

#### CONTENTS.

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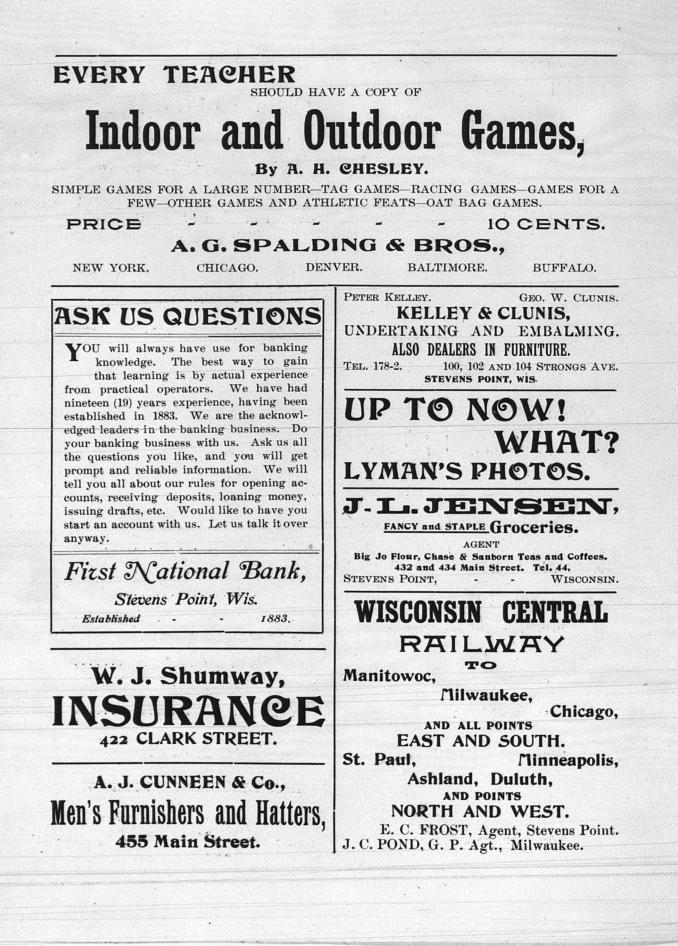
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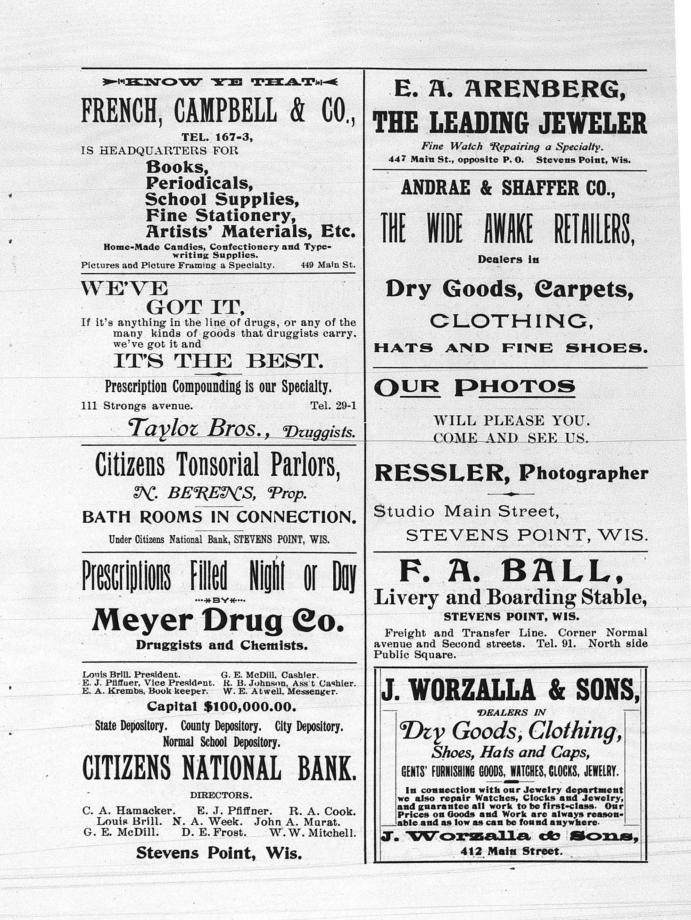
The Abduction of Adelia	15
A Freshman's Psalm of Life	.16
Alumni, "Work at the Normal"	.18
Jolly Columns	.19
Editorial	.20
Locals	.21
The Y. W. C. A. Convention	.22
The U. of C. Scholarship	.23
Athletics, A Heavy Snow	.24
Sewing in the Grades	.25
Exchanges	.26

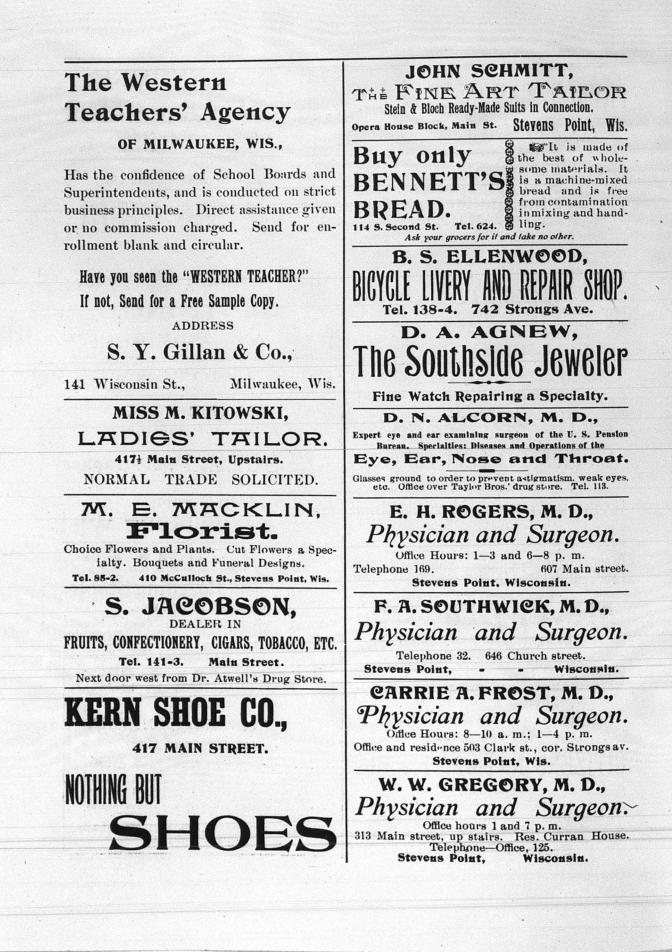
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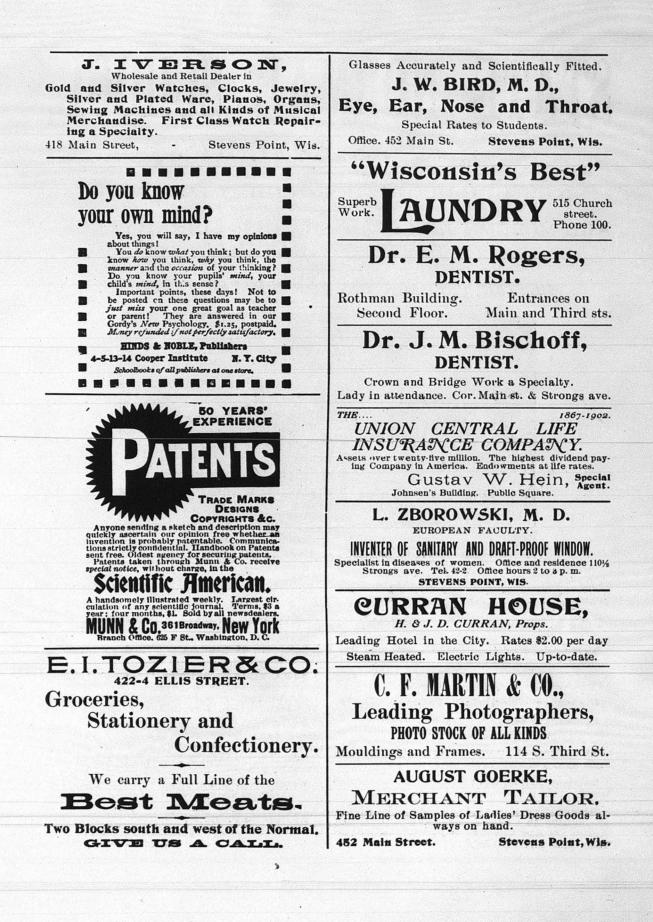
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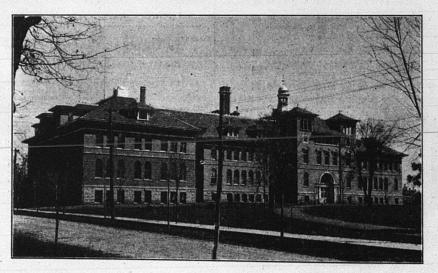
# STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

### STEVENS POINT, WIS.

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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.

#### Vol. VIII. Stevens Point, Wis., November 15, 1902. No. 2.

# LITERARY.

#### The Abduction of Adelia.

The last glimmer of light had faded from the tents on Point Lobas, and myriad night insects filled the air with their drowsy music. The sound of soft, rippling ocean waves came up from the shore. The campers, wearied from a long tramp on the seabeach, now slept the sleep of exhaustion, while far out on the waters shone the lights of the Mary Jane. A young man stood on the pier, silently pondering on the malignity of fate. He belonged to the party on the sea-beach, but tomorrow he must leave, without even a chance to bid his fair Adelia to be true to him. He strode angrily up and down the pier. "Adelia loves me; I love Adelia," he exclaimed. "No one shall part us. Since childhood we have lived only for each other. Because Adelia is sick, must I lay aside all thot of happiness? Never! I care not what the world may say, I will be a man; Adelia shall be mine."

The Mary Jane loomed up close at hand. She would pause a moment at the pier, and then be off on her long journey to distant lands. The young man recognized his opportunity. He would seize his adored one, wrap her close in her blanket and spring aboard the Mary Jane. He could then defy his prospective mother-in-law, and in some sunny clime, where the leaves are always green, free from the vexations of relatives and friends, he and his Adelia would live in peace and happiness.

He rushed into the tent, seized the second form on the right, (for that is where his Adelia slept) and jumped aboard the Mary Jane just as she was leaving the pier. Laying his peerless one down in the first stateroom he found, he hurried up to the captain. Thrusting a roll of bills into his hand, with a hurried statement of explaining matters later, he returned to his adored Adelia. She lay quietly sleeping. He drew back the blanket to gaze upon her beloved features. A cry of anguish burst from his lips. He started back in horror and amazement. His reason swayed. He turned and fled—he had brought off—his motherin-law.

#### An Afternoon's Excitement.

"Eleven-sixty-five, please."

This was the third time I had tried to ring up our house within the last half hour. I could think of no reason why someone did not answer me, for I was sure someone was at home.

"Hello," came from Central. "Did you get them yet?"

"No," I answered. "Will you ring them up again, please?"

I stood at the telephone waiting and wondering what could be the matter at the house. I was in this state for fully five minutes, which seemed an eternity to me in my anxiety.

"Hello!" came hurriedly and breathlessly over the wire. I recognized Louisa's voice.

"Louisa," I began, "where have you all been for—" I had no time to say more, for she cut me off by saying, "I have no time to talk to you now, we have a fire up here!" I heard the receiver hung up with a bang, someone stumble over a chair, the dining room door slam shut; and then all was silent as it had been before I heard Louisa's impatient "hello."

"What could this mean?" I asked myself as I stood leaning against the wall with the receiver

still at my ear. Never had Louisa spoken to me in this manner before. She had always said "Hello" in the sweetest tone imaginable. That was the way I had expected it this time. What could she mean by saying there was a fire at the house? This was utterly beyond my comprehension.

I hung the receiver on the rack, went to the office door and looked in the direction of our house, but could see no sign of smoke. I went out into the mill yard and asked the men if they had heard an alarm of fire. None of them had. What could Louisa have meant by fire! Was she trying to play a joke on me? No, I knew she thought too much of my nervous system for that.

I went back to the office. What was I to do? My first thought was to go home at once; but on second reflection I knew this to be impossible. I looked at my watch. Mr. Stuart would be at the office soon after the train arrived, which was due in ten minutes. This was not time enough for me to go home. Mr. Stuart was to talk over very important business, and to miss him meant the loss of thousands of dollars to the firm, perhaps. I should be forced to wait at least an hour. I thought of articles which I was sure Louisa would not think of saving from the awful conflagration. Think of it! When I should get home my house would be in ruins!

Ten minutes had gone, but the train was late. I walked up and down the office floor incessantly. I could not work. I began to wish Louisa had not answered me at all. What could she have meant by saying "fire!"

Ten minutes more had elapsed. The train had not arrived yet. I gazed out of the window thinking of Louisa's awful words. My brain was flooded with many things. I was growing nervous. It was now three-quarters of an hour since I had heard Louisa's breathless speech. I sat down and tried to work, but could not. An hour had passed, still no train. I telephoned to the station. Why had I not thought of doing this before? They told me this train was an hour late, but it would arrive in about three minutes. I waited five before I saw the passengers get off at the station. I waited for Mr. Stuart, but he did not com. Could it be possible I had waited in vain?

At this moment the messenger boy came into the office. I asked him if he had heard an alarm for fire that afternoon. He had not. He gave me a telegram. I read it. Mr. Stuart had missed the train and would arrive the next morning at ten o'clock.

I hurriedly locked the office doors and mounted my wheel. The people who saw me going home that night must have been reminded of the ride of Tam o' Shanter.

I got in sight of our cottage. It was still standing. I drew nearer. I saw it was not scorched.

All was calm and peaceful around the house. The hired boy was still raking the lawn and everything seemed as it had been when I left at noon. Seeing the condition of affairs I tried to look as composed as possible.

Louisa was at the front door to meet me, smiling as sweetly as ever. I was sure there must be a huge joke soon to be revealed at my expense. I was careful of what I said. We were seated at our cosy supper table before 1 ventured to speak about the fire. Louisa's face was radiant.

"Oh yes," she began, laughing, "I think Martha and I deserve a medal. The boy was burning the leaves and the fire ran along the side fence; for a while we had a lively time of it; however, we put it out before it did much damage to the fence. You were not at all alarmed by my haste at the telephone, were you, Charles? That was just at the time the fence was on fire."

H. V. W. WELTY.

#### A Freshman's Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in mournful numbers That this Normal is a snap; In a dreaming Freshman's slumbers Comes no dream so fair as that;

For the stream of life beats ever Hard against his fragile bark, And the jibes of men grown older Find in him a ready mark.

When the news is being questioned From the rostrum broad and fair, Lo, the face of every Freshman Whitens 'neath his rising hair,

And his heart, with throbs convulsive, Smothered in a frightened cough, Beats against his coat until it's Like to burst the buttons off.

With the question he must answer, 'Midst the frowns he's sure to meet, When the fatal query scares and Leaves him glued fast to the seat.

Lo, life seems most real and earnest, End of school is Heaven's goal, While the snickers of the Seniors Add fresh torture to the soul.

Just to scale such dazzling summits As a Senior's life must know, To a poor deluded Freshman, Seems a Paradise below.

But he grows to trust no future In examination week, For he has not learned the value Of his nerve and of his cheek.

With the Seniors' lives before him, -Which he loves to con and scan, Some thing of their arts suggestive, Makes him say: "I will and can." "Lives of great men all remind us We may make our lives sublime," Leaving for some other stranger Footprints on the sands of time.

Then, ye Freshmen, up and doing! With a heart for any fate, Haughty Seniors still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

#### The First Day.

It has come at last. I have arrived and got partially settled at my boarding place and have come up early to the school house.

'Tis just seven, and the seats all look familiar, but a little strange with time which has elapsed since I saw them last June. Soon the plans and arrangements have been made for the day's work and the several other duties attended to.

There! "By the River" goes over the door, Mc-Kinley's picture above the clock, and the Indian pictures here in the back corner where the boys usually congregate on rainy days. As the girls come in, singly and hesitatingly, or three or four, with a hop and a whisk of new clean dresses, and the boys dash in to drop tablets and pencils on their chosen desks, I realize with a sudden tinge that my boys and girls have grown older.

This makes me begin to gather my pedagogical maxims about character building and I wonder if I shall have any "Dodds" today.

So I stand musing with the bell rope in hand as I see the boys working off the excitement of the hour, playing "snap the whip" and "pull-away," while the girls are walking up and down the sidewalk.

There goes a little red-cheeked fellow, scooting across the lawn, with chest out, his head thrown back and cheeks puffed out, running just because he feels in his veins—

"Whatever of life hath ebbed away Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer," Even tho 'tis September.

The feeling seems to pervade everything and everybody this morning that we are going to do "something great"—nothing common—and—the bell rings, and I notice with surprise that in my subconscious state I have rung the bell,

AN OLD POINTER.

#### Comfort the Students.

Amid the cares of a student's life They need good cheer to meet its strife; If you have praise midst battles rife, Tell them so.

When days are dark and deeply blue, They have their troubles, same as you; Show that your love for them is true, Tell them so.

Don't act as if they've passed their prime, As though to please them were a crime; If you would help them, now's the time. Tell them so.

Never let their hearts grow cold; Richer beauties will unfold; They are worth their weight in gold. Tell them so. A.

A. H.

## ALUMNI.

#### What Work at Normal is now of greatest Service to me.

When asked what work at the Normal is of greatest help in actual teaching, it is not hard to decide and say at once, "Work in the Practice department." It is in practice that one undergoes the same kind of experiences and encounter the same unsolved problems that afterward encounter one in school and demand a solution. In the practice work the little things which help or hinder so much in the schoolroom are carefully taken into consideration and suggestions are given or corrections kindly made. And now, while standing before the class, one can say, "Is this the way that people of more experience have found to be the best?" and the answer helps one to decide the course of of action to be followed.

#### ROSA DROWATZKY.

The phase of Normal life of the past which is now of most service to me, 1 think, was that which gave me increased ability to express myself readily and clearly. This increased facility in expression is not traceable to work done in any single study, or set of studies, or participation in any particular school activity. Rather is it traceable to influences at work steadily, if in secret, from the time I entered the school until I graduated four years later. But if asked to point to a known factor, or set of factors, in this good work of making my tongue perform its duties, I should point to The Recitation, The Forum, The Rhetoricals and-the girls! Yes, the girls. (If, apropos of this last "factor" the gauntlet of scoffing unbelief is thrown at my feet, I am prepared to defend my position.)

Not only in the schoolroom, but in teachers' meetings, meetings with parents, and everywhere, on the street or at home, I find myself better able to uphold the dignity of our profession because of what the Stevens Point Normal did for my expression. M. M. A. I believe that the idea of inductive teaching has as a method coming from the Normal, been to me the most helpful. I find every day that I am doing more satisfactory teaching and making my work more interesting to my pupils and myself, because I am using inductive methods.

Aside from methods I find my idea of what education really means has been greatly changed. I no longer think of mere book learning as an end, but that it is rather but one of the means to the end of developing the child into what he should be as a man or woman; that we are fitting boys and girls for life, and that the greatest work for a teacher is to guide them in the formation of right habits, not only of study and thought, but along ethical lines as well. We must remember we have to deal with moral beings as well as intellectual.

CARL OGDEN.

What work in the Normal is now helping memost in my school? I would prefer to have the superlative "most" omitted in my case, because I find so many things helpful that I want to talk about them all.

The professional and academic strength developed while in school is, of course, "most" helpful to me now, but I take it no such "strict construction" of the question is wanted.

The thing that has given me the most powerful leverage for good in the Whitehall school, is the knowledge of athletics gained while in the Normal. Heretofore there had seemed to be the want of a bond between the boys and the school-something to connect them with the class room and their active life outside. School to them was a place where they went as a matter of enforced duty; consequently there was a lack of common interest-a lack of what is commonly known as "school spirit," that is, the idea of the school pushing forward as a unit toward a common end. A growing interest in athletics is tending to bridge over this gap and is developing an attraction that is drawing boys into school who would otherwise not be there.

The experience and knowledge gained on the football field while in school has enabled me to lead the boys in the football work and direct their athletics. An athletic contest like all other contests in which the school's pride and honor are at stake, stimulates and fosters a common interest in a common cause, which is a healthy condition very essential to the strongest work in school. This "pull-together" attitude is one that is fast developing thru our work here in athletics.

ALFRED J. HERRICK.

#### A School Pin.

About this time each year the Seniors and Elementaries are beginning to think about a class pin. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have a school pin? One made so that it might be worn by every member of the school—undergraduate as well as alumnus and the members of the faculty too, if they should wish.

The pin, if worked out in the school colors, could have enough surface left plain, so that the finishing classes might have their year engraved on it—a simple '03 for the graduates and El. '03 for the Elements, while for the other classes it would be left plain until they reach the goal.

Pins ordered in large quantities, as these would be, are very much cheaper than when they are made a few at a time. Perhaps the artist members of the school will volunteer some good designs.

ALUMNUS.

### JOLLY COLUMNS.

#### Laff and Groe Phatt!

Lower classmen in hall—Let's go down and see the Political Economy class sew.

Wanted to know what kind of sensations accompany a free ride over the goal line.—Psychologists.

T-m D-v-r-Say, I'm afraid of Poly Con.

G-a-e V-u-ln—Didn't suppose any girl could frighten you.

Miss C-r-s-m-n (issuing orders to the girls' gymnasium class)—Heads up, chins in, hard, thighs overhead.

(Observation class discussing gender) Mr. L-v-ng-t-n—What is the masculine gender of duck? Mr. W-l-y promptly responds, gander.

Mr. W- - -y—Why isn't my way right? Miss R- -t- -r—It is; but oh, solong,Mr.W- - -y. Mr. W- - -y—Well, I still think I'm right.

Miss B-k-r during a bicycle trip reaches the top of a hill, panting and with hair flying.

Mrs. C-e-e-t—You look like the last rose of summer.

Miss B.—One consolation—I'm not left blooming alone. The Seniors are still wondering why S-n-um went to sleep in the Economics class a Thursday or so ago. Explanation in order at any time.

M-b-e L-t-l-Now, Eppa, take your seat and tomorrow I'll bring you a fudge.

Next day Eppa asks for his fudge and is asked where he took his seat to.

Mr. S-p-n-l-er (explaining feeling)—Now, Miss M-ss, supposs you were at a revival meeting, the spirit has moved you, and you go up the aisle; you are the center (girls giggle in the rear)—excuse me; there are other centers.

Mr. M-th-e (handing Psy. Prof. a torn and crumbled paper)-Here is my outline, Professor.

Mr. S- --r (Looking hard at M.)-Please sit on that before you hand it in.

#### My Love.

We stood at the bars as the sun sank low Behind a bed of crimson down. I knew my heart was all aglow, As I gazed into her eyes of brown.

I see her bathed in a sunlight flood, I see her peacefully standing now, Peacefully standing and chewing her cud, As I rubbed the eyes of our Jersey cow.

### The NORMAL POINTER

#### NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

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	'04	
EDITH M HILL,	04	Secretary

Address all business letters to the business manager. Articles solicited from former students and teachers.

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### EDITORIAL.

At a recent staff meeting it was decided to request the different classes to appoint a representative to report ''locals'' to the local editor. If this is done we shall no doubt have fuller gleanings of locals from the various classes.

Evidently it is necessary that to induce a more liberal supply of "copy," the would-be contributors should be tenderly and carefully weaned of their timidity and modesty. Therefore, a neat dropbox will be placed in a favorable place in the hall, into which, it is hoped, we may look, with pleasing results, many times before next issue.

Now, that school interests of the indoor kind are in order, we look forward to a live, earnest race for the honor of school orator. Can we not represent the state once more? There never were brighter prospects. Get into the contest if you think you can keep your feet on the floor and raise your voice to a height of at least nine feet, before a packed assembly room. Elements and Juniors! Do you realize your opportunity? Never mind if you can't "make good" this time, you may be able to make it in two jumps. Each year passed without a trial means smaller chance for success. And the girls! Girls, can you not find one among you all who can command that eloquence which will wring from your Oshkosh sister orator a share in the glory? You are backed by the back of the room.

The prospects for a strong field team are encouraging for next spring. Last year plenty of material was available, but was poorly handled. The training—the proper, systematic training which is so necessary—was begun far too late to bring out the best results. The effort expended in the short time available resulted in over-training (rather, abusive training) and did more harm than good. The men who expect to make any showing should now choose the events they wish to enter, and, during the winter, exercise to develop a foundation for the hard work in the spring.

Many of us underestimate the value of the few opportunitieswe have for appearing upon the rostrum; yet, a relatively permanent position there is the aim of each of us. But may not our aim in this respect be somewhat narrow? Our cherished dream may be that little rostrum upon which we hope to face the critical gaze of a youthful audience. Indeed, it is well to prepare diligently for that position, for, tell us where we can find more severe critics of the teacher than a roomful of sensitive, liberty-loving children? But is not the rostrum for which we are preparing, one that is subject to the careful scrutiny and judgment of an unrelenting world of equals and superiors? On that rostrum we will need every ounce of self-comcommand in our possession-and it counts. Do we need-just a little-preparation? Compare the self-posession of one who has been intimately associated with a debating society, with that of one who is making his (or her) first appearance upon the rostrum, and you cannot but confess that JUST A LITTLE MORE preparation is a thing sincerely to be wished.

# LOCALS.

Senior Greeting-Did you get an apple?

Prof. S-nd-r (in Psy.)—Who can explain Miss Gesell? (No answer.)

"Success is the reward of toil," so say those who got below 75 during "A Week of Trial."

One of the main features of Friday night's revel was the resurrection of our modern Lazarus, Mr. S-n-um.

Mr. Townsend has returned to school. Pupils welcome him back, but are sorry that he has felt the need of spectacles.

Wanted, To know who the laugh is on, those who borrowed the hats, or the other parties.— School at Large.

A class in basket weaving has been organized under Miss Reitler. A class of nearly fifty will meet every Saturday morning.

Professor in Psy.—Please don't fold your papers. It always has a bad moral effect on me. Inference—I feel like swearing!!!

The Seniors entertained the Juniors at a Hallowe'n party last Friday night. Is it chalk or fright that keeps the poor Juniors white yet?

Mrs. Clement was a proud wearer of the "blue and the gold" Monday morning. But it should have been the noble "Cardinal."

Things are beginning to look black for Tawmy. He makes too good a "Satan's Own" at a masquerade for his "Majesty" to forget him.

Query—Why is it that Miss Br-ns-n is so much more of a belle here at Normal school than she was at the High? The lady herself does not seem to understand it.

The first milestone is passed, and seekers of knowledge well started on the second. Best wishes of the Pointer to those who are bound to "get there."

Miss Erickson aud Miss Edwards have withdrawn to teach, Miss Erickson to fill a temporary position at Neilsville. Miss Edwards will teach near Medford. Some of the new arrivalsthis quarter are: Henry Stinson, Kate Fisher, Milo Wood, I, Harvey Mc-Donald, J. O. Hill aud Levi Townsend.

The following students withdrew at the close of the year: Misses Erickson, Edwards, Riggs, Niven, Newell, and Mr. J. C. Gates. All expect to teach.

Mrs. Bradford said she met fifty former Normalites at Menomonie. All were glad to hear that the alma mater was so well represented by her faithful subjects.

Go to Miss C-ll-ns for the recipe for making fudge. She is an old hand at the process, having made several boxes for a particular young youth this season. Is it to work up trade?

With the opening of the new term came the assignment of new seats to different people, especially in the vicinity of row 1, seats 8 and 9. Jolly "bunch," no doubt. Next——?

Boys, be careful and have strings tied to your hats when you again visit that "haven of rest" on Division street. Styles are becoming more masculine every day, you know. Better watch out!

Our worthy Junior president spent a few days in northeastern Wisconsin this quarter, delivering books which his persuasive genius had imposed upon innocent country people.

The question of co-education is exciting much interest in the Assembly room. Is it because the presence of girls in a school gives the boys effeminate characteristics that we have won so many games of football ???

Miss DeRiemer gave the school a very interesting talk on the island of Ceylon, its geographical aspect, and the habits and customs of the people. Miss DeRiemer dwelt mostly on the poorer class, as they are the most interesting. The talk was beautifully illustrated by sketches on the board, and Miss Grace DeRiemer dressed in the costume of a native for our special benefit. In conclusion the Misses DeRiemer sang some of the native songs of the country. To the happy flunkers—oil won't be any cheaper this quarter (nor next.)

The proper song for the quarter is, "Roses that wither, etc." To be sung "dirge."

"In gym, they all look alike, anyway—" says one of the girls. Boys, there's no use discriminating.

Fresh (reading)—"The tree moaned and groaned under the weight of unripe fruit." Strange, isn't it?

Senior—Certainly not, you shallow-brained idiot; if you had that load of green apples in you, you would groan too.

Why can't this school have a rousing catchy song and original air? To our musical and poetical talent—may you not combine; may not the muse inspire if she is sought? Let as have your verse and music.

The first number of the Normal Lecture course, "Banda Rossa," was heartily received by a large and appreciative audience on Nov. 11. The Lecture committee is to be congratulated on the choice they made for the opening number.

At an open meeting of the Forum, Nov. 7, an interesting feature on the program was a fiction contest. The participants were to read original compositions, a slight prize being offered for the best article. More of this class of work would improve the literary program not a little; but it should be remembeeed that vulgarity is not humor and should not be tolerated.

Elements and Juniors were proud wearers of their class colors Monday last. It is difficult to make a choice as to which class excelled in colortaste or amount of color displayed, but the Ele ments were discounted on account of having no class yell.

At its opening meeting this fall the Forum took possession of its new room on the third floor. With chairs and tables kept in neat arrangement, and the bust of Wendell Philips (trophy of intersociety debate) conspicuous on the wall, the room is attractive and is a credit to the society. However, in order to entice truant members still more, in time pictures and appropriate furniture and armament will be added.

Upon entering the Assembly room during the study hours one is impressed by the studious attitudes of the Seniors, Juniors, Elements and Freshmen. All about the room are groups of students who SEEM to be studying until the giggle of the girls or the ha-ha of the boys make us think different This noise disturbs the people who wish to study, so let us all do unto others as we wish them to do unto us, and then we will have an ideal study room.

#### The Y. W. C. A. Convention.

In the beautiful little city of Whitewater, on Oct. 16—19, was held a convention in which all the Young Women's Christian associations in Wisconsin were interested. There were over one hundred delegates present at the convention, from schools all over the state. Among the schools represented were Madison University, Wayland Academy, Milton, Beloit, Lawrence, Ripon and Carroll colleges, and Milwaukee, Whitewater and Oshkosh Normals. Platteville and Stevens Point Normals have no organizations of this kind, but felt interested and also sent delegates.

The convention was held for the purpose of discussing the work done by the association during the past year, and of planning for next year. It was led by some of the finest women of the broadest intellect and culture in the state.

To attend such a meeting filled one with inspiration. I wish every girl here might have been there. Then we would have come back with a firm resolution that such an association must be organized among us. In any school where there is such an organization it ranks among the highest in the school. We have no organization in our school which brings us in touch with the university and college and high school girl, and none which uplifts us mentally, physically and spiritually. The Y. W. C. A. will do that. With the right kind of a spirit and enthusiasm it will not be a difficult matter to form such an association here.

Let us think about it, girls.

WILMA A. GESELL.

Some people here don't know the difference between the purple and "gold", and "yellow."

We are pleased (and some of us confused) to see upon the bulletin board of the societies the weekly programs of Die deutsche Unterhaltungs-Gesellschaft.

The "latest and nobbiest" are the new ties worn by the occupants of the cherry tops. The ties are made of cardinal silk with '03 and S. P. N. worked in mace on the ends. The cardinal and mace are the Senior colors.

A German club has been organized by some of the German speaking members of the school. A constitution in German was drawn up by some of the enthusiastic workers, assisted by Miss Gray, the German instructor.

The Recreation club, formerly known as the Wheeling club, has taken many enjoyable runs about the country. A later feature of the club will be a skating pond, which it is hoped will be ready as soon as a good freezing weather sets in. Get your skates and liniment ready.

Prof. Sechrist gave us a very interesting talk the other day on what he saw and heard at the meeting of the teachers' association at Menomonie. The professor said that what interested him most was a talk on the "Good and Bad Effects of Books," by one of the ladies present.

About a week before Hallowe'en the Juniors were surprised to find in their seats a card with their name written on it, attached to a walnut with ribbon. What did it mean? Truly here was a "nut to crack." Acting on this thot the nut was cracked and, behold, the inside contained a folded piece of tissue paper inviting the Juniors to a Hallowe'n party at the Gym.

The evening of the 31st came and at8:00the Juniors were at the east door in a body. At length the door opened and a dark-robed spirit escorted the Juniors one by one to the ante-room. A moment of suspense and we enter the kingdom of His Satanic Majesty. The ghostly figures, the genuine skulls, the harsh, discordant sounds, make the guests hurry through.

We entered the Gym, which was lighted with jack-o'-lanterns. Soon we were enjoying ourselves as only students can, dancing, bobbing for apples, getting our fortunes told and finding our partners. Refreshments were served, and then the Senior president announced that they would try to resurrect the school spirit that had been buried for the past year.

Solemnly we filed out of the building and walked back on the campus. The grave was reached. Mephisto with waving sword commanded Antonio to dig; dig faster, faster. Soon the coffin was reached. The shovel rubbed harshly on the boards. No sound. Mephisto commanded that the school yell be given to awaken the sleeper. We gave it right heartily. The top of the coffin was raised. A form wrapped in a shroud sprang from the grave and disappeared in the direction of the Normal. Chase was given, but the spirit could not be found, altho it is certain that he is now present.

We then started for home, some of us taking long devious paths, and before we retired that night we gave mentally a credit mark to the Seniors for the pleasant time they had given us.

In the early fall President Pray received a letter from President Harvey of the University of Chicago, saying that that university intended to offer a limited number of scholarships of the value of \$120, the amount of tuition for one year, to such graduates of Normal schools as might be properly recommended. Mr. Pray was asked to name two, one lady and one gentleman, tho it was possible if the number of applicants was too large only one could be appointed. The offer was made public, but no young man made application, tho several applications and inquiries were made by young women. Miss Edith Hamacker, of the class of '98, who had been continuously employed in the schools of Stevens Point for more than four years and who was strongly recommended by both superintendents Simonds and Simmons, and who wished to take up the study of English at the university, was named to Pres. Harper. Later, on being notified of her appointment, she resigned her position in the 8th grade at Stevens Point and entered the University of Chicago at the opening of the fall quarter.

### ATHLETICS.

#### Lawrence 65, Stevens Point 0. "Do my eyes deceive me?"

But cheer up; "it might have been worse", although this is the worst that has yet happened to a Normal football team. But when the circumstances are taken into consideration it isn't to be wondered at that Stevens Point came out second best. In the first place Lawrence has over twice as many students to draw from in selecting a team and throughout the whole football season they have the advantage of having as coach one of the greatest football players in the country. Their men averaged from 15 to 20 pounds per man heavier than the Normal, yet they were unable to gain through our line and it was mainly by end runs with fine interference that they were able to run up such a large score. Powers did some fine tackling for the Normal until he was forced to retire.

On September the 24th the Second Normal team met the Medford High School team here. The day was windy and disagreeable for spectators and as a result only the most ardent football enthusiasts were out to see the game. In the first half Stevens Point rather easily got two touchdowns, mainly on end plays, and kicked one goal, making the score 11 to 0.

In the second half Medford play d a better game, allowing the Normal only one touchdown, from which no goal was kicked. They worked the ball up to Stevens Point's three-yard line, where they were held for downs by the Normal. Time was called soon after with the score 16 to 0 in Stevens Point's favor.

Stevens Point was much superior to them in team work and show the effects of better coaching.

Now that the football season is practically over, we are beginning to think about basket ball. There is a prospect of six good games, and possibly more; but the schedule has not been definitely settled. Two games will be played with each of the following teams: Wausau, Weyauwega and Oshkosh, one here with each team and one at each place named.

#### "Heavy Snow"

The game between the second team and Wausau Business college at Wausau closed the football season with us. The Normal team didn't anywhere near put up the game they are capable of and allowed the Wausau team to score so much as they pleased, that when time was called they had 40 points to their credit, and Stevens Point had a hollow feeling. Wausau was heavier than Stevens Point and had some advantage on this account, but the score would have been much smaller had the Normals gone into the game with that fighting spirit which generally lands a team on top and which has been simply "out of sight" in both Normal teams this year.

In looking over the record of the season we find that the first team scored a total of 15 points in three games, while their opponents scored 93.4

Lawrence made almost as many points in the game against Stevens Point this year as they have made altogether since the Normal first had a football team. The second team scored 16 points to their opponents' 40 in two games played.

The Normal has always ranked among the best teams in the state, outside of Beloit and the University, and unless we gain our lost honors next year on the football field, we will have to be contented with a victory now and then over some little High school.

A long schedule should not be arranged with strong teams unless it is pretty certain that we can have a team that will properly and respectably represent the school, and not one made up of scrubs who practice together for a few days in order to get a trip. But credit is due to those few men who have worked hard all season and practiced faithfully; but it takes more than these to make a team.

The work of the season has shown the necessity of having an outside coach for a part of the season and this would certainly help to keep up the interest in the game.

The school spirit was buried one short year ago, but it was resurrected a little too late to be of service this year in football. We hope it will stay with us through the next football season.

# DEPARTMENT.

#### SEWING.

Sewing is one of those occupations which are most easily and frequently introduced into the public school room.

The practical value of the work in sewing is fairly well recognized, but some question its educational value. Advocates of this work in public schools believe that the educational value of sewing, in training the eye and hand, in developing ingenuity, precision, patience and industry, in cultivating good taste, love of beauty and appropriateness of dress, makes it an approved means of culture.

Sewing is a means of thot expression. Having in mind the broader aim of general training, we may claim for sewing that it tends to develop in girls habits of muscular control, of neatness and order, and the habit of perseverance, resulting from prolonged efforts crowned by success.

Power gained here helps in concentration of mind on other subjects than this. This subject also helps to the formation of habits of accuracy and truth. The girl is accustomed to reach thru several exercises a certain degree of accuracy. She is taught that two inches is two inches, not a sixteenth more or less. This consciousness that whatever is right, is right, and that something only approximately true is wrong, will influence her work in every line of activity.

This work in sewing may be instrumental in developing habits of an ethical nature. A little girl in her sewing lesson has succeeded in making an apron or towel. She is happy because she has accomplished something. The product of her labor becomes her own, and she finds pleasure in giving it to her mother, sister or playmate. She is happy in doing this act. It may be insignificant in itself, but it is an act of the right sort.

The girl's knowledge of nature is increased by a

consideration of the sources and values of the materials which she uses in sewing.

In sewing class we have made a good many little things which I am going to keep and look at when I am older. We had a piece of burlap and with red wool we made the uneven basting and under that the even basting. The other stitches we made on the burlap were the combination stitch, which is one back stitch and two running stitches, the back stitch, half back stitch, and others. Then we overcasted it around the edge.

Later we made a little doily on some muslin. We also wove. We took a piece of cardboard and punched holes in it with our needles and put in the woof and warp threads. Now I am making a very nice little doily with a daisy on it.

ROSETTA M. JOHNSON, 5th Grade.

We have half an hour every day for sewing, and in this half hour I have learned a good deal. I have learned the even and uneven stitches and the combination stitch. In the combination stitch you take one back stitch and two running stitches. We have also learned the back stitch, the half back stitch and overcasting. These were all made on one piece of cloth and sewed with red thread.

I did a little design of a cross. I worked it with red thread, a running stitch and overcasted it with red thread. We have learned to match stripes crossways, up and down and bias.

We hemmed towels for the kitchen. We learned to darn and have made doilies. I worked my doily with purple, green and gold thread and fringed the edges. The design was pansies, which I drew. They were very pretty. I think sewing is very interesting.

LILLIAN CASBY, 6th Grade.







The High School News contains a good article on The Ku-Klux Clan.

**Professor** (in physics)—Tell me what you know about decomposition in forces. Student—It's all rot.—Ex.

**The Dog**—I hear there were nine lives lost in that smash-up the other day.

The Horse-Who were they?

The Dog-A cat was killed .- Ex.

The Stoughton High School Days will be yastly improved if they would condescend to descend from their pulpit and laugh instead of preaching platitudes.

He walked out on a summer's day As stately as a prince, He slipped upon a banana peel, And hasn't banana-where since.—Ex.

He (of Chicago)—Speaking of good literature, are you fond of "Crabbe's Tales?"

She (of New York)-Never tasted any, but I certainly do love pigs' feet.

First Monkey-And man was once our equal?

Second Monkey—Yes; but look at him now. Long ago he lost his tail, and now he frequently loses his head.

The Island City Student of Cumberland, Wis., is an attractive, breezy little paper. Mr. J. H. Ames, '02, is principal of this school and is enjoying the same success there he had here. Accept the well wishes of the Pointer.

We note that Prof. M. Ames has been engaged to coach the football team of Ryan High school. Judging from the game between Stevens Point High and Ryan High his work has brought good results. **Tramp** (as he hurried over the fence)—Well, if that ain't the rudest dog! He not only made me get up, but he took my seat.

What proportion of your graduating class entered the University?

"About fifty per cent."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, the other fellow didn't come."

Husband (Wrestling with pie)-Oh!-

Wife—Well, John, what is the matter? I made the pie out of Livewell's Cookery book.

Husband--J thought so. You might at least have taken the leather backs off first. I can't get my teeth thru it.

The Ryan Clarion of Appleton is very strong in the amount of News it contains. It would be much improved, however, if it contained a literary department. It contains in the October number an excellent parody of Hamlet's soliloquy entitled "The Student's Soliloquy."

**Friend**—Your son played on the footbal team, didn't he?

Fond Mother-Yes.

Friend-Quarter back?

Fond Mother—Oh, yes, he's nearly all back. You see he only lost one ear and a thumb.

If an S and an I and an O and a U With an X at the end spells Su, And an E and a Y and E spell I, Then what is a speller to do?

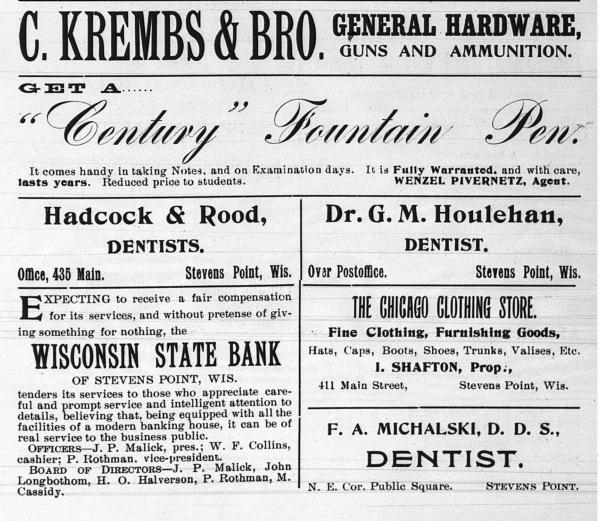
Then if also an S and I and G And an H E D spell cide, There is nothing much left For a speller to do But to go and commit Siouxeyesighed.—Ex.

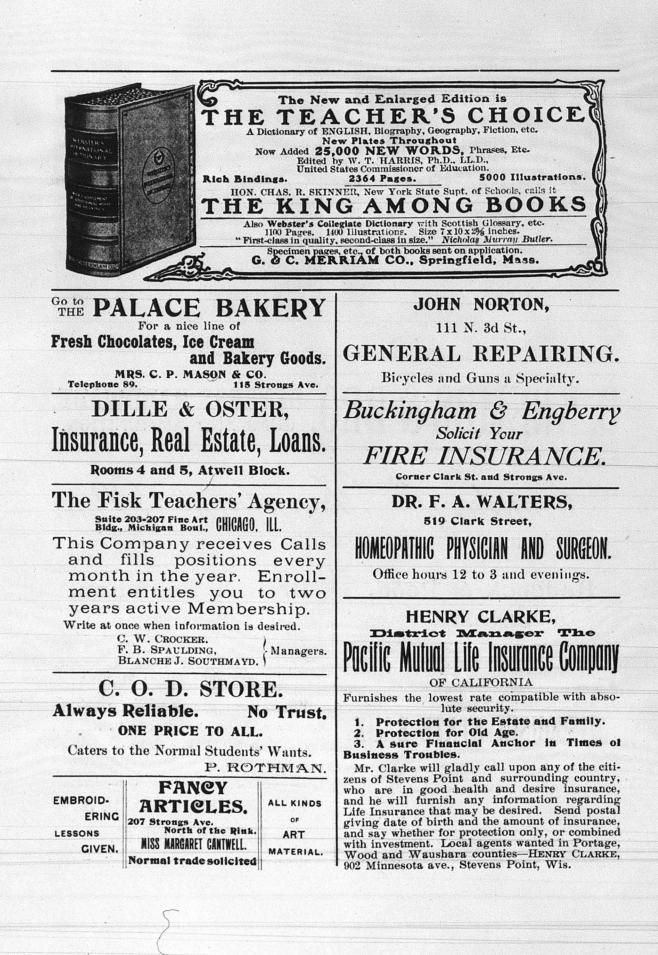
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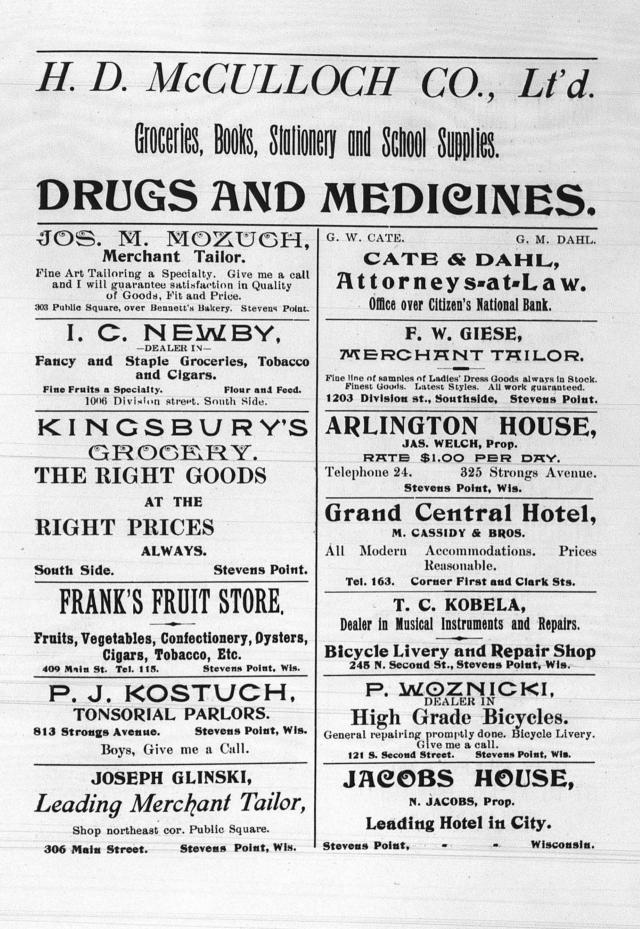
Dancing is an art. Nothing characterizes the lady or gentleman as much as good manners, politeness and true gracefulness. Awkwardness is most frequently caused by incorrect habits of position and motion. It is then highly important to form correct habits of motion, as early as possible. Nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that the simple practice of the various dances creates gracefulness. Careful training in the various movements of dancing is very essential. Pupils should be taught what constitutes true gracefulness, and educated to an appreciation of the highest expressions of intelligence and culture that can be given by means of motion.



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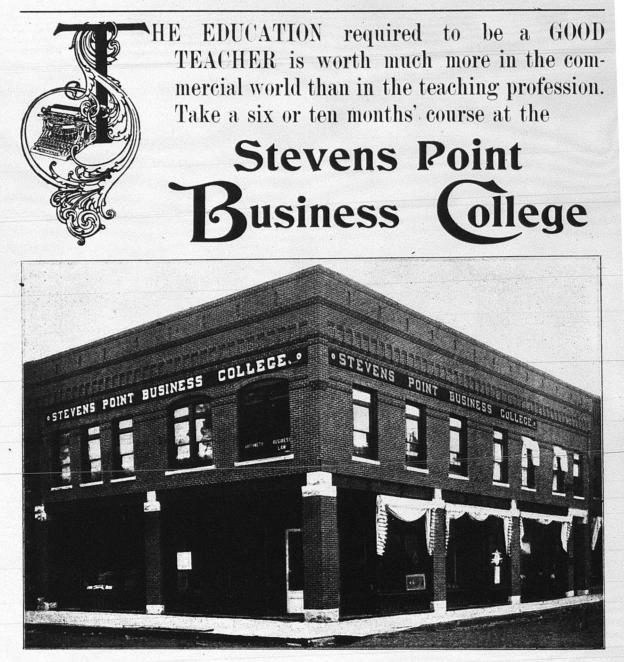
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