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POINTER

JANUARY
1901.

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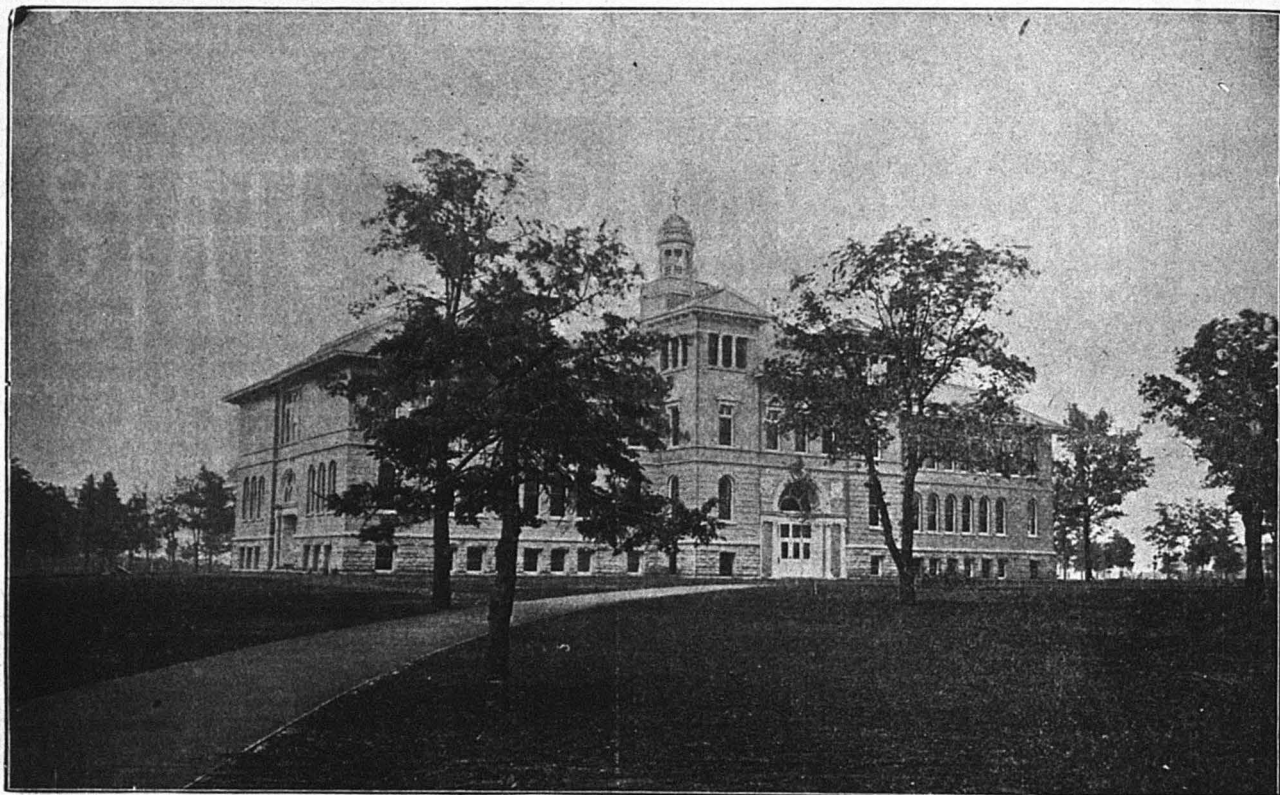
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume VI.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., JANUARY 15, 1901.

Number 4.



BRADY.

YOUNG Evans' work on the Belt Line kept him busy during the days, and his evenings were taken up by his work in night school. His business took him to all the freight yards in the city, and it was not long before he became acquainted with many of the train men. Genial and broad-minded, his bright and sympathetic nature soon won him many friends.

Brady, one of the train hands, was particularly attracted to Evans. He was a great talker and when he discovered that Evans was studying law in addition to his work on the Belt Line, it was not long before the whole force knew of it. The men understood in a vague sort of a way the amount of work the plucky young student was undertaking, and they looked upon him as a prodigy. All kinds of questions were submitted to him for settlement. Brady claimed him by right of discovery, he said. Brady had all the extravagant humor and rollicking good nature of a typical Irishman. He was a big powerful fellow, with an honest, jolly face. His wife was a little woman who lived only for Brady. He was her pride when he "was himself." When he was "on a drunk" life lost its brightness for her, but she only pitied and excused him. His three children he was very proud of, and was always

planning to do something for Molly and the little ones.

He kept sober the first few weeks Evans knew him, and the friendship between the two grew rapidly. Then one day Evans noticed that his friend was very silent and hardly noticed his remarks. That night as Evans was returning from school, he saw a man reeling along on the bridge ahead of him. The drunken man crossed over to one side of the bridge, and stood looking down at the water. As Evans recognized Brady his heart seemed to stop beating.

Then Brady turned and saw Evans standing within the full glare of a bridge lamp. He knew him at once and shrank back into the shadow.

"Hello, Brady!" came in Evans' strong young voice. "On your way home? So am I. Come on."

Even in his drunken sullenness he could not resist the boy's friendliness, and, giving some incoherent answer, he staggered out and joined Evans. Evans appeared not to notice his friend's silence, but kept up a continual stream of talk. After they had gone on a few blocks Brady stopped short and leaned against a tree. "Ye'd better be shankin' along, Evans," he said unsteadily. "Its intirely disthracted I am, what with the lights bein' so bright, and

the night so dark, and altogether it's sorry company I am the night. Good night to ye, and may yer rest be aisy." Evans walked over and took his arm. "Come on, Brady," he said soberly. "Your wife will worry if you don't go home." "And who'd she be worryin' for?" said Brady angrily. "See here, ye young spalpeen, are ye for thinkin'——" "I think we won't quarrel, Brady. What went wrong today? If that fellow Jones has been giving his useless orders again——" and Evans talked on, half pulling poor Brady along. When at last they came to the plain little cottage on the prairie, it was almost midnight and Molly was waiting at the open door.

The next morning when Brady went to work he saw Evans out among the tracks, busily working on the switch list. He waited irresolutely for a moment, but Evans did not turn around. Brady dreaded to meet the young fellow's clear, direct gaze, but he must know whether he had entirely forfeited his friend's respect, or whether there was another who could understand as Molly did. He walked on a few steps, and said in an uncertain voice, "The top av the mornin' to ye, Evans." Evans wheeled around and greeted him with the same old friendliness. He began to talk rapidly of an accident that happened that morning. Brady listened uneasily for a while and then blurted out, "Och, don't man. Niver a bit more av this can I stand. Out wi' yer thoughts and say what ye're thinkin' of the Brady ye saw last night." "Well, Brady, the truth is, I don't know what to think. I'd like to hear what you have to say first." "Well, thin, the only things I'm for sayin' at all, at all, are the things I've said so many a time afore that I'm done wid sayin' em. It's sorra abit excuse there is, right enough, but och mercy God kdows, I'm allus a'thryin. Av course, I'll try again, and I hope, Evans, ye'll never again see Brady the brute ye saw him last night." Evans put out his hand and shook the toil-hardened hand of the big Irishman. "I hope not, Brady." That fall passed and winter came on. Brady went home sober every night. Evans never spoke of that September night, but for several weeks after that he always made sure that Brady was safely home, tho the big Irishman never knew it. Then as the weeks passed and

Brady still stood his ground, Evans' vigilance relaxed.

The day before Xmas three men who had worked in the yard the year before, came back. They were notorious as leaders in all sorts of wild escapades, and Evans knew they had more than once led poor Brady into trouble. Evans feared for his friend and hurried with his work, hoping to see Brady before he left, but he was disappointed.

The weather turned bitterly cold and by six o'clock a blizzard was blowing. Evans was glad to get to his warm room, and settled down for the night's study. To be sure, it was Christmas eve, a night not for work, but time was precious to the boy who welcomed the holidays as a time to "make up." Besides, he had no home to go to, and if he tried to act as people do who are so fortunate that Xmas means to them a time to say good-bye to work and go home, he knew that he would soon be pitying himself. Evans didn't care to do that, so he worked instead. The wind howled down the chimney and rattled the doors and windows. Suddenly, there came a terrific blast that fairly shook the house. Evans went to the window and looked out. It was snowing and the wind was whirling the hard frozen flakes at a fearful rate.

Then Evans thought of Brady. He wished that he were safe at home and away from the three men whom Evans was sure would tempt him to the uttermost. After Evans had remembered him, all efforts to give his attention to his work were useless, and presently he threw down his book, put on his heavy coat, pulled on his fur cap and gloves, and went out into the storm. For a moment it almost took his breath away. Then he put his head down and started off, plunging thru the drifts. It seemed an endless time before he reached Brady's little home. Brady had not returned from work. Molly was very ill with a severe attack of pneumonia, and her little daughter was doing her best to care for her. After making sure that there was nothing he could do at the little cottage, Evans started out to find Brady. Tired as he was with the work of an unusually busy day, it seemed at times as though he could no longer battle with the storm, but his determination kept him up. After long searching, he came upon the three men who came back to the

freight yard that day. When they told him that Brady had started home, alone, ten minutes before, he almost lost heart. But the thot of his friend out in that wild night, drunken, and perdaps helpless, gave him new strength, and leaving the saloon, the boy again faced the storm. As he struggled along he looked about him carefully. Then in a sheltered doorway he saw the big form of the Irishman huddled in a heap. "Brady!" A great grōan answered him and he hurried over to his friend. "Only go away wid ye, lad. Maybe God A'mighty 'll have me die. 'Twould be a dale better for Molly and the childer." "Come, Brady," said Evans firmly, "I've come to find you, and now you must go with me." "Niver can I go back again, Evans." "Brady, I'd give my life to save you tonight. I've been out in this storm since eight o'clock to find you. Now you must come." In an instant Brady was on his feet. "Evans," he said brokenly, "Divil a bit am I worth it, and—" "Come," said Evans abruptly. "We've no time to lose. Your wife is very sick, Tom. I'm afraid it's serious." Brady straightened up and started forward with great strong strides. The news of Molly's illness had sobered him.

Not a work was spoken all the way. Once Evans stumbled and plunged into a drift. Brady turned, and taking the young fellow's arm, kept him up the rest of the way. When they reached the little cottage Evans was exhausted and was asleep in five minutes.

With Molly's hand in his Brady watched out the rest of the night. Early in the morning, before it was light, Evans awoke and heard Molly's weak voice in the adjoining room. "Ye'll not do it again, Tom? It won't be so hard to go if you give me that promise. I know well as it's hard for ye, but it'll be aisier to kape a promise ye give me now. Say it, Tom, darlint."

"Molly, I've said it many a time afore, and, och mercy, I've allus thried,—but I say to you now, as sure as God never deserts a poor sinner, it's not Tom Brady as'll iver do it agin. And whin it gits so hard I can do nothin', I'll whisper, "God, don't

be for desertin' a poor sinner, for Molly's sake."

"Ah, dear heart, sure that's it. I aint findin' it so hard to go now. Good bye, Tom."

In the days that followed Evans was Brady's chief comfort. The children were cared for by Brady's sister, and Evans persuaded the poor fellow to stay with him. Often in his sleep Evans heard him mutter, "God, don't desert a poor sinner, for Molly's sake." Aside from this there was no other word to tell of the struggle Brady was going thru.

The winter passed and still Brady did not regain his former lightheartedness. He was not moody and morose, but his spirit seemed to have been broken.

Then one day he came back to work the same gay, humorous fellow of old. Evans watched him carefully, and thot he discovered a certain reckless despair in his manner. At noon Brady came into the office where Evans was eating his lunch. "I'm findin' the fight a hard one the day, Evans, and I'm not darin' to think what'll come the night. But," slowly, "God'll never desert a poor sinner. It's not for me to know how he'll be afther managin' this; but he'll never desert a poor sinner, that's sure." After that Brady's recklessness disappeared, but he joked the rest of the day.

Late that afternoon a little boy wandered into the freight yards. No one noticed him till he was out upon the tracks. Then Brady saw him and with a cry, "Och, murder! come back, little chap!" he sprang forward. An engne was almost on the boy, who was so frightened he did not know which way to turn. Brady seized him in his great strong arms and swung him up on a platform. But as the Irishman turned to jump, his foot slipped and he fell forward, striking his temple on the rail of another track. The engne passed, but both the man and the boy had been saved from its crushing wheels. Still Brady lay motionless. Evans was the first one at his side. He bent over him and listened for the heart beats. But they had ceased when the Irishman had hit the rail. "Poor Brady," whispered Evans softly, "God doesn't desert poor sinners."



THE NORMAL POINTER.

JANUARY 15, 1901.

A monthly periodical, representative of the Sixth State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, published by the students.

Entered at local Post-office as second class matter.

Terms of subscription—50 cents per year in advance. 75 cents if not paid before Jan. 1, 1901.

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EDITORIAL

Among the many pleasant things to greet us on our return was the bust of Longfellow, which is to be the companion of our Christmas present, the bust of Lincoln. We will adapt ourselves to circumstances and say, "There is no small loss without some great gain," to illustrate the workings of the "nickle-plated" contribution box. Probably none of us enjoy seeing a long list of names under "Overdue Books," and yet we do enjoy the pictures and statuary which are the returns from that same list.

Since school closed before the holidays our faculty have been trying "going to school." From all reports we understand that they found the week at Oshkosh fully as hard as any week here. They also say—alas for our complacency—that it was more profitable. But we can understand that meeting with other people, who were laboring with like materials, under similar disadvantages, and trying to reach the same result, might be the result of inspira-

tion as well as profit. After all, they seem to suggest that they are glad to be at Stevens Point.

The students who went home for the holidays before the lecture by Mr. Riis missed an evening of enjoyment and inspiration. From the moment Mr. Riis stepped out before us to the close of his lecture, he held his audience interested in his vivid presentation of conditions in the New York slums, sympathetic in his relation of every attempt to help these people and happy in its success, and captivated by his simple, unassuming manner, his delightful accent, his sincerity and positive manhood. He began his address by telling of some of the many ways in which people answer affirmatively the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" Then many pictures illustrating his work were thrown on the screen and explained by Mr. Riis, showing clearly the condition of things in the slums "before and after." Mr. Riis believes that the great problem, down in that lowest stratum of society, is the children, and this should particularly appeal to us, who are studying the same problem in rather more advantageous surroundings.

It is with great regret that we note that Miss Whitman, of the English department, has resigned, and will give up her work at the end of the present quarter. Miss Whitman has been connected with the school since September, 1897, teaching composition and grammar until last year, when she took charge of the work in English, teaching rhetoric and composition, and directing all oratorical and essay work. The thought of losing Miss Whitman is particularly hard for those of us who have had many opportunities of testing her unfailing kindness and helpfulness, her cheery good nature and her constant watch for our little vanities which crop out in "high faluting words" and "stereotyped phrases." Though of a quiet and retiring disposition, which has made her a less prominent figure than many among our faculty, she has won the esteem and good will of all students and the warmest friendship and admiration of those who have had an opportunity to become acquainted with her. She will take to Washington the best wishes of every member of the school.



Applause.—There is a question which probably has come to all of us at some time and which no doubt appeals to us with renewed force on each rhetorical afternoon. Shall we applaud indiscriminately? Much may be and has been said on both sides. Some people have begged to be allowed to express their opinions thru the columns of the Censor, so we have printed two articles on the subject, the first by a Normalite, the second by one who claims no such honor, but is merely an old-timed "gentle-reader."

"To clap or not to clap—that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to clap hands to all the little troubles
And by applauding, swell them?
One man—one clap—
No more; and by a clap to say we start
Applause most thunderous, for which cause
there's none

That none can swear to—'tis abomination
Devoutly to be squelched."

"Know all ye Sons of the Normal that there is a time and place for all things.

To applaud there is a time; to keep silence there is a time, (the which is more frequent).

Know ye also that discrimination is one of the fine arts. Let him be praised to whom praise is due and in other instances keep calm and impressive silence and great will be the fall thereof."

Some Twentieth Century Resolutions.—

To do more and say less.

Ex-Editor-in-Chief.

To trip no more the light fantastic.

Football P—.

To escape the spelling class.

J. W—h.

To keep up our reputation for progressiveness.

The Freshmen.

To attend the party the Juniors are going to give us.

Leave an imperishable memory.

Be kind to the Juniors, overlook their faults and magnify their virtues.

The Seniors.

To get up on Monday mornings in time to open the supply counter in the forenoon.

S—n.

To stop shouting in his sleep.

M—d.

To go to breakfast every morning no matter what the time may be.

C—n.

To lick the first one who puts his name in the Pointer.

E—t.

To remind a few of the girls that he has already been spoken for.

B—.

"We'll never play second"

Said the staunch little Juniors
As they tuned their fiddles
And drown'd out the Seniors.

The Juniors.

Hoods.—While we all appreciate this fine winter weather and have no complaint to offer against it, we are sorry it is not conducive to the organization of a hood bureau, such as we had last year. A sprinkling of red Klondikes and other variously shaped bonnets among the young ladies is a pleasant sight and indicates artistic tastes, sensible minds and a desire to be youthful. Should there be a sudden drop in the temperature, we hope to see the hoods out in full force.



Eva Cowles, Elementary, '00, called at the Normal Jan. 4.

Will Culver, '99, visited the Normal before returning to his school at Onalaska.

Mr. Barry, brother of Matie Barry, was a Normal visitor Monday morning, Jan. 7.

Parley Rockwell, '00, who is teaching at Marinette, visited the school at its re-opening.

Garth Cate, who withdrew from the school at the end of the first quarter, called on us Jan. 2.

Carrie Woolever, a member of last year's Elementary class, called at the Normal Jan. 4.

Fred Olsen, who teaches near Iola and who is a former Normal student, visited the school Jan. 2.

Sickness caused the absence of Eddie Lange from school during a part of the first week in January.

Jesse Soper, Jan. '00, visited here before returning to his work in the Third ward school in the city of Appleton.

Prof. Culver was not able to meet his classes for a few days on account of ill health. He is again at work, however.

Ira Hubbard, '99, spent a day or two about the Normal the first week in January. He is the principal at Hancock.

Jerome Wheelock, '00, our last year's orator, visited us Jan. 4. Mr. Wheelock is teaching in the Westfield High school.

Ellen Jeffers was not able to return to her school duties after the holidays. She is quite seriously ill at her home in Sheridan.

Darwin Follett has withdrawn from school. He goes to fill a position as messenger boy in the lower house of the state legislature.

Miss Mary Doyle, supervisor of practice teaching in the Superior Normal, was an official visitor here just before the Christmas recess.

Miss Edith Scott, who graduated from the elementary course a year ago, visited her friends at the Normal shortly after school re-opened.

The floor have been laid and the windows put in place in the new addition to the building. We are all anxious to see the work pushed to completion.

Eva Balch, who represented the Elementary class on the Rhetorical Committee, has resigned and Ed-die Lange has been elected to fill the vacancy caused.

Charley Werner, one of last year's graduates, and who is now principal of one of the ward schools at Eau Claire, spent a few days with us early in January.

Chas. Lange called at the Normal before returning to his work in the Hancock schools. Mr. Lange was a loyal Junior last year, and we are always pleased to see him.

Prof. M. S. Frawley, principal of the Eau Claire High school and member of the official visiting board, spent a day or two about the building before the holidays.

At the re-opening of the school on Wednesday noon, Jan. 2, Pres. Pray gave to the students that were back a Christmas greeting that he had been saving for them.

Glen Tyler now represents the Senior class on the Rhetorical Committee. He was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Matie Barry from the committee.

When we got back: "What did you get for Christmas?"

"Have you turned over a new leaf and begun the new century right?"

Miss Daisy Doolittle withdrew from school shortly before the holidays. She received an appointment to a position as teacher in the city of Marinette. She will do Fourth grade work.

Miss Eva Balch has withdrawn from school to accept a position as grade teach in the schools at Cumberland. Miss Balch is one of the class of January graduates from the Elementary course.

Della Polifka, '00, spent a day at the Normal shortly after the holidays. Miss Polifka occupies the position in the Merrill high school that Elson Whitney held before he received his government appointment for duty in the Philippines.

Supt. C. J. Drury of the schools of Sheboygan county, who is a member of the official visiting board, was a Normal visitor shortly before the holidays. He made a few earnest, practical remarks to the school one morning while he was among us. Remarks by our visitors are always in order.

The "nationality" rhetorical program, held Friday, Jan. 11, was very interesting. The Scotch, Scandinavians and Yankees were represented in the exercises. Songs, talks and essays characteristic of these nationalities were given by the Scotch and Scandinavians and the Yankees formed a procession in which Uncle Sam and Columbia, the Yankee peddler, the New England farmer and the Yale student figured. Uncle Sam has changed recently and now shows the effect of these years of "expansion" and the full dinner-pail.

The Christmas rhetoricals, given on the afternoon of December 14, were fully up to the high standard set by the Thanksgiving program. The literary and dramatic work was well executed and the music was good and of a varied character. One noticeable feature of the afternoon's entertainment was the important part the children of the Model school took in the program. This feature of the Christmas rhetoricals points to the pleasing fact that the relations between the Normal proper and the Model department are becoming more intimate, as they should be.

The Senior Spread.

If some Junior had happened to loiter about the Normal Friday evening, Jan. 4, he would have noticed that something unusual was impending. On closer examination he would have seen that the chosen of the gods (the Seniors) had cast aside their usual dignity and were holding high revelry. If that same Junior had asked the meaning of this, some one might have told him that the Seniors were partak- of a banquet.

It was about seven o'clock that the Seniors took seats about the long table, which was prettily decorated with the class colors. The supper was served in six courses, which were as follows:

Oysters Raw	Salted Peanuts	Wafers
Chicken Pie		Roast Chicken
Olives	Jellies	Pickles
Salmon Salad	Wafers	Nut Salad
Mince Pie		Apple Pie
Lemon Pie		Cheese
Chocolate Cake		'Angels' Food
Fruit Cake		Coffee
Dates	Candies	Nuts

The serving was in charge of the Misses Helen and Eva Balch, who were assisted by the Misses Margaret Johnson, Mattie Wheelock, Geneva Hodsdon, Mamie Huff, Edna Miller and Elide Moen. After the Seniors had done ample justice to the eatables, Mr. Polley, the Senior president, rose and addressed the assembled Seniors in a neat and witty speech which received hearty applause. Mr. Schofield then spoke upon the subject, "Our successors and young imitators, the Juniors." Other speakers were H. Cate on "The Seniors, the chosen few;" Miss Barry on "Leaders of the social circle of the Normal;" Miss Skatvold on "The constancy of the Seniors;" K. Pray on "The flower and energy of the Senior class, the ladies;" Mr. Jenkins on "The business end of our class;" Mr. Gilbert on "Any old thing." The speeches were all characterized by brilliancy and wit such as is only heard from members of the Senior class. Every one gained the approval of the class and all tended to exalt the virtues of the Seniors if such a thing were possible. The Seniors then arose from the table and repaired to room 17 where the remainder of the evening was given over to dancing and other pleasures. The staid Senior dignity was laid aside and fun reigned supreme. All those who were not too full to speak said that it was the best time they had ever had.

A bust of Lincoln and one of Longfellow have recently been added to the collection of statuary in the Assembly room. Early in the quarter the school took a vote as to what two great Americans they wished most to see in our "Hall of Fame." The choices were Lincoln and Longfellow and so the busts of these two Americans, who were great along such different lines, now stand together on the rostrum. The students should be quite willing to keep a book from the library now and then till it is overdue when such negligence results in so much profit to the school.

Our Athletics.



A feeling against football has become quite strong in some directions. Bills have been introduced in several state legislatures to do away with the "unnecessary evil." This sentiment has taken root in Wisconsin and it has been rumored that a bill will be introduced in the legislature to prohibit the game.

But this adverse opinion is, happily, not universally held. Only some old fogeys, who have forgotten the days when they were young and delighted in a tussle, or who never possessed the nerve necessary to go into a scrimmage, hold this opinion. Their knowledge of the game is obtained mostly from hearsay and their imagination of its brutalities is fostered by some accounts of accidents that have occurred as results of games. They see only what they please to term the "brutal" side of the game and forget its values—the discipline, training and exercise all must undergo who play. If this class, who are no doubt actuated by good impulses, really wish to do something for their fellow-men, why do they not turn their attention to the greater evils that surround them—for instance, the saloon and gambling den.

It is true that accidents have occurred in football, but so have there been in baseball and bicycling, yet no one would stop these. If these people feel that they must do something for suffering humanity why not turn their attention toward stopping the sport of deer hunting. In Wisconsin alone more than double the number of people were killed as a result of this sport than were killed in the whole United States as a result of football. Yet no effort has been made to legislate against this sport on account of the number of persons killed or crippled.

Football is not brutal. It may be rough but the participants are generally well prepared. It is no argument to do away with football because some of the players, occasionally, receive injuries, for there is hardly any game that is free from accidents.

STEVENS POINT VS. NEW LONDON.

The basketball season of 1900 and 1901 was opened

December 14. The opening game was played at New London with the basketball team of that city. The same fate was ours that usually befalls a team playing New London on their home floor.

The game was won by New London by a score of 37 to 12. Our boys attribute their defeat mainly to the floor, which, being slippery under any circumstances, was waxed for the occasion. Our boys being wholly unused to such a floor were unable to do themselves justice. Neither side indulged in any star playing. For New London Playman did the best work. Grimm for the Normals did excellent work on free throws.

The line-up was as follows:

NORMALS	NEW LONDON
Schofield (capt).....c.....	Gillson
Halverson.....l f.....	Playman (capt)
Roseberry.....r f.....	Herman
Miles.....r g.....	Freeman
Grimm.....l g.....	Rossiter
Umpires—McCaskill, Barrett.	
Referee—Jennings.	
Subs.—Lange, Gee, Curran.	
Manager—Killinger.	

Quietude has settled down over athletic circles with the exception of only now and then a little basketball. Consequently there is a dearth of material for the athletic column. The ladies' basketball teams which always formed a pleasing feature of this class of sports, seem not to have materialized this season.

The number of young men who practice this game have sadly decreased in the last few weeks and several teams are on the verge of breaking up because their men are "too busy" to practice. Some seem to have forgotten since last fall that exercise is necessary for good health, and where could this exercise be better obtained than in basketball?

Still the athletic spirit is not dead. There is a movement on foot to fill up the places of those whose social duties call them elsewhere, and, if possible, form a new team. This spirit at this stage of the game is, indeed, commendable. It is just what is needed to revive and make a success of the game and we hope to see this movement carried out in full.



NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

The century just closed is a record of achievement and progress. Every field of human endeavor is replete with the successful labors of the past one hundred years. The sewing machine, the reaper, the mower, the binder, the electric telegraph, the telephone, the cable car, the steamboat, the locomotive and a thousand other conveniences and luxuries, all bear witness to the skill, the energy, and the genius of the 19th century.

To this vast estate, the products of tireless industry and unceasing toil, we, the young men and women of the present, have fallen heir.

How may we best prepare ourselves to most thoroughly utilize and thus most thoroughly enjoy the knowledge and experience the past has bequeathed to us? What position in the world's army of workers must we fill? These questions every individual must, sooner or later, answer for himself, and yet, to a certain extent, the tendency of the times has already solved the problem for him.

The young man of a century ago might enter any chosen profession and practice it in all its phases. Today he is compelled by close application to confine himself to a single branch of his business. This is the age of the specialist, and he who would succeed in life must, after laying as broad a general foundation as possible, specialize in his particular field of labor.

This tendency is no less true in teaching than in other professions. To attain the highest success we must not permit ourselves to be satisfied with anything short of a thorough and special knowledge of the subject we are to teach. The High school and the University already have the specialist in every department. The grades will soon demand them. Then will come the reward of the prepared teacher.

C. F. W., '00.

Miss Grace Kingsbury, '00, has resigned her position in Sheboygan to accept the position of teacher of mathematics in the eighth grade at Stevens Point.

We regret exceedingly to learn that Miss Avada Allen, '00, has been obliged to give up her school work on account of ill health. Miss Allen accepted a position at Antigo at the beginning of the year, but is now at her home in Augusta seeking rest and recuperation.

Miss Amelia Wiesner, one of the loyal class of '99, was married Christmas day to Mr. Edward McCarr of Stevens Point. The wedding occurred at Neillsville, the home of the bride. After the wedding reception the bridal couple left for Stevens Point, where they will make their home. We believe Miss Wiesner is the first of the class of '99 to join the matrimonial procession, and the Pointer extends congratulations.

Among the Alumni who were in Stevens Point during a part or all of their vacation were Ralph Rounds, Allan and Florence Pray, Genevieve McDill, Nellie Lamoreux and Myra Congdon, from the U. W., and Jerome Wheelock, Parley Rockwell, Jesse Soper, Edna Saxton, Lydia Wheelock, Grace Kingsbury, Ida Kuehnast, Chas. F. Werner, Matie Patch, Della Polifka, Ernest Miner and Ira Hubbard, from their work in various parts of the state. It is always with great pleasure that we welcome back to the old school those who have preceded us from here into the great battle of life. Their radiant faces give us hope and encouragement. They tell us that the pleasures of life do not necessarily end in the school. And in days to come we shall be glad to have our successors welcome us back.



A sleeping student should always be placed on the retired list.—Ex.

School Bell Echoes has some commendable features. We do not like the "newspaper" form.

The Platteville Normal school has not, for some years, issued a paper. Recently the students have chosen a board of editors who now publish "The Normal Exponent." They say in regard to the object of their paper, "It will be our special endeavor to present to our patrons a monthly paper which will be interesting and instructive, and also a faithful representative of our school life and a truthful record of Normal happenings." With this purpose the paper deserves success. They have begun well as a look into the November "Exponent" will testify.

"There's room at the top."

The Senior said,

As he placed his hand

On the Junior's head.—Ex.

In spite of the fact that the material used for the cover of The Chat is used by high class periodicals, and that it is original and not cheap (as it looks), we do not like it. When it reaches us thru the mails the cover is in a badly warped condition and to read it one must put a weight upon each corner to hold it down.

"Now Peter," says Moses the teacher,

To a youth on mischief bent,

"Which was the greatest of prophets,"

Says Peter, "100 per cent."—Ex.

The Normal Pennant is a good paper. The editorials might be improved by the omission of expressions, such as, "They have yet to have it rubbed

into them." There certainly must be enough English words to express even football ideas.

"Why are you always pressed for money?"

"It is owing to others."—Ex.

Teacher: (to class in Evangeline) "Why did the suitor's heart beat so loud when he rapped at Evangeline's door?"

Boy: "Maybe he was afraid of the dog."

"The present outlook for our nation is better than ever before; no internal disturbances and every prospect for international peace." Oh! the gift of prophecy with which some of our editors are endowed!

Now that the football season is over we will expect something else in our exchanges besides football items. Of course you are proud of your football team, even if they did lose a majority of the games played, but don't allow the Athletic editor to fill six pages of your paper, giving the "line-up" on every page.

More careful proof-reading will improve some papers. We find many typographical errors in school papers that we read, (The Normal Pointer included.)

True Blue contains a long poem on "Girls." An interesting subject and one that "oft invokes the muse."

From Port Huron, Mich., comes "The Tin Horn"—mostly "toots and blasts."

The exchange editor of the Cogswell Petit Courier is something of a literary critic. It is a high calling truly, and as we admire this critical spirit we feel called upon to again protest against continued stories in school papers.

Says the Exchange editor of the Ryan Clarion, "Many school papers come out printed like miniature news papers, but they do not present half as pleasing an appearance as if they were in pamphlet form with prettily designed covers, altho the reading matter may be just as good as some of the finest looking publications." We agree with you.

Pat, "Do you believe in dreams, Mike?"

Mike, "Faith, an' I do; last night I dreamt I was awake and in the morning my dream kum true."



On Thursday morning, Dec. 13, a report of the optional work that has been completed, was given to President Pray, other members of the faculty, practice teachers, and pupils of the Intermediate department. President Gilbert Atkins was elected chairman by ballot, so he took charge of the room and conducted the meeting.

The banjo which was made out of a cigar box was presented and described, also how it originated, and its growth—but it was not entirely completed. Being made out of a cigar box, ordinary strings could not be used, and those that had been sent for had not yet come.

Next came the report of the engine, which was entirely finished, but the bar which the wheel was suspended from was not quite horizontal, so there was a slight hitch. The question then arose: "Does it pay to put so much work on anything and then have something the matter with it so that it will not work?" The boys warmly replied that it did pay—it was their own invention, and they would know know more next time. They realized, that they would need more careful directions, and that they had been relying too much on themselves.

The electric sawing machine was then explained, and after that the candy girls gave their receipt for sugar taffy, and told what they had been doing. They have joined together in one body, so they gave an account of their rules and regulation; also an interesting experiment performed under Mr. Culver's direction. Given a steady heat and the same length of time, they tested water and the sugar solution for their taffy, to see which was the hotter, and they found that the sugar solution had reached 150 degrees and the water 50 degrees. After they were satisfied with the taffy the girls began to make fudges and have been very successful.

The sewing group has kept up its work and for the past two or three weeks the girls of the Grammar department have also been making aprons,

holders, center pieces, pillow covers and hand bags while the boys were in the gymnasium.

The "Birds," "Busy Bees" and "Workers" have busied themselves making many things for Christmas presents—gilded wishbones, calendars, handkerchiefs and postal card holders. Besides making these things they had a large stocking hung up on one side of the room to hold the "Christmas Secrets." Whenever a pupil had a thought or a plan concerning Christmas that he thought the others would like to hear about, he wrote it down on a piece of paper, folded it, and put it into the stocking. These were all kept from one another till Friday, Dec. 13, when the "secrets" were taken out and read to the school. They were very interesting—some telling what was wanted for Christmas, others what was to be given away, and others what was thought about Christmas. A vote of the school was then taken and the stocking was awarded to one of the pupils.

The morning of the day on which school closed was given up by the Grammar department to exercises. The room was decorated with boughs and branches of cedar, telling that the Christmas festival was near at hand. The program began at 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon and consisted of recitations, dialogues, a violin solo and a vocal solo. The especially interesting features were: an Irish dialogue given by Ada Moen and Wilbur Somers; four scenes from "Lady of the Lake" and two from "Merchant of Venice"—all the characters being pupils of the Grammar department.

Some of the children in the Primary room helped in the Christmas Rhetoricals given in the Assembly room. They represented flowers, buried beneath the snow, stars, snowflakes, and among them was one little mouse, who stayed "by the chimney, all, all alone." The exercise was prepared by Miss Faddis, and was one of the best numbers on the program.

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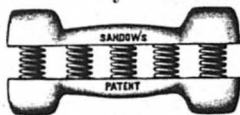


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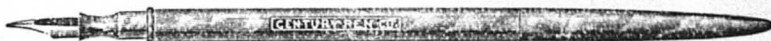
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