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CONTENTS.

| | Page | | Page |
|--|------|-------------------------------|------|
| The Home of Freedom..... | 2 | An Adventure With Wolves..... | 12 |
| SENIOR DEPARTMENT. | | | |
| Outline of I. Allegro and II Penseroso | 5 | Some of Our Blessings..... | 13 |
| James Whitcomb Riley..... | 9 | JUNIOR DEPARTMENT. | |
| MIDDLE YEAR DEPARTMENT. | | | |
| A Spring Song..... | 11 | Best Things..... | 15 |
| | | Editorial Notes..... | 16 |
| | | Our Exchanges..... | 16 |
| | | Stones..... | 16 |

The Edinboro Normal Review

APRIL, 1910

THE HOME OF FREEDOM.

A very nomadic temperament has the goddess of liberty—just as free and unfettered as the winds and waves, whose birthplace no one knows. Now you find her contenting herself a moment on a Mediterranean peninsula, hovering o'er Spartan fields and Athenian cities but soon is gone again, and despotism is the law of the land. Anon she walks among the devout people of Palestine, but she is ill treated and shortly changes her abode. Now she occupies a place in Frakish court and Roman monastery, but only to vanish again upon the approach of feudal tyranny.

But there is one race of people who have laid hold of this elusive spirit of liberty, and she is now the most endeared companion of their lives. Just as in the gloom of the middle ages, they harnessed untamed forces of the waves and winds, snatching away from Father Neptune a home land, and transforming it into the beauty spot of the world—so they accomplished that unparalleled feat in history, of grasping freedom and clinging tenaciously to her. Just as the roving zephyrs early obeyed their bidding, ground their corn, and filled their myriad bellying sails so the breath of freedom early filled their hearts.

Holland is a nation ahead of its day. We Americans boast of bringing into the world the first true government of the people and by the people, but we must go back two centuries

before memorable '76 to find "our great example"—the United States of Holland.

Are we in the west proud of our commercial supremacy? Then let us recall that the Netherlands were the trade mart of the world for four long centuries. Are we vain, glorious of our philanthropy and humanity? Then let us not forget that far back in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Holland had the most perfect system of charitable institutions ever known to Christendom. Are we congratulating ourselves upon our endeavors in the interest of universal peace? Then let the boaster call to mind that the first modern state to actively propose international brotherhood was the democratic kingdom of Holland.

A peaceful people by nature, intensely interested in education, art and religion, they lose their forbearance and become warriors of steel when their sacred liberties are trampled in the dust. If a down trodden and oppressed people should desire encouragement and inspiration in their despair, let them turn the pages of the history of the Dutch race and let them read of the achievements of those heroes; heroes, who, after battling old ocean's powers for decades came forth the conquerors, and creators of a land of surpassing health and loveliness. If they should seek the most powerful instance of what simple love of liberty is able to do against the combined forces of tyranny, let them pursue the deeds of these lowland patriots, who unresourceful and

unprotected, vanquished and almost destroyed the mightiest military power in Europe, checked the advances of Charles II and Louis XI of France, and caused the Island Empire to tremble for the safety of her metropolis.

Do you ask where this love for freedom was born? Turn, then to the Gallic campaign of the legions of Caesar in ancient times, to that era when the imperial soldiery from across the Alps subdued tribe after tribe in the wild forests of the north. Onward the standards were borne, until suddenly, in the regions of the lower Rhine, there came a halt. The cohorts of the triumvirate had found foes worthy of their steel. All the power of the mighty empire could not subdue these two tribes—the Batavians and the Frisians. Only by free treaty were these embryo Dutchmen conciliated and reconciled to Roman civilization. Remember also the great and holy Boniface, how he was murdered in the forests of Frisia by the free thinking lowlanders, because he insisted upon enforcing a doctrine of charity by the sword. If this is not convincing, recall how the early Dutch patriots resisted incursions of the mighty Charlemagne, never fully accepting the imperialism of the Holy Empire. Or, if you desire still further illustration, glance for a moment at the daring resolution of those simple Frisians, whose ancient law read "we shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands:" "Free Frisians" who stood alone in all Europe, immune from the bondage of the feudal system.

But we might repeat incident after incident of Dutch history (how the citizen class, growing up after the enlightening results of the crusades, in 1407 wrenched from Charles the Bold that first Magna Charta of history) how, dating from the first translation of the Bible into the tongue of the people, enmity of the corrupt Catholic rule increased, until its

culmination in the struggle with Spain, how the tradesmen sent out their ships to the farthest Indies and America, and gathered the wealth of the nations into their storehouses, how the nation under Arminius, Grotius and Erasmus, excelled all Europe in learning and originated the idea of free schools, how she developed the fine arts, until today she is outstripped by only our modern nation, yet then the true glory of the triumphs of Holland is still unsung.

It fell to the lot of these people, missionaries of the Protestant faith and religious liberty, leaders of science and letters, apostles of industry and the arts, to champion the world's cause of national freedom against universal domination, and to be the great object lesson to the French Revolutionists, the English patriots and the struggling colonists of America. But of these four great modern contests for liberty, we must turn our eyes to Holland for the greatest heroism, in that darkest and bloodiest conflict ever fought upon this planet of ours. She proved again to the world that right is might. ("The weaker our fleet is," said the dauntless De Ruyter before the combined powers of France and England, "the more confidently I expect a victory, not from our strength but from the arm of the Almighty.")

The endurance of this unprotected, commercial people during the hundred and fifty years of almost continuous warfare with the three great powers of Europe is the wonder of history. In this long century and a half of contention there was no cruelty that Holland did not suffer, no brutality she did not endure (from Alva to Vallars), giving her children by thousands to expiate in every horror of pain and death the crimes of patriotism and religion. We need not tell of horrors of the inquisition under Philip II, of the Blood Tribunal which executed those brave Dutch

leaders, Egmont and Horn, and put to death 50,000 Protestants at the stake: we need not recite the horrible slaughter of the armies of Requesens, Alexander of Parma and Don John in the cities and villages of the lowlands. We suggest for your admiration the perseverance of the Dutch, which vanquished those brave and earnest though misled Castilians, who thanked God when persecuting the Protestant "fanatics," who previously outdid the hosts of Henry II of France, and broke the spell of the Saracen. We ask you to remember the Dutch patriots (those desperate lands of "Water Beggars") who in the darkest period of the Inquisition entered their war hulks, vowing never to shave their heads until Egmont and Horn were avenged. We want you to applaud the gigantic faith of William of Orange, who after his three brothers had been killed upon the battle field, and the Duke of Alva had beaten the Dutch patriots until not a remnant of their army remained, and a price had been set upon his own head by that tyrant Philip, said: "I am resolved to place myself in the hands of the Almighty that he may guide me. I see well enough that I am destined to pass this life in misery and labor, I only implore Him to send me strength to endure with patience."

And this is from a prince, educated at the court of Charles V, with all the privileges of royalty and power. We pit against Spanish courage that of the people of Leyden, who in the face of their besiegers said, "as long as there is a living man in the city we'll fight for our liberty and our religion." Of such fuel as this was the bright flame of freedom in the lowlands kindled, until the "Invincible" Spain, with the silver and gold of America in reserve, and the most experienced veterans of the age to lead her, had to shade her eyes from the glare and shrink away across the Pyrenees.

For bleeding Holland the dawn seemed near now, but no, the midnight was not yet passed. Still weak from her loss of life-blood, she was compelled to resist the encroachments of the too rapacious Britain. Here, Greek was pitted against Greek. Though the infant republic could hardly stand alone, she struck such blows to British commerce that proud England was forced to abandon her unjust policy upon the high seas.

But why tell the old story of this greatest naval war in history in which the dwarf humbled the giant? Why burden you with the gallant deeds of De Ruyter, who caused the very people of London to shudder at the sound of foreign guns heard on the sacred Thames: or with those victories of the fearless Von Tromp, who placed a broom at his mast head to show that he would sweep the seas? Why repeat the inability of Albion and France a decade later to humble the little home of liberty? Why mention the civil vicissitudes of the next two generations, who were dazzled by the light after the dense gloom which had enveloped their ancestors? Through it all the dawn came to long suffering Holland, and her great struggle for freedom was over. There was a Holland of yesterday and there is a Holland of today. Your Holland of yesterday was the stoutest champion of liberty, your Holland of today still entertains within its dyke bound coasts that same freedom, and freedom just as true. The old belfry in Rotterdam which used to clang out a call to arms, now by its vesper chimes, echoing over Dutch landscapes of quiet canal and fruitful meadow, peals out the freedom that only comes through peace. Your Hollander of yesterday gained the laurel, your Hollander of today wears it, and will wear it, even at the price of peace.

Holland is the home of freedom; the poorest countryman sits at meat with the richest

burgher, the laborer enjoys the profits of the capitalist, the humble Zeelander envies not the uncrowned queen. She offers refuge to the oppressed of other lands; she permits of no oppression at home. Her cup of peace is so full it overflows, and as four centuries ago she declared war against power, four years ago she takes the first decided stand for universal peace. Once the wealthiest nation in gold, she is now richest in general intelligence. Once the distributors of merchandise to all parts of the globe, she is now the dispenser of good will to the nations.

You may travel through Germany and see her mighty army, you may cross the Alps and admire the art and architecture of sunny Italy, you may visit English waters and survey her mighty fleets of ships, you may cross the Pacific to Japan, and inspect the great activity of that nation, you may look about you here in our own land, and try to comprehend its industry, but if you cross the old Atlantic to that little land of gardens and wind mills called Mederland, you may look upon a land of ideal home life, honesty, simple religion and true freedom.

R. D. MOSIER.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT

Outline of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso

L'ALLEGRO.

- I. Introduction, ll. 1-40.
 1. Banishment of Melancholy—
"Hence, loathed Melancholy."
 - (a) Parentage—
"Of Ceberus and blackest Midnight born."
 - (b) Place of birth—
"In Stygian cave forlorn."
 - (c) Description of the place—
"Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy!"
 - (d) Place of banishment—
"Find out some uncouth cell,
* * * * *
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell."
2. Invocation to Mirth, 1—
"But come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne."

IL PENSEROSO.

- I. Introduction, ll. 1-60.
 1. Banishment of Joys—
"Hence, vain deluding Joys."
 - (a) Parentage—
"The brood of Folly, without father bred!"
 - (b) Place of banishment—
"Dwell on some idle brain."
2. Invocation to Melancholy, 1—
"But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!"

- (a) Parentage—
"Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy crowned Bacchus bore."
- (b) Place of birth—
"There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses washed in dew."
- (c) Invocation, 2—
"Haste thee, Nymph."
- (d) Manner of her approach—
"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."
- (e) Companions of Mirth—
Jest, Jollity, Quips, Cranks, Wiles, Nods,
Becks, Smiles, Sport, Laughter, Liberty.

- (a) Parentage—
"Thee, bright haired Vesta, long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore."
- (b) Place of birth—
"Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove."
- (c) Invocation, 2—
"Come, pensive Nun,
Devout and pure, sober, steadfast and de-
mure."
- (d) Description of the Nun—
"All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn."
- (e) Manner of her approach—
"Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait."
- (f) Companions of Melancholy—
Peace, Quiet, Fast, Leisure, Contempla-
tion, and Silence.

II. Body of the poem.

1. Evening Pictures.

- (a) Nightingale's song—
"Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight."

- (b) Walking scene—
"And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon."

- (c) Evening noises—
"Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far off curfew sound,
Over some wide watered shore,

- (3) "And the mower whets his scythe,"
- (4) "And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale."

2. Noon pictures.

- (a) New pleasures—
"Straight mine eye hath caught new
pleasures
While the landscape round its
measures."

- (b) Landscape.
"Russet lawns and fallows grey.
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest.
Meadows trim, with daisies pied.
Shallow brooks and rivers wide."

- (c) The castle—
"Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees."

- (d) The cottage—
"Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savory dinner set"

- (e) Harvest scene—
"And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves."

- (f) Holiday scene—
"And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live long daylight fail:"

3. Evening Picture.

- (a) Hearth scene—
"Then to the spicy nut brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat."

- (b) City Scene—
"Towered cities please us then
And the busy hum of men."

- (c) Marriage Scene—
"Then let Hymen oft appear

Swinging slow, with sullen roar."

- (d) Hearthside—
"Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

2. Midnight Pictures.

- (a) Study of the stars—
"Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out watch the bear,
With thrice great Hermes,

* * * * *
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element."

- (b) Comedy—
"Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage."

Morning Picture,

- (a) The Morning—
"Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear

* * * * *
Kerchief in a comely cloud,
* * * * *
Or ushered with a shower still."

- b) Morning advances—
"And when the sun begins to fling

II. Body of the poem.

1. Morning Pictures—

- (a) Lark's song—
"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night."
- (b) Barnyard Scene—
"While the cock with lively din."
- (c) Hunting Scene—
"Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn."

- (d) Walking scene—
"Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state."

(e) Country noises—

- (1) "While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land."
- (2) "And the milkmaid singeth blithe."

In saffron robe, with taper clear.
And pomp and east and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream."

(d) The theater—

"Then to the well trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild."

(e) Music—

"And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out.
* * * * *
That Orpheus's self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice."

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves."

(c) Forest scenes—

"Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt."

(d) By the brook—

"There in close covert by some brook,
* * * * *
Hide me from day's garish eye."

(e) Sweet sounds—

"While the bee with honeyed thigh,
And the waters murmuring."

(f) Sleep—

"Entice the dewy feathered Sleep."

(g) Dreams—

"And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at its wings, in airy stream."

(h) Music—

"And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath."

(i) Visit to the cathedral—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister pale,
And love the high embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced choir below."

(j) The hermit's cell—

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
* * * * *

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

"These pleasures, Melancholy give,
And with the will I choose to live."

RUBETTA SCHOUT, Class of 1910.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

James Whitcomb Riley may well be called the typical American poet, though he is more frequently known as the Hoosier poet. It is true, that he does not represent the most cultivated class, but in his calm temper and dry humor he surely represents the typical American in his view of life and enjoyment therein. His originality is entirely native and homely:

"Talk of the things jes like they wuz,
They don't need no excuse—
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does,
'Till they're all too fine for use."

The people of Indiana, especially of Greenfield—which place gave Riley birth in 1836—are justly proud of him. For them he has written a series of poems, entitled, "Poems Here at Home." Mr. Riley often revisits Greenfield to see the "home folks," as he calls them, who are "jist the same as kin." In the lines of "Right Here at Home," occurs one of the burdens of the poet's life song:

"Right here at home, boys, is the place I guess
For me and you and plain old happiness.
We hear the world's lots grander—likely so.
We'll take the world's word for it and not go."

Often, too, he spends the hours recalling reminiscences on the banks of the "Old Swamin' Hole."

"Where the crick, so still and deep,
Looks like a baby river that is laying half
asleep."

Sometimes he strolls down the river—old Brandywine—which brings to his mind:

"In the days 'at past and gone,
With a dadburn hook and line,
A sapling pole, I swan
I've had more fun to the square inch
Than ever anywhere."

No poet in the United States has so woven his song into the hearts and lives of plain common people. He is read by those who

never read poetry before. Other writers may be just as familiar with life, and no doubt as truly inspired, but none combine to such a high degree the homespun phrase with the lyric feeling.

It is said Riley puts his finger on spots in the hearts of humanity which may have been untouched for years in the struggle of the world, but which confess their existence as he reaches them."

In many ways he resembles Burns, especially in his love of the human and simple; his keen pleasure and delight in green fields, blooming flowers, and nature in all her beauty. One of his poems which brings sunshine to all is entitled "Knee Deep in June."

"Tell you what I like the best,
Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time the strawberries melt
On the vine, some afternoon
Like to jist git out and rest
And not work at nothin' else."

"June wants me and I am to spare,
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there
And obleeged to you at that."

One acquainted with Riley says: "The most wonderful thing about the poet is the light that shines in his eye, and beams all over his face when he smiles. Without that smile, all his pictures would show but a veiled countenance. It is his key to the nature of man." One of his most humorous poems is "Jim," of whom he says:

"When God made Jim, I bet
He didn't do anything else that day
But jist sit around and feel good."

In all of Riley's rural poems one seems to almost live in the atmosphere. We cannot read "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," without fairly getting a breath of crisp autumn.

Riley, like Eugene Field, does well in,

child poems. One of his little poems describes the wintry journey of a small boy to his grandfather's.

"An' pa just snuggles me between his knees,
An I help hold the lines,
And peek out the buffalo robe,
And the wind jest blows, and the snow jest
snows."

Pathos and deeper feeling are in some of his child poems as in "God Bless Us, Everyone," in which the picture of Tiny Tim, crippled and dwarfed, is portrayed.

"And thus he prayed 'God bless us everyone.'
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child heart and despising none
Was nearer saint than man."

Riley uses the negro dialect well, also, though he is most familiar in the Hoosier dialect. In the "Noon Lull" we find these lines:

"Possum in de tater patch
Chicken hawk a-hanging
Stiddy 'bove the stable lot
And carpet loom a-banging."

His own feelings are very often expressed in his poetry. Of religion he says in one poem:

"My religion is to jest
Do by all my level best,
Feelin' God'll do the rest.
Fact is, fur as I can see,
The good Bein' makin' me,
'Ill make me what I'orter to be."

His poetry is not entirely in the dialect. One of his most beautiful non-dialect poems is "Away."

"I cannot say and I will not say
That he is deãd—he is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming, how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there;
And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and the glad return,

Think of him faring on as dear
In the love of there as the love of here.
And loyal still as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes.
Mild and gentle as he was brave
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things, where the violets grew
Blue as the eyes they were likened to;
The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed,
When the little brown thrush that harshly
chirred,

Was dear to him as the mocking bird,
And he pitied as much as a man in pain,
A writhing honey bee wet with rain.
Think of him still as just the same, I say.
He is not dead, he is just away!"

In Riley's poems we find a keen sense of humor, a happiness and pleasure in the simple things which wealth can never give. In every sense of the word Riley is an optimist. He says:

"Ort a mortal be complaining
When dumb animals rejoice."

Riley is becoming more and more appreciated. Many beautiful tributes have been and are being paid him, but perhaps one which is most nearly full of heartfelt earnestness is entitled, "A Welcome to Riley," by Frank L. Stanton.

"Jim Riley—he's comin' to Atlanta, so
they say,
An' we have our hearts a hummin'
As they meet him on the way.
For who ain't heard of Riley—Jim Riley of
the west,
And loved his song until they long to tell
him, 'He's the best.'"

"When a feller gets to readin' him it's half
a laugh and sigh,
A heavin' of the heart string and a waterin'
of the eye,
And you dream in velvet valleys and you
wade in dewy grass,
While your soul takes in the twangling of the
doves' wings as they pass."

"The world takes on more color, the spring
time is more sweet,
And the dear old fashioned roses seem to
blossom at your feet,
An' you hear the farm boy singin' at the
ox team that he drives,
While the buzzin' bees are bringing all the
honey to the hives."

"So let him come, Jim Riley, and let him
take this song
Of one he knows—a wind blown rose from
them who've loved him long.
Jes' take it as a welcome, and wear it in his
breast
Until we look him in the face and tell him,
'he's the best!'"

MIDDLE YEAR DEPARTMENT

A SPRING SONG.

I awoke one fine spring morn,
When the day was barely born,
And the scarlet lights were playing
On the clouds that then were laying
Lightly in the east.
'Twas a color feast!

A bird was singing his morning lay,
He sang to me and the dawning day,
A merry minstrel he.
He sang in glorious glee,
And I listened to each note,
As it trilled through birdie's throat,
And I gave ear,
That I might hear
Just the true interpretation
Of this song of God's creation.

This the song is as I heard it,
From the happy bird—
Near as I can give it through, the
Medium of word—
For he spoke to my soul,
To my innermost soul.
In the language of love,
Which comes from above.

Spring time is here,
Bringing us cheer,
Dispelling our fear
And doubts that are drear.
Soon blossoms will be blooming,
And green leaves will be looming,

Verdant grasses will be growing,
Scented breezes will be blowing,
Then I'll dip and cool,
In the dimpled pool,
That, by the loving wind caressed,
And I'll ride on the rolling breeze,
And I'll rest on the rocking trees.

Now I have a mate, she's pretty and neat,
There never was one so shy and so sweet.
We'll build our nest,
Where none molest,
In cool shady bowers,
'Mongst sweet scented flowers.
And we'll live and happy be,
Singing songs of jollity,
Rearing our brood in love that is tender,
Living to show our love for the sender.

Now the sun began his beaming,
O'er the hilltops he was streaming,
Then the songster ceased his singing,
On his way I saw him winging,
In the sunbeams that were gleaming.
Yet in my heart still lives the song.
O! may it live, and living long
Help me to live to right the wrong!

CLYDE RICHEY.

Prof Peavy, (In second term chemistry class)—"Where was the first match made?"
Middle year Student—"In the garden of Eden."

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

It was a cold night, the wind whistled, the trees cracked with frost and the storm was waging a terrible war against the clapboards of the little store. We were all seated around the red hot stove telling stories.

"About the narrowest escape that I ever had," said Pierre Francos the trapper, "was with timber wolves up in New Brunswick." We all sat in silence while he proceeded to bite off a chew of tobacco and adjusted his feet on a nail keg. He chewed in silence for several minutes, we knowing better than to question him. He straightened up, took another squint at the stove and then told the following story.

"It was in the fall of '85 when my brother Andre and I decided to spend the winter months trapping in the big woods. Furs were very high then and we knew we could reap a considerable profit.

We packed the traps, grub, ammunition and bedding on our sledge and after catching and harnessing the dogs, we started on our trip. The first day we traveled about twenty miles keeping a sharp lookout for beaver and mink. We saw no signs of the animals mentioned but there were plenty of wolf tracks. The winter being hard they were very hungry. That night we built a shelter of branches, and after cooking a good supper over a fire of pine knots, we rolled up in our blankets and were soon asleep. We were awakened in the night by a commotion among the dogs and as we leaped to our feet we saw around us a circle of gleaming, wolfish eyes and our best dog being torn into shreds by the brutes. We began to shoot them but as fast as they fell they were ravenously devoured by their comrades. It was not until the first light of morning began to show that the wolves went away.

We had traveled about ten miles that day

when we came to a stream that showed plenty of beaver and mink signs. We went to work and at the end of a few days had a very comfortable cabin built, in which we moved our goods. We then set our traps and were ready for business. The wolves, however, stayed near and watched us with hungry eyes.

My brother had warned me not to go out alone but I went out one morning nearly at the cost of my life. I had gone about two miles when I heard the familiar wolf howl followed by another and then another. I thought nothing of it for some time when I was brought to my senses by the crunch of jaded feet on the snow and the fierce growls of the wolves. They crept so close to me that they were scarcely twenty feet away and one bolder than the rest made a spring at me. I shot him in mid air and he landed a soft, furry heap. Another leaped and cut my left arm to the bone but got away before I could kill him. The smell of blood enraged them and the circle began to shorten. Never was I more cool than when I stood and grimly looked death in the face. I weighed the chances and found that I had one in a hundred to escape. I was hemmed in on all sides but one, for behind me was a deep precipice and a tree grew out over the edge. A thought came to me quicker than lightning, if I could leap and catch one of the lower limbs I would be safe. No sooner did the thought come than I carried it out and leaped with all my might for the limb. As my hands grasped it I felt the weight of a heavy body strike me and a set of dagger like teeth fasten upon my shoulder and together we swung to and fro over the yawning precipice. My strength was fast leaving me but with a great effort I swung my leg over the limb. The wolf seeming to realize the awful danger hung on like grim death. At last making sure I could hold myself there I reached for my knife but

to my horror I had lost it. I saw my only chance was to choke him so I seized his hairy throat and gripped it with all my might. It seemed an hour before he showed any signs of relaxing his hold but in reality it was only a few minutes. There was a faint gurgling sound in his throat and his muscles relaxed until with a smothered growl he let go and I heard his body strike the rocks below with a sickening thud. I was not a Christian but after climbing feebly into the tree I offered up a short prayer of thankfulness. It was not long until I heard my brother shouting and he soon came in view and opened a regular fusillade upon the wolves, who quickly scampered to cover.

I was so numb that I could scarcely walk and my brother half dragged and carried me back to camp. It was several days before I could help about the work but after that my brother did not need to impress upon me the danger of traveling alone.

R. T.

SOME OF OUR BLESSINGS.

We seldom think of the advantages under which we are living. But we need only to compare the present with the past, our nation with other nations, to see the blessings we enjoy.

The civilization of the leading nations is in advance of any civilization that has existed; and the United States is at the head of these. Often people look at the pyramids and think that they stand only for a great civilization. They are monuments more of despotism, for underneath all the advancement which they symbolize there was slavery.

The same was true of Greece and Rome. These ancient nations propped themselves up with the flimsy structure of slavery and when they became too heavy for this structure they fell. It is within only the last few centuries

that nations have supported themselves honestly.

Modern thought and investigation have been a great blessing for they have revealed truths along many lines. Some have supposed that scientific thought and investigation would prove a hindrance to literature. One poet complained that science was clipping the wings of imagination; it had dissected the rainbow and knew its very texture. But we can easily see this alarming supposition is false. In the first place when we are in ignorance we can gaze only at the marvels of nature. In the second place, when we somewhat understand, we can better grasp their perfect beauty. For a thing appeals to us as beautiful if we can trace out its relations and see the unity. And the more we come to understand creation the clearer do we see the great unity. And the nearer we come to this knowledge the better can we appreciate the magnificence of the universe.

The Indians thought the rainbow was the heaven of the flowers—a pretty thought—it seemed to embody the very essence of the beauty of the flowers. But this is a relation and the poet yet can see such relations, only the better through science.

The same stars shine on our broad land that shone on Greece in the days of her prosperity. But the stars, so the children of Hellas supposed, were the homes of the Gods. With how much more meaning do we look upon them? They tell us the same forces are at work everywhere—all is one—"God's in his heaven."

Another blessing is our government. There have been great governments but none has ever equalled ours. It is true that ancient Rome was a republic but it lacked the chief element of a lasting one. The people did not rule. A representative system had not been thought of. Since then English speaking

people have worked out the greatest of governments. England produced the germ of representation, but it took the people of America to bring it to the greatest perfection it has yet attained.

Our government is modeled on lines of truth and it must succeed. The best civilization has produced it and it in turn aids civilization. The success of the United States greatly affected the whole world. Governments have been modeled after ours, for our government is the crowning work of the ages.

There are many other blessings which might be discussed, one of which is our climate. This has greatly helped to make us the robust people we are, excelling where physical exertion and endurance is needed.

But all these forces have worked together to produce a many sided people. We have taken mighty strides in science, mechanics and education; we think for ourselves, act for ourselves; we have come to see that the common trades and occupations are true and important sciences in study, arts in practice. There is no work of man which has not found its place in the United States. And it can truly be said that no standard has ever been raised or a flag floated which represents so much as the "stars and stripes." **CLYDE RICHEY.**

Senior reading Virgil—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, professor."

Prof. Sackett—"Well, Mr. —, I think that was quite far enough."

Mr. Thompson in geometry class—"Miss —, how many sides has a circle?"

Miss —: "Two."

Mr. Thompson—"What are they?"

Miss —, "An inside and an outside." And then the class roared.

A Normal professor was being rowed across

the lake in a boat. He said to the boatman: "Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never heard of it."

"Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?"

"No."

"Then three-quarters of your life is gone. But presently a wave struck the boat and spilled both into the water. Says the boat man:

"Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."

It was in the junior Latin class and one of the students was struggling with the sentence "Rex fugit," which he at last managed to translate, "The king flees." "But in what other tense can the word 'fugit' be found?" asked the teacher.

A long pause and a final answer of "Perfect," owing to a whispered prompting.

"And how would you translate it then?"

"Dun-no."

"Why, put a 'has' in it."

And slowly came the answer, "The king has fleas."

When young Mr. — left home for E. S. N. S. he took leave of his mother in this manner:

"Mother, I will write often and think of you constantly."

When he returned three months later, he remarked to the anxious parent:

"Deah, mothaw, I gweet you once moah!" Imagine the feelings of a fond mother.

A middle year student hesitates on the word "connoisseur."

Prof. Thompson—"What would you call a

man that pretends to know everything?"

Student answers: "A professor."

Prof. Peavy in physics—"M. —, does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give me an illustration."

"Why, a man wheeling a wheelbarrow."

In the business department—

Teacher—"What is a writ of attachment?"

Student—"A letter from your sweetheart."

Teacher—"When do you discontinue suit?"
Student—"When another fellow cuts you out."

Teacher—"What is an appeal?"

Student—"When cornered in the inner office to ask for another chance."

Teacher—"What is personal property?"

Student—"A wife and children"

Teacher—"What is a stay of proceedings?"

Student—"When a Prof. appears on the scene."

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

BEST THINGS.

The best theology---a pure and beneficent life.

The best philosophy---a contented mind.

The best education---self knowledge.

The best statesmanship---self government.

The best medicine---cheerfulness and temperance.

The best art---painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best science---extracting sunshine from a cloudy way.

The best war---to war against one's weakness.

1870-1909---The great majority of members of the classes graduated in the years included by the above dates have not been mentioned in the Normal Review this year. Where they are, we do not know; what they are doing, we never hear; why they do not write to us, we cannot tell; why others do not write about them, we can only guess. We presume they

The best law---the golden rule.

The best music---the laughter of an innocent child.

The best journalism---printing the true and the beautiful on memory's tablet.

The best telegraphing---flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

The best biography---the life which writes charity in the largest letters.

The best mathematics---that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

The best diplomacy---effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.

The best engineering---building a bridge of faith over the river of death. C. A. K.

are all too busy. But in their absorption with their own affairs let them not forget that many with whom they came in contact while at the Normal would highly appreciate some little news item about them. And the Normal Review is begging alumni and friends to send just such items to it for publication. Send in an item even though it be but the address of an alumnus.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The senior book is progressing finely. Look out for something which will surprise you.

The seniors are to be congratulated for the very fine drill and other exercises on Arbor Day.

Who taught some of our girls to put up their hair in such a way that it looks like a wart on the side of a tree?

Too much praise cannot be given to the president of the middle year class, Mr. Weaver, and the class he represents, for their conduct on Arbor Day. Recognizing that Arbor Day is a day to plant trees and not a day for a fight, they had the courage of heroes and refused to follow the fool precedent of others, but set an example which others will follow.

The Normal base ball team is doing fine work under the coaching of St. John. Their first game of the season was played at Greenville and resulted in a victory by a score of 7 to 4 over Thiel College. Dundon led in batting, having three hits out of four times at bat. The second game was played on the Normal field when the locals defeated Saegertown by the score of 2 to 1. But two errors were made on each side.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Our exchange table contains a large number of publications from various colleges and schools, ranging from the university papers down to the high school monthlies. Among these are to be found "The Millersvillian," "The Normal Vidette," "The School Herald,"

"The Hamptonian," "The Normal Herald," "The Normal News," "The Amulet," "The Quarterly" and "The Oneontan," which represent schools of our own rank and class. We welcome all exchanges

The "Normal Vedette" for April contains a well written report of the student volunteer convention at Rochester which is worth reading. "Bloomsburg Quarterly," "The Hamptonia," and "The Normal Herald" have fine alumni departments. This is always appreciated by the graduates who keep in touch with the school through its publication.

"The Amulet" is unusually attractive in its general make up and has very well proportioned contents.

"The Normal Herald" for Easter has a very attractive cover design executed by a member of the art department of the school.

The "Normal News" has a professional department that contains helpful articles.

The "Millersvillian" contains several pages of interesting Normal notes. There is nothing trashy about that little journal.

Ex. after a joke means that it was a joke once but has retired from the field of events to the quiet repose of a school paper.—Ex.

Of all the words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these—I've flunked again.

—Ex.

STONES.

Junior year—Brimstone.

Middle year—Grindstone.

Senior year—Tombstone.

---Ex..

Not failure but low aim is crime.