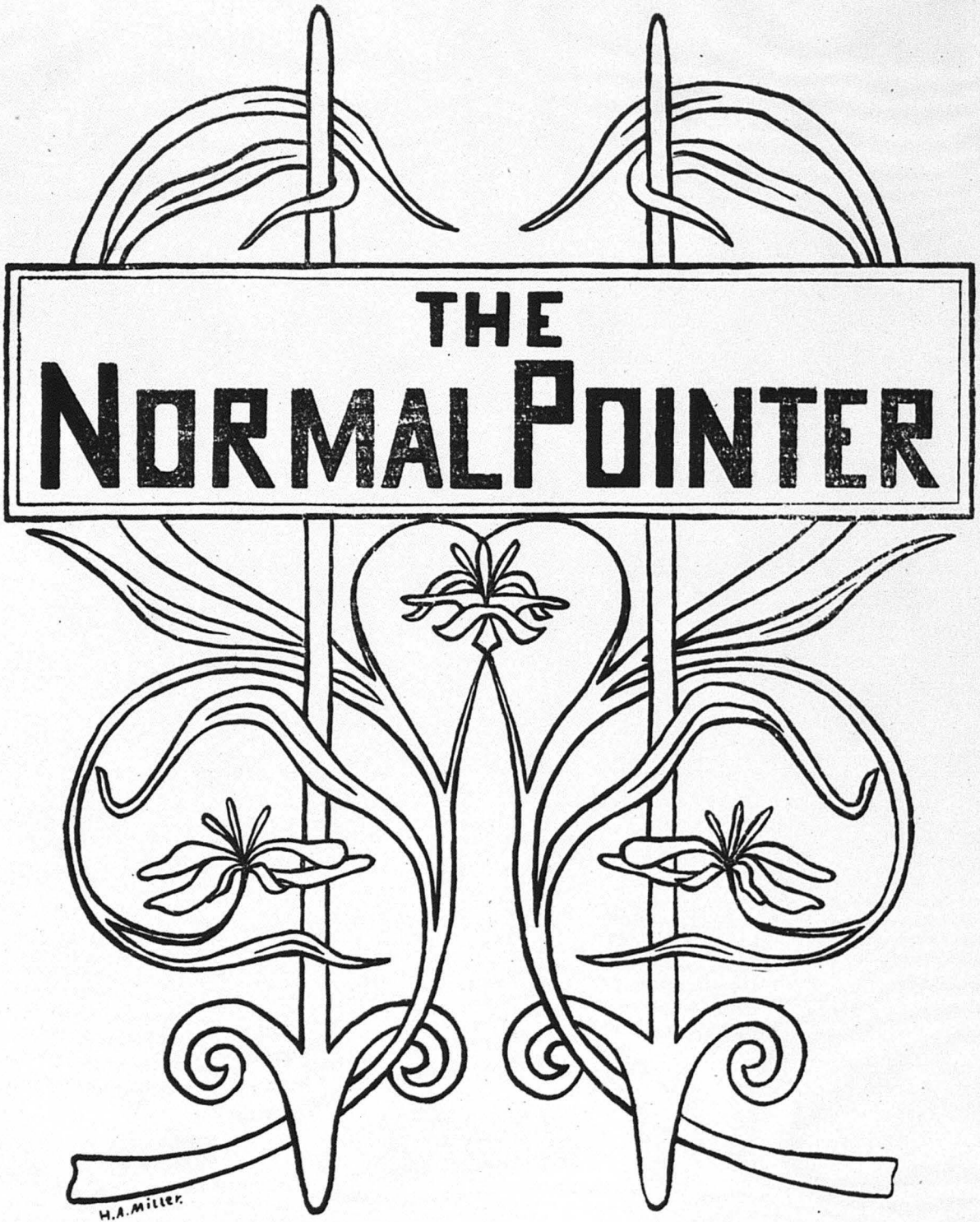


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VOL. V.

NOV. 15, 1899.

No. 2.

3

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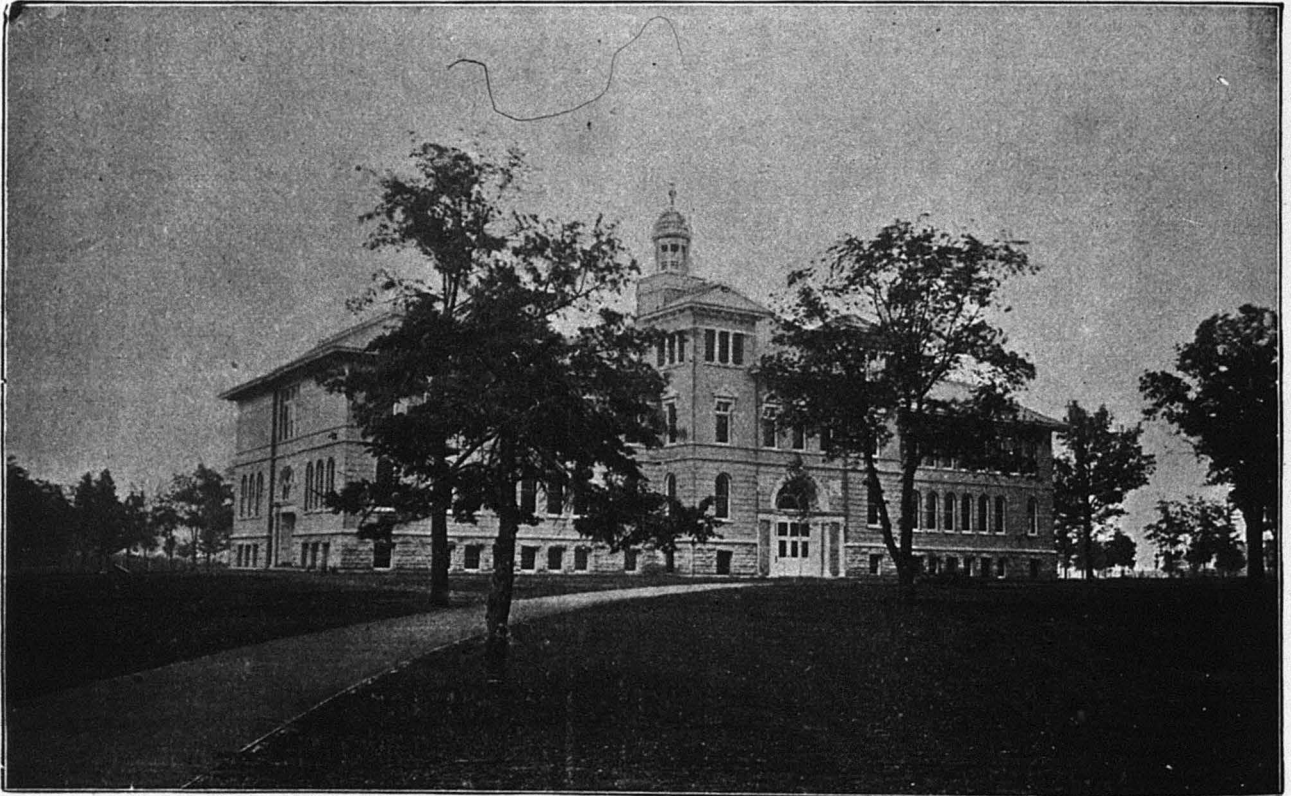
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# THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume V.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

Number 2.



## LEARNING THE TWO-STEP.

BY E. BURCE.

“YOU can't teach an old dog new tricks,” is a very old saying; but I don't believe a word of it since Miss Musselman has got hold of me. Why! my good mother would stand aghast to behold all the antics I go through down there, and would say that it ill became a person of my age to do those things; and, that it was ridiculous! Well! gray hair and artificial teeth may stand in the way sometimes, but not down in the gymnasium, thank goodness; and though a person may be a little “stiff and RHEUMATIC,” she can learn new tricks if she tries.

The latest achievement was acquired to-day; and if you won't tell any of my Baptist bretheren, I will tell you all about it. You know lately we have had as exercises certain gliding motions and quick steps. To-day this led into a regular two-step dance. I could not resist the temptation any longer; I seized the nearest girl, regardless of her ability as a dancer, as well as my own, and started off with the music. But some how we could not make much progress. Whenever my partner took a step with her foot, my foot was always there; and when I took a step, her foot was in the way. Well! at last my partner got disgusted and left me. I looked around for some one else, and saw a friend sitting over on the other

side. I made my way over to her, and grasping her by the arm, made her walk out on the floor in spite of all her demonstrations. When she asked if I knew how to dance? I answered “Yes!” like the unfortunate Mr. Winkle did when some one wanted to know if he could skate. I did not make the parabola as he did, but while I was conducting my partner down the hall I had to go backwards most of the way, for she couldn't turn very well. I bumped up against another couple and knocked them over. While they were getting righted, as I did not want to enjoy the expression on their faces, I turned and looked off down the room, but I guess it would have been just as well if I had looked at the couple, for there were a number of girls looking my way with surely anything but sober faces. I pretended I did not see them, and thought of the little saying I learned at school, “There is no gain which does not bring some difficulty,” and seizing my now unwilling partner with a firmer hold, I started off again. We got along better this time, and I actually think we would have mastered the art if my partner had not accidentally looked over her shoulder and beheld the boys, some of whom were standing inside of the door. Throwing up her hands, she exclaimed “Glory!” and broke away

from me. I was loath to go; but consoled myself, knowing that there were other days coming. When I reached the dressing room, I found my first partner there, and while the other girls were removing their suits, we improved the time; and I have actually come to the conclusion that we can do it now.

There is nothing like persevering, you see; and even old dogs can learn new tricks.

#### A SOUTHERN SOLDIERS STORY.

"So your teacher wants a story from you to-morrow, does she?" said gray-haired Jim in answer to my appeal, as we sat near the warm stove last night, while the rain poured down in torrents outside.

"I wonder if this one will do? It is very short; but I think it's worth telling."

"O! tell it, Jim, go ahead!" I begged, "I don't care whether it is short, or not; the shorter the better."

"Well! it happened in the year 'sixty-three, in the time that tried both body and soul, when my regiment, the Fourth Georgia, ragged, dirty, and tired after many a fight and many a weary march, was one day called to "attention!" by our colonel.

"Going to draw lots for furlough!"

At the words our whole line trembled, as a cornfield struck by the wind. Our hearts stood still. We knew that only about a dozen of us could go home for a while to see our dear ones, and you can just imagine how we felt.

The sergeant held the hat, and we stepped out one after another and drew a bit of paper. Most of us drew blanks. I drew one, and I stepped back into the line with the tears almost starting from my eyes. There was only one more furlough left. Warner drew that. He was the man who stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the line. He had a boyish looking face, a frail body, and it seemed to me that he ought to have been at school, instead of out there braving the fever and the bullets.

He looked at the paper a minute, then he turned to me and said, "Here, Jim, you have a wife and two little girls, while I'm single. Take it."

I took it and went, although I knew he was longing to see his mother.

After two weeks I returned. They had just had a battle. I think it was called Antietam by the Northerners. I looked around for Warner, and not seeing him, I went to one of the men and enquired.

"Warner? Why, he fell over there."

I went to where the fight had been thickest, and there I found him,—killed, with his face toward the Yankees."

Jim's voice choked. He was silent. I asked him whether they did not erect a monument for that brave soldier boy?

"Monument? No." He simply got a ditch with the rest; but I tell you, boy, there's many a general whose name is carved on marble that didn't have half the spunk that Warner had."

JULIUS G. CARLSON.

#### A THRILLING MOMENT.

It happened in early April when the Wisconsin was swollen by the spring thaws. Rushing out doors after school closed, we heard a distant rumbling noise, and when we found out a log jam was being broken up we all hurried to the river. When we got there the sun was just setting, and the wild picturesqueness of the scene was not easily forgotten. As the logs came down stream some had caught on the rocks and the next pushed under or over them till a great confused mass was piled up. The roaring of the water held back was deafening. The men were working desperately with the cant hooks trying to pick out the logs that held the jam. Sometimes a loosened log would commence rolling, and its driver would keep stepping back upon its upper side so quickly that he kept his balance, his shoes being supplied with sharpened steel pegs. Sometimes the sunbeams glanced sharply from the hooks they worked with and shone from the dripping leather jackets.

Dan. longed to see if he could ride a log as the driver did, and before we noticed what he was doing he was running gleefully over the jam out to its edge. He stood out on one end of a great pine that tipped up from under other logs, and was swinging his cap to us when the log tipped down, perhaps by his own weight, and Dan. slid off, the waters closed over him, the white foam eddied for a minute, then all was still. Other logs came down, the jam was broken and they could not now be kept back. I could not think or stir, but fixedly watched that spot. The great black bulks went swinging, rolling, writhing by, bumping and twisting, but always quite filling the river. Would they never stop? They ploughed the river bed, standing endways, they dug

out the banks and they ground against each other. The great rock I stood on seemed twisting and whirling with them. When they rushed on it kept spinning, when they bumped it seemed crumbling beneath me. That big log was just where he went—

“Say, sis, don’t you tell mother how I got in. I’ll be dry before I get home. That driver fished me out from under this rock which juts out, don’t you tell, tho.”

EDNA SWEET.

#### CIRCUS DAY.

The great white tents gleamed for an instant, then the shadow of the gray clouds above fell on them again. The drizzle fell and the sun shone, alternately, and sometimes together, but the crowds never noticed what was going on about them. With sketch book in hand I sat in a buggy under the trees near the edge of the crowd and watched them pass or stand talking. It was a fascinating study. There were sturdy Polish women with shawls tied over their heads and baskets of lunch with them. There was a tall prim looking woman dressed severely plain. She looked exacting and almost grim. I pictured to myself her home, chairs at right angles with the wall, and everything arranged with mathematical precision. There was a farmer with a bushy grey beard and a heavy swinging gait. He slouched along and seemed indifferent to everything about. There was a boy sitting up very straight driving in his nicely washed buggy. He flourished his whip, and proudly helped his companion alight. They looked eagerly to see where the fun was, and I followed them with my eyes till her pink dress and then the red roses in her hat went out of sight in the crowd. Those rollicking boys were just in their element. There was nothing to keep them from cutting all the capers and making all the noise they wanted to. What confusion! What life!

Then the music began, and an acre of upturned faces watched the antics of the climbing clown. The indifferent stolid man stood on tip-toe, he was almost smiling. I noticed the red roses nodding and somebody’s cap near by. I looked for the prim woman; she was back under the trees counting her parcels once more.

How rich it all was in chances for studying human nature. How much more valuable are a few pages from such a book of life than a whole volume of book lore.

EDNA SWEET.

#### SPRING CREEK AT TWILIGHT.

The low bridge almost touches the water of the shallow pebble-bottomed creek. Bunches of cat tails grow in the slower water along the banks, and the water parts and runs on in little rings under the dripping branches of oaks and maples. The smell of the rank weeds and ferns was pleasant as it came up from the damp low banks. As the twilight fell, the crabs we had been watching were lost to sight, and the white of the shells dimmed. A lumber-wagon rumbled past and seemed like the last symbol of a civilization far away and insignificant. At last no noise was heard but the steady swish, swish of the dripping branches, until the whip-poor-will set up its cry, a note musical and full of wild sweetness. It is so seldom heard near a town or settlement that the fragment of song, with the sound of hopelessness in it, made the world of men’s affairs seem still farther away.

The shadow of the great elm upon the bridge and out over the creek on one side seemed like a boundary line between the real and the imaginary. Crossing it was like leaving a world of unreality, and we slowly walked through the dark cool woods towards home.

EDNA SWEET.

#### THE VOICE THAT SINGS THE SOLO.

Who has not heard in the foot ball song  
That voice that rings so high and strong?  
That rings just like a Chinese gong,  
The voice that sings the solo?

The bass is hushed, their voices still,  
The altos stop, it makes them ill,  
Miss Linton waits, she feels the thrill  
Of the voice that sings the solo.

Oh! had we words we’d try to tell  
The feeling that we know so well,  
It falls on us, we wish it fell

On the voice that sings the solo.

JOHN JAY.

# THE NORMAL POINTER.

NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

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Entered at local Post-office as second class matter.

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## EDITORIAL

Our old friends will doubtless notice the extensive changes in the appearance of The Pointer this issue. This change is due to the fact that we have always considered the plainness of The Pointers cover and pages to be entirely too conspicuous. Other college periodicals, notably the most progressive ones, have from time to time appeared to us with their covers and pages ornamented with original designs of varying degrees of beauty. In view of these facts, the staff unanimously decided that in its very next issue The Pointer should come out in an entirely new dress. Owing, however, to the entire lack of artistic ability on The Pointer staff, we were forced to call in the very able assistance of Miss Morse and the Second Quarter Drawing Class.

Several excellent designs were handed in, among them that of H. A. Miller which was awarded first place, and accordingly placed on the cover of the Pointer. The fine designs which grace the head of the Literary and Editor's departments, were the work of W. Pivernitz and E. H. Whitney. That we feel proud of their work would be putting it very

mildly. But even in our pride we do not forget that a great deal of their credit must be shared with the teacher whose suggestions and untiring perseverance in directing their work enabled them to do so well.

By the generous response to our letters asking for contributions, the Alumni have aided us in adding another page to The Pointer, and in establishing an Alumni Department, which we earnestly hope may be continued. Why should such a column not be interesting and also advantageous? One Alumnus suggested that a part of the Alumni page consist of a Query Column through the medium of which Alumni might ask and answer questions for each other on subjects of interest in their work, such as "Athletics in the High School," or Drawing in the grades. Alumni, we submit the matter to you, would such a column be of value to you? If so, kindly submit such questions; or, if you choose, articles upon topics such as these suggested. Meanwhile, continue sending your articles, sketches, or news; they are always welcome.

The foot ball season is nearly over. Only once have our boys met defeat, and then at the hands of the much heavier Lawrence University team, whose superiority in weight should have given them a greater advantage in the final score. Twice has Oshkosh been vanquished; first, here; and then upon her home grounds. While Whitewater having beaten both Platteville and Oshkosh, and proudly claiming the Normal School championship of the state, found themselves "up against the real thing" when they faced our valiant heroes so gallantly supporting the "purple and gold."

Tho' obstinately contesting every foot of ground, victory refused to perch upon their banner, and they were forced to relinquish their claim to the state championship by the adverse score, 17 to 6.

With three victories to our credit, and but one more game to play, to the result of which we are looking forward with confidence and hope, we may well be proud of the season's achievements upon the gridiron.

We and the lecture course committee have a pleasant prospect in common, the enjoyment of one and perhaps two extra numbers in the lecture course.



## The Censor.

---

### Suppose.—

Suppose that we all were happy,  
 Yes happy in every way;  
 That work was only a pleasure,  
 Which we greeted with welcome each day.  
 Suppose we never scolded,  
 And never a teacher frowned;  
 That essays couldn't be tardy,  
 That excuses could always be found.  
 Suppose there were no rehearsals,  
 And never a hard "exam";  
 That marks couldn't go below ninety,  
 That no one had to "cram."  
 That Fridays were kind of feast days,  
 Rhetoricals all of the best,  
 And only those who enjoyed them,  
 Would have to compete with the rest.  
 And suppose that our nights were longer,  
 And the days were made oh so short;  
 That eight o'clock came at our bidding,  
 That study was kind of a sport.  
 Oh then do you think we'd be happy,  
 With life one continual glow,  
 With never a fret or worry,  
 And never a want to know?  
 To comfort you all in your trials,  
 Of finals and tests of all kinds,  
 Let me tell you very sincerely,  
 Such things should be far from your mind.  
 For if you were placed in that dreamland,  
 Of pleasure and ease all the time,  
 You would long for some trial of schooldays,  
 And finding them not you would pine.  
 So think not your lot one of trials,  
 For really it isn't so,  
 Be content with things as you find them,  
 And thus enjoy life as you go.

**Girls.**—It has been whispered about that hoods are going to be all the fashion in school this winter. The styles as yet have not been fully determined but of course the kitty hood will be in vogue. The season will probably open soon after Thanksgiving time.

**Explained.**—Pres. Pray is a deep man. Who can doubt it since the faculty has been reseated. It is evident that some time ago he took note of a condition in the student body that needed to be changed. Eyes lacked luster, students did not sit erect and they did not look altogether happy. So during morning exercises he began to try different remedies but as they brought little success he became convinced that the cause was a hidden one and not easily to be discovered. Careful research must have revealed the cause at last for the next experiment tried, that of reseating, brought about the desired results. The members of the faculty had no more than seated themselves on that certain Monday morning before the countenances of the whole student body lit up with a happy expression. A new spirit moved among them, and how could it be otherwise! All of the good looking members of the faculty had been seated on the front row, and those dimples and smiles were so charming. Who could keep from reflecting them?

**Named.**—The new society which has been known as the I. M. now announces its name as the Clonian. Should there yet remain mysteries about the society to some of the young men who meet on the second floor, they would do well to ask for information from the Pres. Just before 7:15 Friday evenings would be a convenient time to her. This method should do away with the interruptions during sessions.

**Lost.**—Last month, somewhere between the Editor-in-Chief's seat and the printing office, the two "write-ups" about the Seniors' first class-meeting. Finder, if you would live in peace, beware of letting the Seniors know that you have them.

**Rhetoricals.**—Let us have more like those of Oct. 20. Everyone enjoyed them. They had a tone of originality and were full of spirit. Some of those students will always be remembered because of their success that Friday. Why do not more try to make a mark for themselves on Friday afternoons? Why don't we have some competition in Rhetoricals? And why don't we have our clapping or non-clapping tell those who appear how well they have done? Would such changes make our Rhetoricals more enjoyable?

## Local.

Miss Nellie Gunn: spent a few days visiting at Green Bay.

Miss Lydia Ode is one of our new students, entering school Oct. 20.

W. D. Fuller of Grand Rapids was at the Normal Saturday, Oct. 25.

Miss Edith Hetzel and Miss Mary Shroeder have also withdrawn to teach.

Miss May Howlett visited at Grand Rapids Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 28 and 29.

Messrs. Klavikovski and Wojak, last year's students, have entered school again.

Miss Mary Gray was absent from school for several days on account of a sprained ankle.

Miss Bowler, who has been sick for a few days, is back again just in time to catch all the exams.

Miss Farrish of Grand Rapids visited with Mrs. Bradford and took in the concert Tuesday, Oct. 31.

Miss Jessie Stillman has been quite sick for several days but is now better and will soon be at her work.

Miss Agnes Dignum, who has been absent for a few days on account of sickness, is again at her studies.

Miss Celia Emmons spent Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 28 and 29, under the parental roof at Grand Rapids.

Messrs. Roseberry and Wood of Plainfield spent a few days shaking hands with old, and making new friends.

Wayne F. Cowan has re-entered school again and will be found in his usual place as center rush on our football eleven.

Edna Reed has withdrawn to accept a position in the city schools of Wausau. A large number of her friends met to bid her good bye and enjoyed a pleasant evening at Mrs. Moore's.

G. C. certainly believes in advertising as he has had a notice on the side board for eight weeks to call the attention of the school to the fact that he has lost "White's Management No. 461."

Sec. Rockwood of the Board of Regents spent a few days with us at the beginning of the quarter and

while here gave us a pleasant and instructive talk about taking advantage of our new duties.

Miss Edith Hill left, with her father, for the northern part of the state. They go on a hunting expedition and Miss Hill expects to bring back a couple of deer. She is the only lady who has taken out a hunting license in many years.

The work done by the class in clay modeling has been an entire success not a single cast being a failure and from the appearance of the casts in the hall Miss Morse may well feel proud of her class in clay modeling, especially as all in the class belong in the first quarter drawing.

Mr. Frank Springer of the elementary class of '98, was married Oct. 21 to Miss Wood of Almond. Mr. Springer will make his future home at Almond where he has the position as principal of schools. He was one of our most popular boys, and the best wishes of the school go to him.

Chas. Lange spent a few days visiting friends at Chicago. While there he met Mr. Cassells and brought home a good picture of Chicago's great end. The football boys were examining it to see if they could find out why he is such a football player. He does not seem to have changed at all.

We have had three series of rhetorical. The first series told of inventors, the second of discoverers and the last was upon the great industries of the world and was very interesting. We hear that there is to be a change in the form of rhetorical soon, as many are not taking the interest in them they are expected to.

A meeting of all young men who were regretful because of their youthful looks was called in the Main Room last Friday, and after excited debate, The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Whiskers was formed. Mr. Werner was elected president, and Mr. Barrows secretary of the organization.

The motion was made by Mr. Jenkins that for one month all members of the society should allow whiskers to grow on their upper lips.

The motion was seconded, and carried.

At this point Mr. Switzer handed in his resignation.

The meeting was then adjourned 'till Nov. 25.

It was stated during last quarter that Mrs. Elliott on account of failing health might leave us at the end of the quarter. But she now feels so well that

she says we shall not lose her; at least not very soon. We are sure that all Normal students are glad that she is not to leave and all hope she will be with us for a long time.

Normal school regent Emery spent a week at the Normal "getting acquainted with us" as he puts it. Many of the students were afraid when he would enter a class room, but before he left, we were glad to see him come into the room when we were reciting. While here he gave us two short talks about our school work and opportunities.

A reception was given the Oshkosh and the few of the Grand Rapids football players who stayed after the game. The gymnasium was decorated with the Oshkosh colors at one end and the Grand Rapids colors at the other with the home colors between the two. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all until at the usual time the lights told us it was time to leave. A number of songs and yells were given and the Normal girls showed that they could play football, and made long gains through the line of boys, scattering them whenever they dared gather in groups.

The enthusiasm meeting to boom the lecture course was a great success, so much of a success that the lecture committee found that they had a surplus of a hundred dollars, even before a single lecture was given, and we are promised an extra number. The first number was given Hallow'een at the opera house where it was hard to find even standing room. Everyone was more than pleased and declared that it was the grandest thing we have ever had. One of the novel features was the descriptive "A Day at the Races," and one did not need to stretch his imagination a great deal to see the real race course and people. The rush for the train and the start of the horses in the race was very good. The singing of Master Henry Donlan was a feature.

Our fierce debaters are telling what they will do this year if they get a chance at either Whitewater or the Oshkosh Junior class. Of course the Juniors are first in the field and challenged the Oshkosh Juniors as soon as they had organized. According to the newspapers the Oshkosh class have accepted the challenge but the Junior class here has heard nothing as yet of the challenge being accepted, and are anxiously awaiting a reply. In the meantime the literary societies are trying to arrange a debate with

Whitewater Normal, feeling that they would like another chance to win from the team that has twice defeated them. The societies are to act upon the matter soon and put it into the hands of the oratorical association so that a debate may be arranged.

Joe B—translating Latin: "He heard a thousand foot-prints."

A Senior Girl. "He won't go over there now we've got there."

In the German Class: "They laid him on a bed of straw from the hay stack."

Miss M—ss—lm—, (just as Mr. Emery closed the door in leaving). Very good.

Definitions. A horse is a herbaceous animal. A horse is an animal having four legs, a tail and mane.

Prof. in Geometry class, (after an explanation): "Is it hard or easy to understand Mr. A—s?"  
Mr. A—s: "Yes sir."

G—th C. was behind the counter at the Chinese laundry when a young lady came for her laundry; of course she mistook him for a Chinaman, but wondered why he didn't wear a queue.

Miss — and our center rush were at church one evening last week and later a stranger was heard to inquire of her "Was that your brother?" What was the stranger's object in making the mistake?

Junior girl in 3d quarter algebra had the following equation  $\frac{260}{x} = \frac{260}{y} + 135$  said "clear of equations and you'll get  $260y = 260x + 135xy$ ," and exclaimed: "Why! Its all letters."

Our Chief made a visit to the Geometry class the other day and as there was a strong draught in the front part of the room he took a seat with the ladies. Mr. C. seeing that he moved told him he might close the window. W. got red in the face and at last was able to say, "the window is all right now."

The students are learning how to find and how to replace the books in the library. During one of the sessions the following is said to have taken place: The topic was the arrangement of Miss Alcott's works, and it was said that it didn't make a great deal of difference whether "Little Men" or "Little Women" came first so long as they were not both put "Under the Lilacs."

## Our Athletics.

### OSHKOSH-STEVENS POINT.

The first victory of the season was won from Oshkosh, October 14th, by a score of 6 to 0. The largest and most enthusiastic crowd that ever witnessed a football game in this city assembled at Athletic Park and cheered the home team to victory.

The visiting team put up a good game, but could not stop the terrific line bucking of the home boys. Our tackles back play proved invincible and smashed through the opposing line for repeated gains.

Oshkosh kicks to Stevens Point; Karnopp catches the ball, and gains 25 yards. Polley makes 10 yards, Karnopp 6 yards, and Sager is pushed through the line for 25 yards. At this point the ball exchanged hands several times, Iackisch bucks the center, and Sager on a tackles back play is pushed across for a touch-down. Halsey kicks to Schofield who punts 35 yards. After a few short gains, the ball goes to Oshkosh, and Runnoe makes 20 yards on an end play. Halsey then punts 40 yards to the Pointers 15 yard line. The rest of the first half was characterized by the fine punting of Halsey and Schofield.

In the second half there was no scoring by either team. The features of this half being Halsey's punting for the visiting team, which kept the score down, and Sager's 25 yard run through the Oshkosh line.

The following is the line up for the two games:

HOME.	POSITION.	OSHKOSH.	WHITEWATER.
Polley.....	R. E.	Daum,	Baker,
Nelson,Carlston.	R. T.	Kanop,	Groom.
Soper .....	R. G.	Averton,	Green,
Carlson, Cowan, C.		Goetsch,	Children,
Wojak.....	L. G.	Schwede,	Mueller,
Sager.....	L. T.	Rosenthal,	Riedelbauch,
Sparks, Grimm, L. E.		Lawrence,	Galloway,
Schofield.....	R. H.	Scribner,	Hutton,
Karnopp.....	L. H.	Runoe,	Haumerson,
Murat .....	Q.	Tracy,	Hahn,
Iackisch.....	F. B.	Halsey.	Bettinger.

Our first eleven played its first game for three years, with Whitewater on Saturday, November 4, for the State Normal School championship, and won by a score of 17 to 6.

This was the way it was done. Haumerson kicks

to 35 yard line, and after a fifteen yard gain by Polley, and successive line smashes by Schofield, Karnopp and Sager, the ball was advanced to Whitewater's 25 yard line, where it was lost on a fumble. They made two desperate attempts to gain without success, and lose the ball on an attempted punt. In another minute Sager is thrown over for the first touch-down.

Schofield kicks goal. Whitewater kicks to the 25 yard line. And on the second play Karnopp with the interference of Murat, plays a Richard's dodging game for a run of 50 yards. After successive short gains, Karnopp was sent over the line for the second touch-down. No more scoring in the first half.

Schofield kicks and Whitewater fumbles. Wojak makes a good gain, and Schofield kicks a fine goal from 20 yard line. After the kick off, Whitewater is unable to stop the terrific line rushes of Polley, Karnopp and Schofield. Karnopp makes 25 yards around end. Line smashing is again resorted to with some gains, until the visitors goal was in extreme danger, when the ball is given to them on a questionable fumble. They now play fast and furious ball, Hutton, Galloway and Haumerson making long runs; Iackish and Soper making fine tackles. The ball is regained, but is again lost. And after a series of end plays, Riedelbauch goes through tackle for a touch-down. Goal is kicked.

Time was called with the ball in the Pointers hands on their 40 yard line.

### SECOND TEAM GAMES.

The second Normal football team has played three games this fall up to date and hopes to arrange for more. Its first game was with Grand Rapids on the home gridiron and resulted in a tie score of 10 to 10.

The second game of the season was with the Centralia High School team at Centralia. The team put up some excellent interference and strong defense. The score was 17 to 0 in favor of the Normal.

The third game was with the Waupaca Highs on the home grounds. The team had been materially weakened by the loss of several men who went to Oshkosh with the first team as substitutes. The work of both visitors and home teams was decidedly poor and resulted in a score of 11 to 6 in favor of the visitors.

## Alumni.

### FOOTBALL BY TELEGRAPH.

If you should ever have a chance to see an important football game by telegraph, don't do it; that is unless your nerves are in perfect condition and you are in search of the most exciting experience you ever had. Watching a game right out in the open air where there is plenty of room to breath, and where you can see every movement of the men, is wearing enough on the average sensibility. But seeing a game with your ears only, save with what help the veriscope gives you, and having to wait at least fifteen seconds after the play occurred before you know how far Peele carried the ball, or whether it was sixty or eighty yards that O'Dea punted, is torture, torture of the kind that no one would miss for a dozen times the price of admission.

I am thinking just now of the game Varsity had with Yale two weeks ago, and which was reported in detail in Library Hall. The whole game was a nerve strainer and not a moment in it could be counted dull or commonplace; but there was one moment in the game that particularly impressed me. It was in the last half, just about three minutes before the call of time. The score was: Yale 0; Wisconsin 0. The ball was shuffling around in Yale's territory, working nearer and nearer to her danger line. The veriscope board was showing tremendous gains for O'Dea on each exchange of punts. The hall full of rooters was on the very raw edge of expectancy. Every heart was hoping for what it had scarcely dared hope for before—a victory. We had held them in the first half with the wind against us; we would win now.

"It is Yale's ball on her 40-yard line," announces the reader. There is a short silence, for this is hardly near enough to Yale's goal to suit the rooters. "Yale tries tackle for a loss of 5 yards," announces the reader, and a mighty yell of relief breaks forth. "Hold 'em Wisconsin!" we yell. Hats go into the air, and hearts go back down out of the throats as we realize that another danger has been averted. It will soon be our ball

But the reader comes out with another slip of paper. He raises his hand and the uproar subsides. It is bad news, we are sure of that.

"I can't understand this," he says. "There may be some mistake. Richards goes around right end;

Juneau is boxed and misses him; he slips around two other men; O'Dea nearly brings him down but he gets away; he secures touchdown," and the game is lost.

It is incomprehensible. Our minds refuse to adjust themselves to this information. There is a weight that presses upon us right where our hearts are. There surely is something wrong.

Then—and this is the main thing I wished to tell about—after about a quarter of a minute, I suppose, though it seemed like a quarter of an hour, there came from the body of students, as from one giant voice, the Varsity yell:

U-Rah Rah Wisconsin!  
U-Rah Rah Wisconsin!  
U-Rah Rah Wisconsin!

Wisconsin was beaten out, not vanquished. She did not cry her eyes out; she didn't talk herself hoarse explaining how the poor team won, as you and I have known schools to do; she simply got up and shook off the dust and said, "That's all right though it does come pretty tough. But you just wait 'til next year." It must be this way of doing that has won for Wisconsin a reputation for knowing how to take defeat.

C. R. R.

We are still on deck. Though some of us seem to have dropped out of existence, there may yet be found

"A little band that's strong and mighty,  
The Normal class of Nine and Ninety."

Along the side lines, at the foot ball game, may be found many loyal devotees of the gridiron. Then, too, our young ladies may be found dancing in the gym. on Fridays. Some of them are collecting scalps, and woe to the luckless Normalite who falls into their hands! In many schools you will find our representatives, some wielding the rod, book in hand; others patiently putting into practice the principles learned during our school days.

Down at the "U" may be found a few shining lights who now have substituted the cardinal for the dear old purple and gold.

Wherever we are, and whatever we are doing, I am sure some where in our hearts is a place for the Stevens Point Normal and her students; and when we get down-hearted and discouraged over what seems to be the too meager results of our labors, it cheers us and helps us to struggle on again, bravely, to think that there are still some left in the old place who will sympathize with us in our troubles, and rejoice in our victories.

## Exchanges.

"Let's look at the exchange column; there are the funny things," was the suggestive remark heard while a half dozen students were looking over some of our exchanges.

This remark caused the Exchange Editor to ask himself what his duty really is. Some time ago it was an established custom for each exchange to copy jokes from all other exchanges. This certainly makes the work easy, and each joke went the rounds of the school papers. A good joke is enjoyed by all, but it gets stale, to a certain extent, when read the seventh time. The eighth reading does not cause the reader to break forth with more than usual hilarity. Would not a review of exchanges, with just criticisms, do more good than a column of copied jokes? Not all editors are born Twains or Nyes, and consequently are not capable of furnishing merriment for all readers.

In *The Western Teacher* is an article well worth reading, entitled "A Message to Garcia." The moral drawn from the well known story is one worthy of our notice. We agree, most heartily, with *The Teacher* in saying we need more fellows who can carry "A Message to Garcia." The "why" and "what for" fellow will lose his place every time when he meets a man who is carrying "A Message to Garcia," whether it be on the foot ball field or in the counting house.

The Northwestern University has decided not only to expel from the institution any student who cheats in examination; but also to publish their names in the college paper to send to the faculties of other colleges. KNOX STUDENT.

The Gramophone enters upon its third year with its October number with an entirely new management. We wish the new management the best of success in sustaining the Gramophone's past reputation.

Some students who would not object to having the honors of a foot ball player, are very sad to find themselves a "quarter-back" after examinations.

The *Messenger* is Lawrence's bi-monthly representative. The *Messenger* is neat and newsy.

Again we receive the *High School Chat* and this time with a good write-up on a broad subject. "Our President and the Philippines."

The boy who goes through college without being a member of one of the literary societies has received but half of what is available in his college life.—Ex.

Lawrence University sends us two good papers. Why is it that some schools cannot support one? "Rudyard Kipling" is a well written article in the *Lawrentian*.

We pardon a writer in *The College Meteor* who uses thirty-eight "I's" in less than two columns. We think the neat sheet would be improved if given a cover.

The *Wisconsin Alumni Magazine* is the name of the official organ of the alumni of Wisconsin University. This will contain general alumni news and a record of the progress of the University. About 3,000 copies will be published.

The well known *Kodak* contains an exceptional good story this month entitled "Cupid Played Full Back." The writer shows ability not often found in the high school. The *Kodak* is well gotten up and shows school spirit of the right kind.

Theodore Camp of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has been teaching school for over sixty years, and now, although in his eighty-first year, is still energetic and seems to take a deeper interest than ever in his class of boys and their studies.—*Journal of Ed.*

The *Normal Pennant* from San Jose, California, is one of the best papers which reach our table. The department of "Reviews" is found in few school papers, but would certainly add to their attractiveness if as interesting as *The Pennant's*.

The first number of *The Island City Student*, for which we have been waiting, has found its way to our table. We extend congratulations to the Student on her new venture. The Student says, "Blessed are those who make things go." If good wishes and friendly feelings make things go, the Pointer will certainly be numbered with the blessed.

## Model School.

### PRIMARY.

We cannot celebrate all the birthdays in the year, but when two boys are eight years old on the same day we think it fitting to make the most of the event. Dan Weller of the Workers and John Mac-Millan of the Busy Bees were the happy boys who chose games for the afternoon and helped the children of the room make the bread and butter and apples disappear in large quantities on Oct. 6.

The little people are beginning to talk of Thanksgiving.

### INTERMEDIATE.

#### EPIMETHEUS AND PANDORA.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy and his name was Epimetheus. He lived alone in a little house. He had no mother, no father, no sisters, no brothers or relations.

One day a man named Mercury brought a little girl for his playmate. This little girl's name was Pandora. One day Pandora saw a beautiful box in the house and she asked Epimetheus what was in the box.

He said, "That is a secret." Then she said, "Who brought it?" "That is a secret, too." She kept teasing all the time. By and by he said, "Let us go out and get some figs." Pandora asked him again but he said, "I can't tell." Then she said, "Who brought it here?" "A man who had wings on his cap and wings on his shoes." "Oh, that was Mercury. He brought me here."

She thought that it must be full of pretty dresses for her. Then they went into the house. Pandora got cross and Epimetheus went out to play alone. He got some leaves and made her a wreath. When he went into the house there was Pandora standing by the box and the golden cord was lying on the floor. Epimetheus thought, "I'll see, too."

Then Pandora opened the box and out came some bees. Epimetheus said, "I'm stung." "So am I," said Pandora. Then a little voice said, "Let me out and I'll help you." They opened the box and a little butterfly came out and kissed their stings and they got well.

BETH OWEN,

Third ward, Third grade. Eight years old.

### HOW DAPHNE BECAME A TREE.

Peneus was a river god. He took care of the little rain drops. He led the little brooks to the great river and the river to the sea. He taught the fishes to swim.

But he loved Daphne, his dear daughter, best of all. She did not live in the water with her father but slept on the soft moss. The birds and bees were her playmates.

She was very pretty, with long curls and eyes like stars. Sometimes she had a ride in a big gray cloud. Cupid was a dear little boy but he loved fun. He had a bow and arrows. One was made of gold and one of lead.

If he shot a lead arrow at you it would make you frightened of everything, but if he shot a gold arrow at you it would make you love everything. Apollo came up to him and said, "You cannot shoot." This of course made Cupid angry. He took one of his lead arrows and shot it up in a rain cloud which Daphne happened to be in. It frightened her so that she came right down out of the cloud and ran as fast as she could. At last she could run no more. So she called to her father to help her.

But he could do nothing so he changed her into a tree. As Apollo came up to her she was a tree. He said, "Daphne, you have won the race. I did not want to lose you." And he broke off a big branch and said, "Men who do brave deeds shall wear crowns of your leaves."

We call it the laurel tree. It cannot grow where it is cold.

MAUD MERRYFIELD.

### ATHLETIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

During the football season four games were played with the High School teams of the city. The football team is now disbanded, while the basket ball teams are being organized. There will be five teams which will play until vacation at Christmas time. Then the teams will be re-organized according to the ability of the players.

After a short practice period the boys expect to play several games with the teams in town and have some games planned away from home. Plans for an entertainment to take place the last of next month are now in progress.

At the last regular election the following officers were elected: Pres.—Moritz Krembs; Sec.—Lenore Eaton; Marshals—Merrill Wheelock, Milton Wood.



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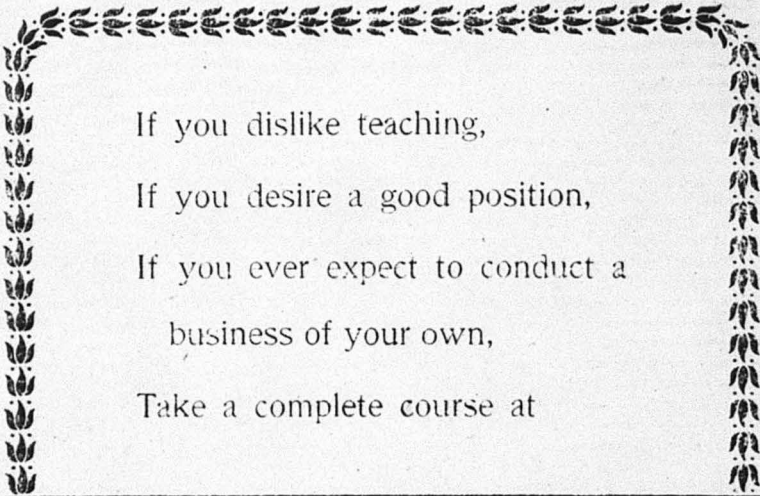
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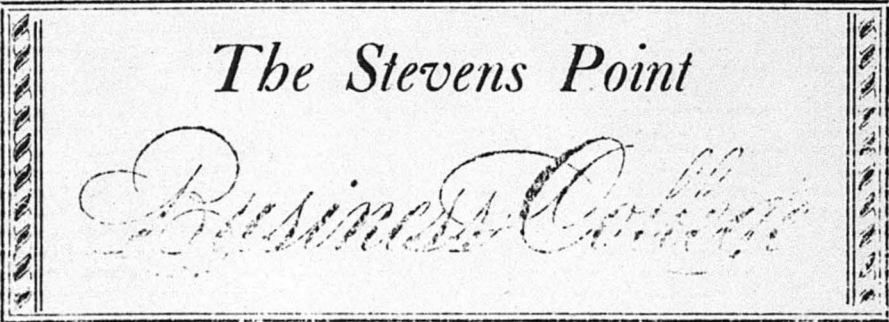
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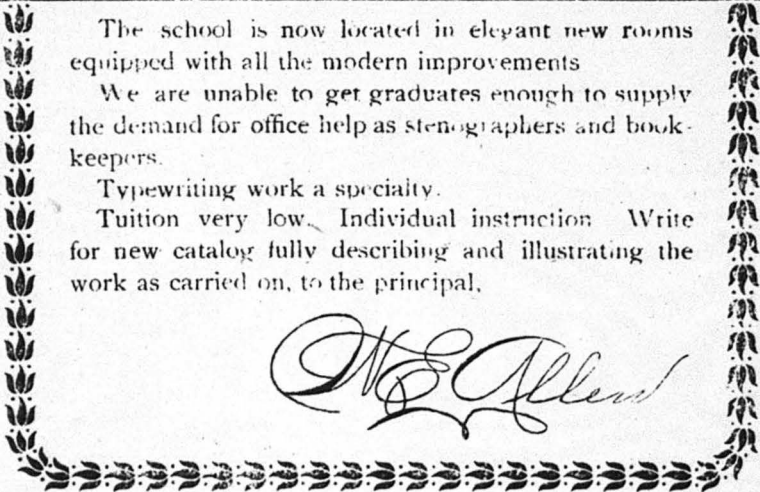


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the demand for office help as stenographers and book-  
keepers.

Typewriting work a specialty.

Tuition very low. Individual instruction. Write  
for new catalog fully describing and illustrating the  
work as carried on, to the principal.

*W. S. Allen*