

THE

Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1896.

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This accomplished, his impatience seemed to be relieved, and he returned to his seat and looked out into the gathering darkness, his thoughts intent upon his home coming and the dear ones there to welcome him.

Richard Emery's face was a study. It showed a certain unsteadiness in his character, and at the same time sympathy—the great need of human life—understanding, and good intentions were revealed. He had formulated a belief that the simple, natural living of our human life in its natural and easy relations offers opportunities as wide as the relations themselves can extend for doing good; that noble ideals shall be lived out simply and naturally in daily expression; that to

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While the train sped on, he took an almost boyish delight in picturing to his mind, his mother preparing for the Thanksgiving dinner, which had always been a feature of their home life. He could see her preparing with her own hands the Indian pudding and mince pies, and "crullers" that formed a part of this meal. Richard insisted that no one else could make them taste half so good.

He could fancy the old stage rumbling up to the door of the old-fashioned porch, and he could almost hear the rustle of the brown morning glory vines against the lattice. He certainly could see little Dick, and his constant companion, Clyde Worthington, climb down from the driver's high seat and rush into the open arms of dear old grandma, who had gone to the door many times to watch and wait for their coming. And he could follow them into the little sitting room of their humble home, and see his mother, with her silver gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black gown donned, and the one opal brooch which she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her bosom—all this in honor of Dick's home-coming. There was the table spread with its snow-white cloth, and the picture had become so real that he heard his mother say as she bustled about the room, "Now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream biscuit, and the kettle is nearly at the boil." Yes, he could see the happy boys enjoying grandma's supper. How Dick must have grown! And he was doing well at school now. He was twelve, dear little fellow, and

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would have so much to say about his teacher, and his school, and, above all, his new Fourth Reader.

And Clyde—well he had a strange history. Nothing certain was known of him except that when seven years of age, Dr. Emery had found him wandering about the streets of a large city—homeless and an orphan. The child had in his possession a small picture of himself, taken in colors, and a lock of early, golden hair. The name, Clyde Worthington, was printed on the small piece of paper which enclosed the lock of hair. That was all. Richard's heart warmed toward the little stranger and he took him to his heart and home, being well repaid by the satisfaction of having done a kindly act. Dick was overjoyed at having a playmate so nearly of his own age, and the two children became great friends.

The train went slowly on, and Richard gladly continued the home picture—grandma, and Dick, and Clyde, kneeling at the side of the boys' bed and united in a fervent prayer to the good Father to watch over their dear one and bring him safely home.

* * * * *

Grandma Emery counted the days after the receipt of the message from her son. She knew business would detain him a few days. Two days passed without special incident. Dick had come home from school with flushed cheeks and a sore throat. The next morning he was worse, and a physician was called. That night when the doctor came he brought another with him, and what they said struck a chill to grandma's heart. "It is diphtheria of the most malignant character. We will do all in our power to save him, but we fear the result. In the meantime Clyde must be kept in another part of the house."

Grandma, with a neighbor, watched over the pillow upon which Dick's curly head tossed, and together they prayed; but, oh! the awful hours of those days and nights! The prayers that went up to God from the depths of grandma's heart for the preservation of the life of her dear little Dick—Richard's boy—showed how he was loved, and how he would be missed. "O, God! spare him to us!" she pleaded. "Take him not from us; heal his sickness, and restore him to us. Yet if he must die, dear Heavenly Father, I pray that he may be permitted to see his earthly father once more."

Who can measure that poor grandma's agony? But nothing could avert the catastrophe, and there was nothing to do but await the end. Dick died in the afternoon. Grandma had bent over the loved form and heard the little lips whisper faintly, "Papa, dear, come to Dickie soon."

This was the home to which the loving and indulgent father was coming that terrible evening.

* * * * *

The passenger train had at last reached the station situated near Dr. Emery's home, and he emerged into the veil of softly falling snow which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in dim, dazzling mystery. He walked rapidly just beyond the noise and stir of the town to his old home, whose red gables, rose up out of the leafless elms.

The home seemed strangely quiet, as he entered it and shook the snow from his overcoat.

"Dick! Clyde! mother! where are you?" His face

paled when his mother threw herself sobbing into his arms. He had heard it all in a few minutes. Dick was gone. Clyde had exhibited some unfavorable symptoms, and was in the clasp of the same dread monster that had taken the life of little Dick. He nerved himself to bear his sorrow, and do all that he could for the living. He approached the little bed where Clyde lay. "Clyde, darling," he said gently. Slowly, the big blue eyes opened and closed. A faint smile touched the poor parched lips, but no words came. All that loving hands could do was done, and Clyde lived.

The next day the church bells were calling the worshippers to Thanksgiving service as the mourners returned from the cemetery where Dick had been placed to rest.

Grandma and Richard sat down to dinner with heavy hearts. On one side of the room stood Dick's vacant chair; on the other side, Clyde's, for he was not yet out of danger. They bowed their heads reverently. "Dear Heavenly Father," Richard began in a broken voice, "we thank—we—" Then he faltered and broke down, and dropping his face upon his hands, wept like a little child.

The talk that followed was quiet and subdued. Both realized that death must come. The idolized son or daughter, the beloved sister, or brother, or friend—the old gray-headed father or mother—it must come to all—and yet, in bitterness at first, the cry would go out against the loving All-Wise Father. A loved form present to-day, full of joy and life—the little one loved almost better than life—with its golden curls and happy smile, to-morrow may lie dreamlessly pillowed beneath the coffin lid, while the cold winds sing a requiem over the snow-covered mound.

We form our idols at great cost, and must often, like wayward children, be reminded of the will of our Heavenly Father who doeth all things well,

* * * * *

Years passed. Clyde had left the old home nest and gone to a distant western city where fortune had lavished her brightest smiles upon his efforts. Grandma had been laid away to her last long rest. Richard, broken down by trouble and disappointment, was now a wanderer. His earlier friends would not now recognize the bent form and long white hair as he trudged his way to the distant city where he hoped to find Clyde and ask for a welcome to his home. Years had passed without communication between them, for Richard had been desultory in everything. The picture of the glad welcome he would receive cheered him to renewed efforts to press his way onward when weariness well nigh overcame him.

He entered the city just as the Thanksgiving bells rang out across the snow, and he recalled that other Thanksgiving so many weary years ago. He neared a church with its throng of worshippers. He waited inside the door, and a tardy usher, after a cold stare, lead him to a back pew. The lights gleamed upon the altar, the vested choir sang a beautiful anthem; the prayers seemed home-like, and why not? Was the minister not addressing his Father? Richard's heart was warmed, and he looked kindly at those about him whose eyes were filled with tears. With one accord all heads were bowed in the closing prayer. Another soul-

ful hymn, and the benediction followed. Richard stepped into the aisle and came face to face with Clyde Worthington and a beautiful, gentle-faced lady who had wept profusely during the service. He started involuntarily forward and reached out his hand to be met only by a cold look from each, and they moved quickly away from him and were soon lost in the dense throng of people moving out of the church.

All strength seemed to desert the aged man, and he was conscious all the time that he was the cynosure of many cold, curious glances. Just at the door a sweet, faded old face was lifted to his, and a withered hand was held out. "You're a stranger to me, but not to my master, I trust; in his name I bid you welcome."

The dear, old soul will never know why the strange old man grasped her hand so closely. From her he found out the address of Clyde Worthington, and evening found him standing at the door of a great mansion whose marble portals seemed to forbid him entrance. The bell had been rung by his cold, trembling hands, and the servant appeared before him. When he requested to see Mr. Worthington the servant rudely said that his master could not be seen as he was preparing to receive a great company.

"Tell him that Dr. Emery wishes to speak with him," said Richard, in trembling tones.

But the door was closed in his face, and Richard turned sadly away.

He returned again at a later hour, and this was the sight he saw: Brilliant lights blazed and flashed, costly jewels sparkled and glittered, and fair forms flitted hither and thither through the magnificent rooms. Sounds of music floated out upon the night air, and all this life, and light, and beauty went on till a late hour, when the carriages took their fair freight away, and Richard stood before the now darkened mansion. He was very cold. The snow had begun to fall, and now had covered everything in a garment of white. He tried again to gain admittance, but without success. The servant said his master had retired, but that he might be seen in the morning. The old man pleaded, but in vain. The door was closed, and Richard was shut out forever.

The snow continued to fall all that night; then morning came, and the doors of the wealthy were opened. Mr. Worthington's servant, passing out, discovered a strange looking heap of snow lying across the marble steps. His master was called, and the snow being removed, revealed the still, cold form of an aged man with long white hair, and a peaceful smile upon his lips. In his hand he tightly grasped a small picture, in colors, of a beautiful boy with long golden hair, and a slip of paper containing a name printed in ink—Clyde Worthington.

E. F. PRIEST.

THE NESTS OF THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

The nests built by the Baltimore oriole, often called simply "hanging nests," are the neatest and most attractive and ingenious of birds' nests. The bird is so common and so widely distributed that the typical nest has been often described, and many peculiar variations noticed. But before any variation from the typical nest can be properly appreciated, one must know what this type is like, and to this end a brief description of one is presented.

The nest which I have selected as a typical one was found on an oak tree growing near the Wisconsin river, about four miles north of Stevens Point. It is roughly pear-shaped, or rather it resembles a pear with the top cut off and the inside scooped out. The outside portion is made entirely of a coarse fabric manufactured by the birds themselves out of various kinds of vegetable down. In the bottom, the outer wall is reinforced by a bed of horsehair, fine roots and vegetable fibres, but the rest of the nest is the same both inside and out. The sides are thin, but quite strong, and they gradually converge to form an opening at the top, which is about an inch less in diameter than the bottom of the cavity. The structure hangs from a forked limb, both branches of the fork being woven into the rim. This is a typical nest, such a one as the orioles build out in the country, when thrown entirely upon their own resources, but in thickly settled localities they usually build one very much different. In this the outer portion is made of string, yarn, pieces of paper or cloth, horse hair, cow hair and vegetable fibres of various sorts. The lining is much the same as that of nests of the ordinary sort, but as a rule the nests built of these last named materials are less durable than those of the typical style of construction. The variable element in every case is the kind of material available and it is impossible to say how much influence the individual tastes of the bird have upon the material. As a rule, however, the bird will build its nest of the material which it can get the most easily.

There is also considerable variation among the nests in regard to size and shape, particularly in regard to size. From measurements taken from twelve nests it would appear that the usual size is about four inches in length and the same in width. It is worthy of note that the nest which has already been described as typical is of this size. The two largest nests, measuring 5x5 and 4½x4 inches respectively, had their greatest width at the top. Five, measuring 4x4 inches, all had their widest place in the lower half of the nest. The remaining five, save one, were equally wide at all places. This one is in some ways very peculiar. It would seem, from its appearance, that it had been built by young and inexperienced birds, and that they had been unwise in their choice of a nesting site, and had tried to make up for the loss of the shade of the leaves by building a sort of a roof over the top of the nest, leaving only a small hole for an entrance. Had this roof not been added, the nest would be like the others in being equally wide at all places. Only one variation from the ordinary position in the tree was noticed. This one, and it was the one which was three inches long and four inches wide, and also of uniform width, was fastened to the branch which supported it, in a way entirely different from any of the others. Instead of the branches of the fork being woven into the rim of the nest, they were woven into the sides a little below the middle line on one side and a little above it on the other, so that the nest hung from one branch and rested on the other.

Further investigations will doubtless reveal other peculiarities not here noted in the nesting habits of the oriole, and at any rate there is room for a considerable amount of observation along other lines, such as the kinds of trees they build in, how high up they build and questions of the same nature. W. W. CULVER.

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Published monthly during the school year of ten months by the students of the State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wis.

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EDITORIAL.

Variety adds interest to all things. Young ladies like to be known as having a variety of costumes with which to enhance their charms. Even a school paper takes pride in occasionally appearing in a new dress, finding a satisfaction in a change of color, though the mode of construction remain the same. Small favors are thankfully accepted in the newspaper business. They who tarry long on the staff learn to expect little and content themselves with less. The Normal pointer presents her compliments and hopes you will like her in her Sunday clothes. If you do not think the change an improvement, make it known to some member of the staff and perhaps we can fit her up more tastefully the next time. As yet the little lady is shy and rather sensitive, being young, and you might hurt her feelings if you criticise her too harshly in her presence. Better make your criticisms to those who have her in charge and, as you will of course add a suggestion as to how the fault you have in mind may be overcome, the managers may be able to remedy these defects.

Let your text books be but guide books—your teachers, guides—the library, the ground of your daily research. Learn to know books, to love them, to handle them carefully, reverently. Before you throw them about carelessly, dog-ear them or turn them on their faces, remember each good book means "so much precious life-blood of a master spirit."

Be careful in your selection of books—they are from men, of men and therefore like men. You do not make companions of all people, you wait and choose your friends. There are so-called great persons who do not appeal to you as much as those of more humble, quiet natures. It is even so with books. Read carefully, critically, but with charity—choose those books you wish for companions and in return for their friendship you will become a lover of books.

IRENE WARREN.

The organization of the senior class is commendable and we are pleased to note that the juniors have "gone and done likewise." There are people who object to class organizations on the ground that they have a tendency toward the formation of rings and cliques. This tendency, however, seems of small moment, compared with the enthusiasm and social energy which a class spirit arouses. Among the members of any organization there is a fellow feeling, which is different from any feeling occasioned by ordinary business and social intercourse. We are certain that since the organization of the class of '97 its members have become better acquainted with one another than in the entire ten weeks previous to the first class meeting. It is to be hoped that the harmonious spirit so far exhibited may continue, and that by frequent and informal social gatherings as occasion admits, the members of the respective classes may do much toward making the year exceedingly pleasant for one another.

The work in the geography department has been most interesting and profitable this fall, its special phases being the field work and map making. The rock and soil deposits and river currents of this vicinity furnish excellent opportunity for field work; the instructor has taken advantage of this and many excursions for observation have been made by the geography classes. Physical features and natural agencies have been noted and discussed. The snow and cold have combined to prevent any further work of this kind, but as soon as it is deemed advisable, these investigations will be continued. Meanwhile weather observations and other meteorological researches are carried on.

The map work has been especially helpful, as it has been made specific and individual, each person making his own maps. Those used in the department of history and civics to illustrate the growth of population and other questions of statistics, have been made by the geography classes under the direction of their instructor, and close inspection shows them to be exceedingly neat and artistic, as well as accurate in construction. The relief maps molded by the pupils and the picture relief maps, in which elevations are shown by shading, exhibit care and thought and are undoubtedly of great assistance in forming correct concepts of physiography.

All the way through, the work of the geography department is eminently practical and helpful, being based upon sound pedagogical principles and its plans developed according to the best modern methods. The sequence of cause and effect is carefully observed, and the work is continually correlated with the other natural sciences. It certainly accomplishes much good, giving the power for research and application of principles, so necessary in the teaching of this important branch of education.

The peculiar appearance of the German poem printed in this number, aside from any native peculiarities, is due to the lack of type for that essentially German production, the unmlaut.

LOCAL.

GENERAL.

The following facts will be of interest to POINTER readers, as they show the growth of our school since its beginning. The total enrollment in the Normal department for the first quarter ending in Nov. '94, was 96. For the same quarter ending in Nov. '95, it had increased to 162, showing a gain of 66. For the quarter just ended the enrollment is 247; a further gain of 85. In Nov. '94 there were no Seniors, and 19 Juniors. In Nov. '96 there are 29 Seniors, and 57 Juniors: making a total of 86 in the Upper Course.

The grades below have increased in like proportion. The greatest development, however, seems to be in the higher grades which are made up mostly of High School graduates who are preparing themselves for work in the grades and in High Schools.

The professional work has shown a decided development. In Jan. '95 there were 2 practice teachers: in Nov. '96 there are 46 students teaching practice classes in the Model Departments. This Model School embraces all grades from the lowest Primary to the First Year in the High School. The attendance is at present 163, showing it to be the second largest Model School connected with any Normal School in the state. The One Year Common School Course for the special benefit of those who came from, and expect to return to and teach in the Common Schools, has proved a decided gain for many students who could not enter the longer courses. This Common School Course was in a general way suggested and introduced during the first year of the existence of the STEVENS POINT Normal School. It was not, however, adopted by the Board of Regents and sanctioned as a definite course for all the Normal Schools till the summer of '96. Its direct useful service to the Common Schools must appeal very strongly to those who think the Normal Schools should serve all classes and grades of schools alike.

What has become of that bust of Shakespeare and those paintings of other famous authors, which were promised us last spring? And likewise those reproductions of famous oil paintings by European masters, which were to be placed in the art department? Perhaps some of the readers of the Pointer will remember that it was announced last May that there was a surplus from the library fund and the school was asked to decide what to do with it. It was voted that a bust of Shakespeare and paintings of other great authors be purchased for the adornment of the library. It must be that they are being made to order. Then, too, there was a sum left from the proceeds of the Perry lecture, given under the auspices of the art department, and it was decided to use this in purchasing reproductions of famous paintings. These were to be ordered from European markets. However, it seems to take a long time for freight to be shipped from Europe.

Prof. Sylvester has been granted a six months leave of absence by the Board of Regents, which he will use in recreation and travel. Mr. Sylvester has been a member of our faculty since the school was organized,

and has done much to make our Normal a success. He has also devoted all his vacations to school work, either in conducting Institutes or working on the State Board of Examiners. He will first visit his old home near Boscobel, after which he will spend a short time in the eastern states, and then sail for Europe where the most of his vacation will be spent. His chair is being filled by Prof. B. F. Spaulding, of Charlotte, Mich., who is a graduate of Ann Arbor. Mr. Spaulding has been connected with school work in his own state since his graduation in '89, and comes well recommended. Mrs. Spaulding arrived in the city a few days ago, and they will make their home here while Mr. Spaulding is connected with the school.

The members of the two Normal foot-ball teams were given a banquet at the Curran House, Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th, by Pres. Pray and Prof. Sylvester. It was given partly in honor of the closing of the out-door athletics for the season, and as a sort of farewell meeting between the boys and Prof. Sylvester, who left for his European trip the next day. The banquet was served in the spacious hotel dining room which was decorated for the occasion with palms, smilax and chrysanthemums. The program of toasts and the menu were tied with purple and gold, and the souvenirs of the evening were also made of the school colors. The title page of the program read "Last Game of the season. Pray and Sylvester vs. Stevens Point Normal Foot-ball Teams, On the Curran House Gridiron, Wed. Nov. 4th, 1896. Game called promptly at 7:30 p. m. Prof. V. E. McCaskill, umpire. Prof. E. J. Swift, time-keeper." The courses were served as first down, second down, and so on till time was called.

The following toasts were responded to:

"First Touch-down!" T. B. Pray, toast-master.

"Goal Kicked!" The Official Prompt and Just.—V. E. McCaskill.

"Second Touch-down!" The Eleven: Brain and Brawn.—H. L. Gardner.

"Goal Kicked!" The Substitute, the only man who rejoices in an injury to a friend.—Jesse Barker.

"Safety!" The Second Eleven Protoplasm.—A. T. Pray.

"Goal From Field!" The "Rooter." Necessary, but—!—C. H. Sylvester.

The toasts were very pleasant, and the program was enjoyed throughout by all those whose good fortune it was to be in attendance.

On the last page was a record of all games played by both Elevens since the school was started. As a whole, the occasion was one long to be remembered by the boys who helped the school to glory on the field of foot-ball.

The Senior Class perfected their organization recently by electing the following officers: A. L. Larkin president; Miss Stevens, vice president; Miss Hart, secretary; Guy Blencoe, treasurer; Miss Ashmun, class poet; Jesse Barker, historian; and Allan Pray, prophet.

At a regular meeting of the Forum at the beginning of this quarter the following officers were elected: A. J. Latton, president; M. O. Hill, vice president; A. J. Latton, E. Scott and Guy Blencoe, board of coun-

cilors: J. Fernholz, secretary; H. L. Gardner, treasurer; and H. C. Almy, sergeant-at-arms. This society is composed entirely of young men, and although only ten weeks old is in a very flourishing condition. Meetings are held every Friday night. The Arena, which was organized at the beginning of the school in '94, is open to all members of the school and holds its meetings on the same evenings. The following is a list of its officers: W. C. Ruediger, president; Miss Smith, vice president; Miss Nelson, secretary; Will. Culver, treasurer; W. Wright, usher; Mr. Dewey, sergeant; and Allan Pray, Mr. Mutch and Miss Myers, executive committee.

It took two meetings for the Juniors to form a class organization, and still the all important question of a class yell is unsettled. The class is a large one comprising 59 members. William Harrison, of Wonewoc, is president; John Lees, vice president; Miss Brewster, secretary; and Jennie Boreson, treasurer.

Mrs. Elliott's geography classes have formed a club for research in astronomy, astrology and geography. Meetings are held each week, and several addresses have been made by teachers and others who have traveled abroad.

Prof. Swift's psychology class is also doing extra work in that subject by meeting once a week for outside study. These meetings are to be in charge of the several members of the class who lead the discussion of the evening. The first meeting was held Nov. 17th, and discussed the subject of "Illusions in Perception." The meeting was a success, and it is expected that much good will come of this work in psychology.

The Senior girls were "at home" to the remainder of the class, in room 10, Friday evening, Nov. 13th. The room was appropriately decorated for the occasion with chrysanthemums and smilax. During the fore part of the evening a business meeting was held, and white and gold chosen as class colors, and the marguerite chosen for the class flower. Many pleasing games were indulged in, after which light refreshments were served. It was a very enjoyable evening for all those present, and the lucky Senior boys are fully agreed that the ability of the Senior girls to entertain is unexcelled.

The Normal Pointer and The Western Teacher will both be sent to any address for One Year for \$1.15. This is only Fifteen Cents more than the price of The Western Teacher alone. Students intending to teach should avail themselves of this liberal offer.

PERSONAL.

Miss Anna Burns has withdrawn from school to teach in the city schools.

Students now have a new excuse for star gazing. They are looking for Mars.

What has become of Maxwell Alton? We miss his poems in this year's papers.

Margaret Sutherland was called home Nov. 14 by the serious illness of her sister.

The second quarter music class will furnish music at the dedication services of the Presbyterian church Sunday, Nov. 22d.

Miss Anna Dunegan, who attended school here last winter, was a visitor Nov. 12th.

State Assemblyman Pierce of Friendship, Wis., was a visitor at the school Nov. 10th.

M. O. Hill was obliged to be absent from school the first week of this quarter on account of sickness.

The skeleton in room 39 fell from his hook recently without, however, sustaining any serious injuries.

The next thing in order is for the Sophomores and Freshmen to organize class societies. Will they do it?

Martin Bever went home Nov. 3 to vote and has been home twice since on business connected with his office as town clerk of Sherry, Wis.

Will some one find out who it is that receives those big, rosy apples brought to school each day by a certain dark-haired junior gentleman?

Thanksgiving recess will last from Nov. 26th to Nov. 30th and all students leaving the city will be excused on Nov. 25th in time to catch the last train home.

Teacher in Rhetoric class—"Why did you enjoy the story?"

Student—"Because it was so simple and foolish."

The west end of the corridor on the third floor has been turned into a recitation room. The virtues of Caesar's generalship are extolled there each afternoon at 3:00.

The two football elevens had their pictures taken last Saturday. If the picture shows all their good qualities, it should be framed and placed on the wall beside that of last year's eleven.

The following old students have re-entered school: C. E. Dewane, Walter Thoms, W. F. Cowan and Roy Beach. Besides these there were about twenty new students who entered this quarter.

The hour of meeting of both the Forum and the Arena has been changed from 7:30 to 7:00. The purpose is to enable the societies to finish their programs in time for members to attend to other social duties.

This quarter's program was adopted and the whole school re-organized within one-half a day's session. This is quite an improvement, as it formerly took from two to three days at the beginning of each quarter to re-organize classes.

President Pray recently gave an instructive talk on the purpose of the late constitutional amendment. If the state voters had been educated on this issue as they were on the other issues the amendment would probably have been carried.

Each member of the rhetoric class is at present engaged in writing a story. The result will be watched with interest, as there are several in the class whose talents tend in that direction. We are informed that last year's class developed a promising young poet.

First Professor—A man on the surface of the moon could easily vault over the highest buildings; in fact jumping 250 feet would be considered nothing uncommon.

Second Professor—That's nothing; the natives of Peru have their sense of smell so well cultivated that they can tell an Englishman from a native 40 miles off.

Next!

ATHLETIC.

The first eleven played its last game Saturday Oct. 24th, defeating the Lawrence University eleven by a score of 24 to 12, and adding one more to its list of victories. According to The Appleton Daily Post, the game was one of the cleanest, swiftest exhibitions of what football is at its best ever seen in Appleton. Both teams played their hardest, but not once was there an exhibition of slugging or giving way to temper. The game was won by our team by its superior line strength and team work; Blencoe, Lees and Holman also did good individual work. The opponents' strong point was their interference, and the playing of Boyd, Lee, Hecker and the Jolliffes deserves special mention. Following is a brief outline of the game taken from The Post:

Lawrence scored the first touch-down in the first ten minutes of play on gains around the ends by Boyd, Lee and Hecker, and a long run by Jolliffe to the ten-yard line, Hecker being shoved over on the second down for a touch-down, goal was kicked. Immediately after the kick off Blencoe for Stevens Point got through for a long run to the five yard line, and Dewey was pushed over for a touch-down, and goal kicked.

In the scrimmage following the next kick off, Monahan was hurt, and Bennett took his place. After a little line bucking, another long run by Blencoe took the ball to Lawrence's ten yard line, and on the second down Pease was shoved over, and goal kicked. The half closed with the ball in Stevens Point territory. Score, Lawrence 6; Stevens Point 12.

In the second half Lawrence kicked off, but gained the ball on downs, her line holding well against the smashe of Stevens Point, while the latter's end plays were broken up without gain. Repeated gains around the end with a long run by Jolliffe carried the ball to the Normal line, and Hecker went through the line for a touch-down, and goal was kicked. Stevens Point kicked off, but Lawrence lost the ball on a fumble. Blencoe got around the end and had a clean field for a touch-down. Goal was kicked. Upon the next line up Boyd got around the Normal end and carried the ball to the twenty yard line, where he was injured in the tackle and had to retire, Cole taking his place. When play was resumed Lawrence lost the ball on a fumble, and by a succession of end plays Stevens Point advanced the ball to the center of the field. Here Holman went around the end for a touch-down, and goal was kicked just as time was called. Score, Lawrence 12; Stevens Point 24.

LINE UP.

Stevens Point.	Lawrence University.
Ohde.....	R. E. Lee,
Manz.....	R. T. Babcock,
Gardner, Capt.....	R. G. Humbert,
Beck.....	C. Holstein,
Paral.....	L. G. Mott,
Polley.....	L. T. Monahan,
Lees.....	L. E. A. Jolliffe,
Pease.....	Q. B. Kline,
Blencoe.....	R. H. B. Boyd,
Holman.....	L. H. B. Hecker,
Dewey.....	F. B. W. Jolliffe, Capt.

Touch-downs: Stevens Point 4; Lawrence 2.
 Referee—Sylvester, Stevens Point.
 Umpire—Beveridge, Appleton.
 Linesmen—Pray, Merrill,

A number of visitors from Stevens Point accompanied the team, among them being Prof. Sylvester, Prof. Culver, Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Elliott, Miss Quinn, and Miss Montgomery of the Normal school faculty, and Mr. Campbell, Mr. Fruit and Mr. Bradford, all of whom, and the members of the team, with two exceptions, remained over to attend the lecture of Ian MacLaren in the evening.

The treatment of the Stevens Point players and visitors by the Lawrence players, and the crowd at the game, was very pleasing to them, and was the subject of enthusiastic comment after the game. That it was heartily appreciated is witnessed by the following communication received by The Post, Saturday evening:

APPLETON, Oct. 24, 1896.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE POST:

The members of the Stevens Point Normal School Foot Ball Team wish to express their high appreciation of the gentlemanly treatment accorded them by their opponents, the Lawrence University team in the game to-day. We congratulate the University on the possession of a team that plays good, clean foot ball, and plays it well. We trust that the friendly feeling between the two schools will long continue.

STEVENS POINT FOOT BALL TEAM,
 Per H. L. GARDNER, Captain.

A challenge from the Platteville Normal Eleven to play for the Normal Championship of the State has been received by M'n'g'r Gardner, but on account of the great expense involved it has been decided not to accept it. Instead, the first and second eleven will be equally divided and play a game Thanksgiving, the proceeds to help pay the debt of the Athletic Association.

On Oct. 31st, in a blinding snow storm, the Second Eleven met defeat for the first time, at the hands of the Grand Rapids High School Eleven. The play was spirited on the part of both teams, but the score at the finish stood 6 to 4 in favor of the visitors, Fruit having failed at goal. This practically closes the foot ball season for the two teams. In the next issue of the Pointer will be given an account of the standing of the teams since the beginning of foot ball in this school in '94.

Frank L. Bean, who played in the line with our team of '94, has entered the list of foot ball players at the U. W., and has played in several of the games of this season. The Sentinel, of Friday, in a write up of the team, gives the following of Bean:

Frank L. Bean, left end, is 20 years of age, and five feet eleven and one-half inches in height, and tips the scale at 165 pounds. Bean's home is Hamilton, Mont. He is a junior law. He is practically a new man, but will undoubtedly develop into a star end with another year's experience. He has not had much opportunity of showing what he can do this year, but has done good work in practice.

EXCHANGES.

The thread of a story constitutes the "yarn."—Ex.

The Carroll Echo abounds in echoes from the grid-iron.

Oxford University consists of twenty-two colleges.—Ex.

There are no chapel exercises at the U. W.—College Days.

The exchanges and reviews in the Argosy are especially good.

Electricity is a profound subject, yet Edison makes light of it.—Ex.

Lawrence has adopted a regulation bloomer uniform for fair athletes.

Princeton University has recently celebrated her sesquicentennial anniversary.

Columbia College, N. Y., has an enrollment of about 2,000 students. Its instructors number 265.

The Green Bay Fly rejoices that their high school has a library, literary society and athletic association.

Fond du Lac has five kindergartens in connection with its public schools, and also a school for deaf mutes.

The Tattler of Tomah is one of the new high school papers that ranks well with other high school papers of the state.

Superintendent Buel T. Davis, late of Winona, Minn., takes charge of the schools in Oshkosh at a salary of \$2,000.

The high school orchestra has become a reality. After Christmas classical music will be taken up.—Janesville Vedette.

A number of the courses in the Harvard Divinity School primarily intended for men are now open to women.—College Days.

The Armory building of the University of Minnesota, which is almost completed, is one of the largest of its kind in this country.

A college paper is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience, the printer the money—if there is any.—Ex.

The lens for the Yerkes telescope will be shipped to Lake Geneva in a few weeks. This is the largest lens ever made and is valued at \$65,000.

We glean from The Oracle that Hamline University has an improved college course in Bible study this year. We also note that their literary societies are in a flourishing condition.

Among the live exchanges we note the Kodak of Milwaukee-Downer college. Every department contains articles worthy of attention. Is the high tone of

the paper due to the fact that the staff consists entirely of ladies?

Parent (looking at card).—"Willie, I am not at all pleased with the report hereon."

Willie.—"I told her that you wouldn't be, but she was too stubborn to change it."—Ex.

The Badger states the Literary Society of the River Falls Normal to be improving weekly.

Let us look to it that the same may be truly said of the Literary Societies of our Normal.

Prof. at breakfast table with his son.—"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?"

"Of course, my child."

"Well, then, if a man is born in Holland is he a hole?"—Ex.

Cox.—"How many voyages did Columbus make to America?"

L. K.—"Four."

Cox.—"On which one did he die?"

L. K.—"The second."—Ex.

Teacher of primary grade, to pupils—"What does w-h-i-t-e spell?"

No answer.

Teacher—"What color is my face?"

Pupils in chorus—"Yellow!"

—Ex.

"Mother," said a high school girl, "may I study Browning?"

"Certainly, May," was the reply. "I'm glad you've come to your senses at last. Just get the flour, eggs, and butter, and I'll show you how to begin."—Ex

Miss Harwood has organized a German club and a French club to meet on alternate weeks. The time to be devoted to sight reading and to practice in conversation.—COLLEGE DAYS.

Why doesn't the Stevens Point Normal have a sight reading German club?

The latest discovery in the scientific world is a measure for the imagination. This interesting and important discovery, which, when applied to current life, will go far toward explaining much that average people consider mysterious, was made by Mr. E. W. Scripture of Yale.

The class in New Testament history and literature have each purchased half a dozen cheap testaments and are using their shears very freely upon them. With the scraps thus obtained they are piecing out a consecutive account of the life and writings of Paul which they each preserve in a scrap book.—College Days (Ripon).

At the age of 22 Dr. W. T. Harris was a grade teacher in the grammar school of St. Louis. His success in class work led to the principalship, later to assistant superintendency, finally, ten years from the day he left an unfinished college course to teach his class, he was at the head of the school system of what was at that time the largest city west of the Alleghany mountains and that without the aid of political force.

MODEL SCHOOL.

PRIMARY.

What I live in is yellow and green. The inside is yellow. The bottom is bigger than the top. The shape is something like a ball. It is quite round. It grows on a vine. It has a handle. You can make a dipper with it. It has many seeds. Can you guess it?

BEULAH LAMP.

I am a seed. I am small and I am flat. There are friends with me. I am inside of a house. It is green or yellow. My house is dark inside. My house is long. It is white inside. It is about as large as a large potato. It is the shape of a cylinder. It rounds on the ends. It grows on a vine in the garden. It has pricklers on it. What am I?

CONOVER McDILL.

I am small. I have a little dent in me. I am black. My house is green when it is little. It turns brown. My house has three rooms. It is round. It grows on a vine. Two seeds are in each room. Can you guess my name?

JAMIE CONGDON.

I am a seed. My house is a little bigger than an agate. It is red and it grows on a tree. And people like it. And some times they make phosphate out of my house. And the tree blossoms in the summer. The house has a stem half an inch long. The house does not last very long. Sometimes I live in this town. When I am big I do not live in this town. I am a hard seed. What is my name?

JOHNNIE MOFFIT.

On Friday afternoon not long ago the usual program in the Primary room was set aside, and the Workers gave a "Seed Party" to the Birds and Busy Bees.

The nature study of the previous quarter had been entirely upon the subject of Seeds, and this little exercise formed a delightful close to the work. The room was beautifully decorated with seeds of every kind, hung in festoons and mounted in various designs on cards. A primary table held a large collection of seeds which the pupils had gathered and assorted. A number of their compositions were conveniently placed for inspection.

Promptly at 2:30 the little ones were in their seats. After singing a lively song, they played the game "Hiding the Apple." When a number of the bright eyes had had an opportunity to seek the rosy-cheeked apple, refreshments were served by Miss Faddis with the assistance of some of the Primary "Cadets." The refreshments consisted entirely of seeds—popcorn and nuts served on "brown October leaves." The beaming countenances of all showed how the afternoon had been enjoyed. No doubt the Workers will remember their study of seeds with much pleasure, and will have a knowledge of them that perhaps many older people might well envy.

SEVENTH GRADE GRAMMAR.

New Amsterdam, the city now called New York, was settled in 1613 by the Dutch settlers from Holland. They called their city after the city from which they came which was Amsterdam in Holland.

They were called Knickerbockers because of their dress which consisted of a large hat with a high crown with plumes and knickerbockers.

These people were very neat and industrious. Their homes were always in order, the floor having been sprinkled with sand every day. Then the little girls who had been taught to draw would make pretty pictures in the sand. The Dutch people would have tea-parties, not as we have them now-a-days, but they were very quiet about festivities. They had a long table with a large bowl of morsels of pork floating around in gravy which they thought very delicious.

The custom that we have of keeping New Years has come from the Dutch settlers. The children at Easter had a very merry time hiding pretty colored Easter eggs for their play-mates to find.

Christmas, another holiday which has originated from them was indeed a very gay time with them. The mother of the family baked a large quantity of small cakes which the little ones so much liked. The children also had Christmas trees, and had their little friends to come and see it even at New Years, because they almost always kept the trees till then.

OLGA BORESON.

New Amsterdam was settled in 1613 by the Dutch. They were called the Knickerbockers. They wore high hats with feathers in the side, and low slippers with buckles, and knickerbockers.

They were very superstitious. They used to believe that when it thundered on top of the Catskill mountains it was Henry Hudson playing ten pins and the noise of the thunder was the balls rolling together. They had no carpets, and would sprinkle the floor with fresh sand every morning. The children learned to draw pictures in it with the broom.

They had no stoves, and the tops of their fire-places were open. When it snowed the snow would fall right in.

When they had tea parties the people would all assemble at three o'clock and go home at about six. They had a bowl in the middle of the table filled with gravy. In this there were some small pieces of fat pork. Afterwards a lady said that they would have a string extending from the ceiling of the house down to the table with a lump of sugar tied at the end, and when they were all seated at the table each one of them would take a bite of the sugar.

New Years was a calling day for them. Some would go calling, and others stay at home and receive callers.

At Christmas they would have Christmas trees, and would keep them till New Years.

AGNES AMBROSE.

Winifred (after an election parade)—"The Democrats has gone, and the 'Publicans has gone—now I wonder when the 'Piscopilians 'll go by!"

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

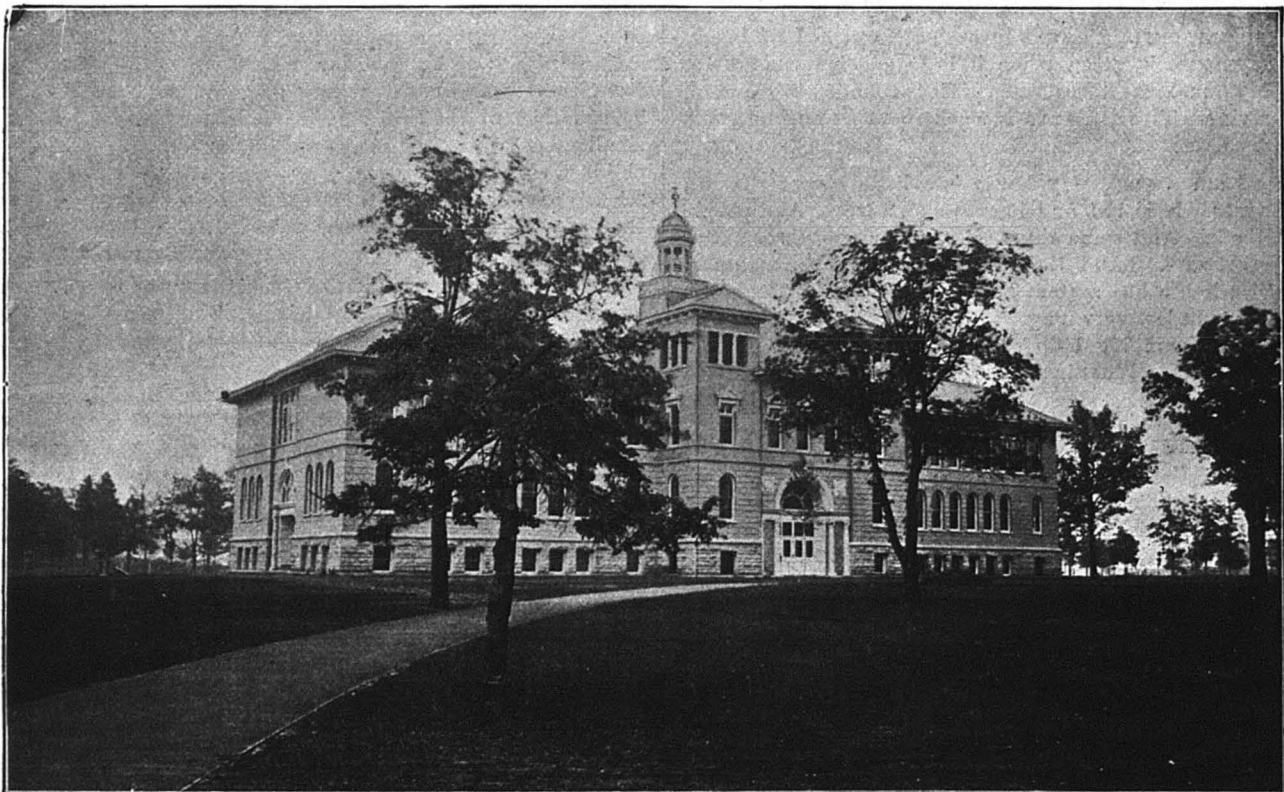
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Third Quarter, begins January 25, 1897.

Fourth Quarter begins April 12, 1897.

New Classes formed at those dates in nearly every subject in the course of study except Latin, German, and some advanced science studies.

Board \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week; all school charges about \$1.25 per quarter (ten weeks). No tuition fees in Normal classes for those expecting to teach. Tuition 40 cents per week or less in preparatory grades.

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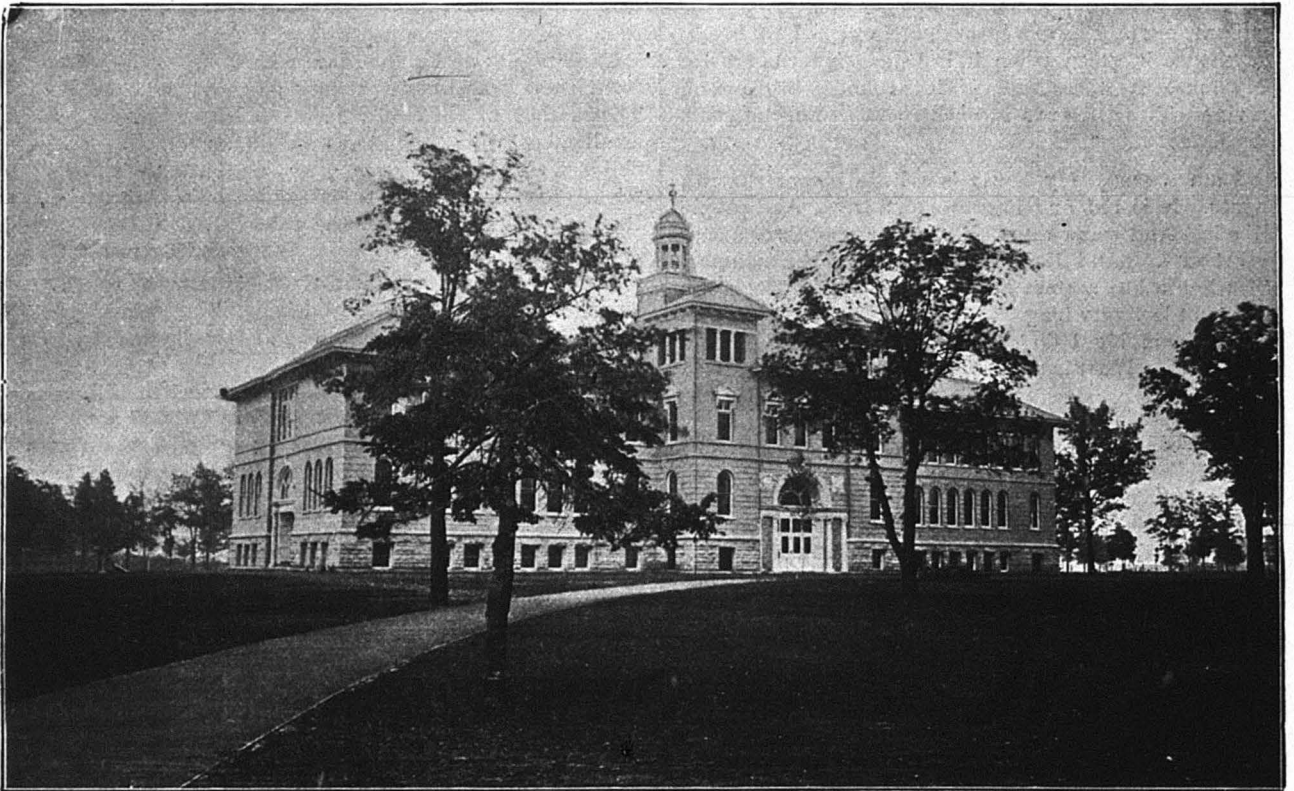
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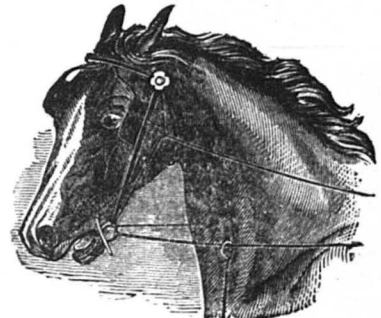
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