

THE NORMAL POINTER.

Vol. XI.

Stevens Point, Wis., November 15, 1905.

No. 2.

L * I * T * E * R * A * R * Y

THE EAST AND WEST.

To the Westerner, Boston and New England are a far away promised land, the land of his forefathers and of history and romance, a land which he hopes some day to see and to enjoy. He has read its literature, studied its history, rejoiced in its achievements. To him, Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill are as dear and more interesting than to one born and raised on Beacon Hill; he is willing in every way to admit Boston's greatness. But he knows that not all of the aesthetic culture or intellectual and moral strenuousness of our country lies east of the Berkshire hills—he has had his vision broadened, his heart warmed, his energies quickened, by the sight of the marvellous extent, the teeming activity and the glorious promise of life in the broad stretching regions towards the setting sun.

There is a common opinion in the West that the Eastern people are bean eaters. This opinion is well founded, and is not a joke, but a sad truth, a truth that is forced upon the Westerner every Saturday evening, while he is in the East, much to his digestive discomfort.

To a Westerner to eat beans is more or less of a social disgrace. It implies that you are on the verge of bankruptcy and starvation. No man born and raised in the rich and fertile land west of the Berkshire hills ever willingly eats Boston baked beans, he can never become accustomed to the labor of digesting the deadly dish, and when he goes East he soon sees why the New Englanders are such a strong and virile people; it is the survival of the strongest, their diet has killed off all the weak and delicate. The Easterner, no matter how his stomach revolts, must eat his beans

every Saturday night, at least, and his codfish balls Sunday morning. To him it is a sign of supremacy, of Brahminism. His fathers ate beans and codfish because they had nothing else; he eats them because his fathers did. It stamps him as Eastern and as aesthetic. Its the proper thing.

The Westerner is not so bound to the past. In no part of this country, however, can you find a truer, and more unaffected desire for intellectual and aesthetic improvement than in the West. Good music, good literature, good art, are welcomed, enjoyed and sought after, not because its the thing to do, not because you have learned to be aesthetic, under compulsion, but because you are human, imaginative and full of unsatisfied longings for higher things. It is true, the West may have more people who are frankly and outspokenly philistine, who deliberately say that they hate art and classical music and sublimated literature, and who would rather see or own a thousand fine cattle than a painting of equal value, or look upon the nodding heads of a hundred acres of ten-foot corn, than upon the heads of a hundred Bostonians at a lecture on mediaeval art; but these characters are incidental to a new, strenuous, and necessarily materialistic country. Again the Westerner is more frank and outspoken in such regards; he doesn't pretend to care for art, or music, or literature, when it's all a bore to him.

When your Western man is artistic and aesthetic, he is not so because his father and grandfather were, or because his set is, or because he has read a few art books and learned a few literary quotations because he thot that he must; but he is artistic and aesthetic because God made

him so; the impulse comes from within and not from without. He does not go to hear Bernhart or Duse, in a foreign language, when he would rather be at Keith's Vaudeville; he doesn't listen to a lecture on mediaeval art when he would rather be playing billiards, he doesn't go and grouch thru an evening at Grand Opera when he would prefer to hear a German band; he doesn't have to, he can be a man respected, successful, and admired, even if he has no ear for music, or no eye for art, or no taste for Browning.

Would not the same frankness and honesty seriously lower the number of professing aesthetic people in Boston even? Would it not give a new lease of life to many who must cram up on art and music and literature that they may impress and paralyze their Western friends? Would it not relieve the Westerner, who sometimes has some real aesthetic feeling, from having his highest moments of aesthetic contemplation and enjoyment ruined and broken by the tiresome quotations, criticisms, and airing of knowledge of technique by his book-made aesthetic Eastern friends?

Eastern people in their accent, in their haughty devotion to the artistic, in their sublime confidence of intellectual superiority, seem to the Westerner, on first acquaintance, to be extremely affected and formal, but in time he learns to discriminate, and to value at its real worth the evident advantages and privilege the Easterners enjoy, and to realize that in no place in this country can a person of real intellectual and artistic tastes be happier than in Boston.

But on the other hand, the Easterner, who sees nothing in the West but the smoke of factories and the herds of cattle and fields of corn, and who hears nothing but the whirl of reapers, the buzzing of saw mills, and the squeal of dying pigs, who does not realize the ideality, the hope and promise of a more glorious future which is in the heart of every Westerner, certainly is blind.

The West may be crude, but it is honest about it. It may be materialistic but it is certainly no closer with its dollars than the New Englanders are with their cents. It may lack aesthetic oppor-

tunity but does not lack a deep vigorous and growing aesthetic feeling and desire.

Eastern bred teachers are helping to educate the West. The best blood from the West flows into our Eastern colleges and professional schools.

This interchange is of mutual advantage and is bringing East and West together into intellectual and aesthetic solidarity.

FRANK N. SPINDLER

DE WORL' OB THINGS.

Deres lots of things down hyar below,
Dem little things dat allus show
A whole heap mor'n folks ud know,—
Unless dem things ud say, "jes so."

Deres lots ob things down hyar dats real—
"Real things" dat all de people feel
An' takes a long time fer to heal—
Things folks won' heah unless you squeal.

Deres lots ob things de boys won' do—
De "proper things"—An' dere so few
Dat I can't point 'em out to you,—
I couldn't reconize 'em, too.

Deres lots ob things dey say ain't right
An' dey am allus in plain sight.
De wrong things allus come to light;
An' then, some folks see things at night.

Deres lots ob things dat fill up space,
De "whole things" hab dere little place:
But when de "whole thing" am yer face,
Its ap' ter be a seru's case.

De only things dat I can't see
Is I ain't like I orter be;
But things all look alike to me
When I git writin' poetry.

Deres lots ob things I knows am bes'
But some seem better—mo' er less—
An' mos' of you ul all say, "Yes,
De thing dats bes' fo you is res'."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND DEMOCRACY.

Recent press reports from Russia confirm the belief that democracy has taken another step toward universal dominion. It has become customary to associate the principle of freedom with institutions of government and to see corresponding effects in religion, customs, manners. It is the purpose of this article to note some change in the attitude to language due to the same spirit and particularly to read the seal of freedom in the genius of the English language.

There was a time when it was thought by English writers of scientific works that the language of the common people was unfit to express thoughts of high and permanent value. And not very long ago, only the ancient languages were considered worthy the regard of scholarship. As Prof. Jespersen says, "People were taught to look down on modern languages as mere dialects, and to worship Greek and Latin; the richness of forms found in those languages came naturally to be considered the beau ideal of linguistic structure. To men fresh from grammar-school training, no language would seem respectable that had not four or five distinct cases and three genders and a complicated verb-system. Accordingly the languages that had lost much of their richness in grammatical forms, such as the English, were looked upon with something of the pity bestowed on relatives in reduced circumstances, or the contempt felt for foreign paupers." Schleicher held that "in historical times all languages move downhill. The idioms spoken by us are senile relics." Again more specifically, "our words, as contrasted with Gothic words, are like a statue that has been rolling for a long time in the bed of a river till its beautiful limbs have been worn off, so that now scarcely anything remains but a polished stone cylinder with faint indications of what once it was."

But the modern questioner of authority is not sure that while the world has been moving forward in other lines, in this, its means of communication, it has lost more than it has gained, that language has become less and less efficient. Can it be true that the loss of inflections shown in all European languages of historical times,

shown far more in English than in any other language is due to the decay of anything worth preserving? Have we not made a distinct practical gain at least by the loss of all case forms but one in nouns, of the dual number, of arbitrary uses such as the German for knife, fork, and spoon which require adjective modifiers of three different genders? Is it a loss to possess a little unpretentious word *had* which does the work of the original giant Gothic *habaidedaima* and serves the purpose of fourteen other grand signors of word-forms equally cumbersome and unwieldy however venerable they may seem? The English language traces its development along the line of greatest simplicity down from remote Indo-European ancestry. If "linguistic history means decay of languages as such, subjugated as they are thru the gradual evolution of the mind to great freedom," the inference in regard to the English language is plain. It would seem to one unschooled in the philosophy of language that the inflectional endings are so many fetters, that the complicated forms set up to receive the thought are exacting and impede freedom of thought which we associate with democracy.

The English language and representative government were born in the same place and thru the conflict of centuries the spirit of liberty developed and the language kept pace with that development, reflecting as in a mirror the thinking of the race. This process of simplification had gone on before the Norman conquest. In the shock of conflict between dialect and dialect of Teuton tribes, the inflections fell away from the roots and were lost. Dane and Saxon conversing would make sure of the roots which they recognized as common and would let the endings shift for themselves. They desired one thing—to be understood—and had no prepossessions due to education or authority. The Norman conquerors gave for a time a check alike to the liberties of the people and to their language, but soon the common people and their language again rose in triumph.

The English grammar is the simplest of all grammars and the vocabulary the most difficult of all. The grammar represents the constitution and temper of the mind of the race. The vocabulary

is difficult because made up of words from foreign languages. The simple English syntax represents the mind of one who is free and tolerant of ideas.

On account of this it was easy to introduce foreign words for, it was not necessary to make adjustments to fit the new words into their new environs. There were few inflections to exact certain adaptation of form from the foreign word. The foreign form would, if changed at all, probably be shortened and simplified.

Chancer wrote so well in what was then colloquial English that his language bade fair to become the standard. But no, it was too largely the language of the court. The standard of English must be the speech of the common people. In that part of England which is round Derbyshire grew up the simplest dialect of all. It was in this that Wycliffe translated the Bible and Purvey revised it the better to keep the language in conformity with that of the common people of the district. When freedom of thought attacked the authority of the church, this simple speech was its dialect and the Reformation in England, and Puritanism and the Commonwealth are to be associated with the predominance of the simple English of the Bible. Purvey, before mentioned, was followed by Tyndale and King James' version closely followed Tyndale's. The English Protestant and this version are inseparably associated. The "big ha' Bible" was the only book in the house of many a peasant. Its language became sacred and was impressed on many generations of Englishmen by daily readings in the family circle. And this is genuine, idiomatic English, the bone and sinew of the language of today.

When English is viewed in the light of its history, the meaning of Burke's statement becomes clearer when he says "An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. His speech would betray him." A line from Woodsworth's sonnets also comes to mind:

"He must be free or die who speaks the tongue that Shakespeare spake."

When we become impressed with the spread of civil liberty, when liberal ideas sweep over

Russia and enter even China the stronghold of absolutism, it is not surprising to learn that the English language, the instrument and image of liberating thought, has had the largest growth of all the languages in this the century of democracy. Since 1800 the French language has made a gain of 60%, German 133%, the English 525%. It is fast becoming the link between the orient and the occident.

It is "already spoken in every store from Yokohama to Rangoon, already taught in the military and naval colleges of China and in the schools of Japan and Siam, already employed in the telegraphic service of Japan, China, and Korea, and stamped upon the silver coins that issue from the mints of Osaka and Canton, already used by Chinamen themselves as a means of communication between subjects of different provinces of their mighty empire, is destined with absolute certainty to be the language of the Far East. Its sound will go out into all lands and its words unto the ends of the world.

F. K. SECHRIST.

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

Is virtue in another art

To sweetly soothe a saddened heart
As is in celestial strains?

The power to banish dark Dispair,
Together with the culprit Care,
Supreme in music reigns.

What else can vent the passion wild,
The tumult of a mind defiled?
Can aught else serve so to express
The shy desire of tenderness?
Or comfort e'en our dying breath
And thus defy the power of Death?

What other power can sway the soul
With ecstatic sweep and swell?
What power can grandeur thus unroll,
Or soar thus swiftly to the spire
Of kindling thought or flashing ire?
Save that which does with music dwell?

What else can lift the clinging cloud
That hides Divinity from view?
Can aught beside thus breathe aloud
All that's divine and good and true?
The might of melody supreme
Rules o'er the music student's dream.

MY COURTSHIP.

During her lifetime, my mother had often urged me to marry, but I never heeded her words; for I had no time to consider such matters. I was kept busy from early till late by athletics and politics. I was general manager of the Athletic Association, and I played in the first baseball, football, and basketball teams of my native town. My fellow citizens had at various times conferred offices of trust and honor upon me. So, with all my work, I never felt the need of a wife, and every time my mother approached me with that subject I put her off by saying, I'd think about it. However, when my good, patient mother was preparing for that journey from which there is no return, she called me to her bedside and made me solemnly promise to marry before two more years had passed.

After a few months, when the gentle hand of time was beginning to heal the wound caused by her death, I began to think of my promise. Now I was beginning to feel the need of some kind, loving spirit in my home, and found myself often repeating these words, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him." I said to myself, "I must find a helpmeet," for disorder reigned supreme. My meals were never on time and they were cooked in such a way that I became dyspeptic. The buttons from my clothes were gone, and how ridiculous I felt, when sewing them on, or when darning my socks. I felt that I must get married and end such a state of affairs.

At that time I was running for assemblyman, and therefore concluded not to marry any one of the daughters of my townspeople; for in order to assure my election, the support of every one of my party was necessary; so I did not deem it wise to become estranged from any of my friends by marrying somebody else's daughter.

One day, as I was glancing over the newspaper, my eye fell upon the following:

"Young ladies, please write to me; I am sick at the hospital and am very lonesome."

"MARION CRAWFORD,
Oakdale, Wis."

The words "and am very lonesome," haunted

me, for they expressed my own feeling. I became interested in this Marion, and my mind's eye began to picture her. She appeared to me as tall and slender, with soft brown eyes and dark, curly hair, and as being very modest and refined. Bold she certainly was not; otherwise she would have asked the members of the opposite sex to write to her.

I began to wish I could devise some means by which I might correspond with her. After a great deal of consideration I decided upon this plan: I would write to her but sign my name "Bertha Holmes," instead of Bert my real name, and my letters should be of such a nature as would fill her with respect and admiration for me. Then —, well, I'd first find out whether she fulfilled my ideal; there was no need of hurrying the affair.

My first letter was written, and after a few days of impatient waiting, hers arrived. She told me that she had received some injuries in a dreadful railroad accident, and had been at the hospital for nearly a month, and would have to stay at least a month longer. She also stated that she was all alone in the world, and was a teacher by profession.

In my second letter, I told her as much as I could about myself without revealing my identity.

Our friendship flourished; for she too was interested in politics and athletics. She had a true insight into the great political questions of the day and discussed them in clear and forceful language. Her enthusiasm for athletics was another great source of satisfaction to me. Indeed I said to myself, "she'd be just the wife for me. She'd be the beacon light of my career, and not the stumbling block which a wife is so apt to be."

I also learned from her letters that she was industrious and frugal, for she mentioned the facts that she had sewed buttons to her coat, and had darned her hose. Once she told me that they had very poor bread at the hospital. "Ah!" I said to myself, "she knows good bread, and no doubt can bake it herself."

I thot of "My Marion," as I fondly called her, by day and dreamt of her by night. I pictured

her as presiding over my household, and my happiness knew no bounds.

One day I received a letter in which she stated that in about a week she'd leave the hospital, and that she would visit me on her homeward journey. I decided that the time had come for me to tell her all. So I wrote a long letter to her stating the true circumstances, and entreating forgiveness for the deception. I spoke of my great loneliness, and the pleasure derived from her letters. I told her how my admiration for her had ripened into love, and ended my letter by asking her to become the good angel of my home and heart.

I knew I'd have to wait at least two days before I could possibly hear from her. Altho I felt pretty certain of a favorable reply, time dragged along wearily, but I tried to bear the suspense patiently. Once only I lost my temper, and talked rather plainly to my cook. In a fit of rage she left. I laughed when I saw her go; for the thot that my sweet tempered Marion would soon relieve me of all responsibility with cooks and all other such cranks, filled me with unspeakable joy.

In due time her letter arrived. How my heart beat when I broke the seal! At last I held the single sheet of paper in my hand and read as follows:

"Am awfully sorry to blight your hopes forever, but mine are blighted at the same time, for I'm a man too."

EMMA F. LINSE.

BIOGRAPHICAL WEATHER.

My life has been a stormy one, I'm told :
It must be so ; to prove it I have tried.
When I was small I kicked and screamed and
rolled,
And rocked in my canoe, and cried.

But, as I older grew, fierce squalls arose,
Squalls such as shriek and rave and then
lament,
As, dying slowly, moaning toward their close,
Fair childhood's sails they leave with many a
rent.

Terrific storms of petulance and pride
Then swept my willful way thru pathless seas ;

While passion's outburst rode the foaming tide
Of fate which stranded me on father's knees.

But, as I learned, the world's weren't made for
one,
Nor were they e'er created yet for three ;
But skies that stooped o'er river and o'er run
Saw but us happy two, myself and "she."

Then storms of ecstasy beat round my heart ;
She carried me away—then let me fall ;
My heart was broken by the shock: my part
Was just to simply grin and bear it all.

I saved the pieces mid whirlwinds of grief,
Nor minded wrathful cloud or water spout ;
But dried my eyes, consoled in the belief
That *othez* hearts to sorrow would "go out."
A sea of safety then before me lay,
But foul winds of flirtation soon assailed ;
My course was changed, I tacked, and short-
ened "stay,"
Then let her drift—a pilot has not hailed.

—SENIOR.

WHAT HE'S GOT.

He aint got much o' nothin',
So fer as I can see,
To make the gals all take to him,
When they don't kere fer me.
His hair aint bery curly,
An' his nose aint bery strait,
His mouf am suttinly too la'ge—
De fac' am, it am great.
His eyes am full o' dreamin',
An' he wears dat simple smile
Dat sholy cha'ms de purty maids
Fer quite a little while.
De dough dats in his pocket
Aint wuth de countin' sho,
An' all de facks dats in his head
Am mighty little mo'.
He aint got much o' nothin',
'Cept his literary style,
He aint got much o' nothin',
'Cept his fascinatin' smile!
But what he's got dat I aint got
Dat makes me mighty sad.
Am a dad with heaps o' money—
An accommodatin' dad.

The NORMAL POINTER

NOVEMBER 15, 1905.

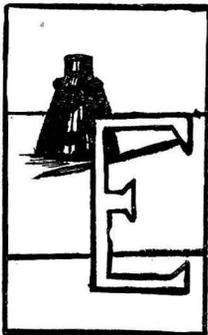
Published monthly by the students of the sixth State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Terms of Subscription—Local delivery 75 cents per annum, payable in advance. Post Office delivery \$1.00 per annum. Single copies 10 cents.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

J. HOWARD BROWNE, '06.....	Editor-in-Chief
LOTTIE DEYOE, '06.....	Associate Editor
EDNA PATEE, '06.....	Literary
J. E. SAZAMA, '06.....	Athletic Editor
MARGARET ENGLE, '06.....	Art Editor
WILLIAM ELLER, '06.....	Exchange Editor
EDITH HARTWELL, '06.....	Training Department
ALTA M. SHERMAN, '05.....	Alumni Editor
HAROLD R. MARTIN, '07.....	Editor Jolly Columns
JESSIE ENGLE, '06	} Local Editors
MARY KALISKY, '06	
JOHN J. WYSOCKI, '07	} Business Manager
RAY BRASURE, '06	
CLARENCE MORTELL, '09	} Assistant Business Managers

Contributions solicited from alumni and students. Address all literary material to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.



EDITORIAL

We join with the Local Editors in lamenting the oversight responsible for the failure to note the absence from us of one who endeared herself to all in our school and city during her service here. Those who have known Stevens Point Normal during the past three years knew Miss Reitler. We cannot, at this late date, consistently eulogize her work and influence among us. We cannot

atone for that unfortunate accident which at first, perhaps, seemed neglect. Suffice it to say, that when Miss Reitler left us she left legions of friends and an abiding influence which shall always comfort and cheer and brighten. She has taken with her to her new field in St. Louis the good will and kindest remembrance of all, and the enduring friendship of many. The editor-in-chief wishes to assume the responsibility for the above mentioned act of discourtesy. He does not believe in eulogies, but then—he knew Miss Reitler too. He is sure that his sentiments are those of the school.

The first course of the Normal Lecture Banquet was served by Rev. Father Kelly, Thursday, November 2.

“The American Volunteer” is a topic well qualified to kindle the fires of oratory. Father Kelly is endowed not only with that fluent loquacity, characteristic of all sons of Erin, but with eloquence as well. He introduced the subject by eulogizing the spirit of our volunteer soldiers—the spirit which animated the American patriots in arms from 1776 to 1898, from Lexington to Santiago—the spirit that achieved independence in '76, repelled invasion in 1812, crushed rebellion in '61, relieved oppression in '98.

Father Kelly developed his theme by relating his personal knowledge of soldier life, acquired while chaplain of a Michigan regiment in '98. He refuted the charge that the camp life of the American soldier is entirely demoralizing. He maintained that should the critic acquaint himself with the actual conditions in our volunteer camps, he would marvel at the high standard of morality maintained by the Boys in Blue.

With due gratitude we wish to express our appreciation of the support which THE POINTER has received. We solicit further support in the form of criticism and suggestion.

The dry editorial is not necessarily so because of an absence of the easy, flowing style. No doubt a considerable amount of perspiration entered into its composition.

One of the most enjoyable and profitable courses offered at the Stevens Point Normal is the Normal Lecture Course. Some of those who have chosen the Lecture Course in the past have pronounced it superior to Latin, the German, and even Domestic Science!! Any part of the Lecture Course is surely a veritable dessert of enjoyment and profit, and too good to desert. But there it goes—preaching again! The “Editor’s jolly”!

An analysis of the two inspiring addresses by Professor Vincent will be found in the local columns.

“Not failure but low ideal results in crime.” Queer, isn’t it? No matter how often or how completely we fail, the failure to accomplish a lofty purpose is more worthy of praise than the actual apparent triumph of attaining a low ideal. The only just criterion of success is the measure of effort exerted in order to succeed. Common parlance has it that nothing is quite like success. (We have forgotten the exact phrase.) We all agree. But the only inspiring, invigorating form of success, the form which adds to a man’s capacity and endurance and lifts *him* a notch higher, is *complete* success—the form that wins over poverty, or disease, or adversity, or over *all combined*.

We believe in being frank and speaking to the point. Whether the “Point” responds or not often matters little to the speaker but is much to the “Point” nevertheless. We have always heard that there is a school at the “Point.” In fact we know it. But “we” at the “Point” do not include all those who have discovered this fact. The knowledge has gone abroad from Superior to Platteville, from Wisconsin to Missouri. How about the Oratorical Contest?

Some mortals are so mortally wounded if a joke happens to hit them that they don’t *see* the joke—they just feel it.

Come now, you joking one,
 Why do you languish?
 Leave now your anguish;
 Perhaps ’twas a joke!
 All that we yet may say
 In our poor jolly way,
 Read, and then call it done.
 Please do not croak!

The walking Encyclopaedia whilom so astounded the unlettered swain that the wonder still grew concerning the power of this perambulating fountain of information to carry an *apparently* inexhaustible supply of facts. To be wise in the age of scholasticism was to be able to perform the functions of the modern phonograph. Nothing new could be learned, for the world’s supply of facts was limited. Dogmatic empiricism coined the facts and students learned them.

To-day the walking cyclopaedia has been supplanted by the lightning calculator. The man who knows it *all* is out of date. He either discovers it or his friends do it for him. Get wise!

No literature, no art, no philosophy can attain any breadth, any beauty, or any depth without its first being measured by a just and rigorous criticism. No greater injustice can be done the budding genius of a poet than to comment favorably upon his latest effort—not even tho you are sure that as its scansion indicates, he missed several hours sleep writing it. No matter how late his effort may have been, no matter how perfectly he has succeeded in satisfying himself and *you* that he stands upon his own feet—mutilated tho they are,—regardless of the fact that he deserves praise, to give him it will inevitably prove disastrous to the future of American Literature. Hamlet may have been insane, but he surely struck a lucid interval when he said,

“Give every man his just deserts,

And who should ’scape a whipping?”

A harvest of truth is to be reaped from this statement in the field of literature no less than in the field of pedagogics. Throw impartially upon all literary efforts the search-light of criticism. The poem that is so poor as to be the object of unwilling charitable comment is indeed *poor*.

The man who is ever looking *out* for trouble should take a look around the premises of his personality. There’s often more trouble inside than outside. One glance at yourself is worth two at your friend. Observation and interpretation constitute the main process of acquiring knowledge. No one can study the individual mind, analyze its motives, and dictate a moral law for more than *one* person. That person is the one who studies and analyzes the motives for his own acts.

ART DEPARTMENT

A great deal has been said about Japan, recently, and still we continue to say. She, as well as the lecture course and rhetorical, is a storehouse of good topics for conversation.

I am reminded of the artistic and versatile Japanese by a late observation. Idle one day, and in a so-called well furnished room, I could not avoid seeing some things—they were forced upon me. The room could have served as a museum. The decorations in themselves were beautiful, but there was an air of laborious effort for the artistic effect—in short, too many decorations. There was a feeling of being overwhelmed. Four rooms could have been adequately adorned with the materials at hand.

Some few Americans have discovered the Japanese secret that true elegance lies in simplicity. Instead of brilliant and intricate wall papers, a plain covering of a subdued tint is substituted. Great cumbersome pictures in golden frames, hanging from ceiling to floor, have been exchanged for a few etchings or photographs of the masters. Some have even chosen simple furniture instead of those highly carved affairs which shout with a loud voice, "I came at a high price!"

But can we call a bare room beautiful? The charm of the Japanese room is not in its emptiness, but in its luxurious refinement of details. They go to nature for their lessons. It is the simple and natural that is beautiful.

If more people looked at life as Michael Monohan does, we could not tolerate the ugly and

artificial as we do. I quote from his "Gloria Mundi:"

"When I come to die I know what my chief regret will be. Not for my poor human sins, which have really hurt nobody save myself and most of which I will have forgotten..... No; I shall simply be sorry that I failed to enjoy so much of the beauty of this dear earth and sky, or even to mark it in my hurry through the days, my reckless pleasures, my stupid tasks that yielded me nothing. I shall think with utter bitterness of the time out of all the time given me I might have passed in profitably looking at the moon, or in marking with an eye faithful to every sign, the advance of the bannered host of summer unto the scattered and whistling disarray of autumn. How many of these campaigns have I really *seen*?—alas! I know too well how many I have numbered.

There were days and weeks and months of the universe in all its glory bidding for my admiration, yet I saw nothing of it all. My baser senses solicited me beyond the cosmic marvels. I lost in hours of sleep, or foolish pleasure, or useless labor, spectacles of beauty which the world had been storing up for millions of ages—perhaps had not been able to produce before my brief day.

I was a beggar at a feast of incomparable riches and something always detained me from putting forth my hand; or I left the table which the high gods had spread and went eating husks with swine and now I am to die hungry, self-robbed of my share at the banquet of immortal beauty—can Christian penitence find anything to equal the poignancy of such a regret?"

EXCHANGES

The exchanges, which we have had the pleasure of receiving this month, are :

Advance, Salem, Mass.

Aegis, Northfield, Vt.

Black and Red, Watertown, Wis.

High School News, Berlin, Wis.

Kodak, Eau Claire, Wis.

Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.

Normal Advance, Oshkosh, Wis.

Milton College Review, Milton, Wis.

Royal Purple, Whitewater, Wis.

School Bell Echoes, Merrill, Wis.

So-To-Speak, Manitowoc, Wis.

Standard, North Manchester, Indiana.

Wisconsin Journal of Education, Madison, Wis.

The Sphinx, Madison, Wis.

"Here is where I loose a little ground," said the hobo as he stepped into the bath tub.

—Ex.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Cats are harmless things—
For the man is dead that slumbers
When a cat at midnight sings. —ÆGIS.

Ear Marks.

Willie tied the baby's ear
Firmly to the chandelier,
Baby chuckled, full of glee,
'Twas an ear of corn, you see. —Ex.

Prof.—(shaking pupil by collar)—"I believe Satan has hold of you.

Pupil (panting)—"I believe he has too." —Ex.

Teacher—"Johnny can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Johnny—"I heard papa say they smelt it."

The numerous suggestions offered by the Kodak would be of great profit, if applied to its own pages.

The Commencement number of the Lake Breeze is on our table and is indeed a credit to the Sheboygan High School. It is very good thruout.

The High School News from Berlin, this state, contains a very interesting Hallowe'en tale in its literary columns.

"Can you give me a definition of *work*?"

Normalite—"Yes, sir, everything is work."

"Um-m-m—Well, would you say this desk was work?"

Normalite—"Yes, sir,—woodwork."

—SPHINX.

The Advance from Salem contains several good items.

The Aegis has several very interesting short stories in its literary department.

The Oshkosh Normal Advance would do well to improve the base of its cover design. The design lacks repose and is very distracting. The Poet's corner in the October number is good.

Concerning college football teams,
Tho oft it comes to pass—
The man who's half back on the field,
Is way back in the class. —Ex.

To many of us life is rude
And joy a fleeting bubble;
The only time our credit's good
Is when we borrow trouble. —TIMES.

The Land Hunger.

Diplomat—"This love of conquest seems to nations an inordinate appetite for grabbing."

Attache—"So it does. It even made Austria Hungary."

"My wife can drive nails like lightning."

"You don't mean it!"

"Sure I do. Lightning, you know seldom strikes twice in the same place."

Book Learning.

Proud Parent—"Josie, where is Manchuria located?"

Josie—"Aw come off, paw. We had our zamination in jogafy four days ago. How d'I know where any place is at?"

Clear all the aisles to meet her thoughtful face!
Lo! on she comes, a credit to her race,

With toil's bright dewdrops on her broad white brow,

The Queen of all, the *practice teacher* now.

—Ex.

Susie (at her music lesson)—"I'd like to catch an old air I heard in the music room last night."

Prof.—"What air was it?"

Susie (demurely)—"Oh, it was a millionaire." —Ex.

Wasted Labor.

"Phwat's the use o' choppin' down a tree?"

Finnegan (resting on his axe)—"Phwy not?"

"Shure ye'll have to chop it up again. —Ex.

"I'm always carried away by that song," he said as she arose from the piano.

"So you told me before," she rejoined, "that's why I sang it. —Ex.



Final Examinations began Wednesday November 1.

Mr. Allan Pray, of Ashland, visited the school, Monday October 23.

Miss Fink spent October 28 and 29 in Grand Rapids, visiting friends.

Mr. Frederick Olson, '02, of Iola, visited the Normal, October 23.

On October 30, Allan Patch, of Beloit, an old student, was with us.

Miss Ada Hillman, State Secretary of the Young Womens' Christian Association, visited the girls here, Monday October 31.

The Elements spent a jolly evening in the gymnasium, October 7.

Mr. Coleman, of Chippewa Falls, noted in his own town, visited the school, November 1.

The Freshmen had a quiet little reception in the gymnasium, October 21.

President Pray, Miss Faddis, and Mrs. Bradford, attended the meeting of the North Western Teachers' Association held at Chippewa Falls.

Emmett Miles visited the school on October 10. He was on his way to Westfield where he is to be principal of the High School.

The Physics Class visited the Plover River at McDill, on Tuesday October 9, and the Wisconsin River on Clark Street, Thursday, and got the

necessary data to determine the powers of the rivers.

The Misses Margaret Engle, Flora Roller, Lola Garthwaite, Flora Wood, Verna Phillips, Edith Burr, Jeannette Brown, and Linnie Krause attended the State Convention of the Young Womens' Christian Association at Appleton.

The Arena tendered the other Literary Societies of the school a Halloween Reception on Friday November 3rd. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with bright bunting and Japanese lanterns. Bread, wieners, doughnuts, and coffee were served.

The Ohiyesa had a faculty program on October 6, after which they entertained the other Literary Societies and the faculty in the Art Annex. The room was prettily decorated, and iced fruit and wafers were served.

The following students completed courses last quarter and have read their essays: Dona Brownell, Senior, "Puppets;" Elements—Chloie Keleher, "Nervous Signs of Children;" Marion Tracy, "Passion Play of Oberammergau;" Mr. Christenson, "Scandinavian Immigration into the United States."

Some of our students may remember Miss Margaret Ashmun who attended the school some years ago. She was Literary Editor of THE POINTER at that time, and has continued to write since. Her friends report that she has a clever story

entitled "The Humbling of Harriet," in a recent issue of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Many of the students have received interesting letters from Miss Reitler. Some schools over which she has supervision are composed of nothing but wooly-headed, white-eyed darkies. She tells them of her work in St. Louis, and it is evident that she is enjoying it.

On October 10, Professor Culver gave the school an instructive talk regarding the proper mode of Scientific study, using the phenomenon of Mount Pelee as illustration. He impressed upon us that getting a group of facts is not the end but the beginning of study.

Professor Sechrist talked to the school October 24, on the growth in the appreciation of the beautiful in Nature in many people. One example cited was the understanding which Railroad Corporations are acquiring when they prohibit sign boards along their tracks, and beautify their station grounds. We all greatly appreciated the refining value of his talk.

Miss Gray spoke at morning exercises, October 31, concerning her visit in Germany. This was her first talk to the school, and the students were very much interested. Her descriptions and anecdotes of German life were so vivid as to seem very real to us. We especially enjoyed our trip thru the old castle, and were glad she said, "Kommen si mit?"

The Normal Lecture Course for this year is a very strong one. It consists of six numbers, of which three are musical being, "The Cleveland Ladies' Orchestra," "The Slayton Jubilee Singers," and "The Rogers Grilley Recital." The others are lectures by Captain Richmond P. Hobson, Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth, and Father Kelley. Professor Sanford has announced that the seats are all sold, and we have a surplus in the treasury. The Rogers Grilley Recital is to be given on Friday November 17. Father Kelley has already spoken.

The Junior Preliminary Contest was held October 26 to choose those who will represent them in their annual debate with the Oshkosh Juniors.

The question discussed was: Resolved, That

immigrants into the United States over sixteen years of age should be able to read and write; provided, that this rule does not apply to the immediate families of past and future immigrants who can read and write. The speakers of the evening were D. H. Reid, A. Fromm, O. Weinand, George Everson, and the Misses Dickow and Means, of which the first three mentioned were chosen. The judges were Miss Pray and Professors Hyer, Sanford, Culver, and Collins. It was at this function that the Treble Clef made its first appearance this year. They sang "The Stars Look over the Sea," and "To the Spirit of Poesy." Grace Cauley rendered a violin solo, "Cradle Song," by Godard.

The Halloween Party.

"Instant The Time. Anon, Anon, 7 o'clock in the gym." So the invitations read. These were grinning skulls made of shiny white leather, and were delivered by old hags, who, with much screeching and chanting, handed them in to the Juniors on their brooms. This seemed to have such a terrifying effect upon some that it was feared there would be no guests left for the coming event; so the plan was discontinued and the remaining cards merely put into their desks.

On arriving at the Normal they were greeted by noises and odors very suggestive of the infernal regions. Ghosts led them into the cloak room where they were told to remove their wraps slowly as they were then enjoying their last moments upon earth. Witches swooped down upon them and carried them off one by one to be led by a pair of ghosts through the lower regions. Numerous tortures were inflicted upon them, not the worst of which was being slid down a steep waxed incline into the presence of his Satanic majesty. There judgment was pronounced upon their sins, and many were sentenced to be buried alive.

When the Juniors had been properly initiated they were ushered into the gymnasium, where the chief guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. G. Pierce. The room was tastefully decorated in black and white.

Later came the summons to luncheon. It was served by ghosts in a room dimly lighted by hideous jack o' lanterns. At the 10:30 signal the spirits bade adieu to their mortal visitors, and were never seen again.

The North-Eastern Teachers' Association

It was the pleasure of the people of Stevens Point to have the meeting of the North Eastern Teachers' Association held in our city this year. About six hundred and fifty were in attendance, large delegations coming from Wausau, Grand Rapids, and Fond du Lac. Thru the kindness of some of our citizens, the guests were given a flying automobile ride from the depot to the Normal. On reaching there, the meeting was opened by the President, Professor Hyer, after which, Mayor Hanna welcomed the teachers to the city.

Professor F. N. Spindler delivered the chief talk of the morning on the topic "Sense and Motor Training in our Educational System." He showed primarily the necessity for manual training in our public school education. That not enough of it was formerly given, but now people are beginning to see that it should have a place; for we need those trained in the use of the hand as well as the mind. This manual training is of the greatest importance in the Kindergarten, and the grades, and may profitably be extended thru the high school.

Music was furnished by different public school choruses under the direction of Miss Serven, and model school choruses led by Miss Fink at this time as well as at the afternoon programs.

For the afternoon work, the body was divided

into Kindergarten, Grade, High School and Rural Sections, where many strong discussions vital to such departments were led by those proficient along those lines.

Everybody went into raptures over the addresses made by Dr. Geo. E. Vincent, Professor of sociology in the University of Chicago. In the morning he spoke of "Children vs. Grown Ups." This was a vigorous and sincere plea for greater tolerance on the part of grown people toward the pranks and motor expressions of children. As a result of his morning talk, the Opera House was crowded to hear him speak on "The Mind of the Mob," in the evening. His speech was an effort to explain why at times we do things which under ordinary circumstances we would not be prompted to do. This was brought out by examples such as our actions at a football game and the like.

Mr. H. S. Youker of Grand Rapids was chosen President of the Association for the ensuing year. Heretofore, it has been the custom for the association to meet in the home town of the president. This practice has been abandoned and Appleton decided upon as the next place of meeting. The visitors report the meeting a very profitable one in an educational way and that they were royally entertained by the citizens of the association city.

TRAINING DEPARTMENT

EIGHTH GRADE.

Editor, BLANCHE E. HILL.

The Eighth Grade Cooking Class had their last lesson last Thursday, and roasted chicken.

Examinations in our class commenced Wednesday morning and lasted up to Friday noon.

Miss Grady's Drawing Class has been making lace and embroidery patterns.

We are going to have a class meeting next week and elect officers and select colors.

SEVENTH GRADE.

Editor—ESTHER BOSTON.

The Seventh Grade are making Science Books for their study of Trees.

We are coloring maps of the world and are putting in the rain and wind belts. We are also writing stories about the different belts.

The Seventh Grade History Class are writing stories about the Indians.

The Cooking Class are making their own books. They have cooking once a week. Last week they made chocolate Redding.

Frank Hyer, one of our Third Grade boys, broke his leg October 13, and will not be in school again until after Christmas.

His good letters show that he is doing well in every way.

STEVENS POINT, Wis., Nov. 1, 1905.

DEAR MISS FADDIS:

I want to write you a letter. Mamma read to me about Achilles and Hector. I think I liked Achilles the best; because he was stronger and he fought better. I am reading and writing. People are running in and out all the time. I have flatirons hanging on my leg all the time. Yesterday we had jack pumpkin-head and some pop corn. Just as we were going to eat it Garry and Paul came in; so we had a nice party. Last Sunday Garry gave me a puzzle. I have learned how to make it work now. I am missing school so much. I read in a book a new way of spelling pumpkin pie:

P double unkin

P double ;

P double unkin

Punkin pie.

Your friend,
FRANKIE.

OUR THANKSGIVING STORY.

MARION SANFORD, Third Grade.

November 3, 1905.

Miss Faddis read a story to our room called "A Story of a Pumpkin Pie." It is about a little girl and two boys who piled a stack of weeds and twigs and made a bonfire, and when they found that they could work they tried to plow the ground with a forked stick. But when they got through with it the plowing was only a scratch. But Helen which was the little girl's name, said that they might have her little spade and hoe to plow with and Towser was a horse. And they worked until noon, and the dinner bell rang, but they could hardly believe that it was noon. "Won't you please keep the dinner hot?" said Helen. How good the dinner was that day. It seemed so good after ones play.

After luncheon that day they went to finish their work. Helen brought a few pumpkin seeds in a tin can and they planted them that afternoon.

Next day they came and looked, but there was no sign of any pumpkin vines.

Weeks passed on in the Fall. With books and lunch the children went to school, and Towser waited their return.

One day the children sat on the fence with sun-burned bare feet and torn straw hats. They saw a flower. Then grew a green ball. And Autumn suns smiling down colored the pumpkin a golden brown.

When the frost came they had not much time to play; except on Saturday. They drove the cows and fed the chickens and went to bed. At last Thanksgiving Day came and they had turkey for dinner. The pie was what pleased the children most; for they made it grow.

FOURTH GRADE.

Editor, FLORENCE ROTHMAN.

November 2, 1905.

A turkey gobbler lived in a barn yard. He thought himself proud and better than his neighbors. He spread his tail into a fan and held his head high into the air, and when he walked he talked "gobble, gobble, gobble," as much as to say, "Pray just look at me. Gobble, gobble, gobble, who could be as fine as me?"

When it became Autumn, the cold north wind did blow. The snow began to flutter about. The plump and proud old gobbler sang the same tune as he did the very first of June. "Gobble, gobble, gobble." One day he saw the pumpkins brought to the house to be made into pies. A thought came to this wise old turkey to hide himself in a corner. He covered up his head with his wings. Now and then he would say "Gobble, gobble, gobble. Don't you look at me, for I am too thin to see."

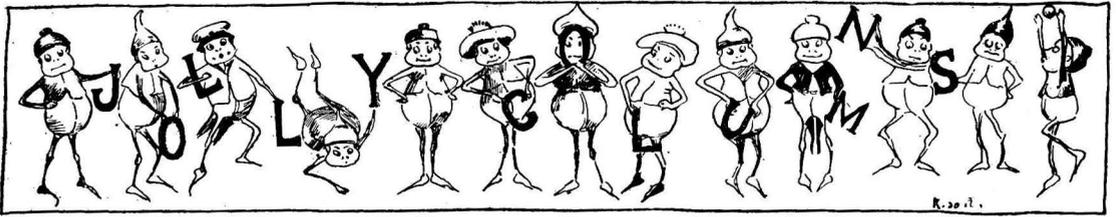
FLORENCE HILL, Fourth Grade.

Consistent.

Assistant Editor—"This prison reform crank shows great consistency in the composition of his article on "the Indeterminate Sentence Law." Editor—"How so?"

Assistant Editor—"He has written ten pages of manuscript without completing a single sentence.

—Ex.



Just a Word—(Between You and Me).
(The Editor's Jolly).

Words symbolize in prose and verse
The great truths of the universe;
Words are the symbols of our thought,
With mighty meaning often fraught.

Of letters four this word is formed,
By letters three 'tis oft *deformed*;
By letters two it oft grows small,
A single letter does it all.

"Life" is the word no doubt you guess,
"Lie" is the second we confess;
"If" is a word by which we lie,
The fourth is nothing—only I.

—J. H. B.

Miss Simpson—"Whispering in the Library is never allowed."

Mr. Bigford, innocently—"I wasn't. I was just whispering in her ear."

Miss Edmund—"How many letters in *week*?"

Miss Latamore—"Sometimes six, but I usually get seven."

Senior to Junior on Monday Oct 31—"What is the most popular song now?"

Junior, beaming with wisdom—"Any rags, any bones, any *bottles* to day."

R. Jones one day wrote a sonnet
In praise of his Norma's New Bonnet;
Said she, "it's absurd!
Why there's never a word
Of the price of the bonnet—doggone it!"

"Judd has quite a command of language hasn't he?"

"Yes, his words generally come before they're called."

Ormsby—"Oh well, everybody, has his ups and downs."

Jaastad, ruefully contemplating a letter from home, dated three weeks back.—"That's right. Just at present I'm pretty low down because I'm hard up."

Mrs. Bradford—"I hear your son is flourishing."

Mrs. Everson, proudly.—"Yes, he's teaching penmanship this quarter."

Miss Pincomb, to sewing class.—"There are two topics left, dyeing and printing."

Miss Playman, mournfully thinking of a letter received from Minneapolis.—"I'll take dying."

"Pierce is not an author, he's a born chemist."

"Why so?"

"Every story he tells becomes a drug on the market."

Mr. Spindler—"What is your idea of *dog*."

Miss Charest—"Sort of a vague, indefinite feeling, I can't describe."

Mr. Spindler, understandingly.—"Sort of a dog feeling eh?"

Great commotion in Intermediate department. Enter, Miss Quinn.

"Children! Children! What is the matter?"

Children in an excited chorus.—"We saw Mr. Bigford wink at Miss Olson."

Query: Could he help it?

"Where is middle C on the piano?"

Wise Junior.—"I don't know where it is on the piano, but its where that little brass thing locks up on the organ."

Soph.—“Why did they call the Middle ages the dark ages?”

Sagacious Junior—“Because the women kept their ages dark.”

Omniscient Senior—“No. Because then this age would be dark. Its because in the Middle Ages there were so many knights.”

We Wonder

Why Weinandy got his hair cut.

Why it was necessary for Fern Love to prove an alibi on night of Oct. 29.

How it happened that Conrad again appears in Stevens Point.

Why his sister always wears silk waists.

Why Miss Hobbs left school for the more cultured society of Dancy.

How Prof. Bacon enjoys being a spirit.

How Wysocki has developed such awful biceps since second quarter began.

Why grandma came back.

Why Orinshy looks so melancholy.

Why Roberts stopped playing foot ball.

What Davis did with his horse.

Junior, seeing Kate “Me” and Clarence trudging up Phillip’s Hill on Clark street.—“Where are you going Kate?”

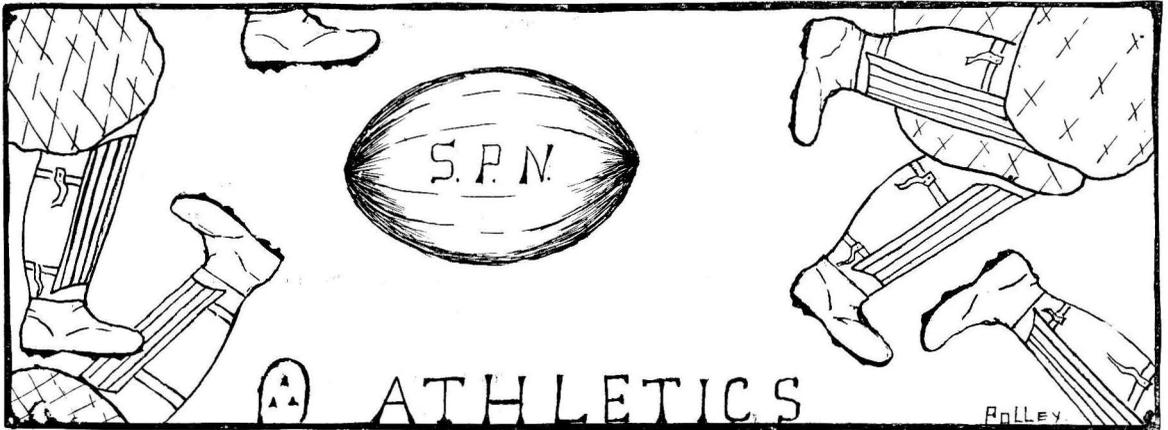
Kate, with a very matrimonial air.—“Clarence and I are going to church.”

Psychology for Teachers—“This transcendental immortal, eternal, immutable, immaterial, unchangeable static, imperceptible, intangible, indefinite, inherent, *something* or *ego* becomes an evanescent, variable, tangible, fluctuating, versatile, changeable, material, definite, temporary, yet existent *self*, or *nothing*.”

—THE AUTHOR.

A certain young Junior we knew
Had a way of telling a few.

He interviewed Prexy,
And we all expexy
That Prexy believed it was true.



On Oct. 21st, our football team suffered its first defeat of the season in a game against the Oshkosh Normal. It was one of the hardest fought games ever seen on the local gridiron.

The Oshkosh aggregation of players was an unusually strong one. The fact that the visitors were heavier, more experienced, and in better form than our men accounts in a large measure

for the score 24—0 in in favor of Oshkosh.

The visitors played a hard and clean game. Our boys showed vast improvement over their previous style of playing. They put up a fast and plucky game but were unable to batter down the line which a few weeks ago easily withstood the fierce onslaughts of the Lawrence University crack foot ball team.

The game was as follows :

Oshkosh kicked off and lost the ball after two attempts for kicking offside. Stevens Point kicked to 25 yd. line where Martin downed the ball. Oshkosh carried the ball with steady gains to within 3 yds. of Stevens Point goal. After a hard fight Oshkosh made a touch down. Oshkosh kicked goal. Score, Oshkosh 6, S. Pt. 0.

Oshkosh kicked off. Bruce returned the oval 10 yards. Stevens Point lost the ball on downs. A series of mass plays gave Oshkosh a second touch-down. A goal kick made the score 12—0 in favor of Oshkosh.

On the next kick-off Roberts returned the ball 10 yds. Stevens Point punted and Mortell tackled his man. Oshkosh got away but Mortell again tackled his man behind the line on the next down. Jones followed suit. Stevens Point lost the ball on downs. First half closed with the ball on Stevens Point 35 yd. line. Score, Oshkosh 12, St. Pt. 0.

Soon after the beginning of the 2nd half Oshkosh lost the oval on downs. Stevens Point punted and Karns carried the ball back 15 yds.

Oshkosh lost 15 yds. for holding and was forced to punt. Stevens Point lost ball on downs. Bischoff tackled his man behind the line. Oshkosh tried a place kick but failed. A touch-down and a goal kick netted Oshkosh 18, St. Pt. 0. Capt. Reid went in as half-back and Osterbrink as guard. Reid tackled behind the line which resulted in a loss for Oshkosh and an offside play lost them 5 yds. Oshkosh punted and Mortell went through, ran down the ball and fell on it after Bischoff had tackled.

Weinandy went in as guard. Oshkosh made another touch-down and kicked goal. Score 24—0 in favor of Oshkosh.

The line-up was as follows :

OSHKOSH	STEVENS POINT
Kell..... c.....	Bruce
Pitz..... .rq.....	Iakish
Leister..... .rt.....	Sazama
Whitcomb.....re.....	Jones
Birdsall.....lg.....	Reid
Karns.....lt.....	Wysocki
Doane Capt....le.....	Bischoff

Richards..... qb.....	Mortell
Velte..... lh.....	Davis
Phelan.....rh.....	Roberts
Klug.....fb.....	Martin

Substitutes for Stevens Point : Osterbrink and Weinandy.

Referee—Prof. Spindler.

Umpire—Young.

Timekeeper—Prof. Bacon.

Linesmen—Barr, Buckley and Everson.

Length of halves : 20 and 25.

Saturday, Nov. 4, the Normals defeated the Olympics in a foot-ball contest by a score of 17—5. It was a good practice game for the Normals.

Beginning next week the basket ball teams will be organized. An exceedingly fast first team is looked for. Harold Culver has been elected manager.

Book Agent—"Now, sir, can I sell you an encyclopaedia ?"

"Noa—"I doan't think so. I'm teu old to ride now." —Ex.

Mrs. C.—"What is your opinion of the Monroe doctrine ?"

Mrs. S—"I don't know nothing about those new medical fads. The old allerpathic style of docterin' is good enough for me."

Ambiguous.

The wife.—"Doctor, can you do anything for my husband ?"

Doctor.—"What is the matter ?"

"Worrying about money."

"Oh I can relieve him of that all right." —Ex.

Boy—"Pa what's an infernal machine ?"

Pa—"Why, a phonograph running after midnight, my son."

A Dewy Morn.

All the birds were singing gayly,
 Tho you'd think 'twould make them blue
 To awake each blessed morning
 With their bills all over due.