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Normal

THE Normalia.

APRIL, 1900.

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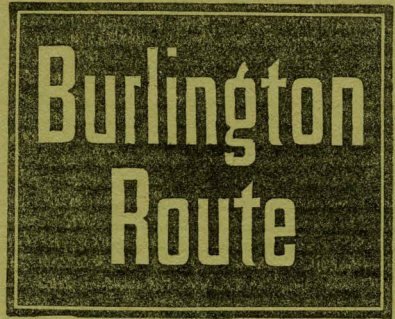
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The Normalia.

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"God made the pine with its root in the earth,
Its top in the sky;

They have burned the pine to increase the worth
Of the wheat and the silver rye.

"Go weigh the cost of the soul of the pine
Cut off from the sky;

And the price of the wheat that grows so fine
And the worth of the silver rye."

—Kipling.

Arbor Day. At this writing, it has not yet been proclaimed, but rumors of tree-planting songs fill the air, and it will undoubtedly come to pass. The day is particularly interesting to Minnesotans this year, with our schemes for preserving a national park from the ruthless hands of the lumberman. It is a day which will attract more attention and be of increasing importance as each passing year sees our land shorn of its strength, its ever beneficent forests.

It would be a queer world without any wood in it—that is, wood for ordinary use—rich people would have specimens as rare curiosities. Possibly ingenuity could find a way to exist quite comfortably without lumber, endless as its uses are. Many substitutes for wood have been found already. But what should we do without the trees themselves? What would our feathered neighbors do without the friendly shelter of the trees? Surely, no other setting could be so becoming to a pair of handsome blue wings, or a flashing bit of orange.

The trees have inspired innumerable rare bits of literature. Just imagine the time when we will have to carve our trees out of stone, and paint the leaves green. They will hardly be sources of inspiration. Perhaps a future New York paper will contain something like the following:

"Yesterday, a magnificent elm was set up in front of Mr. Peter Van Rens-

selaer's residence, on Fifth avenue. It was unveiled in the presence of the cream of New York society, who had been invited to witness the gay ceremonies. This tree was copied from a very old painting by Turner, and from descriptions furnished by the State Archeological Society. It was built under the supervision of artists Winslow and Spencer, every detail being carefully wrought out. It took two years to finish, and cost \$75,000. This is the seventeenth tree that adorns our metropolis. In fact, New York is becoming known as the 'City of Trees.'"

After all, the trees belong to the children. There is, perhaps, some savage instinct, which makes the child enjoy tree-life as thoroughly as a young monkey. In our yard, there were three gnarled, russet-apples and an old willow tree, most delightful for houses, mountains, and fire-engine stations. It was inspiring to see the two-legged, fiery steeds, guided by excited drivers, rushing to put out a burning hotel, and then come back to the station at a gentle trot, when both drivers and steeds might be seen eating green apples on the lowest bough. One branch formed a splendid piano, over whose keyboard our fingers flew with astonishing rapidity, the pieces always ending with tremendous thumps.

The gymnasium was near by. A favorite feat for the boys was "digging for potatoes," which consisted in hanging by your feet from the highest branch you dared to, ploughing the air wildly with your arms, and then swinging up onto the branch, again.

Tho elders were cruel enough to condemn the old willow as unseaworthy—it was a snip at the time. We children leaned fondly against the trunk, gazing into the forbidden paradise above, and could not be comforted.

Whereas, a member of our class, Miss Ida M. Rosenberger, has been afflicted by the loss of her mother, be it

Resolved, that we, the E. A. Class take this means of extending to her our deepest sympathy in her great bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the Normalia, and that a copy be sent to Miss Rosenberger.

MILDRED CRAIG,
RAYMOND R. HITCHCOCK,
GENEVIEVE MADISON,
Committee.



The Relation of Nature Study to Other Subjects.

Let us imagine, as a basis for consideration, a child who has reached the age of six years or older, without acquiring any knowledge of nature. Of course, such a child is an impossibility, but if we, like the chemist, eliminate certain elements from our compound, we may by noting the effect on the remaining elements, determine more clearly the value of those that are missing. You know Prof. Moulton says in one of his lectures on the Novel in Literature, that "Truth stands on tiptoe in fiction." So I trust we shall discover the truth more readily in our fictitious Tommy than we might in his more normal playfellows.

Tommy goes to school. The teacher begins the day's exercises by telling a story: "Once upon a time there was a busy little family of ants. From morning until night they were to be seen

running in and out of their little house, carrying great loads of dirt and banking it high about their door. They would never be afraid of Jack Frost when winter came." At this point Tommy is staring vacantly into the air, and his teacher, instinctively sensitive to such inattention, feels quite properly that it is her fault. She must needs be more dramatic, she must appeal to Tommy more vigorously, she must exaggerate her inflections, she must intensify the movements of her eyebrows, she must smile more seraphically; altogether, she must exercise the art of artificiality to that exquisite degree which shall compel rapt attention and then, alas, when every eye is fixed upon her and the room is so still that a pin could be heard to drop, the teacher rests assured that her lesson is a success.

But what has Tommy gained? He never saw an ant, what could his teacher be talking about? He never saw a house, a door, nor dirt. She might as well have talked Greek as far as he was concerned. His neighbor across the aisle had seen little ants running about his mother's pantry near the sugar-basket, but had never seen an ant-hill. So the thought of dirt being banked high around the door of a house, his own house for instance, was so ridiculous and mysterious a project, that while trying to comprehend the mystery, he lost the thread of the story. Another pupil there was, fortunately, who had not only seen ants and ant-hills, but had watched for minutes at a time the restless toil of the little creatures and their manner of banking their doorway. To him the story was a delight. His mind had perfect freedom to follow the plot of the story, because no strange or vaguely understood mental images presented themselves as obstructions. There were still others in the room, who, though having had just

as fortunate a contact with nature as the child last described, had not had the English language associated with such knowledge. They therefore needed their nature lessons over again almost as much as the child who had had none at all.

Tommy finds himself next in a Reading Class.

'By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pinetrees," etc.

Tommy never saw a pinetree, much less a forest; he never experienced the gloom of darkness; no mental picture or appropriate emotion presents itself to him from the words of the books. He learns to read—oh yes, in the same way that he learned to repeat,

"Eeny meeny mony my,
Presto laney bony stry—"

"Wait a moment. Tommy," says the teacher in the midst of his word-calling, "What kind of pinetrees are you talking about?" "Rose the black and gloomy pinetrees," is Tommy's response with no more feeling than before.

"Miss Teacher," ventures a next door neighbor to Tommy, evidently very much interested in the lesson. "Once papa and I went out into the woods. We walked and walked, and it got so dark I thought we'd get lost. It was awful lonesome!" "Well, you read the story, Mary, and just make us feel how that forest looked behind the wigwam."

* * * * *

Suppose this selection were in the reading lesson:

"A chipmunk, or a sudden whirring quail,
Is startled by my step as on I fare—
A garter-snake across the dusty trail
Glances and—is not there."

Could Tommy read that? Or this selection:

"The valley's dint in Nature's face dimples a smiling world."

Who could ever truly read it except one who had actually dashed down some pasture hollow in a happy-go-

lucky mood, and come up on the other side, greeted by the delightful whirr and hum of nature all about him?

Tommy is indeed to be pitied as year after year he continues to present only stony ground to all the beauties and ecstasies of our literature!

Next we find him in a Geography Class. On the wall in front of him is a flat sheet of paper with red, blue, and black marks upon it. Some of the marks he is to remember to call rivers, others mountains, while the little stars and rings dotted here and there over the paper are to be variously designated as cities. He had never seen the real rivers, mountains, and cities, nor had the teacher made any attempt to show them to him in nature, or to represent them in miniature on the sand-table. Nevertheless, Tommy learns something in Geography. He learns to glibly repeat, "The capital of Venezuela is Caracas; of Colombia, Bogota; of Equador, Quito; of Peru, Lima;" and so on around the circuit of South America. In other words, he again learns to say, "Eeny meeny mony my, etc.," but we know know what meager value this is to a child. Unless each place brings to the mind the landscapes, peoples, and industries associated with the names, the memory of the names can never be put to any practical use. Is there anything that suffers more for the want of Nature Study—the right kind of Nature Study—than our Geography?

Tommy is presently confronted by the demands of a Language Lesson. "Reproduce the story of the Ant and the Grasshopper." But what can Tommy do? Words, empty words, a confusion of Greek words is all he can remember or offer. As there are no pleasurable impressions to be enjoyed by himself in repeating the words, he can have no ambition or motive for

giving them over to others. He cannot hope to gain commendation as long as he does not think that he has anything worthy to impart. Thus definiteness of action, self-determination, and self-reliance all suffer for want of proper nourishment.

Is it any wonder that so many of our language and composition exercises are as painful as pulling teeth?

* * * * *

Now what becomes of Tommy if nature study is denied him? As his education continues, he will become at best a veritable automaton, imitating others almost to perfection, mechanically accurate in all his actions, never thinking a thought of his own, and never being capable of forming an independent judgment. If occasionally, Tommy rebels against such education and plays truant, he will be taking only what is his God-given right, and if his teacher would only co-operate with Providence and play truant with him, and help him to get the most out of his truancy, there would be one less trouble for the teacher and one less sin against the pupil.

Imagine Tommy's mother setting his dinner before him minus the food, then expecting him to take pleasure and profit as well in maneuvering his knife, fork and spoon according to certain set rules?

Nature Study, in its largest sense, is food on the educational table, and Language, Reading, Writing, Drawing, Map and Diagram Study, etc., are the eating utensils and conveniences. Wielding these utensils, no matter how elaborately or dextrously, will never develop creative brain force.

And yet in this day and age, when Nature Study is so universally sanctioned in theory, how far short of the proper proportion the majority of us are permitting our School Boards to

consider adequate. In the Primary Schools, where the proportion of Nature Study should be greatest, is quite overshadowed by 75 or 80 per cent of formal work. In the Intermediate and Grades, the condition is still worse, as a rule, but in the High School, as we know, the last ten years have wrought quite encouraging reform. May we all speed the day when our children shall not be compelled to get but twenty tastes of the meat while making eighty moves of the fork.

The relation of Nature Study to other subjects is not a matter of all give and no take. Though the giving is much, the returns are of no mean importance. To dispense unduly with them would be to ruin the value of the Nature Study. What would be our dilemma if dinner were placed before us on the table with no dishes to hold the different meats, gravies, sauces, and drinks? How unsystematic would be our eating and how hopeless would be the confusion of the different materials! But worst of all, most of the dinner would run away.

Unless the information and the feeling gained through the actual hand-grasp of nature, are applied in expression of some kind, the impressions become confused, dissipated, and forgotten. Unless, physiologically speaking, the brain centers aroused into activity by Nature Study, find connection with motor and speech centers, their isolation will end in atrophy. I might as well imagine that much thinking about moving my arm, but never carrying the thought over into action, would develop muscle, adaptability and skill.

It is one of the most deplorable mistakes we make in our schools when we give a half hour or so to Nature Study, and then refer to it again only haphazardly during the day. It is such a waste of time and energy. In Prof.

Jackman's words, "It is almost useless to introduce enriched thought work in to the school course unless, at the same time, means for enlarged and varied expression are provided for such work."

A teacher who devotes a given period to Nature Study, be the lesson ever so well presented, and then fills the remainder of her program with formal studies isolated from the Nature Lesson, is doing just as foolish a thing as a mother would, if she should put the food upon the table minus the eating utensils for a half hour, and then should call her child to another table to wield knives, forks and spoons for three hours. How long could interest be preserved at the second table? If the child is ingenious enough to invent a game or trick with the utensils, the interest can be prolonged proportionately. Do we ever find tricks in our educational journals—plays on words, empty words? Happily, not so often as formerly.

Summing up the interrelation of Nature Study with other studies, we would say, Nature Study in its largest sense, furnishes the fundamentals for all other studies, without which the other studies would be purposeless and fruitless. The other studies, if wisely related to the Nature Work, give to the latter definiteness, system, and permanence. No one kind of study should not live without the other, nor should either live apart from the other, but both should go hand in hand throughout the child's school life.

S. LILIAN BLAISDELL.

Notes on Mrs. Burbank's Lectures.

REMBRANDT.

A most important thing to see in a picture is the temperament of the man who painted it. The pictures of great artists reflect the temperament of the

artist and the race, times, people, environment, and social systems.

Rembrandt was born in Leyden, Holland, 1607. In the early twenties he moved to Amsterdam, and died there in 1669.

Holland is a low, flat, country, with winding rivers. The soil is alluvial. Taine says that this has done more to determine the art of Holland than any other fact. The fertile soil makes green fields and fat pastures covered with verdure. Such milk, such butter, such cheese, are only found in Holland, and in dreams.

The thin haze, misty sky, and blurred outlines remove all angular effects. During the vigorous winters, there are dim half-lights and rich shadows inside the houses. There is a lack of stone, so the houses are made of wood, with quaint gables, and set in an emerald green background. Holland is picturesque even without the windmills and tulips.

The inhabitants are slow, tranquil, phlegmatic, like their easy flowing rivers. They are contented to mind their own business. The Frieslanders possess the domestic virtues of thrift, order, and cleanliness. They are bourgeois, burghers, traders, resentful of the interference of higher powers, and so less under feudal control than their northern neighbors.

Physically, they are dull, plain-visaged, and badly proportioned, but quite good enough for themselves. Physical ideality does not exist in Holland.

Into this country, came Rembrandt, just after the long struggle with Spain. Holland was at the summit of her power. Her industrial pursuits had reached their perfection. She supplied half of Europe with luxuries—rich stuffs, pottery, etc. But the Dutch, rich and poor, lived simply. All were

at work. There were no drones in this hive. Art flourished because all loved it, and enjoyed it, and were willing to make any sacrifices to pay for it.

There was much portrait painting. They were not at all concerned with the art of Greece and Rome; they painted town syndics, burghers, holiday processions. Consequently they are great artists, and their art is as live and vital as the blood flowing through the veins of their sitters.

There are three modes of treatment, in painting a picture—line, light and shade, color. Most pictures show a decided preference for one or two of these modes. In the earlier artists, line and color predominate. The pictures are outlines filled in with color. Da Vinci gave the first example of light and shade treatment. He was the first artist to show the mystery and awe in a shadow. In Rembrandt, light and shade reached a perfection, which the world has never seen before nor since.

In a dry climate, things are seen by line, in a wet climate they are seen by spots. The dry climate has brilliant light, clear, open spaces, distinct outlines, and many details are visible. The wet climate gives imperfect light, the outlines obscured by mist and clouds, and the details swallowed up by the mist.

No pictures are as alive as Rembrandt's. He was favored by a peculiar structure of the eye, saw everything in spots, and often sat solitary and alone. The simplest color was complex to him. He made a whole wall radiant with a few well-chosen tones. Mere beauty of form, he disdained, not so much through inability to see it, but he saw farther. His sympathies were with the common people.

No ugliness repels him, no sin that his pity does not cover. He lived in the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam, and

took his models from the people around him. The light in his pictures showed the shadow of suffering saved by the light of God's love.

He painted a number of Holy Families. He painted Holland mothers, for all were holy, all divine. This picture of the Holy Family does not show Jerusalem, it has no topographical accuracy. These are merely accessory, it has something deeper. Christ was born for the world, and lived in Holland. He lives today, now, if men had eyes to see, in every good mother, dear baby, and honest, truthful man. Rembrandt shows the interior of an ordinary Dutch cottage. He doesn't show Mary as she actually was. He does not give all the details, he gives the thing of importance. The light falls on Mary's face, the Bible, the cradle, and the angel above.

Most people would criticise the picture in just this way. "It's not Jewish, not Palestine, not a pretty woman, not a beautiful mother." That is a superficial study. Look beneath the surface and find the truth below the facts. Rembrandt's technical glory is in light and shade, massed and contrasted. There is the same pleasure that is obtained from light and shade out of doors. It would be beautiful, even if one did not see the picture which gives meaning to it.

There is a decided physical thrill and pleasure, in looking at Rembrandt's light and shade.

Rembrandt is one of the half-dozen greatest portrait painters in the world. The Holy Family showed simple, peasant life. The Elizabeth Bas is an etching. In this picture, the whole character shows a rich burgher woman who has lived all her life in ease and luxury—Holland luxury. She is thoroughly unspoiled. I haven't a doubt but what she brought up her boys in

the way they should go. Her boys never shirked. Her girls spun, and helped with the housework.

You can see that her hands are working hands. She has not idled her time away, but has helped her servants. Every inch, she is a splendid, model lady. See the beautiful way in which every finger is laid. It shows the whole character of the woman. She is stern, not inclined to be tender or to condone faults and failings. Those boys got whipped. The light falls on her face, hands, and ruff, the rest is in darkness.

Rembrandt's shadows are never opaque, never thick. They are soft and penetrable, never hard. You can almost see through them and make out the details. They are like dark clouds which you can almost feel.

This is a portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself. No other artist ever painted his own portrait so often. It was not vanity, but no one else made such an excellent sitter. He alone knew what he wanted to get at. He could throw himself into the right mood much easier than others. Before asking the sitter to express a mood, he tried it on himself. This portrait is in the earlier period of his life. You can see his broad sympathies and deep insight.

Rembrandt's types are ugly, his scenes homely, his persons, are often people you would not care to look at in real life, but the master says through his pictures, "you shall look, and you shall see."

THE AURORA.

What has come to completion, perishes; what is whole, can increase no more, but dies. After the giants, such men as Da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, no men have come to paint greater pictures. After them, art declined. Many efforts were made to arrest its decay, and men of talent came

to succeed the men of genius. They declared that there was not only no decadence, but decided improvement. Delphinia. Coming up over the rim of the sea, he brought the beneficent forces of the sun, and the opening of navigation.

A new school sprang up at Bologna, called the Eclectics. They tried to unite all the excellences of the other schools—the design of Raphael, the color of Titian, the light and shade of Leonardo Da Vinci, the strength of Michael Angelo, etc. So we see him in this picture. In the landscape, the waves are mere ripples. It is the very breath of spring, calm and sweet. The chariot of the sun comes dashing out. The three Graces are never absent from Apollo—the Greeks always combined the true, the good, and the beautiful. So here they are, ring-around-a-rosy, about the car of Apollo. The car is a quadrigemina, as usual.

Guido Reni received training under this new school. The favorite subjects were mythological, the whole spirit was classical. Reni was the most complete Roman of them all. He devoted himself to the antique instead of studying nature. The Graces are Euphrosyne, the Joyful; Thalia, the Blooming; and Aglaia, the Shining. Joy is the motive of the whole piece. The four Hours, formerly two, were the daughters of Time. Their first duties were to draw aside the clouds. Later on, the Greeks increased their duties. They ruled the seasons, presided over law and order, represented the four quarters of the day.

His masterpiece is the Phoebus Apollo and Aurora, in the Rospigliosi palace. We find perfection of form, but as souls had gone quite out of fashion, no one noticed their absence. Apollo drives the chariot of the sun, preceded by the Morning Star and Aurora, rosy-fingered daughter of the dawn, with her saffron robes outblowing. Apollo is accompanied by the three Graces and the four Hours. Apollo is the god of life and light, the summer sun, divination, inspiration, all the beneficent forces of nature. He sits easily, lightly holding the reins. He is not making hard work of it, not using effort. He is a god, with complete control of his horses, no need to insist. The Graces are at the back of the chariot, the four Hours are grouped together in front. At the same time, he gives his whole attention to it. He has driven these horses a great many times, and he never loses sight of his aim. The first Hour (only her head is seen in the picture) is a young virgin. She looks forward, everything is in the future, faint and elusive. The second Hour (her head and outblown robes are shown) has her head thrown back already. She has realized a little of life. The third Hour (standing with her back toward us) turns partly toward the past, but points with her extended hand toward the future. The fourth Hour turns toward the past. The whole day has been full of sweetness and beauty for her, as she looks back, but she does not step with the lightness and buoyancy of the third Hour.

There are many Apollo myths, many differences in local myths. According to one myth, Apollo did not drive over the sky through all the year, but only from spring till autumn. October was the month of his departure. He spent the winter among the Hyperboreans in the north, or else in the south, coming back to open the spring festival, the Aurora, in this picture, represents Flora, the springtime. This is the Dawn of Spring, and she ushers in the first of May, with her flowers. She

looks back to the Dawn Star. The morning star is Venus, the star of Love, and is represented by Cupid, bearing the torch of Hymen. He seems to be saying, "Wait, I'm coming just as fast as I can." Aurora replies, "Come, then."

What a jubilee there will be when they all get there! The first three days is a festival to Venus. Following that, is the Delphinia. All Athens, robed in white, is out in procession.

The figures are immensely well drawn. The heads are taken almost directly from Raphael; not much but the composition is Reni's own. The arms, feet, and hands are superbly drawn. The figures are too heroic, too heavy, for people walking on clouds.

Life and Anecdotes of the Country School Boy.

The average school boy of the country is the ideal school boy. That seems like a broad statement, but let us consider the different phases.

To begin with, he is easier to manage, than the city boy. This is partly due to the fact that he hasn't seen so much of the world and is consequently not "up to date," as they say. That, however, is in his favor. He is a healthy boy. If his book knowledge is not up with his age, it is not always his fault. One thing is certain, his mental stomach has not been gorged, and when the chance comes, he is mentally hungry and anxious to go to the root of every thing.

The average country boy is better morally. This is due to his environment. He is ambitious. Brought up in the country he thinks, foolish boy, that all others are his superiors. So with the lives of great men as his

model, and being human, with human aspirations, his uppermost thought is to climb. And this is why he generally outstrips the city lad when it comes to a test.

To be sure, in the country we have the lazy boy who won't get a lesson honestly if he can help it. We have the bully who delights in picking on some one smaller than himself. We have the "scrapper," who thinks it his duty to trounce every one who happens to cross his path. With the latter, the writer once had some experience. It happened in this way. We were playing the game known to all country boys as "Fox and Geese." The game was going along smoothly, when all at once some point of difference arose between us, and I told him I could whip him with one hand. In less time than it takes to write it, he convinced me, as well as the rest, that I had not told the truth. I've been more careful since of what I say and how I say it. These boys are the exception and not the rule.

In the educational line the country boy is, without a doubt, badly handicapped, for coupled with a low, dingy school house, poorly equipped and managed, he frequently has a teacher who does not know her business. Such conditions, however, are being rapidly eliminated.

It might be profitable as well as amusing to follow the school boy through his daily routine. Up in the morning before break of day in the winter time, in the summer he generally sees the sun rise. His first task is to see about his chores. These usually consist of milking the cows, feeding the pig, attending to the horses, and other

small things too numerous to mention. Everything done, he goes in to breakfast with as keen an appetite as most of us do for dinner. The distances he has to go to school vary, some having but a few rods, while others have one, two, or more miles. The distance makes no difference to him. He will start at about eight o'clock anyway. If he lives a long distance, it takes the time to go; if he lives close by, he wants the extra time for catching gophers on the way, or to play ball, skate, or slide down hill, as the case may be and the season permits, after he arrives.

Almost every one is familiar with the school routine of the country. He studies each lesson in its turn, and goes up to recite it to the teacher; finding spare moments in which to write notes, throw paper wads, and put bent pins in his neighbor's seat.

During noon and recesses he plays at various games, of which we will speak later.

When school is out for the day, all join in a free for all match, to see who can carry away the greatest number of tags. Talk about your indoor gymnasiums. They don't compare with the country school boy's free-open-outdoor frolics. Here is where he gets the nerve, sinew and energy which prepares him for the hard and often irksome duties of life.

As to the games, much might be said. I will state only the principal ones and some of the incidents that happened to the writer in consequence of playing them. One game which we played a great deal was "deer and hound." Many of us still like to play it, only leave off the hound. The games like the one known as "fox and

hound." They differ chiefly in name, and we never scattered bits of paper, as is sometimes done in the latter, for the hounds to track the deer. The deer would have about five minutes' start, leaving it to instinct and swiftness of the hounds to catch them. There were usually two hounds, and the first two deer caught, would have to be hounds next time the game was called. There was no limit to our territory. We went sometimes two miles from the school house.

On one of these long runs, a half dozen of us boys stayed out nearly an hour past school time. Not on purpose, but we got so far away without realizing it, we were unable to reach the house on time. For punishment, the teacher made us kneel down on the floor, in a row, before the school. In this position, as can be seen, it was very easy for us to clasp our hands in the attitude of devotion. This we did, which caused a great uproar in the school. We were careful, however, to be in position when the teacher was looking our way.

Other games such as "pom pom pull away," "prisoners' base," "pig in the pen," "two old cat," "ducks on a rock," and "fox and geese," which has been spoken of, are old games and too well known to need any description here.

They are old; but taken all in all there is an activity about them which suits the country boy. They are adapted to him, and he to them; and he will continue to use them for all time to come.

ELMER D. VAN FREDENBERG.

The Story of King Lear.

Of all the plays written by Shakespeare there is none which equals "King

Lear" in strength, force, and beauty of language, and in complication of plot.

Shakespeare obtained his material from Holinshed's chronicles and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. This tragedy is supposed to have happened during the early centuries, probably about 3000 A. D.

The play "King Lear" is made up of two distinct parts, a main and an under part, both of which are similar in that two families are completely broken up. The two parts or plots are at first separated, but gradually become so interwoven with one another that it is almost impossible to separate them.

The main plot deals with King Lear, his three daughters, and their husbands. In the opening of the play we find Lear, a man of advanced age, desirous of passing the rest of his days free from the cares of the state, deciding to divide his kingdom among his daughters.

Before giving them their share he calls them together and questions them, as to their love for him. Gouevil, the oldest, answers that her love for him is far greater than words can express. Well pleased with her answer, he turns to Regan, his second daughter, and asks her how much she loves him. She answers that her love for him is like that of Gouevil's, but even greater. He then turns to Cordelia, his youngest daughter, his favorite child, "the balm of his age," and asks her the same question. She, from whom he had expected to receive expressions of filial love and duty, says, "nothing." Asking her again and again, she at last answers that half her love is his, but the other half goes to her husband. Being disappointed with her answer he flies into a violent passion and disinherits

her, loading her with hate in the place of his former love. He then divides his kingdom equally between Gouevil and Regan.

As time passes, his two daughters from whom he expected comfort and happiness, not wishing to be burdened with the care of the king, whose mind was fast weakening, plot together to get rid of him. They turn the old man out of their homes on a terrible, stormy night. The treatment received from his daughters preys upon his mind, and he goes mad.

The under plot tells the story of a nobleman, Gloster, and his two sons, Edmund and Edgar, the former of whom is an illegitimate son. Edmund being a young man of a proud disposition, feels the injustice inflicted upon him, and his whole soul cries out against it. Desiring to inherit some of the property of his father, which the law of the nations in those days did not allow, he determines to plot against his brother Edgar, a kind, honest, and noble brother, as he himself says.

In order to succeed in the plot, he excites his father's suspicions against Edgar, by making it appear that Edgar is plotting the overthrow of his father. Having aroused Gloster's suspicions, Edmund informs Edgar that he is suspected of treachery against his father, and Edgar is thus forced to fly; he assumes the disguise of a mad man, and travels around the country as a person called "Poor Tom."

When Lear goes mad, Cordelia, who has married the King of France, is informed by letters from Kent, Lear's servant, and from Gloster, of the treatment accorded to the king by her sisters. Gloster, who is in favor of help-

ing the king, but is willing to please Goueril and Regan, confides in Edmund, his son, his actions towards Cordelia and Lear. When Edmund hears of this, he informs Goueril and Regan, who arrest Gloster for treason, put out his eyes, turn him out of his home, and make Edmund Earl of Gloster.

In the meantime, Cordelia raises an army, and hurries over to England, to avenge the wrongs done to her father. She has King Lear brought to her, where medical assistance is given him, and he is quieted enough to recognize his outcast child, Cordelia.

When she arrives in England, she is met by the armies of Goueril and Regan, with Edmund at their head. The next day after Cordelia's meeting with her father, a battle is fought between her forces and Edmund's, in which Cordelia is defeated, and she and her father are taken prisoners. They are placed in prison, and Cordelia is killed by the order of Edmund; shortly after which Lear dies, unable to sustain Cordelia's death.

In the meantime, Goueril and Regan have fallen in love with Edmund, and Goueril, to prevent her sister from marrying him, gives poison to her, and then kills herself.

Edmund, at the head of the army, issued a challenge to anyone who denied his right to such a position, to step forward and fight a duel. When Edgar heard the challenge, he stepped forward and crossed swords with Edmund. The conflict was short, but decisive, and in Edgar's favor.

Gloster, when turned out of his home, was found by Edgar, his son, who cared for him as only a loving son could, but upon revealing himself to him, the shock was more than the father could sustain, and he died.

ROBERT H. BROWN.

PERSONALS & LOCALS.

REMARKS AFTER VACATION.

1. Well, how are you Swenson, Johnson, Thompson, Mattson, Larson, Bjornsson, Ingebretson, Magnusson, Nelson, Madison, and every other son.

2. Oh! how I hate to knuckle down again.

3. Who says farm work is not a change.

4. Just listen to the fish stories that are being circulated.

See the new line of dip sailors, English walking hats, Spanish Turbans and pattern hats, at Mary Kron's.

Since the cold weather has left us the campus presents a very lively scene in the afternoons. The boys seem to appreciate the pleasure of being able to practice their athletic exercises out doors.

Columbia bicycles, king of them all, \$35, \$40 and \$50. Headquarters Cycle Co.

Dr. Shoemaker visited the Moorhead Normal, April 4th.

Dayton bicycles at Headquarters.

Why did Mat Garding congratulate Dr. Shoemaker?

Take Coates' bus and you will never miss your train.

Crescent bicycles are good standard made wheels, sold at a fair fixed price. Headquarters Cycle Co.

When you want to take a nice drive out in the country, go to John Coates' and get one of the nobbiest rigs in the city.

Busses to meet all trains, at Coates'.

Consult Clark Bros.' optician when your eyes trouble you.

Ask Miss B. H. if she returned the gloves to Mr. R.

Rigs of all kinds with the very best horses money can buy, can be obtained at very low rates to Normal students, at Coates' livery stable.

An A. A. Waterman fountain pen for only \$1.25, fully warranted, at Clark Bros'.

What's the matter with tennis this spring?

Get your hats at Thoreson Sisters'.

Wanted: Some funny locals.—Editor.

Discount on all millinery goods for Normal students, at Thoreson Sisters'.

Wanted: Stronger window-panes in the Gym.—Brown.

Candies of all kinds and descriptions and at the very lowest prices, at Cotter's candy kitchen.

Miss Goff left on April 10th, to accept the position as teacher in the eighth grade, at Heron Lake.

Try Carter's soda water.

Wanted: Another girl. — Newcombe.

Vemor's Ginger Ale is a delicious drink. Ask for it at Carter's fountain.

Wanted: A quiet corner.—Whitney.

B. F. Carter's soda water is fully up to the standard of former years. Everybody likes it.

Wanted: A little "doe."—Everybody.

Ice cream and cake served in the very neatest style at Cotter's candy kitchen.

We guess Gussie is a pretty warm boy, to judge from his picture.

Students notice this: Stop at the Minnesota House, Deutsches gast und kost haus, Geo. H. Overbeck, Prop. Rates: Very low rates are made to Normal students upon application at the office.

One of the editors has been talking about "springing the poetry on them."

Fresh candies always on sale at Cotter's candy kitchen.

One of the practice teachers is contemplating the construction of a unique map of Asia. All the places will be easily located. The Yellow Sea will be painted yellow, the Red, red, and the Black Sea, black; sturdy pines will be seen growing on the Philippines, and a bow of crepe will adorn the Dead Sea.

Ice cream and cake, just the thing for a spread. Delivered to any part of the city. Just leave your order at Cotter's candy kitchen.

One of the Normalia editors will leave society items alone, after this. She got into no end of trouble with the faculty graduation. Mention was not made of Miss Kenely's beautiful poem, "Spring," and she demands a Full Public Apology. We can only say that the brilliancy of Miss Kenely's wit so blinded the editor, that she was not able to take down any notes, and afterwards remembered the event as a flashing meteor, not as the scintillations of earthly poetry.

Ala Kuma, the very finest, made at Cotter's.

EXCHANGES.

When you write a merry jest,
Cut it short;
It will be too long at best;
Cut it short.
Life is brief and full of care.
Editors don't like to swear,
Treat your poem like your hair,
Cut it short.

—Illini

The other evening a number of students were discussing the plays on the American stage today. Each gave his view, and the line of the three principal opinions are thus:

First Speaker—I would not care to see Irving in the play of “Belles.” A burlesque would suit me better. I go to the theater to be amused.

Second Speaker — Your are very easily pleased judging from such trifling and insignificant plays that satisfy you. Why, the “Belles” appeals to the heart, and is very touching.

Third Speaker—Last fall I saw the play, and found it very touching (only three dollars).

The oldest college in the world is Mohammed College, Cairo, Egypt, 1,000 years older than Oxford.—Carletonia.

“May you take this lesson home with you tonight, dear friends,” concluded the preacher at the end of a very long and wearisome sermon. “And may its spiritual truths sink deep into your hearts and lives to the end that your souls may experience salvation. We will now bow our heads in prayer. Deacon White, will you lead?”

“There was no response.

“Deacon White,” this time in a louder voice, “Deacon White will you lead?”

Still no response. It was evident that the good deacon was slumbering.

The preacher made a third appeal and raised his voice to a pitch that succeeded in waking the drowsy man.

“Deacon White, will you please lead?”

The deacon rubbed his eyes and opened them wonderingly.

“Is it my lead? No —I just dealt.”
—Detroit Free Press.

“Yes, father, when I graduate, I intend to follow a literary career,—write for money, you know.”

“Why, my boy, you’ve done nothing else since you’ve been at college.”
Ex.

An absent minded professor in going out of the gate of his college ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed “I beg your pardon, madam.” Soon after he tumbled against a lady in the street. In sudden recollection of his former mishap he called out, “Is that you again you brute?”

Why can’t a man’s nose be longer than eleven inches?

Because if it were twelve it would be a foot.

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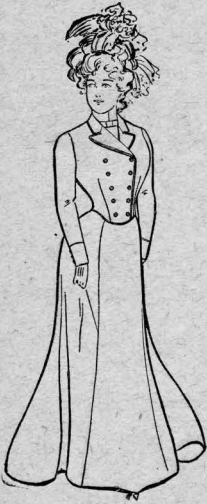
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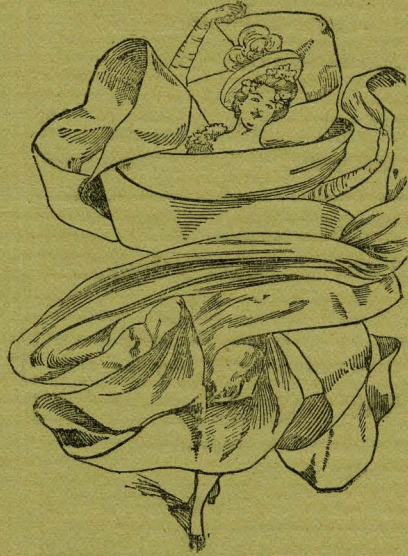
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