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POINTER.

DECEMBER,
1898.

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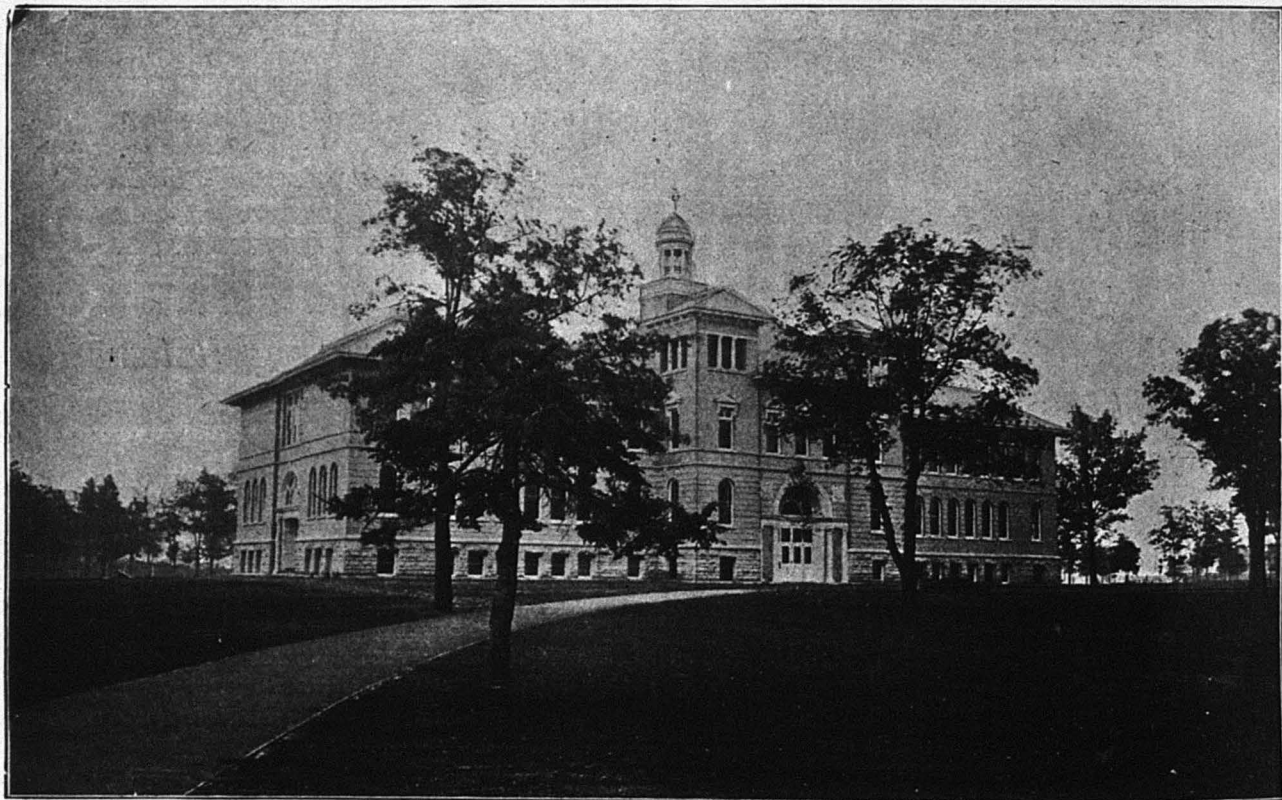
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume IV.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., DECEMBER 15, 1898.

Number 3.

Literary.

A VISIT TO A NEGRO CHURCH.

It was a most beautiful day in the latter part of May, and warm as our June days. We decided that it would be a pleasant walk to the negro church—so we started bright and early, for we had a journey of three or four miles up the railroad track, to our destination. The way led through the dense woods, and over low marshy ground—and in one place a huge moccasin snake glided from the track only a few feet ahead of us. The underbrush was so dense that we could see little.

Soon we found ourselves in the little town of Sheril, a place strikingly like our northern lumber towns. One long street runs parallel with the railroad track, with bare two-story shops, several saloons and a hotel with a two-storied veranda across the front. The bayou was back of this street and along its shore were a few typical southern homes.

We still followed the track between large cotton-fields, and through another patch of woods to a grassy road. Following this road we soon reached a pretty clearing. In the back-ground there were towering trees covered with a perfect network of grape vines, five-leaved ivy, and the gay-colored trumpet-flowers of the honeysuckle. In front of these trees stood a rude, unpainted church built of cypress boards, but with the glory of a crude steeple and a huge bell. The church was locked, and a small group of darkies were gathered around the door in earnest conversation. We asked if there were to be services and they said as soon as the minister returned, for he was absent at a funeral. So we sat down on a mossy log, enjoying the sight. The small boys were as sedate as you please, but the minute "marm's" or "dad's" back was turned a

sudden change ensued. They would perform all sorts of feats, twist their bodies and faces into all sorts of hideous contortions, play leap frog, and turn somersaults.

The little girls were all gathered around one, who seemed to be the belle. She was as black as the ace of spades but had pretty features, and her hair was soft and hung in loose curls. She was dressed in a low-necked white gown with elbow sleeves. Around her neck was a gold chain with a large gold cross, and on her head a white hat. She was the envy of all the pickaninnies, and stood somewhat aloof, looking down upon them with a proud disdainful smile.

All the time other families were arriving. Those who lived at a distance came on mules, a whole family all on one poor mule's back—first the father, then the mother, then several pickaninnies, the end one generally facing backward and holding on by means of the animal's tail. The harness, if so it might be called, was a curious conglomeration of twine, rope, old suspenders, straps and knots.

We waited patiently for the "pawson," but he didn't come, and finally one of the elders volunteered to conduct the service. All filed in, the men taking seats on one side, the women on the other. The services opened with a hymn, fearfully and wonderfully executed. Each one sang to his own sweet will, with a beautiful disregard of time or tune. One woman, especially, delighted the congregation with her execution of brilliant trills and staccatos in the most unexpected places.

After this the brethren were called upon for prayers. One old gray haired, henpecked looking elder, gave a very touching one. He had evidently had a recent falling out with his "better half." He made a very eloquent appeal in the following words: "Oh Lawd take my pawdner and shake her over the

mouth of hell." We were nearly convulsed, but managed to suppress our laughter.

Next on the program was the sermon, an exceedingly wandering affair, accompanied by frantic gestures. We were very much interested in watching the congregation. One woman in front of us was particularly amusing. She was fully eight feet from the wall, but her aim was remarkably accurate, in fact she never missed it. She was chewing a snuff stick and expectorated over the heads of the pickaninnies, straight through a crack in the wall. When the deacon informed the flock that they would surely go to hell unless each contributed to the fund for a new church, our equilibrium was completely destroyed. So after contributing our mite we hastily left the building.

M. L. C. E.

HARLEY WIGHT AND THE SKATES.

"What are these?" Big Star, the famous Indian chief of the Canadian borders, looked wonderingly at his followers as he asked this question. His warriors stood around him in a circle, before them lay a pile of shining steel skates. There was no answer. They all looked with pleased admiration on the glistening objects before them, and an occasional exclamation of surprise broke from the group. Big Star examined the skates more closely, then looked about him. "Where did they come from?" he demanded again in the dialect of the Utahs.

Two young Utahs stepped before the chief to explain how they had obtained the skates. They had just returned to Creol, the Indian village, where the incidents of this narration took place, from a hunting and trapping expedition on Black Creek. On their way back to Creol they had overtaken an English trader, who was on his way to Canada to trade his load of blankets and trinkets for furs. They had held up the trader and after a long fight taken him prisoner. He had escaped, however, on the second day of his captivity, but the victors had still possessed the booty, among which were the skates.

Big Star after listening to their adventures said nothing, but picking up three of the largest and brightest skates, began strapping them about his person. The warriors noticed this and instantly there was a scramble for the pile, each one arming himself with as many skates as he could get, supposing them to be some new kind of weapon.

Somewhat outside the circle, leaning against a tree stood one person, unmoved during the greedy struggle. He looked with mingled disgust and mirth upon the savages before him. He was not surprised, however, for four years of Indian life had taught him what to expect from them. He was not one of their number, and if we were to examine his features more closely we should see that they have not the copper-color of the red men.

Harley Wight had been captured in his fourteenth year, by a party of the Utah tribe, while he was fishing in a trout stream a few miles from his father's house. For many days he was marched farther and farther away from his home. All efforts made for his recovery had been in vain. Many a night after a hard day's work he was so overcome with fatigue that he would gladly have given his life to be freed from resuming the journey. But the threatened torture drove him on to the frontier where the tribe located. He had never been free from torture of some kind, and was still the slave of the tribe.

Now as he saw the use the savages were making of these skates, the same kind that he had spent so many happy hours on, in his New England home, he said nothing. They reminded him of many incidents which had taken place in his old home; they reminded him of his parents and friends. Four years of Indian life had changed him much. He was strong and active; he joined in the hunts of the savages, and equalled them in their wild sports. He had gotten somewhat used to Indian living, but he never could forget his New England home, and would gladly have returned to it if an opportunity of escape had ever offered itself.

As Harley was thus meditating, Big Star approached him. The chief knew it was the whites to whom so many strange articles, which he had seen, were due, and for this reason he approached Harley to find out if he knew any thing about the skates. Harley very simply explained their use on the ice. The young warriors became very much interested and gathered around our hero, asking questions. Harley agreed to show them how to skate.

Half a mile below the Indian village flowed the Deer River; and here, on this cold day they could probably find good ice for skating. Harley selected

a good pair of skates, and started for the river, surrounded by the enthusiastic warriors.

When he reached the bank of the stream he seated himself upon the ground, and began carefully strapping the skates to his feet. The Indians gathered around him, watching closely, that they might learn how to put theirs on, intending to follow him.

Harley, after making sure that the skate fastenings were secure, stepped upon the ice. The river was a smooth glaring surface, and after a few awkward strokes, he was gliding about on his new skates with the ease and skill, which had characterized his skating when a small boy. The savages stood a moment, struck with surprise, then completing their fastenings they jumped upon the ice to share in the enjoyment. Not so; they fell and rolled about in utter helplessness. Harley could not refrain from a smile as he looked at this scene. But had he got his captors into this helpless condition simply for a little fun? Indeed not; he had more serious thoughts. Two hundred miles of smooth ice, stretched before him, which reached well toward his old home. Two minutes start of his captors, and he would be out of reach of their arrows, and safe from being overtaken. For they were helpless on the skates, and Harley would be far down the river before they could get their ponies ready, which were wintering in a sheltered valley several miles from Creol.

Only a few of the warriors had thought of their arms in the excitement over the skates, and those had carelessly thrown them on the bank when they went on the ice. Harley was carefully watching the movements of his captors, and gradually nearing the middle of the stream. All the Indians were upon the ice. Now was his chance, if ever. Like a flash he darted down the stream. Big Star's watchful eye was first to see the move. With a wild cry he sprang up the bank. Seizing the big bow, which had sent so many well directed arrows to the hearts of the wild deer, he carefully placed an arrow.

The range was a long one, but the old chief resolutely drew his bow, determined that his prisoner should not escape. To miss his mark was to forfeit all hope of preventing the escape of the skater who was now flying over the ice towards a bend in the

river which would in a half minute conceal him from his captors. Wight realized this and put forth every effort of his strong muscles, hardened by frontier life.

Rapidly nearing his goal he was within ten feet of the coveted shelter when Big Star's bow twanged. The arrow went straight to its mark. The chief's eye had been true, and the flying skater pitched himself headlong on the ice. A cry of victory arose from the bank. The Indians looked exultantly towards their chief. But they were deceived. A loose strap going under the runner had tripped the skater but he was not injured. An instant, and he was on his feet and safe.

Another cry burst from the bank. This time, a howl of dismay. Harley heard it, but he thought only of the journey before him, and set out down the river with steady strokes. Big Star saw that pursuit was useless, and sulkily returned to his wigwam, followed by his warriors.

Eight days after his escape, Harley reaching his old home, was joyously welcomed by his parents and friends.

Bert Switzer.

A LITTLE BROWN WREN.

She is a dear little girl with great brown eyes, which dance continually with mischief.

I think she is never still a moment, not even when she is sleeping. Her movements are so quick that one can never tell where she will be next.

Though her fourth birthday has not yet come she is as bright as any child twice as old.

There seems to be nothing that she doesn't think of. One night she prayed for little twin sisters, but at the same time for a big girl to take care of them. She has a little baby brother who takes up all her time. One day she came over to our house bustling with importance. I could not imagine what was in the air until she informed me with a wonderful look of pride in her eyes, that she was going down town to buy the baby some shoes.

One can never see this little midget without loving her, but she is very careful whom she loves, and there are very few whom she takes into her confidence. And I can say with great pride, that I have won the heart of my little brown wren.

Jessie Barry.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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Editorial.

Our lecture course has begun. There is little doubt about its ultimate success, financially and intellectually. At the initial lecture, of Dr. Andrews, there were several pleasing features noticeable. Among the audience there was a large representation of the "town's people" whose interest in our project we thoroughly appreciate. The student body, of course, turned out well; but from the newer students the response might have been better. The attentiveness of the audience was all that could be asked. The women, especially, should be congratulated on their common-sense, kindness, courtesy, twentieth-century civilization, or whatever you may please to call it, in removing, during the lecture, their "hats," which if the writer has not been deceived by the latest fashion plates, and if he may judge, are at this season veritable monsters.

We note with pleasure the organization of the new debating club, "The Athenaeum," and the re-organization of "The Geography Lyceum." The

latter was a pronounced success last year; the former promises well. As for "The Arena," there seems to be improvement; the standard of "The Forum" has not fallen. This makes four sturdy literary societies, a greater number than we have ever had before, but four is none too many for a school of this size. There is more opportunity for real, beneficial training when the membership of a society is small and restricted. Every member, has a chance; everyone feel a greater responsibility. The prospects are good for a winning normal debating team.

Advanced political economists claim that punctuality, although intangible, has a market value, inferring that lack of punctuality has no such value. This seems to be refuted by the fact that with every overdue book presented at the library we are richer in dollars and cents, because of the fine which is now collected in every such case. Plainly, our not being punctual is here an economic factor which increases our wealth. The capital thus derived is expended in purchasing works of art for the decoration of our school; so in our delinquency we may pride ourselves on our philanthropy in donating our riches to such a worthy cause; but this will probably be our only consolation.

You will notice in the left hand corner of this page: "Terms of subscription—fifty cents per year in advance, seventy-five cents if not paid before Jan. 1, '98." Well, naturally enough, that means just what it says. So next year when the business manager begs to relieve you of fifty cents plus twenty-five cents; why recall this warning, pay the bill, and we'll say "Thank you!" although you may say, "Pshaw!"

The recent absence of O. J. Leu on The Pointer staff has caused the position of athletic editor to be somewhat fluctuating. The "write-up" of the department in this month's issue, is to be credited to Will Smith.

"The Physical Lecture Room at Cornell," on the opposite page, although headed Scientific, is not abstract in the least. It is a reminiscence from Prof. Teeple, and very readable, indeed, as you will find.

Scientific.

THE PHYSICAL LECTURE ROOM AT CORNELL.

I think the most fascinating place that I found during all my four years at Cornell, was the "Physical Lecture Room," as I saw it in my Sophomore year. We attended lectures there three times a week under Prof. William A. Anthony. The lectures were events. The room itself was a wonder—a sort of enchanted cavern, where the Forces of Nature played the most astounding pranks, under the necromancy of their master, the professor.

The lectures came at eleven o'clock, and for fifteen minutes before that time an intermittent stream of students flowed through the doors. Once inside, you found yourself in a sort of amphitheatre, with seats rising tier on tier toward the back, and a space in front barricaded on each side, as it were, by a long lecture-desk, leaving a wide space between, generally filled with tables and apparatus, where a great pier, capped with a single massive stone, rose from the region below to a level with the lecture room floor. Perhaps the room would be darkened to a strange sort of twilight, filled with the subdued hum of student's talk, in the midst of which Professor Anthony would be moving mysteriously about behind the lecture desks, manipulating a switch here, and a plug there, and watching a spot of light which wavered uncertainly to and fro on the screen in front; the desks and tables themselves loaded with battery jars, wire coils, iron bars, motors, galvanometers and electrometers shining in polished brass, electrical machines and miscellaneous apparatus, in a bewildering and seemingly "universal promiscuity."

Cool, quiet and alert, in the midst of the maze, moved Professor Anthony, like the master he was. His resources seemed unlimited. He had but to touch a switch, and that whirring motor would stop its whirl, or whirl swifter, at his will. One turn of a hidden lever, and the semi-darkness would deepen to an Egyptian midnight—a midnight with a single star, the spot of light that glimmered and trembled on the screen; another turn of the hidden lever, and daylight would return again, as it had fled away, obedient to the command

of the wonder worker. Meanwhile the clock on the side wall was ticking toward eleven,—no ordinary clock, but an electrical affair, one of an electrical family scattered through the building, that by magnetic impulses from the standard clock deep in its double-walled, dungeon-like vault in the basement, beat the seconds with mathematical accuracy.

At last all would be ready, and the lecture would begin. Usually it would be a series of experiments, often of a most brilliant and striking character, illustrating principles which we had studied—or were supposed to have studied—in the text book. It is common for such lecture experiments to fail; Professor Anthony's almost never did. He understood his business too well.

Whether the experiments were really valuable in making the subject clear is doubtful; the mind was too often bewildered by the multiplicity and complexity of the means and apparatus employed. But they were certainly impressive. You saw things done as far beyond your comprehension as the stars are beyond the soaring of a bird; the wild lightning of heaven brought down and shown you, like a tiger of the jungle, caged in a glass bottle; the unseen Forces of Nature made visible; the empty air and ether of the room surcharged and electric with living energy; and you were filled with a feeling of vast respect; you realized what a wonderful Universe you lived in. In the quiet of your room, by much belaboring of your brain, you had gained a clear view of a few simple principles; you cleared and explored, as it were, a little spot in the forest of Physical Science. In the lecture you were carried to a mountain height, and saw the realm of Knowledge spreading away, dim and vast and shadowy, on and on toward an illimitable horizon!

A Museum for the Stevens Point Normal is at last in sight. We have already the necessary specimen cases. Now all we lack is specimens. We understand, however, that this want is soon to be filled. The specimen cases in the assembly room have always been too full, so now some of the mounted birds in those cases are to be transferred to the new ones on the first floor. In addition, the Normal's excellent collection of bird-skins, now lying idle in closed drawers, will also be put out where they can be seen.

Local.

A number of the young men of the school, recognizing the necessity of material as well as intellectual food, organized a boarding club, early in the school year and have since enjoyed a most successful career, in virtue of which they have adopted the motto: "DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS." The club is located at 710 Brown St. As yet it is nameless. But what's in a name? Among its members the following distinguished persons are found: Ex-Pres. Harrison, Mayor Andersen, Weather Prophet Hicks, Duke of Argyle, and Lord Angus. Every provision has been made for the welfare of the club by the Sage(r) manager, who has secured two splendid Holts and a good Button for this purpose. The club possesses an ancient curiosity in the two books of Samuel put up in one cloth(es) edition. A Keen(e) wit helps to make a pleasant time while the Miller provides the necessities of life.

The preliminary debating contests by members of the three literary societies, held Nov. 18, resulted as follows: From the Forum. Messrs. Hubbard, Hotchkiss and Werner were chosen; from the Athenaeum, Messrs. Dawes, Harrison and Hanzlick; and from the Arena Misses Flora Wood, Perry and King. These nine persons will take part in the joint preliminary debate to be given about Dec. 20. The three best of these will debate with Whitewater. The subject submitted to Whitewater will be the same as for the preliminary. It is as follows: Resolved, that the policy of the United States in annexing Puerto Rico, The Philipines, Guam, and Knsae (on Strong Island) is justifiable, wise and constitutional.

The first lecture of the course, given by E. Benjamin Andrews, was listened to by a full house and tho he talked from manuscript, he had his subject so thoroughly at heart that he held the close attention of all during the evening. To those who were familiar with the history of Germany and Bismarck's relation to it, the lecture was doubly interesting. The audience was led to admire the strength of Bismarck's character and the greatness of his life work, while at the same time it was brought to laughter by the account of his odd ways and habits.

Prof and Mrs. McCaskill and Prof. and Mrs. Collins entertained the seniors at the Collins' home on Thursday evening, Dec 1. Fun? I should say so! If you want to learn how to pin a donkey's tail on, with your eyes blind-folded, ask C. R. Rounds. If you want information on works of magic, inquire of Prof. McCaskill. Did you ever join the Hoo-Hoo lodge? Ask Mr. Sager about it. As to the refreshments and the dainty manner of serving them, any senior will tell you they could not be beaten.

A member of the Theory class wishes to know the psychological reason why a girl yells when she sees a mouse. We think it must be the sudden appearance of a dark moving object within the focus of consciousness causes a spontaneous reaction of the glosso-pharyngeal and facial nerves, which in turn causes contraction of the muscles of the throat and an automatic opening of the mouth from which comes the soul-piercing phenomenon of sound.

The rhetorical on Nov. 18, were of such an unusual and interesting character that they deserve special mention. The afternoon was devoted wholly to music, a number of essays being read about the most noted songs of the different countries, each essay being followed by music from the chorus. The selections by the male quartet were especially well rendered and appreciated by all.

We wish to call attention to a very able and interesting article in the North Western Monthly for September, 1898, written by Prof. Swift, on "Heredity and Environment." It was written to be read before the Child Study Section of the National Education Association at Washington, and is a result of investigations carried on by Prof. Swift during the summer.

The Geography Club held its first regular meeting Friday evening. It started with a membership of fifty enthusiastic workers. A well prepared and interesting program was rendered, after which the following officers were elected for the present quarter: President, Mr. Lund; vice president, Miss Burce; secretary, Miss Powers; treasurer, Mr. Lamont.

The Geography Club has decided to enter the preliminary date above mentioned and will there-

fore hold their preliminary contest later. The following students will enter the first contest: L. S. Cherovsky, S. M. Lamont, H. Cate, W. H. Dimond, C. R. Rounds, Miss McGinnis, Miss Powers, Miss Olson, and E. L. Seeley.

Prof. and Mrs. Sanford entertained the Political Economy class, at their home on Clark St., Saturday evening, Nov. 12. A test on the ability to label advertisements was one of the enjoyable features of the evening. Those who were not well posted on the different varieties of soaps and cosmetics failed to get a passing mark. There was another test, however, in which no one failed, and that was on the ability to do justice to a very tempting lunch.

Senator Hatton from New London, who represents this senatorial district, in the Legislature was a visitor at the Normal the first of the month. He expressed himself as much pleased with the school and was also impressed with the necessity of either increasing our facilities or reducing the number of students in attendance.

Prof. G. H. Landgraf, principal of the Waterloo schools and member of the visiting committee spent a couple of days the last of the month in inspecting the work in the various departments. He reports favorably of the work, but is impressed with the crowded condition existing in many quarters.

We were visited by Assemblyman Frost of Almond, and Assemblyman Fern of Waushara Co. Mr. Frost has visited us before and shown interest in the school in various ways, one being his presentation of the copy of Franklin's New England Courant which hangs in the hall.

As a great many went home to eat Thanksgiving turkey, there was not as large an assemblage as usual at the reception the following Friday, tendered by the faculty. "The more the merrier" it is a good adage, but a pleasant time was nevertheless enjoyed.

Mrs. Bradford entertained a company of young people in the parlors of the Cadman home Friday evening, Nov. 18. Marshmallows and music with an occasional story were the principal sources of amusement, and the guests spent a very pleasant evening.

Mr. Swift gave a very interesting talk on "The Plays of Animals" from the rostrum. A number of

the friends of the school having heard of the treat to be given came in to share it.

Two large new cupboards have been placed in the lower hall to be used as general museums. These will be of great advantage to the model school and of interest to all.

As a part of the Thanksgiving exercises, Miss Stewart gave a very interesting talk on the Biglow Papers, and recited a number of amusing selections.

Leonard Latton who has had quite a severe siege of illness has recovered, but has gone to his home at Medford, to return at the beginning of the next quarter.

Pres. Pray visited at the Oshkosh Normal on Thursday, Dec. 1, and gave a very favorable report of the workings of the school.

With Mrs. Elliot as guide, the school made a delightful tour through Mexico one morning during the morning exercises.

Jesse Soper was on the sick list for a couple of weeks the latter part of November, but is again at his old stand.

A large picture of the Roman Forum was recently purchased for the school and now adorns the upper hall.

Edwin T. O'Brien of Appleton spent his Thanksgiving vacation with his sister, Miss Estelle.

Mrs. Munnell came down from Rice Lake to spend Thanksgiving with her son, E. J. Munnell.

Mr. Livingston conducted an institute at Sheboygan on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2 and 3.

Co. Supt. elect, A. P. Een visited the Normal recently.

Those who speak low may in part be said to be responsible for the foreheads that look like railroad maps.

Prof.—Did you ever see a dog steal a piece of meat when no one was looking?

(In Physiology.) Teacher—Name the coats of the stomach

Student—The outside one is the serious coat.

Teacher—It isn't quite so serious as that.

Teacher—What is percentage?

Student—Percentage is the process by which we work examples by the hundred.

Athletic.

OSHKOSH'S DEFEAT.

Since the last issue of the Pointer, our football team has played and won two games; the first with the Oshkosh Normal, and the second with the "All Stars" of this city.

On Nov. 12, our first eleven met and defeated the Oshkosh Normal team at Oshkosh by a score of 21 to 6.

The game was called at three o'clock at Combination Park. Oshkosh won the toss, and chose the west goal with the sun and wind in their favor. Argyle kicked off for Stevens Point. After a few short gains, Senn went around the end for 20 yards, but there Oshkosh was held for downs, and the Pointer's secured the ball near the center of the field. "The backs up" formation worked to perfection and by short but sure gains the ball was carried to Oshkosh's fifteen yard line. There it was passed to Karnopp, who covered the distance for the first touch down. Argyle kicked goal.

Houghton kicked off for Oshkosh. By steady gains, the ball was again forced into the Oshkosh territory, but was lost on downs. By end plays the pigskin was rapidly pushed down the field for Oshkosh's only touch down. Senn kicked a difficult goal. Score, 6 to 6.

After the kick off Stevens Point soon secured the oval, and after playing hard ball for a few minutes, Bradford was pushed over for a second touchdown. Argyle failed at goal. Score, 11 to 6.

On their kick off Oshkosh followed the former example and soon secured the ball. They began to carry it down the field at a rate that altogether displeased the Pointers, so they were held and the ball went to the Point on the 20 yard line just as time was called for the first half.

Houghton opened the second half by kicking off for Oshkosh. Stevens Point steadily advanced the ball, and Argyle carried it over for the next touch down, but he missed an easy goal. Score, 16 to 6.

After this everything was simply a walkaway for the Point. The backs up formation failed to work satisfactorily so open plays and line bucking were resorted to. The forwards opened up wide gaps in the Oshkosh line and Thompson plunged through

them for from 10 to 15 yard gains. He carried the ball over for the last touch down. A kick for goal was not allowed. Score, 21 to 6.

It had by this time become so dark that it was almost impossible to play, therefore time was called altho there were nine minutes more to play.

Our first victory on the Oshkosh home grounds was scored. May others follow!

A large crowd witnessed the game, which was a good one from beginning to end. The only thing to mar the contest was that the surging of the crowd to and fro on the gridiron interfered with the plays.

In the evening our team was tendered a reception in the Normal gymnasium, and all the boys expressed themselves as being well pleased with Oshkosh hospitality.

Following is the line up.

Oshkosh.	Line Up.	Stevens Point.
Lunz.....	Center.....	Cowan
Schwede.....	R. G.....	Soper
Runnoe.....	R. T.....	Manz
Daum.....	R. E.....	Mathe, Miles
Klumb.....	L. G.....	Sager
Keefe.....	L. T.....	Nelson
Morgan.....	L. E.....	Karnopp
Senn.....	R. H. B.....	Argyle
Houghton.....	L. H. B.....	Bradford
Tracy.....	F. B.....	Thompson
Green.....	Q. B.....	Smith

Touch downs—for Oshkosh, Houghton; for Stevens Point, Karnopp, Bradford, Argyle, Thompson.

Goal—Senn and Argyle.

Officials—McCaskill and Jones.

Linesmen—Lund and Sashey.

Time keepers—Werner and Brown.

THE ALL STARS VANQUISHED.

On Nov. 19, our team lined up against a team composed of crack players from the city. The Normalities had the advantage in weight, but the team was weakened by the absence of three regular players. All the positions in the lines on the right of center were filled with new men. The "All Stars" won the toss and chose the north goal. Argyle kicked off for the Normals. The "All Stars" at once began to stare victory in the face by sending Johnson around our end for 5 yards. The sight seemed to frighten them for they positively refused

(Continued on page 35.)

Exchanges.

The timid man yearns for full value and takes a tenth. The bold man strikes for double value and compromises at par.—Mark Twain.

Boy—"Papa, where's Atoms?"

Papa—"Athens, you mean, my boy."

Boy—"No papa, Atoms—the place where people are blown to."—Ex.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a shopping, kind sir," she said,

"And who gets all of your valuable trade?"

"The advertisers, sir," she said —Ex.

The Northland Magazine is a periodical on our exchange list which we highly appreciate. It is devoted almost entirely to Scandinavian interests, and is a valuable addition to our reading table.

Class yell, Milwaukee Normal.

We're in line!

Don't we shine!

Normal, Normal!

'99!

"Uncle Sam has gained a great victory, but it is not surprising when we consider that he is as strong as Sampson, Schley as a fox, Miles long, and has Merrit at the head of his forces. What more Dewey want?"—Ex.

Does this coat fit you?

"If I were punished

For every pun I shed,

I would need a punny shed

To hide my punished head."

The Gitchie Gumee.

The distinction of having the largest faculty in the country belongs to Harvard. It has a total of 337 members. Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania and Brown come next with 265, 240 and 91 members respectively.

"When Adam walked the world around,

And woman was not known,

His Maker said, "It isn't good

For man to be alone."

But if the Lord had known what woes,

That man through Eve should find,

Perhaps on sober second thought

He might have changed his mind."—Ex.

The committee in charge of the proposed monument to Eugene Field offer a book of his poems to every one who contributes a dollar or more to the monument fund. Thirty-two famous illustrators have freely given their talents to add to the attractiveness of the volume. The cash contributions are divided equally between the poet's family and the fund for building the monument.—Ex.

A little girl who was going to a party, prayed that the next day might be a pleasant one. Her prayer was answered and Grandma who wished to encourage the child in her pious ways asked that she pray again for pleasant weather. It might benefit her old, rheumatic joints. Little Mary, when about to retire prayed,—“O God, please make it hot for Grandma to-morrow.”

“By a cultivated mind, a mental training, a sound education, we mean a state of mind by which we shall become more clear of our condition, of our powers, of our duties toward our fellows, of our true happiness by which we may make ourselves better citizens and better men—more civilized in short.”—Ex.

A lady teacher told a school-boy to name the Presidents, and when he replied that he couldn't the teacher said, “When I was as old as you I could name all the Presidents in their order.”

The boy replied with more candor than politeness, “There were only a few Presidents then.”—Ex.

“A green little boy in a green little way,
A green little apple devoured one day;
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.”—Ex.

In Lapland where the night and day

Is each six months, as you recall,

The elocutionists cry out

“The curfew shall not ring this fall!”—Ex.

“How goes it now at college, John?”

A father thus petitioned,

When quickly came the answer back,

“I'm very well conditioned.”—Ex.

A new version of Ruskin's “King of the Golden River” may be found in the Beech Grove Oracle. It is a continued story and worth reading.

Model School.

GENERAL.

The first of a series of athletic contests for the model school boys was held on the evening of Nov. 22, in the gymnasium.

The weather was fine and about three hundred parents and students witnessed the sports from the gallery.

The boys were in good condition and the agility shown, especially in the high jump, was marvelous.

The following are the records, classified according to the height of the contestants.

4th Grade—Broad Jump.

Wadleigh, Sam, 1st.....	10 ft. 6 in.
Ross, Howard, 2nd.....	9 ft. 8 in.
Boston, Willis, 3d.....	9 ft. 8 in.

High Jump.

Wadleigh Sam, 1st.....	4 ft. 2 in.
Ross, Howard, 2nd.....	3 ft. 6 in.
Boston, Willis, 3d.....	3 ft. 7 in.

5th and 6th Grades—Broad Jump.

Martin, Newton, } 1st	11 ft.
Isherwood, Abe, }	11 ft.
Wheelock, Frank, 2nd.....	9 ft. 9 in.
Strope, Carl, 3d.....	9 ft. 6 in.

High Jump.

Strope, Carl, } 1st	3 ft. 10 in.
Martin, Newton, }	3 ft. 10 in.
Wheelock, Frank, 2nd.....	3 ft. 6 in.
Isherwood, Abe, 3d.....	3 ft. 4 in.

7 Grade—High Jump.

Joy, Ross, 1st.....	4 ft. 6 in.
Somers, Fred, 2nd.....	4 ft. 5 in.
Pipe, Rennie, 3d.....	4 ft. 7 in.

Rennie Pipe and Algie Vaughn have the record for the high jump in the practice school at 4 ft. 7 in.

8th Grade—High Jump.

Leonard, Willie, 1st.....	4 ft. 5 in.
Plouf, Willard, 2nd.....	4 ft. 5 in.
Cooper, Milo, 3d.....	4 ft. 5 in.

In proportion to height, Willie Leonard won the record for all the grades.

The second contest of the series will take place some time in February, and we hope to see greater interest manifested by all practice teachers and students in the Normal department. Encourage the boys, and wear their colors for they may some day be our Normal record breakers in athletics.

GRAMMAR.

Grace Parker is absent from school on account of a broken limb. The accident is so serious, it is thought she may not be back to school again this winter.

Thanksgiving was celebrated in the Grammar room in the usual manner with suggestive decorations and a program of Thanksgiving numbers. The most pleasing features of the decorations were the drawings which completely covered the blackboards.

Preparations are being made for an interesting Christmas program. The Sons of Seven, will be given in costume, six of the smaller boys representing Caesar, Brutus and three citizens will present the famous funeral of Caesar.

Fairy Gifts, a Christmas play in which there are to be real dancing fairies will be given by six of the girls and two of the boys.

PRIMARY.

The Thanksgiving exercises in the Primary were greatly enjoyed by all present. The decorations consisted of fruit and vegetables, brought by the pupils. Autumn leaves gave a brightening aspect to the room. The Third grade pupils made a log house and dressed a family of dolls, while the Busy Bees folded paper for a Thanksgiving basket. The program consisted of thirty Thanksgiving numbers.

All are deep in the mysteries of gift making for Christmas. We shall not divulge any secrets, but know some one at home who will be both surprised and pleased by and by. The Third grade will make the silver stars for decorating the room.

The Christmas letters will soon be sent. What lots of mail Old Santa will get this year!

Stevens Point, Wis., December 5, 1898.

Dear Miss Faddis:—I am going to write you a letter and tell you about Christmas. I am going to get Margaret a little doll. I am getting the money from mamma by washing the dishes for her. I am going to give mamma a doily and I am making it myself. It has roses on it, and I am going to make Grandma one. It has forget-me-nots on it. I am going to make Aunt Frank a doily with wild roses on it, and Aunt Kate one with some violets on it.

Good-by from,

Anna Mason.

Athletic.

(Continued from page 32.)

to gain in the next three downs, so the Normals were forced to take the ball. They tried hard to lose it on the first down, but couldn't. After a few gains Miles concluded that the ball was going to slow for such a "star" game, so when he got the ball, he broke away from his interference, and sprinted 25 yards for a touch down. Argyle kicked goal. Score, 6 to 0.

It was now the All Stars' turn to kick off and Davidson performed the feat for them. The Normals forced the ball steadily up the field to the All Stars' 30 yard line. Then the signal for a place kick was given and Argyle kicked the first goal from the field, scored by the Normal team. The crowd went wild, and the hearts of the All Stars sank a little farther out of plumb. The half had not ended before Manz hurdled the line for a touch down. Argyle kicked goal. Score, 17 to 0.

The second half was a repetition of the first, the Normals scoring two touch downs, two goals and a goal from the field. The All Stars kicked off. The rest seemed to have done them good for they came down the field remarkably well, and checked the rapid advance of the ball. They could not keep up

to the rapid pace set by the Normals, however, and the ball was soon within striking distance of their goal, and Argyle again sent the pigskin between the goal posts. Score, 22 to 0.

After the kick off, the ball exchanged hands a few times, but was soon near the All Stars' goal again. This time Bradford scored on a well played criss-cross. Argyle kicked goal. Score, 28 to 0.

The remainder of the game was of the old time sort, for at this juncture it began to rain. After the ball was put in play, the Normals carried it rapidly down the field to the All Stars' 3 yard line. On the next play Smith was pushed over for the last touch down. Argyle kicked goal. Score, 35 to 0.

Following is the line up.

All Stars.	Line Up.	Normals.
Davidson	Center	Cowan
Walton	R. G.	Berto
Kinney	R. T.	Lund
Kryger	L. G.	Sager
Patch	L. T.	Nelson
Sparks	L. E.	Karnopp
Johnson	R. E.	Miles
Cashin	R. H.	Argyle
Bremmer	L. H.	Bradford
Berens	F. B.	Manz
Zimmer	Q. B.	Smith

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Time keeper—Munnell.

Linesmen—Werner and Cashin.

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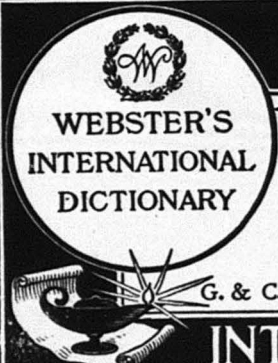
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