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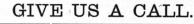
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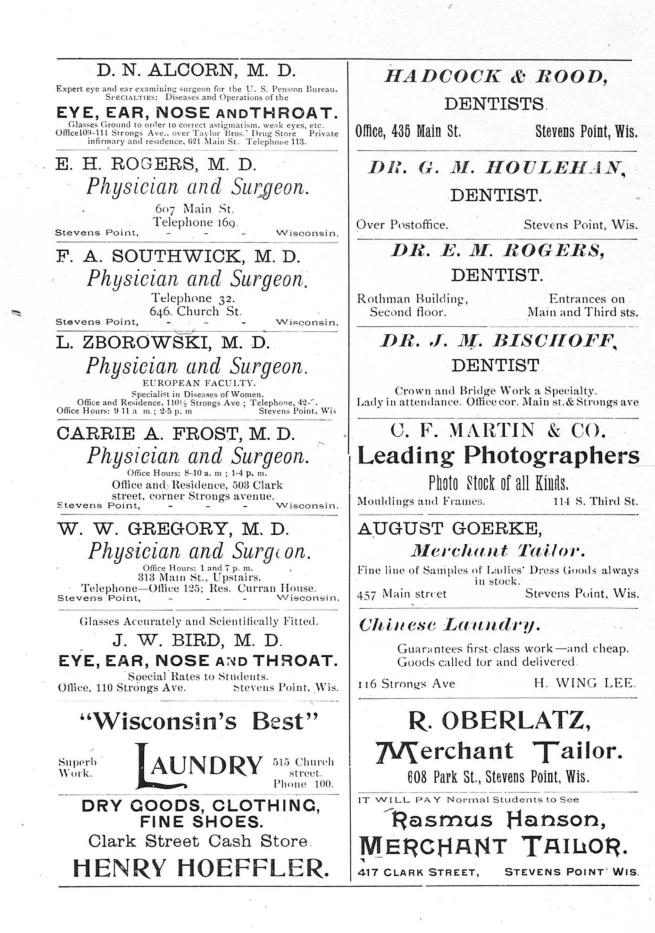
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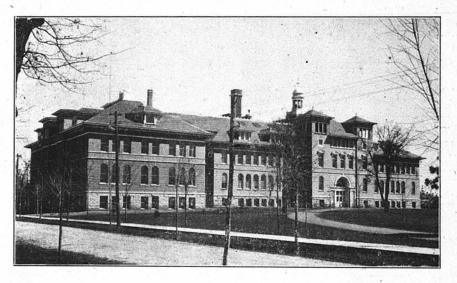


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Write for circulars, or BETTER STILL, ask definite questions about any part of the school work, and get an immediate personal reply. Address the President, THERON B. PRAY,

Stevens Point, Wis.

Volume VII.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., OCTOBER 15, 1901.

Number 1.



THE PHANTOM CHASE.

M., F. WADLEIGH.

THE scene of the chase is a secluded gulch among the foothills of northern Arizona. The ring of the woodman's ax has not yet broken the quiet of this virgin forest. Huge bowlders heave their heavy sides between the tall pines, bearing small saplings which have taken root in the moss within the crevices.

Built in the angle formed by a bowlder and a mountain stream is a shabby miner's hut. One door, an apology for a window, and a bent and battered stovepipe are all that break the symmetry of its outline. Against one side is piled a heap of quartz and worthless ores, probably the refuse of the miner's diggings. The door is wide open. A chair tipped far back and occupied by what I please to call a man obstructs the passageway. He is lounging with his feet resting high up against the door and his hands, clasped above his head in a mass of rich brown hair. On the bridge of his nose rest a pair of gold-bowed glasses, which he moves up and down with a queer backward and forward movement of his scalp. He has evidently grown weary of his novels, for disordered piles of books and magazines lie about on the floor and pronounce him to be a heavy reader. He is dressed in rough corduroy trousers and a miner's flannel shirt, which, with a gun and broad-brimmed

hat, give him the appearance of a typical prospector; but his shoes. which are light and of an athlete's pattern, together with his books, indicate that he is not a native of the place.

The heat of the August sun has gradually penetrated the thick foliage, and insects hum lazily about in the filtered sunshine. The young man seems to have caught the drowsiness and is counting the days which shall pass before he must pack his sack and start for home and college. Slowly his feet have been slipping down the door, and suddenly they come down with a thump. He yawns, looks out of the door and starts to put his hands in his pockets. But they stop with a jerk. He stares into the woods intently and grasps his gun. What is that white moving thing out yonder? His imagination soars. It must be an animal. He bounds out of the hut and is off. The moving object is off too. Straight ahead it forges, the pursuer crashing after. It leaps and bounds with tremendous energy, and seems to fly over bowlders and bushes. On, on it rushes, keeping just so far ahead of the runner-in and out among the pines-now straight thru a clump of bushes-leaping a giant fallen pine beyond with aggravating carelessness and ease, always looking back at the panting hunter. The man is tiring with

the strenuous exertion. He slows up. The tantalizing animal slows up too. The hunter walks cautiously forward, but the animal moves just as fast. He dodges aside behind a rock, makes a few quick springs around it and looks-but the animal has sprung also. Then the hunter rouses all the latent energy he possesses and makes another dash after the fleet-footed object. The chase is exciting,thru underbrush. over stones and trees, dodging stumps, now nearly lost in shadows. But the hunter does not once take his eye from the prey ahead. He runs more slowly now, for he is nearly exhaust-The animal appears to be somewhat tired too. ed. Still the intervening gap does not close up. The hunted one leaps a brook, takes two mighty bounds and is on the open trail. The hunter catches a glimpse of the hut from which he started. It is but a short way off. The animal seems simply to glide along the trail. The hunter clears the brush. He can see plainly now. The object is a rabbit! The largest he ever saw. He has been waiting weeks for a chance to bag one. He stops, raises his gun, pushes back his glasses and-but where is the rabbit? It has vanished in the clearing before his very eyes. With his eyes fastened to the spot where he saw the rabbit disappear he walked slowly forward. No hole, no bush, nothing to conceal the animal. It was puzzling. Suddenly a thot flashes upon his: mind. He pulls the glasses from his forehead. He looks disgusted. Then he smiles, throws himself down upon the grass and twigs, with his face to the sky, and peal after peal of loud and hearty laugh-! ter rends the stillness of the forest. His late returned host comes to the door of the hut holding a sputtering pan of bacon in his hand, and stares with a half questioning, half sympathizing grin, but his unuttered inquiry meets only with a frantic waving of the glasses toward him for inspection and a f: esh volley of ha-ha-has and ho-ho-hos, that resound again and again among the pines as they penetrate farther into the forest.

The miner looks. All he sees is a small, irregular blot, upon the glass, the phantom rabbit of the chase.

BEN.

Ben was my chum. We lived in the same neighborhood; played the same games and went fishing on the same day. His home was half a mile up the road from mine, and more ghosts and bears had been seen on this road than on any other in the world. How well I remember one night when after school we hunted eggs until dark. Heavy clouds hung over us and the wind was howling only as it can howl on an October night. Ben was hurrying home. I was at his heels thinking the half-way place was never so far from my home. Suddenly Ben stopped. He grabbed me by the hand and said, "Jack, do you see it?" Right before us in the road stood a ghost; a real live ghost. We dared not yell or move. We stood in silent terror grasping each other's hands ready to die together. A faint tinkle was heard in the stillness; then another and then another. Our ghost had a bell on. "What are you afraid of Jack," asked Ben, "don't you know our old white cow?"

Our fondness for the same things always brot us pleasure until one day at school I saw Ben talking to Lizzie Bane. Of course Ben knew that Lizzie was my girl, and why should I care if he did talk to her? I wanted a drink so I just walked over that way. I could not resist just one glance at Lizzie and what did I see? Ben was giving her a new She smiled at him as he did so and after penny. looking at it she carefully put it into her pocket. Just then the school bell rang. When all were studying, I walked over to Lizzie's desk and handed her This is the way it ran: "Any girl that will, a note. accept a present from a young man to whom she is not engaged is a flirt., This is true for I heard my sister say so. But if you will give the penny back to Ben I will like you as much as ever." I watched her read the note and put it into the same pocket. with the penny.

That night on the way home from school I tried to get Ben to match pennies, but for some reason he would not. He always saw a squirrel or a chipmunk whenever I mentioned matching pennies. That night while I lay waiting for sleep to come to my weary eyes, I wondered if Lizzie had told Ben about the note. But no; I could not believe that. Lizzie was a good girl, and remembering that she put the note into the pocket with the penny, I fell asleep.

Ben was a bright boy. He liked his arithmetic and he could rattle off the multiplication table and the squares of numbers up to sixteen as fast as he could talk. He was the joy of the neighborhood in spelling school season. He could spell every word in that old speller. One time he spelled the school

master down, the I heard Mrs. Smith say to my mother that it was not fair, for the schoolmaster was sick; he was as pale as death when he took his seat. Whenever Ben won any honors it was with much pride that I shouted, "Ben's my chum!"

After thirty years of separation I read his name as candidate for governor of Illinois. What a thrill of joy came over me and I shouted with the same pride as in my boyhood days, "Ben's my chum!"

JESSIE ROMAINE.

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J. R. I.



If we should win in football; If I should make the team, If practice-would not make me fall, Or psycho. make me dream; If I should pass in Pol. Econ. By some lucky chance of fate— I'd cut the bands that hold me down and t ! h

A RECITATION.

"You may report, Miss Root," said the professor. But before Miss Root could begin her report various other reports were heard from different parts of the building.

The clear and resonant whack, whack, thump, thump, bang, bang of half a dozen hammers rang through the building, and so utilized the auditory nerve that it was utterly insensible to the strenuous efforts being made by Miss Root.

"I will report," says Miss Root, "on the story of" —whack, whack, thump, thump—"the Hoosier School Boy"--bang, bang.—"You shall have to speak"—bang, whang, whang, whum-m-m—"speak a little buder, Miss Root," says the professor—bang, bang, bang-ng-g.

"I think this is a very interesting story," says Miss Root, "about"—bang, whang, whum. whum came the deep crashing sound from the boiler room. "What was that statement?" should a voice from the far end of the class, and Miss Root quickly repeated that it was about how a poor boy got an education. "We can't hear"—bang, bang, bang-ng-g "that back here," piped a voice from the rear of the class. "What did you say, Mr.—?" asked the professor. "I say we cant"—whack, whack, whack, "hear what is being said," should the gentleman. "Then you will have to come closer."

"The story," continued Miss Root, "being so American in every way would be greatly enjoyed by" - thump, thump, thump, ker, bong ng-g-"American children."

"The schoolmaster was one of the"—whack, whack, whack, thump, thump, thump--"old-fashioned kind, and had"—thump, thump, thump-"taught the school as long as anyone could remember," and Miss Root's report was finished.—W. H.

THE CAMPUS.

The campus in front of the Stevens Point Normal school will, we believe, present quite a different appearance twenty years from now, when the trees. most of which have been growing less than seven years, have become more fully developed.

But even now it is a pleasant sight with its thrifty young trees, its beds of flowers and the semi-circular walk. The campus slopes gently toward the street on the south and is an inviting spot for the children, for no signs of "Keep off the Grass" prevent them enjoying it.

Usually the grass is fresh and green, but the hot, dry weather has left its mark upon it, and now it is green only in patches where the water from the lawn sprayers reaches it.

But it is not only the children and occasionally the older students that enjoy a frolic on the campus. A few days ago I saw a flock of English sparrows taking a shower bath beneath one of the lawn sprayers. They fluttered about in the spray, occasionally alighting upon the grass, spreading and fluttering their feathers, then flitting away in the sunshine.

J. A. J., '02.

The notion seems to prevail among a majority of the students that the school paper is somehow evolved out of the misty realms of the unknown. This is not so. The school paper is the result of the united efforts of the whole student body. It is an exponent of your brightest and best thots. We ask that you put your hand to the pen and help to make each number of the "POINTER" better than the last. C. S. H.

3

THE NORMAL POINTER.

OCT. 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	l class matter
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Terms of subscription-50 cents per year in advance. 75 cents if not paid before Jan. 1, 1902.

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CHAS. S. HOUSEWORTH, '02	Literary
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FRED OL SON, '02 HANNAH L. CONWAY, '03	Local
EDWARD G. LANGE, '03	Athletic
	Exchange
Ерітн Ј. Scott, '02	
ESTHER L. HETZEL, '01	
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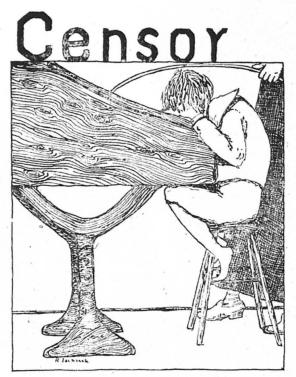
The Normal Pointer is entering upon the seventh year of its life. Perusing the issues of proceeding years the reader feels that the Normal of those past days must have been much like the Normal of today. The hopes and fears that we experience were there; our struggles are the struggles of old. More than all this, the reader feels that the Normal Pointer has been truly representative of this oldtime life; that it has been the very pulse of the school, beating steadily when the routine of school life is unbroken, and again quickening at the news of victory on gridiron or on rostrum.

It is the earnest wish of this year's Staff to again make our school paper represent our school life. In our efforts toward this end we bespeak the aid of students and faculty and all others who wish our school success.

Where are our song writers and yell inventors this year? At this season of the year in particular we need a good supply of school yells and songs. There is no link that can bind us more closely together than the fact that we can yell the same yells and sing the same school songs; there is nothing more potent for victory than these same yells and songs. We know the trouble this year isn't that ability is lacking. Perhaps it is because your attention has not been called to this matter before. But now that it is, won't you do your best to see to it that the above mentioned essentials to our school life are not long wanting?

We are glad to note that the matter of debate and oratory is receiving an early impetus this year. We have been a little behindhand in previous years in preparing for the oratorical contest and the joint debates. In order that the members of a debating team may make a logical and brilliant presentation of their side of a question, they must have months of careful preparation. He who thinks of entering the oratorical contest must not delay too long before he begins to act. He has a serious task before him and should go about it at once. With an early start and with the opportunity for preparation which this will mean we ought to more than maintain the present rank which we hold in oratory and debate.

Football is more battle-like than any other game. What soldierly quality is there which the football player does not need? Conversely, what quality that the football player must posses can the soldier do without? The soldier goes out and fights the battles of his country and is called a hero. He is a hero. The man in the padded suit and shin-guards goes out on the gridiron. He does not fight for liberty. He does not die for principle. "My country, 'tis of thee" is farthest from his lips. Yet he is there on the gridiron for a purpose He will show us what steady nerves can do at critical moments; he will show us what discipline is; he will show us mastery of temper; he will show us how to endure physical pain. Though he is not facing death, he is at least enduring much hardship. Though he is not fighting for his country. or for principle he is fighting in in the name of his school and for his school's honor. What shall we call him?



The Censor thinks it might not be out of place in this, the first issue of The Pointer, to give a brief outline of our policy for the coming year. While recognizing the importance and responsibility of this position," and wishing to perform our duties with all faithfulness, we wish it understood that it is not in a spirit of harshness, but "with charity toward all and malice toward none" that we correct your mistakes, smile at your failures, laud your suc cesses, and do our best to bring about that long-desired wish of the poet

"Oh, would some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us,

or at least to see yourself as the Censor sees you. Then when our rod of chastisement seems to decend in your direction, do not think it is intended for your neighbor, but bid your conscience look within, and seek the beam which may be in your own eye.

We are glad to know that the literary societies have opened with a much larger enrollment than usual. That up to the present time the attendance has been in proportion to the enrollment. We wonder, however, if you have stopped to think what will make your society a success this year. Have you considered what it means to be a real live, active member of a literary society? It does not mean signing the constitution and paying ten cents, al-

though that is the first step. It does mean attending every meeting, and besides that when you agree to appear on a program. if you are the best kind of a member you will spend some time in preparation and will begin early enough so that you will be able to make a success of your part. If there is anything you feel you can do especially well, you might let the president or the executive committee know, so that they will be able to put you in the right place on the program, thus giving you a chance to do yourself justice and to prove to them your willingness to make things move.

Among the foolish and senseless customs that come to the mind of the Censor, is the habit adopted by the school, and particularly by the boys, of applauding everything, anything and nothing. We remember one day in particular, when at about 1:15, someone, returning from the library, innocently entered the room, to be greeted by as vigorous a storm of applause as could have been given to a successful football team or oratorical contestant. From that time on every student and even one member of the faculty met with a similar senseless outburst; causing new students to look dazed and old ones to feel disgusted. As this method of applause is intended to show true appreciation of merit, we would suggest that it would be well to dispense with it until some fitting occasion.

This Column is cheerfully dedicated to the dissemination and promulgation of instruction to the reading public in such subjects of general interest as etiquette, social culture and modern manners.

A Senior-No, it is neither proper nor right to receive Loyal letters from one girl while at the same time you are in possession of a ring which you intend for another girl. The fact that you have not offered it to her yet, does not alter the case, even if there is a doubt in your mind as to whether she will accept it.

Mr. D-	w-sThe verse that you refer to is either
	"Love me Little,
	Love me long;"
or:	"Man wants but Little here below."

"Man wants but Little here below."

Puzzled Freshman .- Yes; the emerald is the recognized birth-stone of the Freshmen, while the grindstone is equally as appropriate for the Juniors. The Seniors, owing to some delicacy in regard to the matter of having their birthdays mentioned, have not chosen one.

2

5



Miss Leah McGinnis has withdrawn to teach. Wanted: A shorter distance to Towne.—I-c-sh.

School opened Wednesday, Aug. 28, '01, with an attendance of 290:

Mr. Chas. Brady, one of last year's star football players, has withdrawn to teach.

Martin Nelson. a former graduate, visited us a few days while on his way to his school at Star Lake.

Joseph Baker visited us at the opening of the school year. Mr. Baker is teacher of science in the Merrill High school.

Mr. Phillip Koller, one of this school's representatives in the Spanish-American war, was with us during the first week.

Mrs. M-s-a-d, in grammar class-Now. let me see, your name is Mr. Bear, is it not?"

Student -- "No, it is Mr. Crow."

"Let this little verse remind you.

When you're shopping at the store,

Patronize our advertisers,

So that we can get some more."

Wanted: Words with which to express myself--H-u-e-o-th.

Miss M-l-e-in, upon learning that a certain student was married: "Has he been married always?"

M. A-es, describing a football incident: "Mr. Roseberry rubbed his nose on the gridiron and bruised it considerably." The gridiron has not been repaired yet. Arnold Gesell, editor-in-chief of the Pointer for '98 and '99, called on us before leaving for Madison, where he intends to take the Civic-Historical course.

Girl from the Club-O, I must tell you what one of the club-boys''-

Senior girl (interrupting) -"Why don't you call them sticks?"

Prof Showalter of Waupaca, a member of the official board of visitors, inspected the school for several days. Friday morning. Sept. 27, he favored us with an interesting talk.

The Tennis associatioa, which usually does not organize until spring, has met and elected officers. They are: President, G. E. Culver; secretary and treasurer, Edith Hill; executive committe, Prof. F. K. Sechrist, Jessie Barry and J. W. Stinson.

Among last years students who have visited us are Misses Emma Skatvold, Esther L. Hetzel, Martha Tenney, Jessie B. Wood, Messrs. Harvey B. Schofield, John Grimm, Howard Cate, Foster B. Polley, Clarke W. Jenkins, Wm. Hanson and Orin Wood.

Miss Tupper, the new head of the art department, is a graduate of Pratt Institute of Brooklyn. She has taught in the public schools of Denver and in the State Normal school at Winona, Minn. Miss Tupper is an enthusiast about all things pertaining to art.

Miss Charlotte Gerrish, who succeeds Miss Frances Musselman as teacher of gymnastics, is a graduate of the famous Dr. Sargent's Physical Training school of Cambridge, Mass. Miss Gerrish is also an artist with the violin. We are glad to welcome her to school.

Prof. Taylor, one of the new members of our faculty is a graduate of the University of Indiana, has done graduate work in the University of Chicago and has nearly completed the Medical course at Rush. He has spent eight years in High School work and comes to us highly recommended.

Miss Celia Burgett succeeds Miss Faddis as supervisor of the primary department of the Training school. She has been city supervisor of primary instruction at Beatrice, Neb. Her experience as institute conductor has been extensive. She has also as editor of the primary department of the N. W. Journal of Education.

On Tuesday morning, Sept. 6, Miss Marie Hein, who has been studying the past two years at the Chicago College of Music, favored the school with piano music. Her selections were difficult and brilliant and showed unusual proficiency for one so young. The school showed its appreciation by enthusiastic applause and hopes to hear her again soon.

One of the pleasant events of the first month of school was the short visit of Miss Musselman, the former gymnasium instructor. She was a universal favorite, and while/all were sorry that she did not remain with us we are glad to know that she has a much better position in Chicago. She will take up her new work with the same enthusiasm that we know so well of old.

Miss Lamb of the faculty of the School of Music of Chicago gave the school a rare musical treat Sept. 10. She played several selections from memory, all of which showed what a thorough artist she is. Her technique is fine, her touch firm, yet velvety, and her interpretation of rare sympathy and understanding. It was an education to hear her play and we hope to have more such opportunities to hear the best of music so beautifully rendered.

Miss Alice Gregory, the new teacher of the Grammar department is a graduate of the Oswego, N. Y. State Normal and Training School, 1893; Ph. B.University of Wisconsin, 1891. Miss Gregory has taught at Fergus Falls, Minn., principal of grammar grades: instructor in Minneapolis city schools; principal of Arlington school, Riverside, Cal.; method and critic teacher, Los Angeles, Normal; instructor in University of Minnesota Summer school.

Frank N. Spindler, the new professor of psychology, is a graduate of Oberlin college, A. B. 1894. He spent four years as graduate student in philosophy; psychology and education, receiving the degrees of A. B. and A. M. He taught first in theUniversity of Omaha, Neb., as professor of psychology, Latin and political economy. From Omaha he went to the Michigan State Normal college at Ypsilanti, as assistant profestor of psychology and pedagogy. Later he spent a year in Fairmount college, Wichita, Kansas, as professor of psychology and philosophy. This school is fortunate in securing for this position a man with his preparation and experience.

On Saturday evening, Sept, 1, a reception was given to the new students by the faculty and old students. It afforded an excellent opportunity for getting acquainted, an opportunity which was not neglected. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated with school colors and flowers. For the flowers we are indebted to the kindness of Prof. Livingston. The program was entirely musical. Among the numbers deserving special mention were the violin solos of Miss Gerrish and the singing of Mr. Allan Pray. We hope the school year will hold for us many events as pleasant as this.

The different classes met unusualiy early this year to elect officers. Senior--President, Jesse H. Ames; vice president, Edna L. Sprague; secretary, Jennie Jennings; treasurer, Rudolph Iackish; sergeant-atarms, Howard E. Brasure.

Junior--President, Elmer Widmer; vice-president, Harold C. Culver; secretary, Wilma Gesell; treasurer, Adelaide Leahy.

Second Year--President, Fred C. Henke; vicepresident, Alice Legler; secretary, Grace Hanna; treasurer, Darwin Follett.

First Year--President, J. Garfield Davies; vicepresident, Ruth Wadleigh; secretary, Nellie Dineen; treasurer, John T. Mortell.

The Oratorical association has elected the following officers: President, Howard E. Brasure; vicepresident, Mattie Wheelock; secretary, J. Warren Stinson: treasurer, Chas. E. McLees. The work of the association has this year been extended to include all literary contests between any organization of this school and any other schools. This will centralize the work and greatly strengthen it. At a meeting held Oct. 1, Jesse H. Ames, Chas. S. Houseworth and Michael Thomas were elected school debaters. The school is to be congratulated on securing so strong a team. Messrs. Ames and Houseworth were two of last year's Junior debaters and then demonstrated their ability as orators and logicians, and earned the places they now have. Mr. Thomas is a new student to this school, but in the short time he has been with us has proved his right to the position given him.

8

Our Athletics.

STEVENS PT. vs. WAUPACA H. S.

Saturday, Oct. 5.—The Normals played their first game this afternoon at Athletic Park, the result being a score of 18 to 0 in favor of Stevens Point. The game was called at 2:45 p. m.

Dirimple kicks off to Shimek on Stevens Point's 25-yard line. Shimek

Ames hits left tackle for downed without gain. ten yards. Jackisch makes eight yards thru right tackle. Stevens Point fumbles. T. Heaney gets the ball on Waupaca's 55-yard line. R. Heaney makes four vards through tackle. He attempts end run, is thrown back eight yards by Murat. Ball goes over on downs on Waupaca's 45-yard line. Halverson goes around right end for fifteen yards. Ames follows with eight yards around the same end. Ogden goes around end for eight yards. Stevens Point fumbles; ball recovered by Ogden. Wadleigh makes ten yards thru tackle. Widmer goes thru line for Ogden goes thru tackle for first touch-5 yards. down. Murat kicks goal. Score 6 to 0.

Dirimple kicks off to Murat on Stevens Point's 35-yard line, ball is advanced fifteen yards. Halverson makes fifteen yards around right end. Iackisch gets away around left end and makes fifteen yards. Wysocki hits guard for fifteen yards. By steady gains the ball is carried to Waupaca's 5-yard line. Stevens Point fumbles, H. Anderson gets ball.

T. Heaney makes seven yards around right end. G. Heaney makes ten around left end by fake play. Dirimple attempts line, is thrown back three yards by Ames. Waupaca fumbles, Showalter gets ball and makes fifteen yards. Waupaca now held for downs. The ball is now carried down the field to Waupaca's 15-yard line. Iackisch goes thru tackle and is downed on Waupaca's 1-yard line. Time is called after 25 minutes of play, with the ball on Waupaca's 1-yard line. Score 6 to 0.

Second Half. Murat kicks to Showalter on Waupaca's 30-yard line. Ball is advanced ten yards. Waupaca makes several short gains. Knight attempts line and is forced back ten yards by Murat and Iackisch. Ball soon gets over on Waupaca's 25-yard line and Halverson makes second touchdown. Goal is kicked. Score 12 to 0.

Waupaca kicks off to Murat. The ball is steadily carried up the field. Ogden gets away on Waupaca's 35-yard line and goes around left end for a touchdown. Goal is kicked. Score 18 to 0.

Dirimple kicks off, but time is called before scrimmage is begun.

At the request of the Waupaca boys the second half was cut down to ten minutes. The Waupaca boys played plucky ball but were entirely outclassed. For the visitors, Anderson did splendid tackling. The following is the line-up of the teams: Stevens Point . Waupaca H. S. Shimek.....C. Anderson Peterson......B. Wilson Widmer.....G. Whitney Wysocki.....W. Breit Ogden.....T. Heaney Halverson, A......le.....F. Stratton Iackisch.......r h.....A. Knight Ames, M..... R. Heaney Wadleigh..... fb......Dirimple Murat, Capt......q b.....Showalter Referee, McCaskill; umpire, Spindler; timekeeper, J. H. Ames.

On Aug. 30 the Athletic Association held its first meeting, at which the following officers were elected for the first term:

President--Chas. A. H. Lange.

Secretary-Archie Roseberry.

Treasurer-A. D. Shimek.

Executive Committee-J. H. Ames, chairman, Prof. Spindler, Chas. Houseworth.

Manager M. Ames has thus far secured the following games:

Oct. 5--Waupaca H S. (practice game) at Stevens Point.

Oct. 12--Oshkosh Normal at Stevens Point.

Oct. 26-Lawrence University at Stevens Point.

Nov. 2--Ripon College at Stevens Point.

Nov. 9-Oshkosh Normal at Oshkosh.

Nov. 23--Whitewater Normal at Whitewater.

Walter Murat has been elected captain of the first eleven and Chas. E. McLees of the second.



TO THE ALUMNI.

Since the Press association has seen fit to elect an alumni editor, the editor would like to be perfectly impartial in the discharge of duties involved. But experience has shown that "alumnuses" in general do not take a burning interest in their page, and copy is correspondingly hard to secure. The present incumbent would very much like to publish each month notes from each of the classes which have graduated. Now will not all members of each class send any item of interest concerning the class, or any member of it. to the alumni editor? A postal card will do, directed to her at Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

'01 NOTES.

The Class Letter, which has been christened the Encyclical by some ambitious youth, is on its way rejoicing. Let each one who receives it send it on promptly, for we are all anxious for our turns to come.

In a way we feel more of a comradeship with the honorary member of our class. Miss Musselmann, since she is not at the old school this year. It seems fitting, since we are not there either. But we have a homesick feeling in not seeing her when we do go back to visit. We hope she will have no reason to regret the change, and yet sometimes wish we were all back there together.

A few members of the class wandered back to see things started again, without us. It was a bit hard for them, too, to see how easily it was done They found no place to stop and stay, and felt they had no part in the activity of the school. But they enjoyed visiting by the railing and grouping in the hall,—things no student dares do. And they also enjoyed giving quantities of unsought advice to their successors, the '02ers. Among those from out of town who were there were Clarke Jenkins, Em ma Skatvold, Foster Polley, Wm. Hanson and Kenneth Pray.

The experiences of the '01ers during the vacation months were characterized, in the main, by uniformity. There was an occasional digression. Miss Earle spent a delightful summer in the east with Miss Musselman. Miss McClathie visited in Indiana. Our worthy vice president deluded innocent farmers into buying books they never will read. John Karnopp tried railroading, but we notice he is back on the gridiron coaching a team. Our president spent his time farming. Kenneth Pray also visited many points of interest in the east. The rest of us varied the monotony by an occasional visit to the country or other mild recreation. Now we are all wrestling with two difficult problems. One is the American child, who is fcarfully and wonderfully made. The other is the red-tape of a teacher's life. And we believe all are enjoying the feeling of exhilaration whch a new and different "environment" supplies.

9

ALUMNI.

What our last years graduates are doing:-Matie Barry-grade work, Phillips, Allan G. Brown-High School assistant, Plainfield. Viola Cain-Grammar dept., Fairchild. Julius Carlson-Principal, Fifield. Howard Cate-Grammar dept., Neillsville. Agnes Dignum-H. S. asst., Osceola. Enella Eagleburger-grade work, Sheboygan. Flora Earle- H. S. asst., West Salem. Mabel Everhard-grade work, Fairchild. Edwin M. Gilbert-H. S. asst., Hayward. John Grimm--Grammar dept, Neillsville. Cora Halladay-grade work, Rhinelander. Guy Hamilton-Principal, Downing. Wm E. Hanson-H. S. asst., Medford. Esther L. Hetzel-Grammar dept., Rhinelander. Clarke Jenkins-Principal, Babcock. John Karnopp-Grammar dept., Manitowoe. Alice Ketchum-Grammar dept., Iola. Gordon Killinger-In the employ of the W.C. Ry. Lela McClatchie-Grade work, Washburn. Elizabeth McDonald-H. S. asst., New Lisbon. Edith Marshall--Grade work, Neenah. Foster B. Polley--Principal, Abbotsford. Kenneth Pray--Manager of an art exhibit. Edna Stuart-grade work, Sheboygan. Harvey Schofield-Principal, Wausau. Emma Skatvold--H. S. asst., Waupaca. Glen A. Tyler--Principal, Loyal. Agnes Young--grade work, Madison.



We wish all our exchanges a prosperous year.

"The man who never made a mistake in his life never made anything else."

The Radiograph from the Winona High School is a new exchange which we received through the kindness of Mr Reudiger, a member of our class of 1897.

> The cars were piled in fearful wreck, The stranger roared with glee. He pushed the Pullman off his neck— "Which down is that?" said he.—Ex.

The Commencement number of the Lake Breeze came to us during the summer vacation. Not only is it well put together and bound but the contents are exceptionally good. The paper does credit to its editors and the school should feel proud of it.

"The man who waits for something to turn up, usually finds it when he steps on a barrel hoop," is an old and truthful saying. Who ever knew of a listless, lifeless man getting ahead in this busy world? Men value you as you value yourself and as you appear. Everyone gets out of the road for a man who wants the "right of way"—he forges to the front.—Students' Reporting Journal.

"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 other exchanges. This certainly made 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.—Ex.

Mother--"Charlie, you said you had been to Sunday School."

Charlie (with a far-away look)--"So I have."

Mother---"How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?"

Charlie-----'I carried home the Sunday School paper and the outside was all about Jonah and the whale."---Ex.

"When you know a thing, to hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge."—Confucius.

"Wisdom is often nearer when we stoop than when we soar."--Wordsworth.

"A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake, as by never repeating it." --Bovee.

"If you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points." If you want to get the important points in the happenings of our school in such a manner that you won't need pin points to impress them take the Pointer.

Read our exchanges. We already have a long list of exchanges and will try to lengthen the list until it includes most of the best school papers. It will be interesting, and perhaps instructive, to learn what other schools are doing and what their papers are like.

Student translating--"Three times I tried to put my arms around her neck," and that is as far as I got.

Prof. (angrily)--"That is far enough. Be seated, sir."--Ex.

Junior boy (confused)—"I have an idea but I can't express it."

Teacher---"Well, if you can't express it send it by freight, there's no hurry for it."--Ex.



The work in this department has been taken up, under rather serious disadvantages. The building of the addition causes great disturbance, especially in the Primary and Intermediate rooms, and the feeling that "we are all going to move soon," hinders the adjustment of rooms and puts off decoration until the move has been made.

The patience of teachers and pupils under these conditions and the spirit with which they have taken up the work is commendable.

There are twenty-three pupils in the Primary department under the charge of Miss Burghert, Miss Faddis's successor. A new feature of the work in this room is the introduction of Speer's method in Arithmetic. All who are interested in his ideas as to the presentation of numbers will wish to watch the work, and those who are not will find an interest by watching the little people's experiments with their blocks. Sewing and nature work are going on as usual, and in connection with the latter we notice an interesting weather record showing the temperature, moisture, direction of wind and general observations of weather conditions.

The Intermediate department registers forty-four pupils, sixteen of whom are entering the training department for the first time, coming from other schools in the city. No specially new features have been introduced in this department this year. Two stories, reproduction work done by the Sixth grade Reading class, are given below. We give two stories that a comparison may be made:

Once when the farmers of Killingworth that the birds were eating their grain they had a meeting. First came the squire of the village, then the preacher, then the deacon, then the preceptor, and at last all of the farmers.

All of them decided to kill the birds but the preceptor, and he pleaded very hard for the birds, but the farmers only laughed at him. So the farmers went out and began killing the birds.

'They kept killing the birds until there were very

few birds left. All winter and all spring there were no birds there. In the summer the farmers saw they had made a great mistake. The insects were worse than the birds; they ate the grain till there was hardly any left.

De

II

When the people would go by the trees the worms would drop off on the people and scare them. One day a man came with a wagon full of cages full of birds. Then he opened the cages and the birds flew to the trees and ate the insects. And this day the preceptor married Almira and the birds sang so long the preceptor thought they were praising him. The farmers never killed the birds again."

MYRON MOEN.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

"The farmers around Killingworth held a meeting. This meeting was held because of the birds. The farmers were so stingy that they would not let the birds have a few handfuls of grain. They did not stop to think of the good the birds did, how they ate the worms and killed the bugs.

At this meeting the preceptor, or school teacher made a speech. He pleaded not to have the birds killed, but the farmers only laughed and a price was offered for the heads of crows.

The wives of the farmers that the school teacher was right.

At this meeting the school teacher said "How e.n. I teach the children that it is wrong to kill the birds when their fathers were killing the birds."

The next spring the worms and bugs ate up everything. Finally the farmers saw that they were wrong. So they sent from all over to have birds brought in cages. Then they set the birds free.

Almira was a young lady that suggested that the school teacher make a speech when they had a meeting and decided to kill all the birds. The next day after the birds were brought back was Almira's weding day. She was to marry the school teacher. On this day they sang more joyfully than ever before."

LEORA RETON.





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14

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