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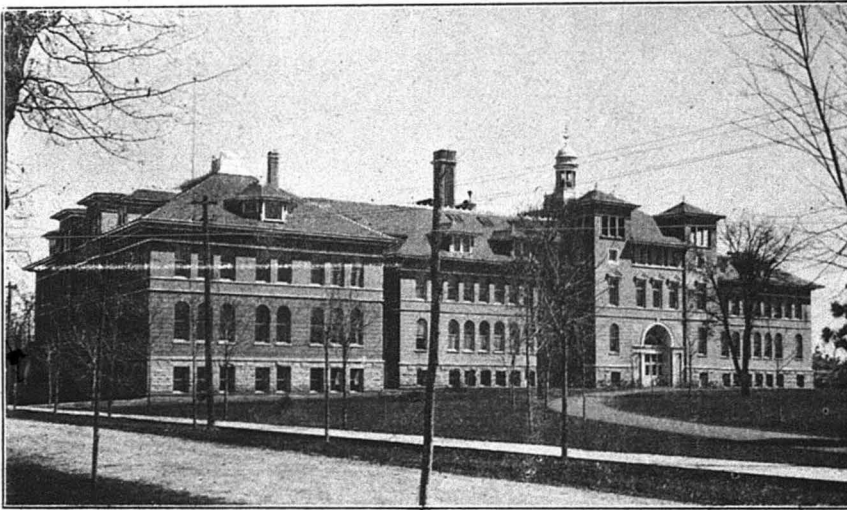
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Board \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week; all school charges about \$1.25 per quarter (ten weeks). No tuition fees in Normal classes for those expecting to teach. Tuition 65 cents per week or less in preparatory grades.

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,
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume VII.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., JANUARY 15, 1902.

Number 4.



THE SHADY SIDE.

BY J. R. I.

WHEN we's gettin' ol' an' lonesome then things seem different,
It's mostly when we's young an' keerless an' content,
When de mockin' bird is restin' in de honeysuckle vine,
And de cotton bolls is bustin' an' ol' marster's good and kin';
When de lil'l lambs is friskin' in de meader by de brook,
An' all nature seems to wear a pleasant, happy look,
An' dem we lub is trampin' wid us long down de cotton row
Or singin' wid us side de cabin when de moon am sinkin' low
An' de stars am blinkin' at us from de smoothly flowin' ribber
It's den it looks jest like we's bleeged to stay on here fureber.

But when de sorrer an' de shadder 'gin ter come,
An' yo' is feelin' rather lonesome, mighty blue an' mighty glum.
When de shadder's gettin' longer an' der's darkness in de sky,
An' de winds that used ter whisper now only moan an' sigh,
When those that tramped de furrers wid us is gone fer good an all
No mo' we hear de mockin' bird from de honeysuckle call,
An' de whippoorwill a callin' in de night time sounds so lone,
An' de ribber mongst de gray rock doesn't sing, it only moan;
It's den that we begins ter feel that we don't want ter stay,
An' that's why I sing the song I do, "I would not lib away."

When we's gettin' ol' an' lonesome an' life is almost spent,
'Count de sorrer an' de shadder life den looks different;
We long ter meet de lubbed ones an' we're glad we're on de way,
An' it's den we like ter sing de song, "I would not lib away."

JANE HARDY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

(A Belated Christmas Story.)

"Well," said uncle Hiram, as we sat around the blazing sitting room fire place on Christmas eve "Well, I saw young Lawyer Watkins down town to day. He's Joe Watkins right over in build, but he's his mother's hair and eyes, and her quick, sharp way of actin' and talkin'. Do you recollect," turning to my father, "the winter Jane Hardy kept school in our district?"

Uncle Hiram had come from his New York farmhouse to pay us a visit, and we children loved to hear father and him talk of their boyhood days.

"Of course, you don't," my uncle continued, "you were nothin' but a little shaver then. But them was jolly times. Young folks don't enjoy themselves like they used to when we had singin' school and spellin' matches and huskin' bees; and when we stuffed the school house chimley and locked in or out them ar spiritless goody-goodies that tried to keep school and couldn't, just to show 'em the kind o' metal they was tryin' to temper.

"But, la! there was no stuffin' chimleys with Jane Hardy. She'd a hauled every last one of us to the top and stuffed us down head first. I tell you we knowed who we had to deal with that first day, when Harry Martin filled the stove chuck full and she so purlitely requested him to sit up near her desk, close by the stove, to tend the fire—he'd such a knack at it. Poor Harry! He'd a roasted to a crisp a'fore he'd a given in. But he stuck up for Jane Hardy arter that.

"She'd a kind heart, had Jane Hardy. Many's the time on a cold or blusterin' evenin' she'd go a mile or more out of her way to see that some little toddler got safely home. And it was on one of those evenin's, when she was a carryin' little Sissy Jones through the drifts, that big Joe Watkins happened along that way and caught up with her. He had seen the new school marm at the parson's pound party and at meetin' several times, and, though he'd never spoken with her, he was known to have said that she'd the purtiest face he'd ever seer, and that she was not the smirkin' and grinnin' kind, but knew enough to mind her own business.

"So here they was in the snow drift. She'd struggled part way through and had just put little

Sissy down so as she might get her breath when Joe came up. Whether she'd ever noticed him in particular before is a question, but she 'peared to know him for she said, 'Good evenin', Mr. Watkins,' and he said, 'Good evenin', Miss Hardy,' and tried to pull off his bear-skin cap, but the pesky thing stuck as tight as a plaster and it wasn't till arter she looked away that he got it off. She asked him if he expected to go on any further that evenin'. He looked at her kind o' queer and sharp like, but 'peared to decide she didn't mean nothin', so he hauled his cap down over his ears again and said he lived a mile farther on and would carry little Sissy the rest of the way. She was very much obliged, told him a very curt good evenin' and started back, leavin' him there lookin' after her in a kind of comical amazement. Pretty soon he began to smile. He picked little Sissy up and started on, but he was still smilin' when he got home.

"Next Sunday night after meetin' he'd pretty near screwed up courage enough to ask her company home, but when she walked by without even a glance at him his courage failed and he fell back among his banterin' companions. But Joe Watkins was not the man to give up at a first or a second or even a third failure. His mind was like one o' them ponderous wheels you see in factories, it takes 'em a long time to get started, but when they do get to turnin' it takes a mighty lot of power to stop 'em.

"So the next Friday night arter singin' school—she was a powerful fine singer, was Jane Hardy—he stepped boldly up to her, and says he, 'Be you a goin' home tonight, Miss Hardy?' Says she, 'I don't usually stay in the school house all night.' Now this was unkind, but he only gave his cap a more vicious twitch and says, 'Because if you be you might ride along with me.' 'Yes, I might,' she answered, and there was the faintest twitch of the mouth. Poor Joe! There was a titter here and a well known cough there. Was he to be made the laughing stock of the whole district? and worse still, was SHE actually laughing at him? The thought kind of made him more determined, and he suddenly straightened himself and said clear like and loud, 'Miss Hardy, may I drive you home tonight?' and she answered, just as clear and distinct like, 'Certainly, Mr. Watkins, thank you.' Well, he

druv her home that night and the next Sunday evenin' also; then he sudden like disappeared from society.

"'Twas about this time that Jane Hardy was reported to have said to Farmer Jones' wife, when they were a discussin' matrimony, that she could never marry a man who had not the respect for her and the courage to ask her openly before their friends to marry him. Well, this was a strange and a startlin' idea. Maybe Joe Watkins had heard it; at any rate, you had to go to his work now to find him.

"There was only two weeks lackin' now to Christmas, and there was to be great doin's in the school house. There was to be a big Christmas tree, and Miss Hardy had promised to have Santa Claus there in person. This was somethin' new there then, and young and old were lookin' forward to the great event. Harry Martin was to be Santa Claus, and a few of us who knew helped him and Miss Hardy got his fixin's.

"Christmas eve at last came. The winders and door was all hung with wreaths, the tree was all bright and glitterin' and all the packages that had come during the day had disappeared. And the crowd! Never had there been so many in that school house. Winders, backs of benches and aisles were filled. And Miss Hardy! She was not exactly what you might call handsome, but that night she was r'ally beautiful. She had somethin' white and fluffy 'bout her neck, her cheeks had just a touch of red in 'em, and her great black eyes, 'peared to me, looked softer as they swept the faces before her. Joe Watkins was not there.

"Pretty soon Miss Hardy began to speak, and all was quiet in a moment. Then the children recited and sung, and Farmer Jones and two or three others got up and spoke. After that Miss Hardy said that Santa Claus must be here, and, sure enough, we heard him at the door. There was a great stampin' and shoutin' and bustlin, the door flew open and in bounded Santa Claus. And what a Santa Claus! There were shrieks and screams from those near him, and shouts of welcome from those at a safer distance. He had a hand-shake for some, jokes for others, and amid a hum of voices and the jingle of his bells he at last

reached Miss Hardy. He shook hands very cordial like with her, hoped he had not come too late, and then with a flourish let down his great pack.

"All became quiet again. Present after present was handed out until, it 'peared, about everyone in that house had got somethin' but—Miss Hardy. There were some puzzled and surprised faces, as one looked at another. She had not been forgotten by them; there was a mistake somewhere.

"But Santa Claus was gettin' ready to depart, and with a mighty jingle of bells called the attention of all to himself. Then turning to Jane Hardy he said, 'Mistress Hardy, it would appear that you have been overlooked. There is nothing left but myself, but if you will take me I shall be very happy. In other words, I, 'pullin' off cap, hair and beard, 'Joe Watkins, before your friends and mine, before the district here assembled, ask you, Jane Hardy, to be my wife.' He held out his hand, and she, pale as a ghost, hesitated an instant, then gave him hers.

"Well, sir, you'd a thought the crack o' doom had been heard instead of Joe Watkins; then there was a sort of hum and buzz, and then a reg'lar shout of 'Bravo, Joe Watkins!' and it 'peared that every blessed one in that house tried to get to 'em first. He was a powerful strong man, was Joe Watkins, and a mighty lucky thing it was for him, too, else he'd a been beaten and shook to a jelly. Never was there such a shoutin' and rejoicin' in that old school house, and never such a time in that district—not till the next February, when Jane Hardy became Mrs. Watkins."

VICTORIA LOGAN.

Of a small man my tale shall be,
Who went out for a drive.
He had a fall which killed him dead
And he woke up alive.

A buggy and a team he had,
And on the lines did push.
His horses shied and ran away
And left him in a bush.

A precipice was by him close.
He fell, the edge was rough,
But he got up and looked around
And found 'twas just a bluff.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

JAN. 15, 1902.

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Entered at local Post-office as second class matter.

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Address all business letters to the Business Manager.

Articles solicited from former students and teachers.

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EDITORIAL

Santa Claus has come and gone, the new year has rolled in upon us, and here we are at our old places again.

Come! Cheer up! That long-looked-forward-to and never-to-be-forgotten vacation is over, of course, but perhaps there is yet something in life worth living for.

The little foot-ball man at the head of the Athletic department has finally been downed. This is not his season, and someone should have ordered him off the field two months ago. How do you like his successor?

There was a time in the history of this school when rhetorical exercises were considered a bore. No one wanted to be put on the program and no one wanted to listen to the unfortunates who couldn't escape. It was "blue Friday" instead of "blue Monday" then. It is evident that a great transformation has taken place since those times. Students take up the rhetorical work willingly and the despairing wail, "I'm on for rhetorical exercises," is no longer heard. The whole school manifests the proper interest toward the weekly exercises. And this is not

strange, when we consider the excellence of some of the rhetorical exercises we have listened to during the year. What could be more interesting and at the same time more elevating than the Thanksgiving or the Christmas rhetorical exercises? Both of them were first-class "literary and musical feasts" and the Rhetorical committee deserves the warmest praise for prosecuting its work so vigorously and successfully.

Basketball is not quite as "strenuous" a game as foot-ball, but it is a splendid winter game nevertheless. Agility of movement is a larger factor than in almost any other game. Hence grace and suppleness result from participation in it.

The Staff is beginning work on the "Souvenir Issue," which will be the final number of the Pointer of 1901-2, coming out sometime in June. The Staff hopes to make this Souvenir a big success, and in the matter of jokes, clever bits of penwork, merry jingles, promptness in seeing the photographer, etc., the school in general can help not a little toward this end. A more direct call upon you for aid will be made later.

We notice that many of our exchanges continue to devote their pages to the discussion of matters of national or world-wide moment. The articles themselves are, no doubt, well written. And surely it is well with us when so many youthful prophets, summing up the past history of men in a paragraph, sanctioning or condemning the existence of great nations of today and proclaiming the ultimate destiny of the world, are abroad in the land. Verily the prophecy that "the young men shall see visions" is having fulfillment in our own day! But should a school paper stuff itself with the words of wisdom of these seers? Are there not simple topics, nearer home, which will make a paper more interesting and more what a school paper should be? We think so. "What SHOULD a school paper contain?" is a question which confronts the Staff of every school publication.

Have you ever considered what a splendid collection of pictures is accumulating in our school? The walls of the main halls and of every room are graced by them. Surely the money required for their purchase is spent in a way productive of the greatest good; a powerful if subtle influence must be exerted on the characters of those who spend so many days surrounded by these beautiful pictures.

IN MEMORIAM.

LAURA E. MARTIN.

DIED, JANUARY 9, 1902.

I cannot say and I will not say
That she is dead—she's just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
She has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since she lingers there.

Censor



And it came to pass that in the first month of the new year and on the sixth day thereof, a decree went forth throughout the length and breadth of the land, bidding all, even from the greatest unto the least to return to the temple.

Then verily there arose a great weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in all the tribe, for they were encompassed with sorrow, and would not be comforted.

Then did the people of the tribe, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, meet daily and pray that the evil day come not.

But the decree had gone forth and so at the eighth hour of the sixth day they came together in the temple, and many there were who were not there.

Then did the chief priest of the temple talk, aye long did he talk to the men and maidens, and his subject was blue.

And the priests and priestesses did smile a big smile.

And the first day was long and sorrowful and many there were who did speak of a kingdom called home. And when night came all, even all, had returned to the temple.

And the next day was like unto the first, for the

people of the tribe had worshiped false gods. Many were there who had forgotten the commandment "Thou shalt worship the Goddess of Wisdom," and had spent many hours in the worship of the god of sleep, which is called Morpheus.

And the Goddess of wisdom was wroth, and her priests and priestesses did frown and scowl mightily.

And in the evening of that day was a great council called, and the name thereof was Faculty Meeting.

Long did they talk, and their words of wisdom were many, but the following is the substance thereof:

Thou shalt apply thyself unto wisdom, and with thy whole understanding seek knowledge, even on the evening of the first day, that thou mayest not forever remain in Minerva's sanctuary.

Neither shall the young men appoint themselves guardians of the young maidens, for it is better that they should guard themselves.

This last decree send we forth, for we have seen thee spending many hours of every day in the company of the maidens when thou shouldst have been with thy books.

Verily, verily I say unto you, he that breaketh one of these commandments shall not be allowed to enter in at the feast of the tabernacle. Selah.

And on the night of the third day the men and maidens worshiped the Goddess of Wisdom, and the fourth day was not like unto the first, and there was joy in the land.

New Year Resolutions.

G-i-er—To ask more questions.

La-ge—To wear a cap when the thermometer says —40 degrees.

J-n-in-s—To study harder.

G-t-s—To leave hypnotism alone.

Ta-d-ff—To be less constant.

H. C-n-a—Not to take boat rides.

S-i-dl-r—To raise a real mustache.

Ta-lo—To be more devoted to the faculty ladies.

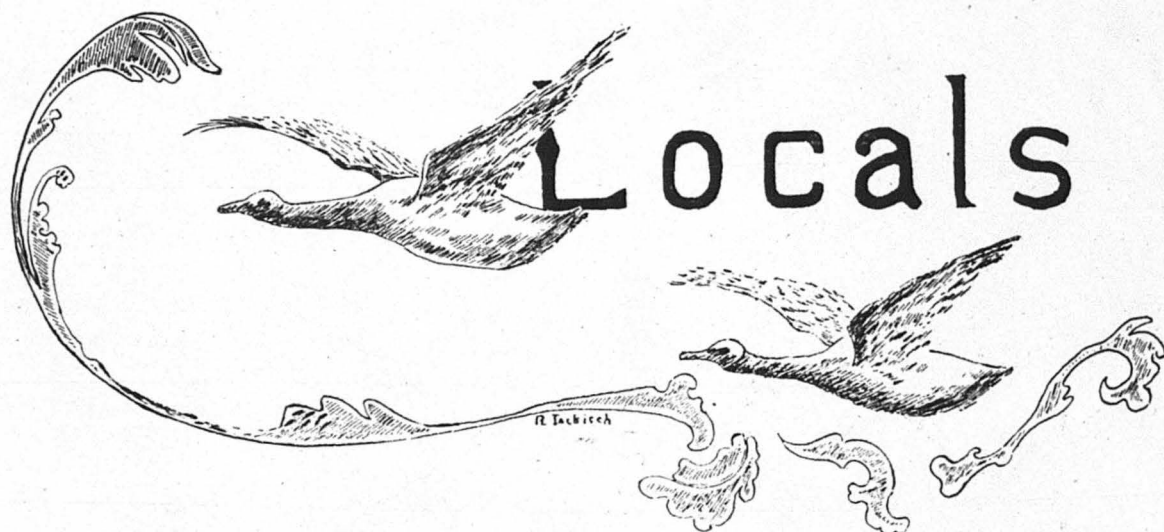
M-st-r—To sing more duets the following year.

Fo-t-a-l—To stay buried ten years.

A-e-a—To neither forgive nor forget.

P-i-t-r St-ff—To congratulate themselves when June comes.

S-n-rs—To count the cost next time.



Miss Louise Spalenka has withdrawn to teach.

J. C. Gates has withdrawn to engage in the insurance business in Kansas.

Prof. Culver spent much of his vacation in the state of Washington, in the interests of a mining company.

Mrs. Mustard and Prof. Sechrist were present at the meeting of the teachers of English at Milwaukee Jan. 6 and 7.

Several of our faculty spent a portion of their vacation at Milwaukee and Chicago. They report a very pleasant time.

Pres. Pray (making a class roll): "Are there any more jays (J's) in this class?"

K-t-e-i-e J-h-s-n promptly raised her hand.

Query: Why did the seniors choose such a class color?

Answer: Because it would harmonize so well with their feelings after examination.

The following new students have entered school since Christmas: Sadie Dorney, Stevens Point; Susie Erdman, Fifield; Irene Guenther, Knowlton; Anna and Kathryn Shevelin, Stevens Point.

Prof. Livingston, Pres. Pray and Mrs. Bradford attended the Wisconsin Teachers' Association at Milwaukee. Prof. Livingston visited his old home at Sparta, and Mrs. Bradford her home at Kenosha before returning to Stevens Point.

Miss Fitzgerald's corps of teachers was pleasantly surprised upon its return to learn that she had reconsidered her resignation, which was to take place at the end of the quarter and would continue her

work at the Third ward for the remainder of the year.

Howard E. Brasure has been appointed principal of the Third ward school at Eau Claire. By his withdrawal the school loses not only one of its best students but one of its most popular young men. We congratulate Eau Claire upon being able to add him to their teaching force.

The board of visitors examined the work of the school the week before vacation. The visitors this year are Prof. C. R. Showalter of Waupaca High School; A. H. Sage, professor of physics at Oshkosh Normal, and Superintendent R. Ramsey of Marinette county. We are glad to have them with us, and hope to see them again before the end of the school year.

A Visit to Washington.

It seemed very appropriate that almost the first glimpse of Washington city from the car window should bring to view the white slender shaft that commemorates the greatest founder of the Republic, whose name the city bears. Next, above the housetops, the eye caught the lofty, rounded dome of the capitol, that center of gravity in our political history for a hundred years. And these two objects stand prominent in the memory of a brief visit to Washington.

The capitol without Congress is, of course, very incomplete and unsatisfactory. The Senate and House chambers were deserted, save for janitors and sight-seers. A company of young girls, with characteristic audacity, made themselves at home in

the House, marched up on the Speaker's platform, and one after another sat in his chair. The simple elegance of the furnishings in these chambers and in the committee rooms is in harmony with the dignity of governmental business. The paintings and statuary seen everywhere in the capitol emphasize the historical background that should accompany legislation.

I had always thought of the White house as more remote from other buildings than it is. In its rear, to be sure, the grounds spread unbroken to the Potomac, but on the other three sides government buildings and business blocks crowd close. In fact, the walks that run through the grounds by the White House front door are public highways, used by any one who wishes to take a "short cut" from one quarter of the city to the other. Our party was refused admittance to the home of Presidents, for within, the door-keeper said, they were "cleaning up" in preparation for the New Year's reception. Through the windows we caught glimpses of color from walls and mouldings; while between the blinds of the front basement windows there could be seen articles hanging on the lines in the laundry.

One can learn of the many interesting features of the Treasury and other government buildings by reference to the guide book; but no description can do justice to the marvelous Library of Congress. Its maze of marble columns, staircases and balustrades, the brilliancy of color in walls and ceilings, and the work of artists in paintings and sculptures must not only be seen, but studied, to be appreciated.

Washington's streets and avenues and the public buildings give dignity to the city. One forgets the commonplace scenes and those features that make it resemble other American cities. And then through memories of it there float, above all, the sharp white spire of the monument and the stately white dome of the capitol, symbolic of our country's history and the grandeur of its power.

ALBERT H. SANFORD.

Out of respect for Miss Martin and as a slight expression of our sense of loss the usual Friday afternoon rhetorical was omitted and a more suitable service substituted.

The school met in the Assembly room at three o'clock and began the service by singing "Lead

Kindly Light." Mr. Pray read two selections from the Bible and gave a short address. He told us of Miss Martin's beautiful life, the services she rendered so cheerfully to parents and associates, her high ideals and the preparation she was making to fulfill them. Mr. Pray spoke feelingly of the blank that her death leaves in the heart of her mother, the destruction of the hope that had rested upon her who was to have been the support and comfort of her old age. Her sisters also suffer from the loss of that example and help which no doubt has lifted them to a higher life in the past. His closing thought was the old one that we have all had brot home to us again and again—do now the kind deed, speak the loving word now, today only, is yours, another day may find the busy hands stilled, the lips closed forever.

Mrs. Clements sang "Zion," by Rodney, and Mrs. Bradford read three selections, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," one of Mrs. Browning's poems, "A Funeral Hymn," by John W. Chadwick, and a sonnet by William Winter.

The service closed with a song by a semi-chorus, "God My King," and one by the school, "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

As we joined in this last tribute to our loved classmate and recalled the help, always given so willingly, the ability, sweetness and strength that made her one of our leaders, we realized more keenly our loss and the loss to the world of this bright young life so suddenly closed.

(Continued from page 45.)

and baton in hand, was trying to secure musical tones from the other two. "We must begin practicing for Glee Club," he explained, "and these two fellows were the only ones I could find. They are better than nothing, if they can't sing." And he looked from the prim, erect shade, whose every hair was in position, to the stalwart, determined looking, good-natured shadow, with an amusing mixture of pride and despair, while the rest dissolved in laughter over the embryo glee club. Just then a bell rang and the room was instantly destitute of shadows of any kind save those of material objects, and yet a faint echo came from somewhere, with an interrogation point and the word "Nautilus," but the shades of '01ers had departed.



On the evening of Dec. 18 a good-sized audience gathered in the Normal gymnasium to witness the gymnastic exercises and basket-ball game that had been arranged for that time.

The exercises began at 8 o'clock and consisted of dumbbell movements, wand drill and marchin by the young women's and girls' classes, and military drill, jumping, and german-horse vaulting by the young men's and boys' classes. The program was interesting and all parts of it were well carried out. The exercises, besides being instructive to the on-lookers, were certainly beneficial to the large number of young people who took part in them. The manner in which the large classes went thru the drilis and movements certainly is a credit to Miss Gerrish and all those who took part in them.

After the gymnastic exercises an interesting game of basket-ball was played between the Business College team and A. Halverson's team. At the beginning of the game the score was quite even for some time, but before the first half was ended the Nor-boys forged ahead and the half ended with a score of 28 to 11 in their favor.

In the second half Halverson's men began playing fast ball and the pace set by them made the "Collegites" look as if they would be snowed under entirely. The call of "time" alone put a stop to the rapidly growing score. The final score being 71 to 19 in favor of the Normal boys. The following is the line-up of the teams:

Halverson's Team.	Position.	Business College.
M. Tardiff.....	C.....	E. Atwell
W. Murat.....	R. G	J. Glinski

E. Lange.....L. G.....Clarke (Capt.)
 E. McLees.....R. F.....Wheelock
 A. Halverson, (Capt.)..L. F.....Lindow
 Umpires, Paris and Collins.
 Referee, Prof. McCaskill.

At a recent meeting of the A. A. it was voted to have a school basket-ball tournament. The following committee was elected to take charge of the tournament: Chas. A. H. Lange, Prof. McCaskill, Miss Gerrish, Chas. Cary and Chas. Houseworth.

The followinh regulations, to which all those engaging in said tournament must agree, were adopted by the A. A.:

1. Each team entering the tournament shall have six players.
2. The captain of each team shall formally enter his team in said tournament by handing to the management committee the names of the players in his team. Any change in the membership of any team may be made only with the consent of the management committee.
3. An official record of the tournament must be kept by the management committee.
5. Arrangements for officials must be made by captains of teams.
5. Any protest shall be made before the management committee, and settled by the said committee.

The tournament will begin Jan. 13 and continue until the winners and losers have settled their claims to the championship.

The following teams have thus far declared their intentions of entering the tournament:

YOUNG WOMEN'S TEAMS.

- Miss Ellida Moen's team.
- Miss Huff's team.
- Miss Wysocki's team.
- Miss Rigg's team.
- Miss Hamilton's team.
- Miss Ada Moen's team.
- Miss Southwick's team.

YOUNG MEN'S TEAMS.

- "Fast Folks," (M. Ames, Capt.)
- "Cardinals," (A. Halverson, Capt.)
- "Terrible Turks," (Wood, Capt.)
- "Bantams," (Rounds, Capt.)
- White's Winners.
- "Veers' Five," (Veers, Capt.)
- "Olson's Terrors," (C. Olson, Capt.)
- A. L. S. (H. Halverson, Capt..)



A GHOST PARTY.

"Where is the Nautilus ad?" The speaker, if speaker he can be called, stood before the bulletin board studying it intently. The hall was lighted only by the straggling rays which the moon succeeded in sending in, but even these were sufficient to show that he was not clothed in flesh and blood, was a "real" only in a Herbartian sense. "Where is the Nautilus ad?" repeated the shadow, when suddenly another shadow appeared from nowhere in particular with a deep bass "ring off." "Bow wow," instantly responded shadow No. 1, which familiar sound called forth a laugh from a sprightly little figure hurrying in. "Isn't it jolly to come back here once in awhile?" she said. "I like to see how they are getting along. But do look at the dust on Moses," and picking up one corner of her cardinal ghost drapery she commenced dusting briskly. "Have you seen the new addition since they have finished it?" inquired a buxom lassie, tripping lightly down the hall. "I just envy them that new drawing room. Think what a little inconvenient place we had. I must go and see it again," and she disappeared, lightly humming "Auld Lang Syne." "Yes, the new addition has given our successors many advantages," said a tall, fair-haired, fragile shadow, with a book on "Ethics" under his arm. "They need it," interrupted an athletic looking shade with a Greek profile. "They must have something to compensate for our absence." "We weren't so much as we liked to think," answered he of the fair hair. "They do pretty well without us at any rate." "O, I can't admit that," said another small shade in red, who was helping at the dusting process, and the decided shake she gave her head endangered the safety of her glasses. "Well, they do have room that we needed," said a dignified shadow, looking very serious. "You remember what a time we had finding a place where we could grind out jokes for the Nautilus?" "I should say I

did," responded her companion, a brown-eyed shade, looking over at Moses and the dusters—or one of them. "We won notoriety by that—got put in poetry." "I'd like to know where the ship of Pearl is anchored now," said the jaunty little shadow who began the party.

"Alexander, Alexander," came in a shrill voice of distress from within the assembly room, and the shadows all rushed for the door, led by the athlete of the Greek profile. "Alexander, I'm sure—I heard—a—mouse." "Nonsense, look, it's only our lady-killer. He's revisiting the scenes of past triumphs," responded he, and the shadows joined in a ghostly laugh as a slight rustle attracted their attention to a shade which was inspecting a seat in the Junior row. "She isn't here, but I'll show you how she looked," said a big, jolly looking shadow with a suggestion of an accent, and he skillfully drew three or four feminine heads of different types on the blackboard. Just then several new arrivals created a stir at the door, and a familiar figure with an unfamiliar beard monopolized the attention of the shadow with artistic propensities, while a sweet voice proclaimed in triumph, "I brought him at last," and immediately engaged the attention of several masculine shades. Two diffident, demure looking shadows appeared flitting toward the door with imaginaries in their hands, and in response to a question from the shadow with the bass voice, said that they wanted to see N. 28 again. One was tall with fair hair, and one was short with "dark as midnight" tresses. As they disappeared a modest, retiring shadow softly inquired what it was that sounded so queerly down at the east end of the hall. "The shadow with the fair hair flushed as he proposed an investigation and the shades responded quickly by moving in the direction of the disturbance. The music room, they found, was occupied by three stalwart shades, one of whom, music book

(Continued on page 43)



We wish all our exchanges a happy New Year.

Jack—How long has she been a grass widow?

Bess—Long enough to get seedy.

“On the Assassination of President McKinley” in the Thanksgiving “Gitche Gumees” is very ably written.

The Lake Breeze is always neat and attractive. The Xmas story in the Christmas number is exceptionally good.

The High School Echo from Mt. Clemeus, Mich., is a new exchange that is very good. It has an exceptionally strong “funny department.”

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his loves and kisses,
For while he always hits the mark,
He's always making Mrs.—Ex.

The Normal Red Letter is a very good school paper, with strong literary and editorial departments. A little space devoted to humor and pleasantries would add variety.

“Life and Adventures of Jack Brown-Tips,” and “Susan Carr's Christmas” in the December number of the Normal Advance are very good. We miss the exchanges, however.

The High School News from Berlin, Wis., is a new exchange that impresses us very favorably. “The Leap Year Club of 1940” is a very interesting and amusing story and may prove of aid to some of the boys in the future.

The first issue of The Oracle from the High School at Depere, Wis., speaks well for the school and students. The time and labor spent by students in getting out a school paper are well spent and sure to prove beneficial in the end. We wish them success.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

Everywhere in life the true question is, not what we gain, but what we do.—Carlyle.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—Bovee.

One of our exchanges says: “The Crimson can always boast of a new cover.” We think it can boast of much more, for, taken all around, the Crimson is one of the best High School exchanges we receive. Its cuts and etchings are artistic and appropriate and its several departments show able management.

The Normal Penant is always good, but the December number is the best we have received. We consider its Exchange department the best among our December exchanges. We, who are just settling down to a siege of snow and cold, think it strange that the Pennant says, “Baseball season is here again.”

The Colfax Collegian from Colfax, Wash., is a new exchange from the far West. It seems to represent a small but very progressive school. The December number contains a good article on “A Student's Duty to the School.”

We are glad to welcome the Normal Exponent from Platteville to our exchange desk. It is neat, and well gotten up in every way. We extend our sympathy to the “Signers” of the Declaration of Independence.

A physician says that people who sleep with their mouth shut live longer. Well, people who go around with their mouth shut when they're awake, seldom get killed.—Ex.

The December number of the Royal Purple contains a cut of the Whitewater Normal football team, of which they have every reason to feel proud.

The Island City Student for December is exceptionally good. The Literary and Exchange departments show very marked improvement.

The Progress, La Grange, Ind., and the High School Record, Evansville, Ind., are two new exchanges that we hope to see again.

Training



Department

Thoughts of the holidays bring back that last day, that day before we all went "home," and we see again in fancy Santa Claus' little helpers as they sewed and sawed and sang, and smile at the memory of the black-faced little fellow who wondered how Santa kept his beard and toys so clean.

The union of all the rooms for rhetorical on special days is a charming innovation and doubles the interest and enthusiasm on such occasions. The students enjoy the little people's songs and recitations and the little ones in their turn like having a share in the big folks' work. But there is one drawback—the different rooms lose their own special celebration. To one who remembers the charming little programs given by the Primary and Intermediate departments in former years this seems something of a loss, but then, even in the Normal, yes, in the Training department itself, we cannot have everything at one and the same time. So let us be content.

Miss Fitzgerald's pupils joined in presenting a rhetorical that, if one may judge by reading the program, was very interesting. Among the recitations were "A Letter to Santa Claus," "Christmas at Grandma's," and "What I Want for Christmas." Several songs were sung by the different grades, and the Third grade girls gave a dumb-bell drill. Several of our students, deciding to "pass on" the help given in our rhetoricals by different members of this section of the Training department, found time to help Miss Fitzgerald's little people in theirs. Misses Sustins and Erickson told Christmas stories, Rawson, Phillips, Henderson, Hill and Legler sang for them, and Miss Huff gave a violin solo. Santa Claus and his wife were present and distributed gifts to all the children.

The pupils in Miss Quinn's room have written some of their Christmas experiences for us. These little sketches are in every sense their own and are as interesting as such original work always is. We give the only one we have room for.

My Vacation.

I spent Xmas as well as I could wish to. Xmas eve I went to church to hear the exercises.

Santa Claus was there and he showed us his workshop, and he let us watch him make a sled. After he had nailed the boards together he painted it red.

After a while he filled some little children's stockings. When Santa Claus was ready to leave us to go to visit some other children, he couldn't get his reindeer. He got the straps to put around their necks, but it seemed they didn't want to be hitched. After a while they were all ready and off they went. Not long after that we heard his bells again. He had come to give us our candy. He had little baby stockings chuck full of candy. He had pink and white and blue and red stockings. Then we all went home.

When I got home I hung up my stocking and went to bed.

In the morning I found it full of mixed nuts.

Papa and mamma and all my little friends remembered me with useful and lovely presents. Miss Faddis also sent me a card with a bird on it of Mexican work, which I think a great deal of.

Xmas I had a tree of my own, which I trimmed myself.

Some of our friends were in and I lit the tree, but did not leave it very long, for we had to watch it all the time for fear of danger.

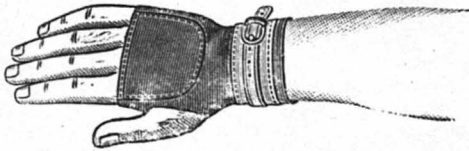
The best part of my vacation was that it was so long and I am rested and all ready for school-work again.

ROSETTA JOHNSON, Fourth Grade.

Dear Readers:—We wonder if the advertisements in this paper receive the attention from our readers that they should. This month we have some new ones of special interest to students. If you are interested in rooms and where you can find suitable ones the last page of the Pointer will surely be worth your notice. And on this same page will be found something of interest not only to students and room-hunters, but to the public in general. It challenges your careful attention.

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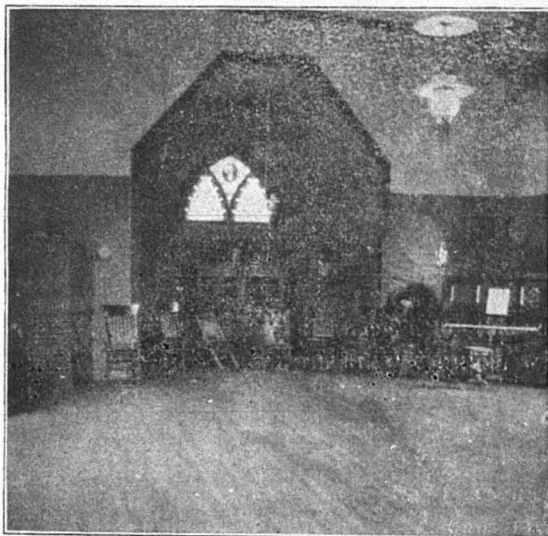
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