'By George.'
Anna Charest—Making eyes.
Lottie Deyoe—Disagreeing.
Howard Browne—Shampoos and shoe-lacing.
Myrtle Rogers—Cookery.
Kate McMulkin—Running a kindergarten.
Otilia Neumeister—German translation.
Edna Pattee—Watching his brother.
Minnie Toraason—Studying.
Belle Mitchell—Wheeling.
Tessie O'Leary—Military buttons.
Gerhard Gesell—Nothing. (Hasn't had one since last year.)
Clara Lane—Biology.
Edith Hartwell—Sincerity.
Margaret Morse—Sweetness.
Ellen Hoffman—Boating.
William Eller—Telling fortune.
Katherine Johnson—'Charlemagne.'
Harold Culver—Trips to Milwaukee.
Sazama—Coaching Arena contestant.
Cora Grimm—Serving luncheons.
Linnie Krause—Questions.
Gartman—Persistence.
Mrs. Kendall—Diligence.

"The Muse and I"

The Muse had duly been invoked,
But thought the Senior poet joked.
A man with no imagination
Implored the Muse for inspiration!
Whereat the Muse in jolly mood
Threw off her pensive attitude.
She donned the jester's gay attire,
Her sparkling eye flashed witty fire.
She laughed aloud to think in sooth
The Senior poet should ask in truth,
Or supplicate for aid of Muse,
Since all such aid he could not use.

The Muse looked at him all amaze,
And pity followed with her gaze;
But yet the humor of the case
She could not banish from her face.
Again she laughed, then wildly sang,
And straight on spirit wing upsprang,
She knew 'twas nigh Commencement Day,
And forethought bade her haste away;
For e'er that date the poet seeks
To be "inspired" for many weeks,
That lyric carved above his name
May bring his class immortal fame.

The Muse now retrospective grew
As on thru spirit realms she flew.
The years again passed in review—
'05, '04, '03 and 2;
And further in perspective sped
The older years so long since fled.

She read the sonnets with disgust,
She spelled out songs inscribed in rust,
She searched on shelves, in obscure dust,
For poems she had placed in trust;
She scanned the oldest fading page,
She glanced at parchment brown with age;
She opened each old musty book,
She sought in each sepulchral nook
For poems worth a second look—
Then she her fruitless quest forsook,
For none she found! the records bare
Rewarded her with empty stare!

To 1906 she darted back,
Then followed her *resolve*—alack!
By all her power divine she swore
That she'd inspire class poets no more!
Such drivelling ditties, foolish rhymes,
Such insane odes and childish chimes!
Such simple sonnets! maudlin verse!
What nicknamed "poetry" was worse?
"Avaunt," she cried, "my work is done!
Hereafter I shall favor none!"

She said, but caught the plous sigh
A Senior heaved as she passed by;
She heard his cry of deep despair
And paused to listen to his prayer.
He called aloud, "O Muse Divine,
Stoop down and guide this pen of mine!"
She stooped and whispered as he wrote—
A few choice sentiments we quote.

"The sands once in the glass of time are all but spent;
Pause and review the year—say where they went.
Tell how each hour slipped silent, softly by,
View all that you have done, what not and why.
Sum up your effort, bring forth what it has done,
And balance all 'gainst what is left undone—
All your accomplishment will trifles seem—
So light that Vanity can tip the beam."

"So passes time for all who seek or strive,
For those who work not in Life's busy hive
That as 'tis passing, we stand by the way
And value not our present—this today.
Yet, though no space for musing intervenes,
We pause to muse upon the changing scenes
That Time hath brought before us on our stage,
And analyze the drama of our age."

"Seniors! pause not to speculate,
Scorn ye to hesitate,
Work is supreme—not Fate!
Toil—nothing more!
Strive not a name to make,
Toil not for Mammon's sake,
Mark well the way ye take—
Scan ev'ry door."

"Fix *now* thy aim in mind—
What wilt thou seek to find?—
Firmly thy purpose bind
Within thy heart!
Forth from thy moorings cast,
Weigh anchor from the past,
Lash mem'ry to the mast,
For we must part."

"Deep have we drunk of ease,
Drunk not unto the lees!
Launch now to Fortune's breeze
Nor fear the gale!
Fierce though the seas may rave,
Wild though the shores they lave,
All for Our Master brave.
Hail, future! Hail!"

Archaeology.

NOTE—The following are literal translations from the cuneiform inscriptions upon steel tablets unearthed by Professor Gerhardt Gesell, of Munich, and Professor William Von Eller, of Berlin, during recent excavations upon the campus. All of these inscriptions antedate the Second Dynasty. The famous Archaeologists making these remarkable investigations are said to be descendants of two famous scholars of that remote age. All these inscriptions were apparently made contemporaneously which adds to their value, covering as they do so important a period in so comprehensive a manner. The inscriptions are numbered in chronological order, and are doubtless fairly accurate accounts. — Date of excavation June 10, 4890 A. D.

I.

AND it came to pass in the eighth month of the eleventh year of the reign of President Pray, on the twenty-eighth day of the month, that all the sons of the tribe Normal were gathered together. And there were among them no small number of mighty men of valor whose fame had gone abroad throughout all the coasts of Portage, even unto the land of Oshkosh. And the people were numbered according to years, and the men of '06 numbered two score and eight, the men of '07 two score and twelve, and the men of '08 three score, and the men of '09 four score and eleven. And there were prophets and sooth sayers, and leaders of the host full one score and three, and they were all gathered together of one accord in one place."

II.

"And behold it came to pass that after this on the sixteenth day of the ninth month the men of '06, having chosen a captain of their band, did make merry in the gymnasium. And the men of '07 were filled with envy and were moved with choler against the men of '06, and they gathered themselves together, as the sands of the sea a multitude no man could number, and a great cloud descended upon the face of the earth covering all things with an exceeding great darkness.

And the men of '07 came up against the stronghold of the men of '06 and laid waste the region round about and besieged the city, lying in wait without the walls. Verily they did make no small demonstration but could not prevail against the might of the class of '06. And the young men and maidens of '06 did dance and sing aloud rejoicing in the folly of the men of '07.

Then was the chief captain of '07 sorely vexed and he cried saying, "who be ye that suffer the scorn of your enemies? As our nation liveth whoso doth not quit himself bravely and fight the same shall be reported to the office of President Pray." And the number reported was one score and ten. And there was peace for about the space of seven days."

III.

"Now it came to pass that the members of '07 did seek to spread a great feast in that regal edifice, the gym, and there were among them half a score strong and mighty men of valour. And they did bar all the gates and make fast all the windows and station guards within and without. And they did bring from the country round about much meat and drink, rejoicing that the day of the feast was indeed come.

Now even as the men of '07 were making ready for the musicians,

behold one of the captains of '06 did say unto his fellow, Come let us go up to the camp of '07 and spy out their works. And they arose and journeyed thither and hid themselves in the camp of '07. And it was about the sixth hour.

Now when all things were made ready for the feast the men of '07 did cease from their labors and left no strong men to guard the storehouse wherein were heaped together of choice meats the weight of two talents, of bread the weight of one talent, of olives and spices half a talent, and of cakes not a few. And there was a great silence in the gymnasium and in the kitchen and throughout all the camp of '07.

And when the spies of '06 perceived this they hasted greatly and got them down to the basement, having first removed their shoes lest they disturb the peace of Bruce Wilcox, who was the Chief Guard. And they came unto the door of the kitchen and essayed to open it by violence, but could not for the lock. Then one of the captains did gird himself and went around by another way, and climbed into the storehouse and took therefrom bread and meat the weight of two talents. And they spoiled the camp, not fearing what the men of '07 could do unto them. Then they departed to the camp of '06, where they made known all that had befallen. And there was great rejoicing.

Now when the men of '07 returned to their camp and found not the fruits of their labor they were exceeding wroth and did gnash their teeth for they did mourn the loss of their treasure. And the noise of their mourning ascended up unto the stars. Therefore Wilcox inclined his ear unto their cry and did thereafter guard the camp of '07 for they were sore afraid insomuch that they ceased from their dancing. And it was about the eleventh hour."

IV.

"And it came to pass in the first year of the reign of Czar Reid that in the tenth month, on the twelfth day of the month, the men of '07 were gathered together. And it was night, and the moon stood still over the Normal Dome and the stars did behold in silence the daring deed whereby the men of '07 did attach a piece of coffe-sack to the Normal Dome, for they did make it fast to a cord and pull upon the cord, even until the sack was nigh unto the foot of the dome. And there was peace in the camp of '06.

Now in the morning when the men of '06 saw what was done they withdrew themselves from the congregation of the people and got them upon the dome, but they could not get the sack because of the wind. So they did wait patiently even until the twelfth hour, when not only the sun but the wind also stood still while a captain of '06 did scale the dome and cut therefrom the sacking. And the Maroon and Cream did float higher than the men of '07 could attain. And they could not pluck them with the hand so they did reach them from afar off. And again there was peace in the camp of '06."

V.

"And there went forth a decree from the camp of '06 calling upon all

men of '07 to gather in the gymnasium (Instant the time. Anon! Anon!) and receive the wages of their evil deeds. And great fear came upon all the nation of '07 and there was lamentation throughout all her coasts.

Now the wise men of '06 did tax all the people, every man an equal sum, that the men of '07 might be paid. And the treasury was filled.

Now when the 28th day of the tenth month was passed and the even was come, behold there did shine in the gymnasium, in the porches, in the courts and in divers places strange lights, and there were monsters and devils and spirits of darkness, and all did cast frightful shadows and rent the air with their wailings. Now the captain of the host of '06 did sit upon his throne to receive the homage of the men of '07 though it did give him great pain. Then were the men of '07 in sore distress insomuch that their knees smote together, and they did humbly bow before the captain of '06 and he forgave them all their debt. And they went on their way rejoicing and encamped not far off and made merry until the twelfth hour."

VI.

"Now in the days of Duncan the Prophet behold a great dearth did come upon all the land. And the men of '07 had not the wherewithal to enjoy themselves. Likewise the men of '06 were forbidden on pain of death to desert their camp lest they without intention miss examinations.

Now when the winter was well nigh come it came to pass that all the men of '06, whose homes were distant more than a holiday's journey, were banqueted at the house of one of the great captains of the Tribe Normal on the thirtieth day of the eleventh month.

And the winter came and in due time the day of midwinter beginning, when all the people did gather to witness the departure of certain members of '06. And they went forth to conquer and spread still farther the honor and fame of '06."

VII.

"Now when the days of the spring vacation had passed came the call of Bacon unto certain members of the versatile class of '06 by the proclamation of him who was a grandfather to all the people. And they heeded his call and hasted greatly and made themselves ready and did proclaim that they would in due time present "The Fashionable Physician." And behold the talk thereof was great and many did make ready to attend.

For when those of the class of '06 who were in the cast did come together and recite their lines the father laughed and sent abroad divers reports as to the wonderful powers of the caste of '06. And the father did train the cast most diligently and with great success, and the characters hearkened unto his voice, even so did Brasure and Jarvis, and Sylvia and Ellen and Oaks and all the others. And they did enjoy rehearsing.

But lo, a great change did come over the men of '06 and they forgot the joy they had known in the past, and the father was sore in his heart for they hearkened no longer unto his voice. And because he had taught the cast full one score of "stunts" for which he did receive nothing was he exceeding sore of heart."

VIII.

"In the last days of the sojourn of '06 did it come to pass that certain members of their exceeding versatile class did wish to display their wit and literary culture. And they banded themselves together saying, Go to, let us now write a book wherein shall be recorded all the great deeds of the men of the Tribe Normal and of the class of 1906, and let us affectionately dedicate it to our President. And the men of '06 were pleased and said, Even as has been suggested so will we do. And there then arose no small dispute concerning what name the book should be called. Divers were the names proposed until the common wisdom of the sage members agreed to call its name "Iris."

Now when the book was about to be published there went abroad a rumor that there were no monies wherewith to pay the printer of the book. And again did the sagacious men of '06 act wisely and quickly, for there went forth a call to all the men of '06 asking them to report at once to the treasurer their financial condition. And behold they were all well and hearty, and for the space of five days did the stalwart treasurer labor to transport the coin.

And it came to pass that when the book did appear all people were astonished by the excellence and quantity of the contribution of the class of '06. And it was found that their contribution was indeed greater than that of any previous class."

IX.

"As for their after history you all know of the high esteem and reverence in which the men of '06 are held by all who know concerning them, of the manner in which they acquitted themselves on Class Day, of the excellent counsel they bestowed gratis upon the men of '07. And her fame is great so that it is known in all corners of our nation, to the north, to the west, to the east, and to the south has gone forth the fame of the class of 1906 and the school from whence they come. And they did all respect the powers that be."



[illegible]

Ohyesa
Song

We read the fond story of love ever new
Hear us sing Ohyesa —
Of John Smith and his Pocahontas so true
~~Hear us sing Ohyesa~~
And of others whose names we read off with pride
Of dear Shawatcha and his Indian brother
But none of those Indians compare with this tribe
Hear us sing Ohyesa

We are known as the Indian tribe near and far
~~Hear us sing Ohyesa~~
But ~~we~~ never act savage wherever we are
~~Hear us sing Ohyesa~~
We gather around our jolly camp fire
and ever our voices rise higher and higher
With singing the words of which we're sure
This is it Ohyesa

To our jolly tribe we are loyal and true
And all of our Indians red, yellow and blue
~~And always~~ are loyal to our noble chief
Who guides us and guards us from sorrow
and grief
So here give a cheer for our Indian chief
Here it goes Ohyesa

Ohiyesa Presidents



There was a small maiden named Deyoe,
Who came to the school with good cheer Oh,
With wisdom and wit,
The first one to sit
As chief of the great Ohiyesos.



The next was a maiden named Burr.
We're sure we can well say of her,
"On her face is a smile
A good share of the while
When she spies a handsome young Sir."



The third was our own Margaret
No fairer has e'er ruled us yet
She turned the boys down,
(Tho we ne'er saw her frown)
In a way they will not forget.



The last was a maiden named Park
Who thought nothing so good as a lark.
Who cried out "Oh Joy!"
And looked very coy
For at that she's a regular shark.

Ohiyesa

Should you ask me whence this poem,
Whence these stories most authentic
With the sound of feast and revel,
And of eloquent discussion,
We should answer, we should tell you
From the hallways and gymnasium,
From the room for deepest study,
At the Stevens Point Great Normal,
Where the tribe of Ohiyesa
Hurl their cry of "Winners! winners!"
Scarce a year in age we find them,
Yet a tribe to be considered
Honored by the Athenæum,
And extending hands of friendship
To the members of the Forum.
Causing e'en the staid Arena.
Wide to ope their eyes in wonder
And determine with great firmness
That their record be not beaten.
In the Fall, when in their glory
All the leaves are turning color,
To promote fraternal feeling
And a love amongst all members,
Did the Ohiyesa gladly
Send their peace belt of bright wampum,

To the other tribesmen saying :

“Come and let us all to-gether,

On the Fourteenth of October;

Smoke the calumet, the peace-pipe,

In the room we call the Annex.”

So was instituted 'mongst them,

A new feeling ; most congenial

With enough of rival spirit,

To keep all, for lead, competing.

Later in the year, these Indians,

Streaked with war-paint, decked with feathers,

Circled round their shining camp-fire,

In the gloom of the deep forest,

Where the voices of the dumb-bells

And the neighing of the horses

Sounded with the cry of “Winners !”

Thus in fashion most suggestive

Did they show the red-man's spirit.

Striving to make known to others

The tribe nature of the Indian.

Called they then another gathering,

Of their friends, and yet their rivals,

And in wise and deep discussion,

To them simply they presented

Indian lore and occupations,

Indian songs and Indian language.

To these Indians from their contact

With the white man's mighty nation.

Came the taste for money-getting,
For trade, barter, likewise grafting.
Building for themselves a wigwam
With their banner high above it,
Did they open their first venture,
In the mart of busy commerce,
Selling sweets, for those whose fancy,
Tempted them to spend their pennies;
Bringing joy without a limit,
To these dusky Indian maidens.
Thanks to all their friends and tribesmen,
Did "Success" attend their efforts.

So the year has sped on quickly,
Fall becoming chilly Winter,
Which departed for the Spring-time,
That in turn would lead to Summer.
Likewise came far many changes
To the tribe of Ohiyesa.
For some of these Indian maidens,
Has the call of Duty sounded,
And to other tribes far distant
Are they forced, perchance, to wander;
But to those who still remain here
Do they leave a record golden,
Pure and stainless, bright and hopeful,
Bidding them to 'ere continue
In the foot-steps of their elders,
Spreading love among their fellows,
And the spirit of achievement.
And to those who were not of them
Yet in truth, who have been near them,
Do they send this word of friendship-
"Bury now the glistening hatchet,
Cover up old wounds that rankle,
And accept, as it is tendered,
The good will and the best wishes,
Of the tribe of Ohiyesa."



YELLS.

Heap big society
Heap big fun
All other societies
Take a heap big run.

II.

Hic te esa
Ish co ba-w-baw
Wawwautesa
Ohiyesa, Ohiyesa.

III.

We are a heap big Indian
bunch
Paleface tumble when we
punch
We are the best society
Ohiyesa ki-ee-ee.

IV.

Ohiyesa Ishkoodah
Ohiyesa Ishkoodah
Ohiyesa Ishkoodah
Ugh!



Arena--1906



1. Hanna Brunstad, Pres. and Declaimer
2. Nellie Moeschler, President
3. Dona Brownell, President
4. Evadna McNutt, Declaimer
5. Margarete Morse, President

The Arena.

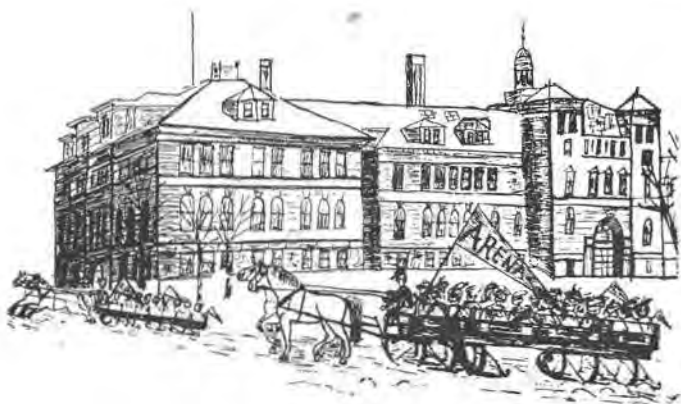
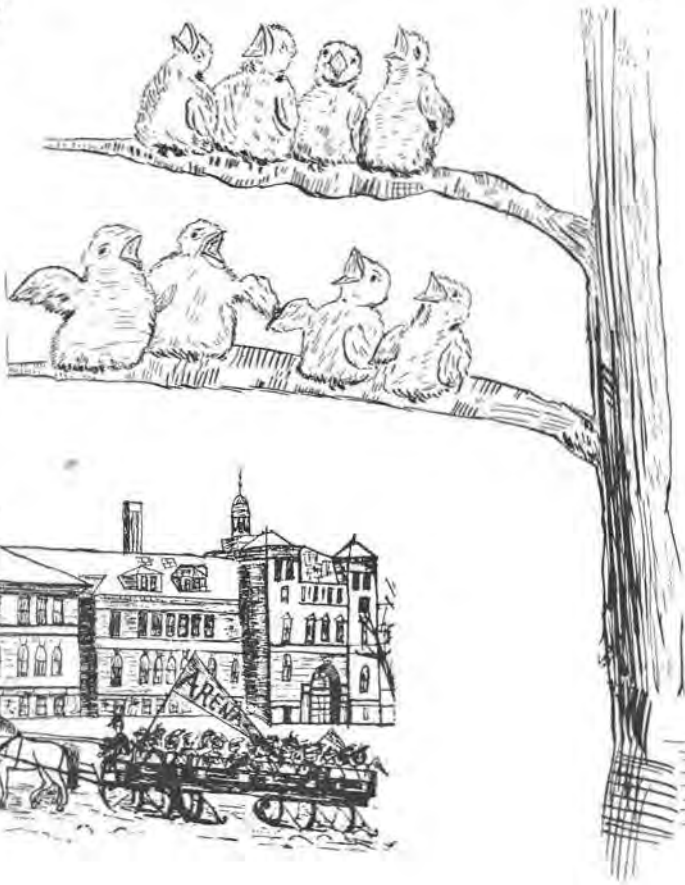
In the annals of this Normal,
In its halls of fame and glory,
The Arena tells her story
Of debates and declamations,
Of impromptus and orations.
In all youthful sports and pleasures,
In all gay and merry measures
The Arena takes delight.
Every week on Friday night,
When the seventh hour draws near
You find us in our room so dear,
Madam President's steady hand
Strikes the gavel which doth demand
"Attention, all!" and we proceed
As on the program we've agreed.
All loyal hearts with pleasure thrill
When sweet harmonious strains do fill
The air—"Arena, live for aye!"
Important questions of the day
Receive their due consideration,
And after much elucidation,
Arena renders verdicts wise.
And soon the "Golden Age" would rise,
If her advice the world would heed.
(A gentle hint this is indeed!)
One Friday night she did decide
To take her members for a ride.
Three teams it took, so great the crowd,
With banners flying, trumpets loud
With merry voices, tinkling bells,
Interspersed with Arena yells,
The happy sleigh loads glided on.
And those who heard them wished to be
Arenaites with minds so free.

Spirit Voices.

I sat alone in the twilight,
Alone in the twilight gray,
And spirits thronged about me
That I deemed were gone for aye.
They told me of vanished moments,
Of deeds I might have done,
Of duties that I still had left
Undone! undone! undone!
Now tell me, sad eyed spirits,
How I may grasp you again.
But, there comes this sorrowful answer
In accents fraught with pain;
"Not till next year will you hear us,
For a great gulf lies between;
So stir on, stir on forever
In the valley of Might Have Been."
Arena! Oh Arena!
Leave on your golden wings;
Come back with the same good spirit;
Come back with cheer that rings!
Then in glory you will prosper
As you always did of yore;
And you'll be the strength among us
That you've ever been before.

To the Arena.

The work in the Arena
Is pursued in such a way
As to help their shining members
Thru this world successfully.
So here's to the Arena Girls!
That Jolly Normal Bunch,
May their spirit live forever
In the years that are to come.—A FORUMITE.
They are splendid entertainers,
Workers too, to say the least,
They would rouse a soul from sadness
With their banquets and their feasts.
They are jolly Normal students,
They are bright and cheery girls,
Always bear their share of burdens,
Good, true hearted Normal girls!—ANATHENAEUMITE.





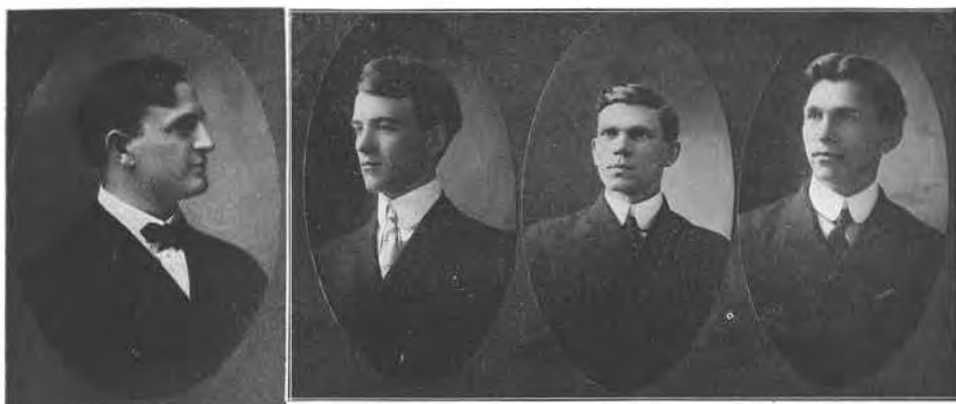
ARENA.

Nellie Moeschler.
Margarette Morse.
Dona Brownell.
Bessie Beckler.
Emma Linse.

Francis Ryan.
Hannah Brunstad.
Ethel Wiley.
Alma Anderson.
Gertrude Holmes.

Clara Lane.
Francis Baker.
Hazel Martin.
Blanche DaFoe.
Isabelle Leonard.
Anna Charest.
Paerl Garthwaite.
Lola Garthwaite.
Inez Fulton.
Charlotte Olson.
Alice Scott.
Evadna McNutt.
Dora McNutt.
Georgia Hill.
Sylvia Hill.
Janette Reid.
Ara Wilson.
Florence Manchester.
Mary Dunegan.
Leona Clark.
Laura Diffendaffer.
Annette Maxwell.
Francis Oesterle.
Metta Phelps.

Margaret Dickow.
Floriel Ostrum.
Alice Schaffner.
Anna Hodge.
Prexida Wysocki.
Francis Bannach.
Josephine Bannach.
Wilma Buckley.
Lucy Herlache.
Ethel Mason.
Lenore Dumphy.
Ella Malony.
Ethel Nolan.
Myrtle Evenson.
Bernice Cauley;
Maude Nicol.
Margaret Bishop.
Marie Mathews.
Agnes Mitchell.
Janette Brown.
Daisy Shields.
Ivy Rogers.
Bertha Parker.



Athenaeum Presidents

John Wysocki

J. H. Browne

T. M. Risk.

I. G. Osterbrink

Soak'em! Soak'em! Soakumaeum!
U Rah! U Rah! Athenaeum!



Athenaeum Debaters

A. S. Wells

T. M. Risk

J. F. Barber

EUPATRIDÆ
IN
ATHENÆUM
1906

BARBEROCRATES
BENNETTIPIDES

BISCHOFFIBUS
BOSTONABULUS
BROWNESTOTLE
BRUCEIAS
BURNENOPHON
EVERSONES
GEIMERADES
GREENWOODEUS

HEINICLES
HILLTIADES
JONEUS
JUDDISIDES, The Elder
JUDDISIDES, The Younger
MACDILLATO
MORSOPHOCLES
MORTELLAEUS
NOLANISTOCLES
OSTERBRINKULUS
PARMETERIUS

REIDOCIDES
RISKOTHEUS
ROBERTSIADES
WELLOSTHENES
WY SOCKISTHEUS



Forum Presidents

J. E. Fultz

H. E. Culver

J. E. Sazama

R. E. Brasure

*Roar'em! Roar'em! for the Forum!
For we're surely goin' to show'em
How to win the Debatorium
For the good old Normal Forum!*



Forum Debaters

R. E. Brasure

H. E. Culver

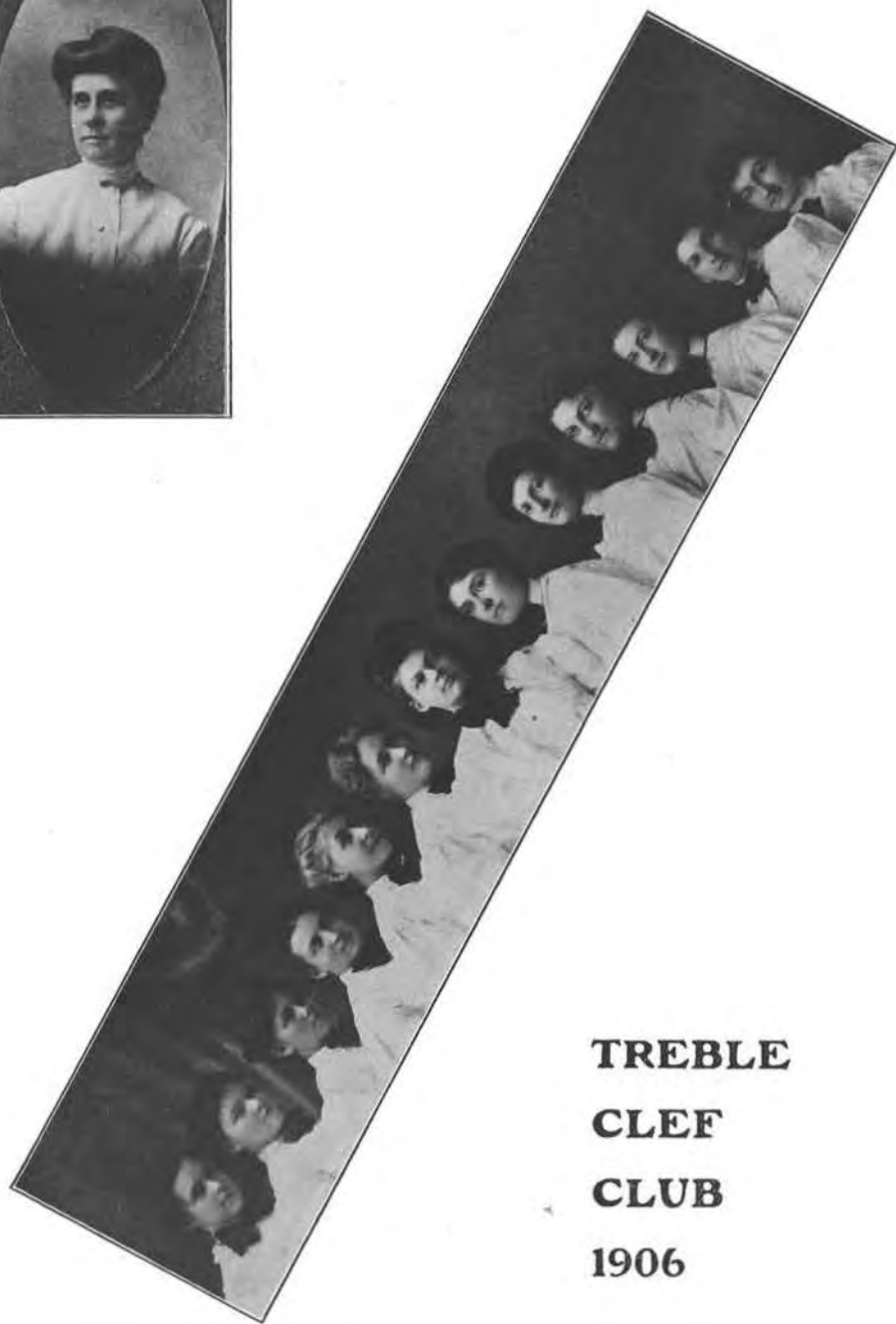
F. E. Jaastad

SENATORS
IN
FORUM
1906

JULIUS CÆSAR BRASUREO
MARCUS COLLINSUS
CICERO CULVERIUS
MARCUS BRUTUS CULVERIUS
OCTAVIUS DAVISIO
POPILIUS DINEENUS
CASCA DINEENUS
LIGARIUS ELLERIUS
MARC ANTHONY FULTSUS
GAIUS JULIUS GESELLIO
DECIVS HEPHNERUS
CINNA JACKISHTUS

PUBLIUS JAASTADIUM
DARDANIUS KELLARIUS
PINDARUS LANDOVSKIUS
VARRO LITTLECUS
CLITUS MADDENUS
CLAUDIUS MAJURISSIMUS
CASSIUS MARTINCUS
STRATO MOFFITTIO
VOLUMNUS OURADNIKIVM
CATO PIERCERIS
LUCILIUS PIERCERIS
MARULLS SAZAMACUS

METELLIUS SAZAMACUS
ARTEMIDORUS VANDERBILTIO
FLAVIUS WADLEIGHTUS
LUCIUS WEINNANDYUM
TREBONIUS WILSONIUS



**TREBLE
CLEF
CLUB
1906**

Treble Clef Club.

Director: MRS. HELEN BRIDGE

Accompanist: MRS. DAVID OLSON

First Sopranos

CLARA CHRISTIANSON

EVADNA McNUTT

BLANCHE DAFOE

SADIE BUCK

MARY KALISKY—Pres.

ALMA ANDERSON

ALICE SCOTT

GERTRUDE HOLMES

ETHEL NOLAN

OVIDIA JOHNSON—Trea.

Second Sopranos

MARGARET CUSHMAN

PEARL GARTHWAITE—Lib.

LILLIAN DIGGLES

LOLA GARTHWAITE

ELMELINE KNOTHE

SELMA HAFSOOS

Altos

BERTHA PARKER—Sec'y.

AGNES TARDIFF—Vice Pres.

PREXIDA WYSOCKI



H. R. Martin,
Secy.

T. M. Risk,
Pres.

Nellie Moeschler,
Vice Pres.

R. E. Brasure,
Treas.

Choral Club

The Normal Choral Club began its history with the opening of the school year 1904. It is the first permanent organization of the kind in the school. In previous years the young men have organized Glee Clubs and were successful in their work, giving many entertaining programs: With the organization of the Normal Choral Club of mixed voices it was considered that as good an opportunity is offered the young men of the school as formerly and more opportunity to the student body, the young ladies' Treble Clef being organized.

The purpose of the organization is to give the students of the school an opportunity to benefit by the musical training under the direction of an efficient leader. Further than this the object of the society is to further the interests of music in this school.

We began the first year with an enrollment of seventy. Good, earnest work was done under our director, Miss Ella Fink. A special feature of our work, besides helping with various programs, was the mid-winter program given by the Club.

This year our Club, while having slightly more than two-thirds of the enrollment of last year, has done good work. We have our regular meetings every Thursday evening, this being an advantage over the noon-day meetings of last year.

The last of the second quarter we were greatly surprised, and regretted very much, to hear that we were to lose Miss Fink. She had worked faithfully with us and we regretted a change. But as we became acquainted with Mrs. Bridge, our new director, the work again went on in a way satisfactory to all.

At the beginning of the second quarter a few changes were made in our constitution. Amendments were passed compelling a reasonable excuse for absence from a session, otherwise a fine is imposed. The workings of this amendment have been satisfactory to the members. The aim is to put the Choral Club on a firm footing and make it a permanent organization for years to come.

So as this school year draws to a close we can look back on another successful year's work. Mistakes have been made of course, but we shall profit by them the coming year. The benefits derived from the Club are plainly in evidence and we feel that the purpose for which the club was organized has been largely realized.

T. M. RISK, President.



OUNG Women are always
welcome to our meetings
held every Thursday
afternoon.



E extend an invitation to next
year's students to join this
spiritually helpful association,
organized December 9, 1902.



ONSIDER the progress our society has
made in procuring a permanent room
with an organ and other equipments
to make our meetings more attractive.



LL the Association girls feel especially grateful
to the several members of the faculty and out-
side speakers for their helpful addresses during
the year. We desire your further assistance
for the moral welfare of our school.



Foot Ball Team-1905



Basket Ball Team--1905

Oratory and Debate



The Inter-Normal Debate



H. R. Martin
J. E. Sazama
J. H. Browne

A TRIO of Normalites "from the Northern Woods" treated three representatives of the Milwaukee Normal to a crushing defeat in the InterNormal Debate held at Stevens Point, May 12th, 1905. The decision was unanimous. Milwaukee was confident her men would win. She was surprised and disappointed. She prized the decision, but failed to secure it, and, failing, felt that she had "lost" the debate.

April 27th, 1906, the debaters from Stevens Point met defeat at the hands of the team representing Milwaukee Normal. But no spirit of despondency rested upon S. P. N. No dejection characterized the return of the debaters. They debated for the strength thereby attained, for the satisfaction attending earnest effort and continued study, for the good will and respect of their opponents and all members of the opposing school. They presented a debate which earned recognition equivalent to victory by receiving one vote and the assurance of the Milwaukee faculty that they considered the decision doubtful.

The School debating team consisting of Harold R. Martin, J. E. Sazama, and J. H. Browne were satisfied with the decision and pleased with the spirit manifested by their opponents before and after the debate. However, their debate was a team debate, a debate planned and organized by the team as a unit and as individuals, a debate receiving little attention and criticism from our faculty, a debate which gauged the power, the ability, the fluency, the ingenuity, the industry of the team. Milwaukee's debate, on the other hand, was a faculty affair. We say this without disparagement of the Milwaukee team or any member thereof, but we are informed that a faculty committee was appointed to assume charge and direction of the debate. The committee met regularly with the team for two months previous the contest, the debaters were drilled incessantly for several weeks. Consequently, we were indeed gratified to learn that in a debate against the combined intellect and knowledge of the Milwaukee faculty and the Milwaukee debating team, our men made so creditable a record.

The question debated was: Resolved, That the changes in the Southern State constitutions since 1889, whereby the negro vote has been restricted, are, on the whole, unwise. Stevens Point supported the affirmative.

Mr. Pray, who has ever been an inspiration to our debating interests, has left this motto with every S. P. N. debater: The decision is secondary; the benefit derived is primary.

The Oratorical Association

November 14th Ellen Hammond was elected Secretary of the Inter-Normal League to fill the vacancy caused by Ellen Hoffman's resignation.

There were but two contestants in our local contest. Their orations were given as a morning exercise. Bertha Parker with "The Sacredness of Human Life" was given first place. Linnie Krause's oration, "Nineteenth Century Feudalism," was a remarkably fine, logical composition.

Thursday afternoon about twenty-five students, with Mr. Hyer and Mr. Spindler, accompanied Miss Parker to Milwaukee where the state contest was held. President Pray came down the next day.

The contest was a good one, of course. The three boy contestants took the first three places. Irving Howlett of Oshkosh was awarded first place; oration, "Bolivar and South American Liberty."

However, as "the victory lies in the struggle, not the prize," we felt that Miss Parker had gained a victory second to none. Certainly no one could have worked harder, or have shown more pluck and perseverance through it all than she did.

After the contest it was discovered that one of the judges was an alumnus of the Oshkosh Normal. Platteville, which would have first place if this judge were thrown out, entered a protest. The executive committee decided to disqualify him, giving Alvin Olson of Platteville first place. As Mr. Olson couldn't get his oration in on time the Interstate Association refused to admit him, so Mr. Howlett went as first to Warrensburg, Mo.; Mr. Olson as second.

Contests: Their Use and Abuse



RATORICAL and declamatory contests are now the fashion. So strong a hold have they taken upon our school habits that we have come, in a way, to take them for granted, and to look upon them as an essential feature of a school's life, and as a necessary adjunct to declamatory and oratorical work. So true is this that the very word *orator* suggests *contest*. No one will deny that an association such as our Inter-Normal League has promoted and systematized oratorical work; but neither can any thoughtful person believe that that league, or any other of its kind, is free from imperfections. It is the purpose of this paper to point out some of these imperfections, and to suggest some changes which will make for a more wholesome spirit in contest work.

First, I believe we place too much importance on *winning*. Let us take our own experience in the last contest at Milwaukee. Over five hundred and fifty of us went in—for what purpose, and with what hopes? I wish I might answer, honestly: "To hear the best orations from the different schools, to renew acquaintances, and to have a good pleasant rest." These things we hoped for undoubtedly; but really, what hope and prayer was uppermost in *your* mind? Was it not: "Oh! if our man can only win!" I believe this is altogether unfortunate. It was far more important that he and the others, should do well, should speak forth their convictions with sincerity and power, than that any particular person should win. And I believe, further, that our system of contests, conducted in their present spirit, is in part responsible for this false emphasis. Orations existed before "contests" or "judges" or "leagues" were heard of, and the oration, not the "decision" is the thing.

Now, in the second place, how about this "winning," that is prized so highly? What is it, to "win?" It is to please five men in your audience so well that the average of their several opinions ranks you higher than your fellows. These men are chosen, presumably, with all possible care, are to be free from bias or prejudice, and are to be intelligent enough so that their collective opinion will be just. It is here that I make my second objection. Their decisions, often, are *not* just. In fact, how many just decisions do you know about? Do they outnumber those which struck the audience as being manifestly wrong? What builds up or justifies in our minds this worship of the "decision" when a glance at the records shows that individually our jurors themselves are far from agreement? Let me tell you of our local contest here at Whitewater. We had six contestants and five judges; and of five of the contestants, each received a first from judge. It might be pertinent to add that two of the contestants received a first, and a fifth and sixth each. We need not mention the disparagement in marking found in our late ill-starred decision in Milwaukee. And when we consider what an oration is and who the judges are, it is not surprising that we find such radical differences of opinion.

There are many things to be considered in an oration. Originality and vigor of thought, logical arrangement, soundness of argument, evidence of study and research, nicety of discrimination in treatment, diction, earnestness, conviction, power over audience, mastery of vocal utterance—enunciation, articulation, and placing of voice—gestures, bodily expression, emphasis and inflection indicating grasp of details, the sense of climax and proportion, together with many other things, must all be taken into consideration. It is impossible to find a jury that would agree upon the respective weight to be given to these several items; and when we consider the countless whims, caprices, wrong notions, special interests, prejudices, and altogether unschooled and inadequate conceptions of academic oratory, which consciously or unconsciously but always inevitably affect every man's judgment of an oration (and judges are but men), we must admit, I think, that if the right man is hit upon by the decision, it is by lucky chance, and not because our judging device is at all certain in its workings. These things surely ought to show us the lottery of the decision. I believe it is wrong to encourage so much pride in securing a decision, when so much of mere chance affects it.

A consideration of these several lines of merit which different orations may possess and of the different personalities to which the orations must make their appeal, brings us to the third, and, in a way, the fundamental objection to contests: In five good contests out of ten there is *no winner*. While one oration will excel in strength, originality, or logical arrangement of thought, another will have for its strong points vigorous presentation, pleasing manner, and winning personality. It would be impossible in a close contest, to say just which orator had a greater average excellence along all these lines, or to say which line should be considered of greater importance. It is a noteworthy fact that those who are most sure of their judgment of orations are not those who know most about orations.

I believe no one who has given the matter serious thought questions the statements thus far made. The argument for contests is that they foster interest in oratorical and similar work, and that we couldn't get the enthusiasm and results without the decision as an incentive. This was the reason for starting contests, and it is sound in part. But, as often happens, we have mistaken the means for the end, and the winning, which should be merely an incident, has been magnified in place and importance until our perspective has been lost.

Now here are two suggestions which the writer has long wished to make, and which he believes will sometime be followed: 1. That we talk less of "winning" in our local contests, and, so far as they are contests at all consider them merely as preliminary trials at which our representatives in the next higher contest are to be chosen, announcing no ranks in our decision. 2. That in the final contest—the Inter-State at present—we have no decision.

Do you say there would be no interest in such a meeting? I do not see the grounds for such a belief. Didn't we used to have school "exhibitions," which patrons came from miles around to attend? And didn't the children do their level best? And after it was over, weren't we all happier than as though an arbitrary "decision" had made John first and James last? And, best of all, we were happy in the conscious and real pride of having done our part well. I will waive the financial argument—though judges are expensive luxuries—and rest my plea for doing away with the contest feature wherever possible, solely on this ground of the satisfaction one should be allowed to enjoy in having done his part well. How many a company of students have gone home after a contest, disappointed and unhappy simply because a decision did not come their way, when they should have been experiencing feelings of pride in the excellence of their representative! How much better, then, it would be in our present final contest, if each came and let his oration stand on its own merits, with no one to exult in what is far too often the hollow honor of a chance victory, and, what is of far greater importance, no one to grieve over an undeserved, but bitter defeat.

C. R. ROUNDS, '99.

Ye Booke of Remembrance

CHAPTER I.—(Septembre.)

1. Ye bookes are opened—Aug. 29th.
2. Ye laddes gaze upon ye ladyes for seven daies.
3. On ye 9th daie of ye 9th monthe ye facultie made merrie with ye olde and newe students.



4. It is recorded that His Hornor Reese Jones did assume his duties as monitore of rowe 3 at 12:30 P. M. of ye clock on ye 11th daie of ye aforesaid monthe.

5. (Sept. 15) On this date ye aborigines of ye lande that one Lottie Deyoe did discover, forme a novel societie—ye Ohiyesa.
6. Ye 15th daie of said monthe alsoe witnessed ye reorganization of a verie anciente societie ye A. W. P. & L. S.
7. Numerous and divers other clubbes and societies are formed, noteworthie amonge them beinge: ye S. H. Clubbe.



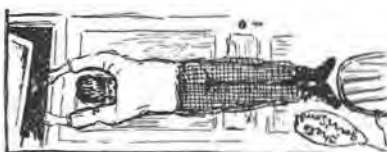
8. His Excellence, Sir Conrade Olson payeth a visite to his beloved sister Charlotte on ye 16th daie of this memorable monthe.

9. Authorities confirme ye reporte that ye Seniore Classe did regale themselvs with apples and dancing and all maner of amusements on ye 16th daie.
10. That learned classe of scholers, ye Biologial classe, did make this reporte for ye 18th daie: His Lordshipe, Prof. G. A. Talbert to-daie caught an insecte; order orthoptera, commone name grassehopper.



11. Their Lordeships, ye Rhetorical Committee, did on ye 22nd daie of ye month exhibit to ye public their firste victimnes. It was a veritable picknike.
12. If we were not misinformed ye Juniore Knights and Ladyes maide a moste gleaful journey up ye Wis. River on ye 23rd daie of Sept., A. D. 1906.

13. Her Grace Bertha Parker alsoe has juste informed us that some of ye Juniores were in ye gym on said eveninge;



14. That some Seniore knights were alsoe there and further

15. That other Seniors did partake of certain delicacies at ye corner of Main and Division Sts.

16. His Lordship Sir Conrade, after two wekes of toilsome adventure, again visites his sister Charlotte on ye 29th daie.

17. Sir Roy Judd and ye Honorable Mr. Fultz did have it out.



CHAPTER II.—(Octobre.)

1. Ye 10th month is introduced to us by a daring acte of robberie whereby ye excellent Prof. Spindire of ouer facultie did despoile Prof. Culver of his helmet.
2. Ful trutheful is ye recorde which tels us that ye jocund Elementarie Wights essaied to enjoye a solitarie eveninge in ye gym on ye 7th daie.
3. A valiant and pugnacious companie of Grand Rapids youths did enter ye lists against our Footballe Yeomanry, ye conteste beinge declared a draw on ye same daie.
4. Mondaie ye 9th a catapult is used by ye Juniore Pioniers and a braive knight Sir John Wysocki transported thereby to ye Normale Dome where he did plante ye Juniore standard at 1:15 a. m. of ye clock.
5. A valorous courtier of ye Seniore Courte did scale said dome and seize ye aforesaide standard, suplanting it by ye escutcheon of ye Seniore Classe.
6. We wel remember ye greате meetinge of ye Northeastern Scholemaster's Guild on ye 13th.



7. When ye learned and renouned Dr. Vincent did make a moste wittle and excellent speche after listeninge ful 90 minutes to a redeing by ye Chancellor of Ed.

8. Ye nexte daie we received certain astounding knowledge of ye powre of ye tuberculosis germe.
9. We rede on ye 21st paige of our diarie that ye Freshmen Laddes and lasses gallantlie assembled in ye gym and verielie did spek to eche other.
10. Ye 7th daie of ye 3rd weke beheld ye defete of ouer gridiron champions by ye Winnebago Indians;
11. Whoe were graciously entertained by certaine fair maides at ye Means castle on Division.
12. Ye firste issue of ye Normale Pointer did create no small commotion by cuminge forthe on ye 19th.



13. A speciale embassie of Seniors fail to secure ye personne of one Sir Oliver Weinandy charged with beinge superstitious at 9:30 P. M. ye 25th.

14. Ye Illustrious alchemist Pierce discovers some FeS butt ye exacte date is not recorded.

15. Immigration frome foreign Landes is made famous by Junlor Logice and Wisdome saith ye recorde for ye 26th daie.



16. Certain spies of ye Junior Classe overheare ye Senior plannes made on ye 26th.
17. Ye Right Worthie R. C. Judd appears in eveninge costume on ye 28th.
18. A wel knowne gentleman, L. R. Anderson by name, lendes his litle dogge to His Majestie Satan.
19. Whoe the accounte would have us believe was reaaly burned.
20. The office was a plaice of rendesvouies for ye Junior Classe on ye 30th daie, it beinge reported that Sir Harold Martin and His Worshipec Duncan Reide were alsoe there.

CHAPTER III.—(Novembre.)

1. On ye firste daie of ye 11th monthe a dark staine coulde be seen upon ye gym floore.
2. It was indeede a pleasure to attende a Halowene festivale given by ye Arena on ye eveninge foloweing ye 3rd daie.
3. Ye Normal Lecture Course did entertaine ye chronicler and his friends on ye eveninge precedinge ye 3rd.



4. A skeletonne belonginge to Prof. G. A. Talbert became suddenlie animate and forsooke his owner on ye 6th.
5. Ye younge men are entertained in 215 while ye ladyes occupie ye Assemblie Hall.
6. Ouer facultie did singe ful gleafullie this daie—ye 9th.



7. His piety led ye Worthie John Morse to attende ye Y. W. C. A. convention at Appleton ye daie folowinge.
8. On ye 7th daie ye returned plenipotentiaries did reporte a merrie time in which ye youthful knights of Appleton did untolde service.
9. Ye football teame accompanied by Sir Oliver Weinande visited ye city of Oshkosh ye 11th.

10. Ye aforesalde Sir Oliver returnes with his hair cutte and greate was the resulte.



11. Their worshipes Rogers and Grilley were unable to catche ye poste on ye 17th.
12. A tale of Sunnie Italie on ye 21st of ye 11th month is wel remembered by alle ouer facultie.

13. The mysteries of ye utilitie of coal tarre die were revealed to us on ye 22nd.

14. Ye Stewiards reduce ye rations of their boarders thereafter for two wekes.
15. Ye chronicler avers that ye schole was shoked by ye visite of ye ladies to ye brewerie on ye 24th.
16. Miss Ellen Hammond gracefullie acceptes ye position of Secretarie of ye State Oratorical Brotherhoode ye 27th.

17. Youthe and age did mingle at ye Thanksgiving Holidae, ye 29th daie bearinge witnesse.

18. Prof. Hyer kindly entertaines all ye Seniors from awale is ye testimonie of ye 30th and laste daie.

CHAPTER IV.—(December.)

1. John Morse returns three daies late.



2. On ye 4th daie of ye 12th monthe ye contemporarie affirms that ye Firme Wilson, Judd & Co. was involved.
3. Ye Normal Baskete ball team plaide ye High Schole on ye 9th and used them verie roughlie.
4. Relicques were resurrected on ye 5th daie and somme are yet alive in ye museum.
5. An Orchestral companie whose instrumentes were not softe recorders did occupie ye nighte of ye 4th daie.



6. Oysters and faire ladies were served by ye boyes Litterarie Clubbes in ye maine hall on ye 8th.
7. Apples are served in a novel maner by His Excellence Prof. Talbert to his classes ye 12th daie of ye 12th month.
8. Shippinge in Maine was discussed in ye face of a stiffe breeze by Prof. Bacon. Date ye 19th.

10. Ye olde S. P. N. Basketball teme defetes ye newe Dec. 22nd.
11. Ye editure of ye Pointer discovers an inspiration on Normal Avenue about ye 20th daie.
12. Ye Biologie studentes conducte their annual debate before an immense audience and amide greate applause. Ye date is loste.



13. Patente Medicines and their effecte upon liquer dealers were discussed by ye learned philosophre Ignatius Osterbrinke ye 21st.



CHAPTER V.—(Januarie.)

1. Ye Hollidale season passed without disaastre and without resolutions.
2. Everiebodie beginnes goinge to ye Rinke.
3. We have inn noe wise forgotten ye daie upon upon which ouer Psychologie Professor did make a verie wide reputation. In facte it was worlde wide—ye date was Jan. 9th.



4. Silence and feare on ye 10th, ye Regents!
5. Ormsbie discusseth ye arte of farminge in ye forenoon and that rite braivelie.
6. Oshkoshe vs. ouer men at basket ball — — — — —! on ye 12th.
7. A verie cumlie taulke by one of ouer facultie. Subjecte: Mexicoe and Mexican man-eurs. This was on ye 15th.
8. That arrant knave, J. Howard Browne, thoughte ye 17th a moste auspicious time to become a member of ye patolle on Normal Ave., night service.
9. On ye 19th a ladie from ye eastern proovinces, Her Grace, Mrs. Helen B. Bridge, arrived in ouer citie.
10. Ye midwinter memoriale exercises or commencemente on ye same daie.
11. Ye beloved Dr. Pray and his wife did graciously greete ye Senior Classe at their home and thereafter did entertaine them rite royallie for three houers on ye 20th.
12. Ye 23rd daie of this monthe did beholde with sorroe ye leave takinge of Miss Ella Louise Fink.
13. Nowe that ye 3rd quarter hadde begunne, ye Seniores were constrained to torne their thoughts forewarde to June and final essaies.
14. Sleighrides by ye Juniors and ye Arena on ye 27th daie.



15. Ye weather verie colde and inclemente yet ye stars are dulle observed on ye 29th daie at 9:00 A. M. of ye clocke in ye Assemblie Hall.

CHAPTER VI.—(Februarie.)

1. Ye concourse of students quiet during ye absence of Dr. Pray between ye 5th and 7th daies.



2. Currente topicks discussed and illustrated by ye moste moderne methods were made verie inter-estinge by Prof. Hyer on ye 6th.



3. That braive and handsomme gentlemene of osculatorie fame, ouer countries own Captaine Richmond Pearson Hobsons, did lecture to us on ye 6th alsoe. His taulke was interspersed by exquisite musicke by ye captaine himselve.

4. A remarkable and marvellous agencie, namlie disinfectantes, were successfullie used by ye Domestic Science girls on ye 8th daie.

5. Marshfield H. S. in ouer gym. Ye daie was ye 9th and ye score was indeede grati-fyinge.

6. Ye thermometre was carefullie inspected by ouer Professore Spindire on ye 13th. Ye daie was colde.



7. Ouer friend Emmeline retorned to ouer assemblee on ye 16th after a verie grievous attacke of ye mumpse.
8. A prize of 5 dollars was won by that worthie artiste Mable Readinge—ye 18th.
9. Miss Helen Waldoe did singe for us—ye 20th.
10. Oratorie was vigorouslie revived on ye 20th when ye Junior Classe represented by Miss Bertha Parker did win ye local oratoricale conteste.
11. Meantime ye Cravenette caste were laboringe diligentlie.
12. On ye 21st daie a greate shoute was herde to issue from roome 235 and it was in due time announced that His Honor Reese Jones had been commended for his studious waies.
13. An outline and summarie of all they knoe is requested frome ye Seniors on ye 22nd daie, but noe outlines were received. We therefore conclude et cetera.
14. Feb. 24th ye Cravenette.
15. Ye Graphophone and ye Scotchman plaie hide and seeke.
16. Ye actores pleased ye populace, includinge ye groundlings.

CHAPTER VII.—(Marche.)

1. Rumores. Muche talke. Noe thinkinge. Such was ye state of affaires from ye 2nd to ye 5th daie.
2. When ye studentes did mete en masse.
3. Ye Lyricke Glee Clubbe from a greate citie did make a glefule noise on ye 6th daie.
4. On ye 7th we alle witnessed ye introduction of ouer Professor, Sechrise to ye versatile professor of languaige.
5. We lerned that it is alle Well(s) with ye Hutchines Transfere Line, etcetera.
6. We were not inclined to credite ye tale that Genevieve Heaney lamented ye pedagogic traites of James Burns.
7. Agen ye echoes of eloquence did shake ye empyrean.
8. And ye people did alle impatiently await ye conteste.
9. We believe it was on ye 15th daie that numerous students started on a longe voiage for Milwaukee.
10. We herde ye folloeing daie that ye greate citie was a moste delightful place.
11. In chronologicale ordre did we heare thatt one J. E. Sazama was loste in citie, that others did goe to ye Davidson theatre, and that oure schoole was ablie represented in ye oratoricale conteste.
12. It was with greate sorroe that we received ye intelligence that Evadna McNutt, Ray C. Judd, Eugene Hein, et al., were prevailed upon to leave us on ye 21st.



13. With tuneful voices did ye two fraternale societies ye Athenaeum and ye Forum joine in a songe led by a certaine man named Browne ye 23rd.

14. The betrothal of a Junior knight and a Senior ladie stirred sociale circles on ye 27th.
15. Sir Harold Martin denied ye reporte ye nexte daie. We are yette in doubte.
16. After a prolonged struggle of manie wekes Miss Mabel Readinge acquitted herselfe orablie of Solid Geometrie.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Aprille.)

1. A timelle periode of reste was allowed us from ye 1st to ye 8th daie.
2. Ye birdes sange rite merrilie and we were aware of the cuminge of springe when Sir Arthur Fromme did falle inn love.
3. That ful worthie Scotchman Duncan Reid did borroe a wig on ye 13th daie owinge to losse of haire in anticipation of ye debate.
4. Uncannie wailles and forensicke fervor did arouse ye Juniores on ye 20th;



5. A logicle succession of resultes being that ye poet laureate did become inspired and did reade us ye fruites thereof.
6. Ye mightie men of ye Juniore Classe were astonished by Oshkoshe noe less than by ye aforesaid wailles.
7. A companie of Africanes employed their vocale powers for us on ye 21st.
8. It is written that on ye 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th daies ye honorable T. Marion Risk did accompanie a certaine ladie to her domicile on Maine Strete.
9. On ye 15th Prof. Baer of ye Academie of Denvere tauked in a moste deliteful maner.
10. Ye chronicle is verie difficulte to deciphre at this pointe yet we believe that over againste ye 24th daie is set ye reporte that Platteville did strippe Oshkoshe of her laurels.
11. A daie of portentous preparation for ye unknowne in Milwaukee was ye 25th daie.



12. We reade that on ye 26th ye citie was indede bewilderinge and awesome.
13. Demosthenes, Cicero and Webstre wake ye echoes butt faile to reporte on ye 27th.
14. Sir Harold and Ladie Merle were bothe tardie to their taskes on ye 24th.
15. But agree to parte ye nexte daie.
16. Ye 27th daie, we lerne, witnessed ye triumphante marche of ye Nature Study Classe.



17. Her Highnesse Miss Hammond discoveres a newe bird.
19. Ye mixed quartette did singe in a mixed maner to a mixed audience on ye 27th.
20. Ye Senior Classe congregatae to gaze at ye moon in solitude. So endeth ye 4th monthe.

CHAPTER IX.—(May.)

1. In regulare ordre folloe ye eventes of ye 5th monthe.
2. It was brote to passe that on ye 1st daie ye Senior Classe did mete en masse.
3. Ye second daie was folloed by a verie sleeplesse nite for ouer Professor Bacon.
4. We are not sure as to ye amounte of reste he secured on ye 3rd daie.
5. That false knave Brasure did become ipsane concerning a certaine flowre, ye Iris.
6. Browne torneth alle his earthlie possessions to T. M. Riske on ye 4th daie.
7. Ye societie debate had beene in some maner revived on ye 6th.
8. There was noe meteing of ye Senior Classe on ye 7th.
9. Inn a strenuous battle ye Junior Palladins were vanguished by ye Freshmen.
10. Ye frostes of povertie threatened ye life of ye Iris.
11. We recalle a challenge bruited aboute by ye doughtie Elementes callinge upon ye Seniors to cum forthe on ye 16th.
12. Wausau and ye regione thereaboute was rediscovered by ye Geologie Classe after a wild time on ye 11th.
13. Ye High Schoole Declamatorie conteste befelle on ye 11th daie.
14. Risk, Garthwaite & Co. declaire a dividende of 100 per cente to be payed in fulle.
15. Ye cominge of ye Regentes did occasione no surale stirre amonge ye Seniors on ye 14th.
16. That powerfulle champion, John Moffit, lowered ye recorde for coveringe 100 yards. Date, ye 14th daie; time, $8\frac{1}{2}$ secondes againste ye winde.
17. Ye Interclass field mete on ye 18th daie did serve to glorifie ye prowess of Sir Johnnie Moffit and Duncan Reid.
18. We catche heare and theare notes of a coming picknic to be helde on ye lakes ye 30th daie.
19. Ouer Prof. Sechrist did rede Isaac Walton on ye 27th daie.
20. And strove rite gallantlie to emulate him ye daie folloeing.



Wausau, Rib Hill, and Granite Heights
Sometimes see geologic "sights."

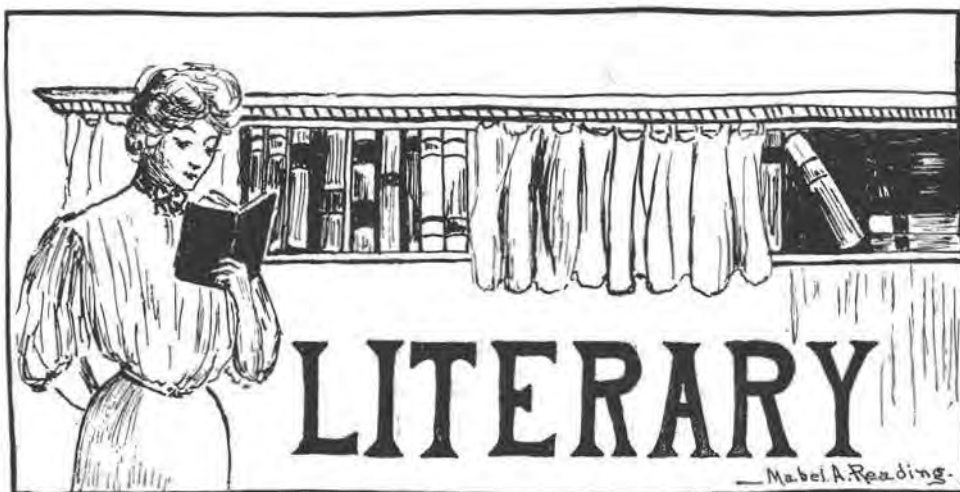


T. M. Risk & Co. declare a divid-
end of 100 per cent.

CHAPTER X.—(June.)

1. Ye 6th monthe bids faire to be indede merrie.
2. Ye worthie facultie sitte downe to a sumptuous feaste with ye Seniores, ye Juniore Classe acteing as hoste on ye 8th daie.
3. Ouer mentore Prof. Bacon is prostrated with grieve by ye indifferente attitude of his classe in historie.
Ye Worthe Elementes and Seniores discusse divers things on ye 1st and reporte a merrie time.
4. Finale outlines in Historie of Education are in greate demande, ye rentale fore one riseing to noe lesse thane one dollare per heure.
Ye Declamatorie conteste between those ancienne societies, ye Literare Clubbes, on ye 5th daie.
5. Ye outlines beinge finished ye eyes of ye Seniores become agen brighte.
6. Scholes seme to be verie plentifulle and easie to obtaine, for even Her Grace Miss Deyoe dothe accepte a position in ye kindergartene at Wausau.
7. On ye 11th daie we hadde oure eares opened by ye Forum-Athenaeum debate.
8. Ye Senior Classe did indede make historie on ye 14th daie. It is ye commoun opin-youn of all chroniclers that ye Junior Classe of 1907 did receive som moste valuable suggestions and that ye genius of '06 did acquite itselfe inn honorable facion at ye Classe Daie Exercises.
9. Ye Iris did cum forthe two daies previous. Noe litle spaice did it occupie in ye estimation of those whoe did write it.
10. A certain verie ancient and time-honored custome was agen observed on ye 15th when all ye people did gather for ye Commencement of '06.
11. And they all departed in peace, everie man on his owne waie.

Deare frends & schole mates, we implore
Thatte after this you hav red o'er,
You thinke of us & then forbear
Denying what's ywritten heare.
Ye chronicler hath seen & hearde
The things heare tolde in simpl worde.
So bleste be he who this dothe rede,
Believinge it is trewe indede



Success.

What is the end and aim of mortal here?
Wherefore does all that lives and loves to-day,
All that is buoyant, all that's bright and gay,
Grow weary, darksome, silent, cold and drear?

The aim is set, the goal gleams full in view!
Aspirant, climb and struggle, strive amain
The gilded gossamer, "Success" to gain!
Yet, e'er you strive, what is success to you?

To heap together gold, and hold in store
Enormous wealth? vast fortunes to control?
To drink from luxury's o'erflowing bowl,
Filled with choice fruits from ev'ry foreign shore?

To mount the dazzling pinnacle of Fame?
To be a hero in your country's eyes?
To sit among the learned and the wise
And cast undying glory round thy name?

On literary scrolls thy name to write?
The secret depths of Science to reveal?
To scatter knowledge long obscured by night
And on the future age to stamp thy seal?

To search the World on Exploration's wings?
And carve thy name across the Continents?
To shape by word and deed the World's events
And be the choice of Nations and of kings?

To taste the sweets of Pleasure's charmed cup?
To drift adown the limpid stream of Ease,
Nor stern Necessity be forced to please?
Is such the aim that buoys and bears thee up?

How oft are such aims worshipped and believed!
Yet true success needs none of these to be;
For as the effort, so the victory,
Since struggle measures what we have achieved.

To struggle bravely with what you possess;
To grasp the moment and its worth apply;
To utilize Conditions is success—
To him whose honor naught on earth can buy.

CORBETT.

MISS MARSHALL was the new teacher; and Corbett was Mr. Bentley's tame ram. It was evident from the first that Corbett took a deep interest in Miss Marshall, which interest it was also evident she did not return.

Nowhere was there sweeter grass than that which grew along the road over which Miss Marshall passed to and from school. At least this was Corbett's opinion; and, as a consequence, he spent most of his leisure time contentedly nibbling the grass on either side, only pausing occasionally to gaze meditatively up and down the road. When away in the distance he caught the flash of a certain dinner pail, which he soon learned to know, his eye would brighten as if his thoughts were pleasant.

Miss Marshall had learned to keep a watchful eye, as she never knew when or where she would meet this undesirable acquaintance; and many were the tales she could tell of fences scaled with more rapidity than grace, or hours spent upon a convenient stump with Corbett for a diversion.

Finally, life grew to be a burden to Miss Marshall, and she resolved to speak to Mr. Bentley.

Returning one night from a more exciting encounter than usual, she found Mr. Bentley seated on a bench at the end of the house enjoying a smoke. This was her opportunity. She poured forth her tale of woe graphically illustrated from her wide experience. Mr. Bentley heard her to the end; and then threw back his head and laughed. "Afraid of Corbett? Nonsense! He's as gentle as

a lamb; he's just trying to make friends with you. I raised that black ram myself from the time he was a week old, and I know he is not vicious. You just walk along unconcerned like and he'll never touch you."

Miss Marshall walked away still unconvinced; but resolved to stand it a little longer. Things went from bad to worse. She began to get pale and thin, and start nervously at every sound. Still Mr. Bentley laughed at her fears.

Determined at last to end matters once for all, she followed Mr. Bentley out to the chicken coop where he was mixing feed for the chickens' evening meal and was greeted by, "Well, how's Corbett? Been doing any stunts lately? I tell you if you keep on, you will be the fastest runner in the State. There is Corbett right over there. Did you ever see a more innocent expression?" Sure enough there he was, and hearing his name, he walked slowly toward them. Miss Marshall edged around to the other side of Mr. Bentley. He only laughed and remarked as he bent over to place the pail inside the coop door, "I tell you, he's perfectly"—but where was Mr. Bentley? From somewhere in the depths of the coop floated back the word "safe!" Miss Marshall stood motionless trying to take in the situation. Corbett, after casting a look at her, which she always declared was a wink, fell to nibbling the grass as if nothing had happened.

All is peace and contentment now for Miss Marshall; and sometimes returning from school she stops to gaze thru a wire fence at the "innocent Corbett."

The Eye of the Heart.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

Francis W. Bourdillon in this little poem which made him famous tells us that the mind compared to the heart is as the light of night compared to that of day. It's an excellent poem for the teacher to keep in mind, since we are rather prone to let the education of the heart take care of itself while devoting our efforts almost exclusively to the education of the thousand eyes of the mind—preparing pupils to pass examinations.

Pestalozzi says, "The education that makes character individual and national begins with the heart, the conscience, and the imagination. The storing of the memory with facts is a tool shop more essential to the making of a living than the learning how to live, which is life's higher purpose.

Among the most effective means toward the education of this one eye of the heart is literature, especially that which is committed to memory; we need to have it always with us to be used as occasion offers. I place literature among the first because thru it so much else may be learned.

Hamilton W. Mabie tells the story of an old Scotchman who went out doors every morning and stood with bared head. When asked why he did this he said he was taking off his hat to the beauty of the world.

The beauty of the world! Pestalozzi, who Seeley says approaches more nearly to the Great Teacher than anyman who ever lived, thought that above all else pupils should be taught to appreciate the beauties of Nature, this being most conducive to the one end and aim of existence—love.

'Tis strange tho true that eyes must be taught to see the beauties that everywhere surround us, and ears must be taught to hear them. Strange that one could pass over a brook every day for years all unmindful of its song, until Whittier with

"The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,"

and Tennyson with

"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays
I babble on the pebbles"

reveal to him a music that is wondrous sweet

Robert Browning says:

"We're made so that we love first when we see them painted things we have passed perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

I interpret this to mean painted with either brush or pen, since I believe there is no means comparable to literature in the opening of eyes and ears.

What was it that first led people to an appreciation of Scottish natural scenery but Scott's

"One burnished sheet of living gold
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,"

"For 'ere he parted he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray;
Where shall he find in foreign land
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

"And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land," etc.?

How without the poet could one ever conceive of the lakes of Madison after this manner:

"Four limpid lakes, four naids,
Or sylvan deities are these,
In living robes of azure dressed—
Four lovely handmaids that uphold
Their shining mirrors rimmed with gold
To the fair city in the West?"

We wish to teach our pupils to love and protect the birds, assuredly—it's of infinitely more importance, spiritually and financially, than to teach them how to solve a lot of problems whose like they'll never meet outside the schoolroom.

One evening I was walking home from school with a little boy about eight years of age. A flock of quails flew up from the roadside as we neared them—beautiful, plump little fellows! The boy braced himself up, raised his arms in imitation of holding a gun, squinted his eyes, and exclaimed excitedly, "Gee! if I only had a gun!" Some bird poems together with talks and observation will work wonders toward banishing this "gun" spirit in boys, and the desire for bird millinery in girls.

Then the flowers, those "smiles of God's goodness"—wonderful, wonderful creations, the meanest of which Wordsworth said to him could give thought that often lay too deep for tears—will surely *make* sometime in our schools, if we can't get it any other way, to interest pupils in them. Just one little story to show how much they may influence character: A prisoner found a little plant growing in a crevice of his cell. He transplanted it to a pot, and having little to occupy his attention spent much time watching it. His joy knew no bounds when, one day, a pure white lily burst into bloom. He had come to the prison an atheist, but left it a believer in God. Nothing less, he reasoned, could have wrought such a miracle.

An old lady who had worked hard all her life on a farm, raising a large family of children, told me she didn't know what she should have done all those years without her flowers. Sometimes right in the middle of her dishwashing she'd run out for a few minutes to them; then with renewed courage she'd go on with her work.

The dear old lady in Pansy's "Three People," says, "The boy can't be wholly bad; didn't you see the pansy in his buttonhole?"

Literature is full of flowers to help us "along this line."

From flowers we pass to trees. Holmes loved them so much he called them his tree wives. He says, "I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields where they are alive, holding their green sun-shades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with sweet meekness."

Lucy Larcom says:

"Time is never wasted listening to the trees.
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these—
Holding to each other half their kindly grace,
Haply we were worthier of our human place."

Literature is almost as full of trees as of flowers. With this to help us shall we make no effort to teach pupils to look sometimes at the poet's tree, rather than always of the wood chopper's?

Now a few words for the clouds, not the least of these beauties of Nature. I should count it no sin to stop in the midst of a recitation to call the attention of the class to anything unusually glorious in them. It keeps the mind from growing small to contemplate such infinity as the sky. I asked a lady what she thought the reason that women spend so much more time than the men in trivial, often mischievous, gossip. "Because men have the whole sky to look at, and women keep themselves mostly within four small walls," she replied.

In all my attendance at school I have no recollection of any teacher's having called my attention to the beauty of the clouds. I left country school with the idea that Arithmetic was the one test of an education, my highest ambition having been to learn to do all the problems in Robinson's Practical Arithmetic. Accidentally I came across Ruskin's "Beauty of the Clouds," and a new world was opened to me—a world more beautiful than artist ever painted. Speaking of the sky, he says, "It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him than in any other of her works. There is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure."

Not only does Nature constantly furnish us pictures to please the eye, but also music to please the ear—the music of earth is never dead, but it takes the poet to make us see that there's no music on earth more exquisite than the ripple of a brook or the song of birds, and none more majestic than the thunder.

Besides helping us to see the beauty all around the fine things in literature help us in other ways as promoters of right thinking and conduct. George McDonald says that we are no more the author of our thoughts than of our existence.

The minds of the best people are not free from bad thoughts which do more to injure character than bad actions do, because they may be indulged in secretly. I know of nothing more efficacious for nipping them in the bud than to begin to repeat a poem as soon as one becomes aware that his "thoughts are not fit to be seen."

Gen. O. O. Howard said to the teacher of his boy, "I'd rather you'd teach my boy quotations from the masters that will help him meet the temptations and exigencies of life than all the Geometry that was ever invented"—this from a man of the world.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that she keeps this stanza of Goethe's always before her on her desk:

"Lose this day loitering it will be the same to-morrow,
And the rest more dilatory:
This indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting other days.
Are you in earnest? seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it;
Genius has beauty, power and magic in it.
Only engage and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed."

Why is Literature, especially Poetry, so much more effective than the same sentiment would be clothed in our own words? Why does a verse find him who a sermon flies; and why wouldn't it do just as well for pupils to remember the sentiment in their own words? Because they'd not remember the sentiment, and because it's that very thing—the beautiful expression of the thought, that makes it effective.

A teacher who gave the committing of choice selections to memory great prominence in his school tells this story :

"In our last year's class there was a youth of clear brain and steady purpose, who would have entered college this year with better preparation than any of his school-fellows. He was taken ill some months before the close of the term, and was confined to the house until his death a few weeks since. When I called to see him a day or two before he died his voice had sunk to a whisper, and he was quietly awaiting the end, glad to think it so near. As I sat on the side of his bed and talked with him of familiar things, I recalled his having learned the Ninetieth Psalm, and said, 'You know the grand old verse, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations?"' With a glad smile, 'Oh, yes !' he whispered, for he could no longer speak above his breath, and went on with the verses that follow, adding eagerly in a whisper when he had ended, 'O, how good many of those sweet and noble things that we learned in the High School have been to me when I have been kept in the house all those long months ! What pleasure it has been to think them over and over again !' He was dying, but these things out of his school life he recalled with rare gratification even then. Not Mathematics, or Science, or Latin, or Greek—and he was foremost in all those studies—only this ! Is it good to do such work ? I think so."

ELLEN HAMMOND.

De Sweet By An' By.



Often fall ter thinkin' how de place am gwine ter look
When changes still a few mo' yeahs from Time's ol'
tree hab shook;

An' Father Time he jes stan' by a watchin' as dey fall—
De yeahs so dead an col' an still—but he don' care at
all.

We's ben heah fo so long a time we nebber can fo'get
De place we can not lub enough to ebber pay de debt,
But think ob how de place will change when we hab
went away,

An' other folks has come to teach an' we miss Mistah
Pray!

Let de days be bright an' lubly an' de birds all gaily sing,
An' spose dat we are happy—but de ol' times dey won' bring.
Dere'll be new things on de campus an' new things all aroun',
An' pretty things an' han'som will ebry where be foun',
But de gentle words of wisdom, an' de smile we lub to-day
Shall be fo'ebber absent fo' we won' see Mistah Pray.
Dere'll be shade trees all along de walk an fountains on de lawn,
But den de place won' be de same when Mistah Pray am gone.
De buildin' may be bigga wid new statutes in de halls,
An' all de picters still may be a hangin' on de walls;
De school will hab mo' students—an' we surely hope it may—
But we hab all ben satisfied when we had Mistah Pray.
De girls dey may be purty an' ebrything dat's fine,
De boys may come a stringin' hea in one long endless line;
De school may hab a standin' an' be famous fa' an' wide,
An' ebrybody in de State may be quite satisfied;
But de good ol' home-like feelin' we hab felt all thru our stay,
Will lebe fo' us fo'ebber an go with Mistah Pray.

We hate ter think o' comin' back an' lookin' up an' down
De empty halls an' listnin' fo' de dea ol' soothin' soun',
De echoes dey will follow an' de soun' come back alway
Ob our own steps jes wanderin' an' huntin' Mistah Pray.
An' when we climb de ol' front stairs all sorrerful an' slow,
An' start to go along de hall down to de office do',
An' half expec' to meet him dere an' shake his han' agen
We'll suddenly remember dat he am gone an' den
We'll think ob all he's done fo' us an' fo' de Normal heah,
No doubt fo' our ingratichude we'll shed a bittah tea';
But den we won' be heah yo' see—we will not come to stay,
Fo' all de deah ol' things we knew will be wid Mistah Pray.
De thoughts we hab ob school days won' be so gay an' bright,
As dey would be if we could feel dat he was here all right.
But den we're gwine to stan' fo' it de berry best we may—
Our bein' "jes Alumni" won' bring back Mistah Pray.

An Idyl.



HY JED SIMPKINS had just passed his fortieth mile-stone and in all this time had never felt the need of a help-meet to travel life's journey with him and incidentally dispose of his hard earned savings, none of the spinsters knew.

Jed lived on a large farm on the outskirts of a small village.

This farm was one of the best to be found anywhere in the vicinity. all due to his thrift and untiring energy. His barns were full to overflowing with hay and grain; sleek cattle wandered over vast stretches of clover field; and his poultry yard and truck garden were the chief sources of supply for the whole village. His house was large and roomy and a model for neatness, for Jed prided himself on his housekeeping.

Many a spinster had cast longing glances upon Jed's bountiful acres mentally picturing herself mistress of it all; but to no purpose. Jed went about his own affairs plowing his fields, baking his bread, driving to market with his vegetables, or attending church upon Sunday; but never wasting valuable time talking to the women of the village.

Things had gone on in this way for fifteen years, ever since the death of his father and mother. Spinsters had long since ceased to dream of what "might have been," and become resigned to the fate of living in solitary bliss.

Now, when Jed had reached his forty-first year, there came a change. This change was in the shape of a school teacher of uncertain age, who, during the Summer, had taken up her residence in the village. She never told how many terms of school she had taught; but this much the village knew, she had broken down her health in following the aforesaid vocation, and with her small savings settled in the village where she expected to recuperate.

As it was perfectly natural, this teacher took to buying fresh eggs and green vegetables from Jed. The village agreed there was nothing in that to cause comment; but Miss Benson, as she was called, having been a teacher, and Jed having spent most of his life learning the art of making the most of things, found it hard to agree on the price of eggs, green peas, and the like; and, consequently, long and excited conversations took place in front of Miss Benson's house. The village, observing these, and not knowing the cause, agreed that it was unheard of, outlandish, disgraceful, for that sickly school ma'am to set her cap for Jed Simpkins.

Some of the gossip afloat in the village came to Jed's ears, and at once set him to thinking. She certainly was good at driving a bargain. It would seem rather nice to come in and find supper all ready to be eaten with no exertion on his part. And then her health had improved wonderfully. She could take all that poultry off his hands, and as for weeding a garden, there was nothing better for one in search of health. The more he thot of it the pleasanter the idea grew. Still, he had had his own way for fifteen years and hated to run any risks of losing it now.

For several weeks Jed weighed the case pro and con, finally deciding in favor of the school teacher.

After coming to a decision, the next important move was to ask her. Jed had never had any experience in this line, and was at a loss what to do. He pondered for some time and then a brilliant idea struck him. He went to the only store in the village which kept a line of books and purchased one with a glaring title and profusely illustrated with love scenes. He read this from beginning to end, memorizing a passage which he thot particularly good for his purpose.

These preparations complete, Jed choose a beautiful moonlight evening (that was the kind in the book he had read) and repaired to Miss Benson's. He wore his Sunday suit with a rosemary leaf stuck in the button hole. His hair was neatly parted from his forehead to the stiff white collar which he wore; his shoes were polished until the moonbeams sparkled and glinted on them as he walked.

Arrived at Miss Benson's, he stood upon the step a few moments to repeat his passage, and then gave a loud knock. He heard footsteps approaching and at the sound his courage left him and with it the piece he expected to speak. Jed turned to flee—but—too late! The door was opened.

"Howdy do, Miss Benson. I come to—to——"

"Come in, come in, and take a chair."

Jed sat down in the nearest chair, wound his feet around the legs, fixed his gaze on one corner of the ceiling where the paper wasn't matched, and twirled his thumbs.

"Is there something I can do for you, Mr. Simpkins?"

"Yes, I—I— It's mighty fine weather we're having, ain't it?"

"Beautiful! But it seems to me it isn't like you to come calling unless it is pretty urgent business. Didn't I pay you enough for that last dozen eggs I got from you? I'm very sure, Mr. Simpkins. I gave you more than *market* price for them!"

Jed was aware that something must be said. He strove to recollect the first words of his speech, but they were resolved into the gorgeous flowers in the paper design as he gazed stupidly at the wall. He twirled his thumbs, coughed, crossed his legs, and produced a large handkerchief of unbleached muslin. He sought to remove the evidences of embarrassment from his copper-hued complexion, for he felt very warm and knew he was blushing.

Miss Benson was not an unappreciative spectator of Jed's discomfiture. She was a woman and a spinster. Could it be that—?

"Them's pretty flowers on that paper," suddenly came from Jed's direction.

Miss Benson acquiesced in silence.

"That makes me think that if I could talk as flowery as I used to I might be able to—to—tell you that I think I have been charging *you* too much for eggs—and every thing. I—I——"

She laughed merrily; and her resentment gave way to anticipation. The emphasis on "*you*" had not escaped her notice, and "*you*" meant HER!

"I'm sure, Mr. Simpkins, your powers are still with you. *Do* tell me all about it. How nice it will be to get eggs for ten cents a dozen!"

"Well, you see I have to figger pretty close in the poultry business. Now, countin' feedin' and watchin' and *all* trouble, I can't afford to sell eggs for less than a cent a piece. My folks come from Vermont, an' they're used to countin' the difference atween zero and nothin'."

Jed stopped a minute to think of his speech; for this didn't seem a bit like the story in the book. Miss Benson interposed—

"But I don't see why you should come to the conclusion that *I* have been paying too much. I didn't mean to. Perhaps you wouldn't mind paying me back?"

Here was Jed's opportunity. Some word or sound in what she had said seemed to turn the switch of memory. His speech from first to last, flashed before him. He started violently; and she did also.

* * * * *

He had said it—on his knees as the *story* said to. The rush of phrases, the succession of tender epithets had come and gone. He had grasped her slender hand as per

directions—and she had not resisted. He closed in a whirlwind of eloquence, asserting “immeasurable love” and “undying affection,” declaring that her refusal would “blast the future of a life whose sole happiness had been the anticipations aroused by her acquaintance.” And then—he remembered saying, “I love you, and always shall.”

Jed was not flushed now. He was pale, and stood trembling with emotion—yes, “emotion,” the book said. Fully five seconds had elapsed since the last word, and *still* she seemed undecided. She had risen from her chair and stood behind it, evidently much agitated. She put out her hand and grasped the back of the chair.

“She’s overcome with the suddenness of it,” thought Jed or tried to think it. Yet she seemed very dignified and looked——!

Miss Benson had acquired a habit of decision and a keen insight into the nature of man. Her forty years had not left her so inexperienced as to be powerless in the face of *any* contingency—not even so extraordinary an event as a proposal. If there were only some means of accomplishing it gracefully!

“I’ll *do* it,” she said, as she grasped her chair. Jed Simpkins was an honest farmer, and she had no fear of him. The humor of her predicament gave way to action. She trembled, swayed, and fell in a dead faint. Of course, she retained enough presence of mind to fall in Jed’s direction. He simply couldn’t avoid catching her.

Miss Benson lay on the couch until Jed’s clumsy foot-steps had ceased to come back thru the door which he had left wide open.

“I knew he’d run for a Doctor. He certainly made heroic efforts to revive me, tho!”

She sprang lightly from the couch and ran to the mirror.

“Why, my hair is all disarranged! Who could have imagined such a thing? Jed Simpkins, too! Well, I won’t be here when he gets back. It’s 9:30! The Chicago train is due at 9:38. He can’t cover a half mile and return in ten minutes. I’ll leave a note on the table, “Gone to Chicago on No. 3,” and then hide until *he’s* gone—gone to—poor fellow!”

Mary Benson, like every good spinster, was methodical. Order, regularity, and precision were the captains of her conduct and guarded her life vigilantly. But *where* was that paper? She *must* have some. She looked on the stand, under it, on the mantel, but not even a scrap was seen. She was so methodical! She now affirmed that there had indeed been a madness in her method of keeping things tidy. She had a pencil but no paper. A very dignified ascent of the stairs, three at a bound, brought her to her room. She turned it as completely at variance with order as only a woman who “knows where she puts things” can. No. 3 whistled. *Then* she remembered. Of course she knew. That box of paper was in a chair on the south porch.

But Jed Simpkins was coming! She could hear him on the gravel walk. The gate clicked!

“Oh Tom! I’m so glad!” she found herself saying, “I’ve something funny to tell you. You’re——”

The gate clicked again.

“He’s coming, Tom. Tell him, you’ll have to tell him!”

* * * * *

Jed had never walked so fast before. He got home before the arrival of his composure. The unbleached muslin was dripping.

“Well, I’d rather pitch hay a week than propose to an old maid Woman’s Club President! My new shoes! all spoilt runnin’ thru the grass to Dock Snyders. So Miss Benson she bet her “brother”---darn him---she could live six weeks on thirty dollars? An’ *that’s* why she stuck out fer eggs at ten cents! Blamed if I don’t go an’ speak my piece to Sally Johnson. No more “vacatin’” old maids fer me!”

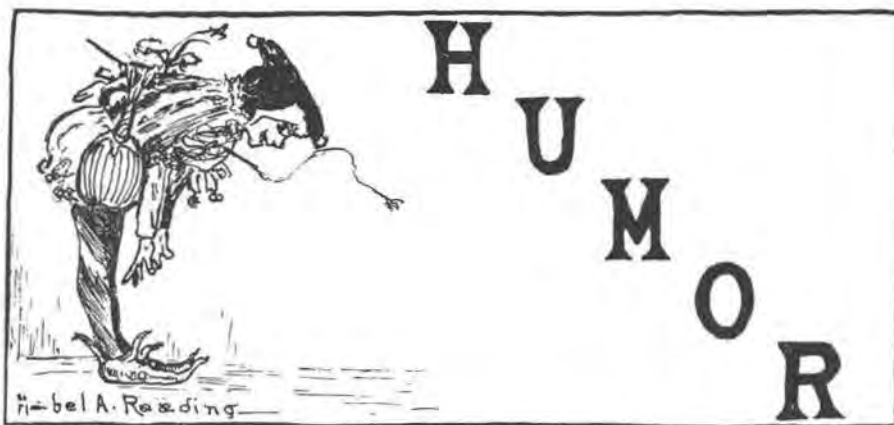
Courage.

Thy soul is often weary,
The way thou goest dreary,
Thy lot forlorn,
Vanisheth oft the light,
Ambition's distant height
In misty darkness dight,
Shadows the morn.

Hark ye ! O life so drear,
What is thy purpose here ?
To live, then die ?
Doth living sum thy life ?
Shalt Death but mark thy strife
A farce with struggle rife,
An empty lie ?

Conquer thy coward heart !
Ne'er from thy purpose part
Whate'er thy lot.
Stand fast ! strive and attain ;
Brave boist'rous billows with disdain,
Defy the raging main,
And falter not.

Then shalt thou master all,
Thy will obey thy call,
Thy strength endure ;
For each courageous soul
Life's billows rage and roll,
And sweep him to his goal
In triumph sure.



Our Catechism.

Who smasheth all beholders' hearts
And with each one a new case starts?
'Tis Oliver.

Who is quite calm and philosophic
And holds love's germ is microscopic?
'Tis Sazama.

Who never fails to see a joke
And makes all troubles end in smoke?
'Tis F. N. S.

Who talks in deep sepulchral tone
While list'ning to the Language Phone?
'Tis F. K. S.

Who lost a skeleton, last Fall,
And feared that it had played foot ball?
'Twas G. A. T.

Who laughs the most of all that be
Members of our Faculty?
'Tis J. V. C.

Who was it that our love had won
No sooner than he had begun?
'Twas T. B. P.

Who is it that in classes walks
And, if his classes nod, then talks?
'Tis C. B. B.

Who grinneth so wyde from eare to eare
His mouthe will swalloe him, we fear?
'Tis Stiffy E.

Who is a fearless man and true
And has licked bigger men than you?
Ignatius 'tis.

Who never likes to be alone,
So has a fellow all her own?
'Tis Rena B.

Who makes a basket with a ball,
Can't miss a foul, but throws them all?
'Tis Samuel.

Who simply never makes a break,
No matter what may be at stake?
Miss Hammond 'tis.

Who is loved equally by all—
Alumni, students, great and small?
'Tis M. D. B.

Who was it had the cash to blow
Till daddy made him go quite slow?
'Twas Ferdie J.

Who never has but half a seat
But keeps the other half quite sweet?
'Tis Norma S.

Who watches while the girls wash dishes
And gives them all her kindest wishes?
'Tis H. M. P.

Who always volunteers in class
For fear she isn't going to pass?
'Tis Tessie O.

Who always seems to be distressed
By fears or fancies much oppressed?
'Tis Helen S.

Who's had us goin' in the gym—
Goin' till our eyes were dim?
'Twas M. G. A.

Who is the sweetest girl we know
And always has to *choose* her beau?
'Tis Katherine J.

Where is the jolliest place we know
Where those who wish to visit go?
The Library.

What is the day we love the best?
And sums our love for all the rest?
'Tis Friday.

What do you think we all should do
If every thing we heard were true?
We'd never tell.

Where is the place where you'll be trusted
Tho you may be completely busted?
At the counter.

Which of the boys whom we have known
Makes the most music all alone?
Why Mr. Davis!

Practical Propositions.

(We suggest that our Juniors learn these by *rote*, and that *all* of you become versed in the *legal* truths herein set forth.)

I. Mathematical.

- 1 Out of an abundance of ignorance the flunk issueth.---J. F. M.
2. Love is the sum total of all feelings, emotions, and desires.
---HISTORY OF EDUCATION.
3. The excess of fun in my jokes prevents their converging toward any particular point.---J. V. C.
4. A straight conclusion is not reached by reasoning in a circle.---IBID.
5. Stand in plus bluff equals high marks.---BROWNE.
6. An argument varies inversely as its length.---A. H. S.
7. Pretty girl + association - interference = infinity.---JONES.
8. Rhetoricals - Interest + "Arbutus" = "skip."---HILL.
9. Morning X = unknown quantity.

II. Legal.

1. One's career as a lawyer depends upon his first case.---MARTIN.
2. The girl in the case is very good counsel.---BRASURE.
3. A multitude of witnesses pronounce flirting bad.---REID.
4. The law should allow no fellow more than one girl.---DEYOE.
5. An alibi is illegal on Friday afternoon.---RHETORICAL COMMITTEE
7. The Lawyer who has a kindred feeling for a man of his profession always agrees with him.
8. Precedent is more powerful than Proof. (Never work when you can fall back on "precedent.")
9. To argue your case never talk to *her*. See her father.---DAVIS.
10. You must not dispute the Original Sources.---C. B. B.

III. Moral.

1. Study is not a moral obligation.
2. A student's creed should never be decreed. Never say what you *do believe* but what you think.
3. To be good is to be much alone.---E. B. C.
4. He who tells the truth often fails to tell the whole truth.---THE DEBATERS.
5. The knocker generally fails to get in. He seldom finds a door to knock on.
---A. TARDIFF.
6. No fellow under present social conditions has a right to divide his attention among a dozen girls. It would be conceited.---PEARL GARTHWAIT.
7. A man's greatness varies directly as the length of his name.
---IGNATIUS OSTERBRINK.
8. The only index of character worth using is a pleasant smile.---OLIVER.
- 9...It is radically wrong to hand in a lengthy list of "readings." Sets a bad example.---WYSOCKI.
- 10...Personality - (talking + acting + thinking) times zero = perfection.

There's No Denying

That S. P. N. is still alive.
That Wysocki is a bluff.
That Mr. Bacon likes to coach.
That Risk is conceited.
Browne ditto.
That practice is hard on the kids.
That Mrs. Bradford is always there.
That our school is not decadent.
That Barber has heart trouble.
That Mr. Spindler liked Margaret.
That marked books are for sale.
That Parker is sometimes bashful.
That Miss Wood took D. S.
That the Juniors missed some sandwiches.
That we will beat Oshkosh next year.
That Kate and Mortell came out of it.
That some Juniors are in love with some Seniors.
That plans are good things to have.
That Hephner still has his voice.
That Mr. Pray saved much ribbon and more fun when he prohibited steeple climbing.
That the Ohiyesa girls do make good Indians.
That Gladys liked Joy.
That the Seniors presented a play.
That the Cravenette was great.
That Davis sang February 24th.
That Reid is engaged.
That we have some very swell girls.
That the fellows are out of sight.
That Mrs. Bridge is the best ever.
That Miss Hammond stands in with Mr. Sechrist.
That some people *do* get things for nothing.
That rubber matting didn't make any difference to Ormsby—we could hear him.
That D. S. dinners are appreciated.
That S. P. N. Alumni don't know much about S. P. N.; that they think, but don't know.
That "steadying" with the same one eventually grows hard on the eyes—two are apt to overwork.

That you uns should pay for THE PONTOR.
That class scraps are interesting.
That Ray missed Dona and Brunny missed Ray.
That Mr. Talbert may be sleepy.
That Ferdie doesn't believe in quiet socks.
That Miss Hasty looked down on us.
That Stiffy was referee.
That we played basket ball just the same.
That batons have been displaced by combs.
That the Hallowe'en Party succeeded in several ways.
That there is a spot on the gym floor.
That THE POINTER was slammed out of print.
That Deyoe never studies.
That insanity is next to being a senior.
That Browne can't keep dates.
That Moffit is a direful debater.
That THE IRIS staff will all flunk.
That the girls' societies need Parliamentary practice.
That Morse likes quite a few.
That Oliver likes Tessie.
That Jones likes Norma (1)
That bluffing is a good plan—in some classes.
That some people cried in Milwaukee.
That final essays are interesting.
That we shall never cease to love Prexy and S. P. N.
That we are afraid of Ignatius.
That we *all* like every one—with a few exceptions.
That Friday is better than Monday.
That Morning Exercises ought to come at 3:00 P. M.
That the "Exercise" part should have more E's in it.
That some people are like doors with spring hinges.
That they slam quite often.

Did You Ever

Hear Morse's jokes crack?
Notice that Mr. Bacon likes to make a
a speech?
Discover how little the Juniors fear?
Hear that Osterbrink is inquisitive?
Think what spelling slips are for?
See that Lottie Deyoe is jolly?
Dream that Charlotte is a jollier?
Note how timid Schweppe is?
"Observe"?
Learn that Jessie E. is a capital cook?
Read Harold Culver's work on Diplo-
macy?
Note that Krienke is an artist?
Listen to yourself sing?
Imagine that Barber is religious?
Hear that Mortell is a Parliament-
arian?
Hear that Norma is lonesome?
Become sleepy in 207?
Examine the "specimens" in the mu-
seum during a study hour?
Watch Fromm walk?
Gaze at Mr. Bacon's frat pin?
Hear that Burns is a soloist?
Think we have a Glee Club?
Wonder who Sazama's lady is?
Conclude to skip Rhetoricals?
Observe that Grace Griffin looks wor-
ried?
Note that Wilson, Judd & Company
haven't dissolved?
Dream that the Juniors are a spirited
bunch?
Think that Martin is preparing for
business?
Believe what you heard about THE
POINTER?
Strive to argue with the Editor?
Catch yourself visiting in the Assembly
room?
Awake to the realization that the
funkers work harder than they should?
Fail to attend the Bible Circle?
Quit before you stop?
Talk about yourself?
Dream about some one else?
Anticipate the visit of the Regents?

Find that Mr. Collins gives short
lessons?
Become aware of Stiffy's smile?
Try to bluff Sandy?
Flunk in Mathematics?
Hear that one of our Professors has
been around Harvard?
Watch the clock at 1:30?
Note how hurried Mr. Olson is this
year?
Fix your eye on that student mous-
tache?
Dream that Miss McNutt is afraid of
the Ohiyesa?
Think that Davis is a concentrated
bluffer?
Hear Hazel Martin laugh?
Observe how Miss Simpson smiles
when you talk in the "Library"?
Hear that Ethel is lonesome?
Get called into the office?
Listen to Vanderbilt's advice?
Note that "Monkey" doesn't care what
he says?
Hear that "Saza" got lost in Milwau-
kee?
See Browne wear a new tie?
Discover that Miss Hammond is sar-
castic?
Note how Mr. Sechrist says "yes"?
Miss roll call?
Forget your excuse?
Know that it's fun to work?
"Knock" the workers?
Hail the mail man?
Blink with one eye when looking at
Mrs. Flipper?
Deceive Mr. Pray?
Hook a book from the General Library?
Lose a magazine?
Translate the names on the east board?
Make a copy of the drawings in Mr.
Spindler's room?
Pause to listen outside 240?
Read "Life"?
See Mr. Collins do the same?

Geometrical Annals.

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"Now let us rejoice that we are once more a united body, a geometrical whole—but, Mr. Davis, will you subpoena Mr. Wysocki? I was just about to remark, yesterday, that it is far more important to be here on time than it is to be sent for.

MR. JUDD—"May I ask a question?"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"That's right! It *is* your turn. Next proposition—is—"

MR. JUDD—"Er— If two lunes are equal— I— What is that proposition, Mr. Collins?"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"Next."

MR. MORSE—"If one lune is made equal to —"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"Show us at the board."

MR. MORSE—"Doesn't a lune lie— I— what is a lune?"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"Next. Mr. Browne."

BROWNE—"I'm the loon in question— I—"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"N-e-x-t. Mr. Wysocki! Verily, if a man thinketh himself a fool he is wise."

MR. WYSOCKI—"I don't understand the proposition. Am I to prove that a lune is the difference —?"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"Yes, Sir! Well, now, I do declare! Brethren, behold the benign expression of indifference on Sister Krause's face! Satisfied with this recitation— What is it, Mr. Davis?"

MR. DAVIS—"Let me do that proposition."

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"We'll ask Jones what he did last night, and let Davis draw his figure. Mr. Jones, how much time did you put on your lesson?"

MR. JONES—"Half an hour."

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"How about Brother Risk?"

RISK—"I forgot. It seemed —"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"I wonder what Mr. Browne and Brother Morse did to further illuminate their brilliant record."

MORSE—"Studied with Browne."

BROWNE—"Took my book part way home, and —"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"You know I've come to the conclusion that the ones who get good lessons are the people who sit up nights—like Jones and Risk. Girls are good friends to study with. Ready, Mr. Davis!"

MR. DAVIS—"This isn't right; but here are two lunes."

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"Hand up! There's Miss Reading, *she* doesn't care how many loons"—

MR. DAVIS—"What is it, Miss Toraason?"

MISS TORAAASON—"You have only *one* lune."

DAVIS—"Ah! yes! I! And, well, we prove these two lunes equal."

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"By the Proposition which says—"

DAVIS—"Things equal to the same thing—er"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"That's as clear as mud. But *anything* goes with Miss Nicol. Hand up on you!"

DAVIS—"What is it, Glad—er—Miss Park?"

MISS PARK—"You haven't proved the lunes equal."

DAVIS—"They were equal by hypothesis."

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"Gander ! Our brother is engaged in the delectable pursuit of reasoning in a circle. Iackisck doesn't mind !" Miss Pattee, do you see thru the mud ? "

MISS PATTEE—"Mr. Davis should have drawn——"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"There, I knew some one would say something. Those lunes are as clear as the bottom of Luther's ink well !"

MR. DAVIS—"These lunes have equal angles at their vertices, and——"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"Can't that man Davis make more mistakes in a minute than there are geese fly north in Summer ? "

MR. DAVIS—"Well, I think——"

PROFESSOR COLLINS—"That's sufficient, Mr. Davis. There's our bell ! You're excused. This recitation smells to heaven !"

Variety.

There's all sorts of places,
And all sorts of men ;
There's all sorts of faces
One sees now and then.

Virtues there are many ;
And no fewer crimes,
And poems, if there's any,
Are various rhymes.

There's various beauty :
And various dress ;
There's all forms of "duty,"
We all must confess.

There's various ways,
And there's no end of means
There's all sorts of "plays,"
And there's various scenes.

There's various preachers,
And divers their creeds ;
There's all sorts of teachers
With different needs.

There's all sorts of schools,
And more kinds of scholars ;
And various fools
Who are looking for dollars.

There's all sorts of hopes,
And divers the fears,
While all make kaleidoscopes
Out of the years.

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Always forget to pay *fia ne*.

Sharpen your pencils on the sheepskin of the Dictionary.

Never make eyes across the Library. Sit at the same table.

Remain in the Library until 12:00 M. sharp, and until 5:01 $\frac{2}{3}$ P. M. The Librarian will not care.

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Do not be frightened when you hear a tapping in the Library. Keep on talking.



Common Sense Rhymes

There was a young lover named Martin,
Whose love was too strong to dishearten;
So he made up his mind
Some way he would find,
To see the girl home without partin'

We all are familiar with Socky,
He's bulky and burlesque and blocky;
'Tis seldom he'll bluff,
But 'tis then plain enough
He *can* ride his bluff like a jockey.

A learned young philosopher
Behaved somewhat like a gopher.
You could tell by his looks
He'd been rooting in books
And he turned our sofa to "Sofer."

A well-known girl from West Salem
Likes bad boys if she can but whalem.
If she can't, it is said,
She'll be gentle instead,
And be quite content just to fail'em.

We have not forgotten our Fern;
For to know her is but to discern
That girls can be sweet,
And are quite hard to beat;
Her other bright points you can learn.

There is a Senior named Brasure
Whom all the girls count a treasure.
He likes every one
And they say its fun
To be accorded the pleasure.

Oh say! do you know Mr. ——?
Well, his heart always beats with a thud.
Just think of its knocking!!
Imagine how shocking
To think of its pumping his blood!!!

A Junior once thought it unique
Some FeS for to snique;
So he got some up stairs
And *then*, O what airs
Pervaded the gym for a wique.

The best thing in life may be money—
How ideas differ 'tis funny,
For some say it's *this*—
Risk says, "Love is bliss!"
Miss Garthwait affirms it is honey.

"That's it, precisely," said he
Who preaches in 303.
"So I always have thought,
And ever I've sought
To find one who dares disagree!"

A young man refused quite to flunk;
So he seldom lay down on his bunk;
But sat up till near morning,
When, without any warning,
His brain collapsed into junk.

Its easy to be a great poet
When one is quite able to show it;
But what could be worse
Than to get back your verse,
Without *feet*, and be ordered to go it?

"The secret about it is great,
I mean the art of Debate,"
Said Barber, one day.
"There'll be something to pay,
If I don't find till too late."

A Senior who took the D. S.,
Her name is Flora, I guess,
Left us all alone—
Has a man of her own—
Which makes our number still less.

A dear little Freshie named ——
Is surely a very fine lady;
But on a fine day
She "skipped"—went away—
And returned with a blue slip quite shady.

Wee Uns.

Wee aint seen nothin' sinst wee cum to skool
that ever maid us think that we could fool
an tair arround an hav a grate big time.

We aint gott munny i hav just a dime,
Mortell an Hill an Bostie an Parkee
they sumtimes hav a grate big time, butt gee
what is a man wen he aint gott know do?

i tel u what the cashe is suar to goe;
butt then i havunt starved sinst I cum hear,
ive only went a little slo thiss yere.
butt i am knot to tel ov my own self,

So wee wil lay awl that uppon the shelf,
an I wil tel u awl about the clas
ov 1909 an what theyve brot to pas.

wel wee had herd a hole lott fore we caim
about how Freshmen awlways looked the saim,
my Pa he says as he stood in the trane

An held my han an squeezed with mite an mane,
u must bee awful cairful your soe green,

So look out an take cair u are knott sean.
an lotts ov folks would try to guy me soe,
butt i just laft an kept good natshured tho.
wel we elected offisors wun day,

Mortell an Mickey Willie Nolan say
an Frances Baker was elected too,

i wisht that I was only her dont u?
an after wee had gott eleckshun dun

We thot weed goe an hav a little fun,
butt then thair wasnt vary mutch to due

An what wee did i dassent tel to u,
cause awl the other classes was so strickt
bout tellin things sinst sum wun mite get licked,
or fired from skool an get his name in print,

An hav his Pa cum up hear on a sprint
an lick im hard an put im rakin hay.

know sir weave all bin good most evry day.
won nite the Seniors awl cum up too school,

Soe wee cum to cause may be sum new rool
had just bin maid an wee was wanted to.

Wel wee gott thair an only saw a few,
so wee peaked awl arround an in the gym

Wee saw the lites a burnin awful dim,
An just a girl or too a sittin still

As girls expectin company awl wil.
then purty soon sum Juniors cum outside
an looked up at the windoe then they tryed
two open it—Harold Martin he was thair
an Duncan reed an him with puffy hair,
An Judd R. C. an John Wysocki to

An lotts ov fellers fixt so know won knew.
those boys tryed evry windoe on the gym,

then Martin says too Bostie your soe slim
i gess u can clime inn the kitchen thair

an giv the Seniors just a little scair
butt Bostie was affraid, so Hilly did

an gott a pan of apples—then wee hid,
an wee caught on that wen the gym is lite

an u see people goin thair at nite
theirs sumthin up soe wee went every time,

an wen wee couldnt walk inn then weed clime
the Seniors scaird the Juniors purty bad

An stole sum sauwitches an stuff they had.
butt then the way wee scaird the Elements

Was worth to goe to sea an pay 10 c
we scaird em soe they didnt dast to dance,

an only sat down wen they gott a chanct.
yes weave had lotts ov fun up hear u bett,

an weave gott moar ov it a cumin yett.
thairs Earl Wilson, an thairs Lawrents Hill,

An Willis Boston an our little Bill,
an C Mortell an Wad an Park an Mick,

an Johnnie Moffit two an then theirs Chick.
hour girls are fine an hav a lott ov goe,

An wee boys awl think wel ov them u knoe
butt then nun ov us has an awful case,

cause Helen she says it is out of place.
An then most ov us haf to steady to

Soe wee cant waist our time like Seniors due.
thatts awl i hav to say to u this year,

butt next year u are purty apt to here
thatt we gott back awl rite an evry won
is workin hard at gettin nothin dun.

Ferdie's Correspondence



I never should have come here,—but I did.
Don't laugh and say I am a homesick kid!
You know I showed 'em purty quick
That I could get my lessons slick.

Flunk? Well I say

Ask Mr. Pray!

On my last test

I bucked up more

Than I ever did before;

Guess my roommate's pretty sore.

When I came here at first you know

I didn't think much of the show.
Things were too slow—got better tho,
And *now* I'm feeling quite at ease.
Work hard? No, I do as I please!
The girls? Oh they're dead gone and daffy!
Last Fall they acted rather queer
And giggled when I'd volunteer;
For when they couldn't understand,
I nearly *always* raised my hand.
Well—now, to watch 'em—its quite clear



That I can feed them all on taffy.
The Profs? Oh they are all dead easy!
The way I bluff them all is breezy.
I'm only in my Freshman year
And, after all, I'm glad I'm here.
Lucky for the school I came;
Oratory's pretty lame.
"Grandpa" he says my voice is good

And says next year perhaps I could



Go in the contest
With the rest.
I tell you what,
Just like as not
I may win out!
Then you can shout!

SOPHOMORE SENTIMENTS.

I'm still all here and feeling slim.
You see—Prof. Collins, just like him—
He made our final dashing hard!
I bluffed but had no lucky card.



I know I failed!
Last quarter too!
I may get nailed
And not get thru!

Now please don't say I haven't worked!
I don't believe I've ever shirked.
The girls *do* bother quite a bit
But then, I study spite of it.
Last night I took her to the dance.
(I know it was her *second* chance.)
She's pretty too!



There's mighty few
 Can go with her you better guess!
 She cut Morse dead but told me "Yes."
 It really makes me feel romantic—
 But I must cut that sort of antic.
 Oh yes! I've dropped that old oration.
 The Profs. knocked out my inspiration.
 I heard the faculty was sore—
 But—Well I won't say any more!
 Don't know what I'll do next summer.
 Have a job in sight—a hummer.
 Sure that I can make it pay.
 You don't need me anyway.



JUNIOR JOTTINGS.



My dearest Dad, I'm almost broke!
 Don't ask me questions, it's no joke!
 Can't you send me
 A twenty V?
 I need it bad!
 Yes I'll be glad,
 As glad as you,
 When I am thru.



You see our banquet cost like blazes,
 But we could all have made our raises
 If that dumb President of our class—
 That's this guy so we'll let it pass—
 But I've got to have that check!
 Haven't studied yet a spec
 For that exam. in Junior Lit.
 Quite likely I will flunk in it.

Who cares for marks?
 These jolly larks
 Do cost some dough,

But they're the go!
 Well, good bye, Dad!
 No doubt your glad
 Your worthless son is going to spend
 A few weeks camping with a friend?



SENIOR SONNET.

Well, father dear, Time's restless tide
 Bears me from Alma Mater's side.
 My Senior year draws to a close,
 And ev'ry Senior feels and knows



How much these years have meant to him.
 What tho' the future should bedim
 The dear old scenes of S. P. N.?
 What tho' the bridge twixt "now" and "then"
 Be planked with hardship and with toil?
 Thru all the labor and turmoil,
 Thru all Vicissitude may bring,
 With grateful heart we e're shall sing
 Of S. P. N. and T. B. P.
 Here's to them all—"Our Faculty!"
 (P. S.—Don't view this sonnet with alarm.

Have you a job down on the farm?)

If

If Normal girls were not so shy,
How happy we would be!
If we could win all hearts we try,
How happy we would be!
If smiles would always on us beam,
If girls were only what they seem,
If love were but a lovely dream,
How happy we would be!

If people meant just what they say,
How happy they would be!
If bills were not too big to pay,
How happy Risk would be!
If all our Profs. could take a joke,
If football did not make us broke,
If all our trials would end in smoke,
How great the boys would be!

If he could only sleep at night,
How happy Reid would be!
If Iris flowers were out of sight,
How happy Browne would be!
If cutting classes were not wrong,
If absence lists were not so long,
If roll call did not call so strong,
How happy all would be!

If students did not have to cram,
How easy life would be!
If History were but a sham,
How simple work would be.
If *all* our teachers we could bluff,
If we knew when we'd said enough,
If Mathematics weren't so tough,
How care free we would be.

If Seniors knew just what to do,
How nice for C. B. B.
If our "ideers" weren't so few,
How nice for you and me.
If faculty were in at night,
If lights and eyes were not so bright,
If having fun were only right,
How nice things all would be!

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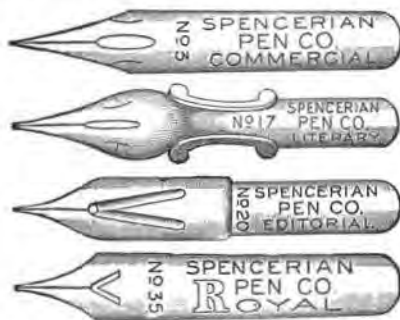
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