

THE NORMAL POINTER.

Vol. XI.

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

ON SLANG.

It must be puzzling to the earnest student who conscientiously follows sage advice given in numerous books on composition and heeds the cautions of "The Verbalist" and "The Queen's English" to find stumbling blocks of offense in the articles he reads in the magazines (he wishes there were such demand and compensation for what *he* writes), on the first page of the great daily (could he become reporter for it?), or in the great editorial (thinks it worth a life's ambition to hold the position of editor).

He reads for instance in Harper's Weekly, a Journal of Civilization, edited by Mr. George Harvey, Vol. 48, p. 1232, respecting the last presidential campaign:

"Everybody is mad because the other fellow is doing the right thing. The Republicans are still crying their eyes out"—and "now the Democrats are positively wild with rage." It inquires elsewhere why the Evening Post "slopped over regarding the Judge." In the same volume, p. 1639, it speaks of a certain nervous energy bottled up in the American people." Later the same journal predicts what will happen "if the President runs up against the high protection oligarchy." Also "Nevada has no business to be a State." A few months ago this same painstaking and exemplary student would have been puzzled to find in the same "Journal of Civilization" a reference to "Mrs. Warren's Profession" as Mr. Bernard Shaw's "worstpiece," a coinage "fire-new from the mint" of the editor's brain.

This same hypothetical, earnest, conscientious, youth reads accounts of college pranks and "'Varsity" athletics couched in shocking lan-

guage; and in the same day's issue of the paper learns that even the President of the United States on his tour through the South has a "bully" time; and that the same high dignitary said in a complimentary reference to Joel Chandler Harris,

"Men may come and men may go,
But Uncle Remus stays put."

This, at least is what he reads in his daily paper. Hereupon he resolves, *resolves* to confine himself to a higher grade of literature and seeks refuge in the magazines, and is lured by the pedagogical title to "Santa Fe Charley's Kindergarten." Here for the first time he finds slang he can't understand, because he has never learned to play the game of cards and some other games he hopes he may never want to learn.

Our earnest and unsophisticated youth now discovers that there are degrees of slang, and that words he avoided before and shut out of his treasure house look fairly respectable, and, like Rosalind in the play he is in a more "coming-on disposition" toward them.

This is the psychological moment for him to read something about the nature of language; such as Whitney's Life and Growth of Language, and "English Prose" by John Earle. In the former he learns that slang is the "abuse of a tendency wholly legitimate and of the highest value in the history of speech." It seeks "relief from the oppressive conventionality, insipidity of words worn out by the use of persons who have put neither knowledge nor feeling into them, and which seem incapable of expressing anything that is real." This conventionality intensified leads moreover into another kind of slang, as illustrated by the overworked words AWFUL, SPLENDID, and CHARMING. O. W. Holmes says, "As many per-

sons keep up their ~~several~~ ^{social} relations by the aid of a vocabulary of only a few hundred words, or, in the case of some very fashionable people, a few scores only, a very limited amount of thinking material may correspond to a full set of organs of sense, and a good development of the muscular system." This poverty of ideas is the cause of much slang. Says Mr. Pinto in Beaconsfield's *Lothair*, "Yes, English is an expressive language, but not difficult to master. Its usage is limited. It consists, as far as I can observe, of four words,—'nice,' 'jolly,' 'charming,' and 'bore;' and some grammarians add 'fond.' The conclusion of the whole matter is, therefore, this: there are two large classes of slang expressions; one due to an exuberance of mental activity, the other to mental indolence. Conventionalism and inanity of language in one class of society tends to make old words stale, and makes for the desire for novelty in another class.

Now if our inquiring friend really desires to know this subject better, let him read the interesting essay in "Parts of Speech" by Brander Matthews, and learn that there is a "Function of Slang." It is from slang that a large number of words are in due time selected to form a part of effective and dignified discourse. In this way language renews its youth; lives, grows, changes.

There are two fundamental tendencies which vitally concern the growth of language as they do political and other institutions. The state of language at any given time is the balance of two tendencies, which may be named *conservative* and *liberal*.

In the social institution of language, then, as elsewhere, there is first a presumption in favor of the established usage. Against this operates the ideal of efficiency so familiar in a democratic philosophy; that is, people choose words as President Roosevelt chose the hounds on his Colorado hunting trip, for efficiency rather than pedigree. This practical ideal prefers words that serve for clearness rather than beauty and delicacy. The origin of a word may be obscure, lowly, or even disreputable. If it demonstrates its fitness to carry readily and economically the contained idea, it will in time make its way into

a position of honor and dignity in the English vocabulary. The law of least effort, or the principle of economy of effort, so fruitful of labor-saving inventions and sometimes called the prime motive of civilization in other fields, is here also operative in favor of change. In other words people will tend to speak with less and less effort; provided they can be understood. Immediately after the invention of the telegraph, TELEGRAPH was not in favor used as a verb; the accepted phrase was, send me a "telegraphic dispatch," or "a telegram." Soon telegraph as a verb came into use, and now the short and convenient word *wire* is universal in the business world, altho it is still marked colloquial in the dictionaries.

Another force that makes for conservatism is popular education and the general diffusion of knowledge. Languages change slowly when, as in a democracy, the masses read books, use dictionaries, and study grammars. There are two other inferences that may be drawn from modern conditions and added here. Reputable use is described in the books as the use of the best writers. To what extent are our best writers influenced by the style understood and enjoyed by their munificent patron, the masses of the people? The use of the vulgar, on the other hand, is descriptive of what is bad. But who are the vulgar? By derivation, the common people (in the days when literary culture was confined to the patrician class); by definition the vulgar are the lower classes of society. But the terms lower and higher are latitudinous and ambiguous terms. Modern conditions require a new definition, for vulgarity must mean shallowness of mind and character in whatever class it may be found.

From another point of view society may be divided theoretically into two classes; those who are comparatively uncultured, and emotional, and the intellectual. The former contribute energy of language with coarseness; the latter delicacy of thought. It is not surprising to learn that when in a down town saloon one of two men who were conversing told another not "to butt into a gentleman's conversation," that the police had to be called in to quell the disturbance that ensued.

There would have been an apology and no offense, perhaps a sense of distinction, if the same caution could have been delivered and understood in one of Walter Pater's sublimated phrases. The golden mean of language and style would seem to be energy with delicacy. Slang words make their way into good English because of their energy and convenience when their coarseness and lowly origin wear off and fade from the memory through association with words of rank and established position.

Altho this may seem as a defense of slang, nothing has been said justifying the slang expressions quoted. The same man may have two languages: one to be used on important occasions in public; the other, a more liberal choice of words among his most familiar friends. Whenever he makes free with language he must be judged in the same way as if he takes liberties in dress, or in the established customs of the community in which he lives. Coarseness of thought and mental indolence are justly condemned when found in language as when manifested in any other way.

At this point our good friend asks, "Why can not I use slang as well as writers having an established reputation?" Let him be patient, and finally, read Lounsbury's "Undisputed Authority of Great Writers," in the December Harper's Magazine. (The writers quoted above are not included among them.) Since he is young and going to school let him first become thoroly acquainted with the standards of English before he takes liberties with the language. Let him first learn to use good straight English accepted and understood by any cultured English speaking person in San Francisco, New York, London, Pretoria, or Hong-kong. The great writer has mastered dialects besides the language. They serve him as among the means to produce local color and show forth effects of character. In other words, he has a change of dress for his thoughts to suit the occasion; while the ignorant are limited to a provincial dialect of slang because they know no other, or because they are slaves to long continued habits of slovenly speech.

NATURE AGAINST DUTY.

IVY M. ROGERS.



WITH hands plunged deep in his pockets, John Raven strode restlessly up and down his private office. For the last week he had been doing some of the hardest thinking of his life, and now he had come to a standstill. There seemed to be two roads ahead of him. As he looked down the one it was narrow, rugged, full of stones and briars; yet he knew that in all probability wealth, glory, and fame lay at the end of it. The other road was broad and smooth. It lured him invitingly on. It was the road his forefathers had trodden and the road Nature had intended he should travel.

Each day for the last week he had reviewed his life. To-day it stood out clear and vivid before him. His father had been a full-blooded Sioux. In his mother, way back, there had been a tinge of white blood, but it was so slight that by most people he was regarded as a full-blooded Indian. Eight years ago he had finished Carlisle; three years later he was graduated with honors from the Ann Arbor law school. During his Summer vacations while a student at Ann Arbor, he had gone back to his relatives in the woods. Somehow it had seemed so easy to slip back into the old ways. Each Autumn it was harder and harder to return; but after he had done so, ambition and delight in his work had spurred him on. Then he had settled down to his practice and he no longer had time to visit his old home.

Each year he had outwardly grown farther away from it. Three years ago he had married a white woman, and in so doing he had bidden farewell to the old life. Alice had been sweet and gentle, and he loved her dearly. For her sake he had

tried to forget his early life, and he thought he had succeeded in so doing. Six months ago she had sickened and died. Shortly before the doctor had said, "Take her to the woods." Raven had done so; but it proved of no avail. Now he had nothing to live for in this world, and the remembrance of those few weeks spent in the woods had stirred up old feelings he had long since considered dead.

It was Spring. The plants were everywhere coming up. The trees were bright green in their new leaves. Now was the time when the fishing would be best; or he could lie under the trees all day long and smoke, and gaze up at the sky. Then, later, the squaws would get supper; and after that they would sit around the fire and smoke and tell stories of their chiefs. Then, as it grew far into the night, they became more quiet and one by one they would roll up in their blankets and sleep.

John Raven came to a sudden halt in the center of the room. "I'm going," he said to himself. "For two weeks I'm going to rest and enjoy life; then, may be, I'll feel like settling down to business again."

He told his partner that he was going on a business trip, and three days later he appeared at Stormy Point.

It is not the nature of an Indian to be very demonstrative, and Raven was quietly made welcome. He discarded his business clothes and donned some similar to the other Indians. Except for his language, and a slight inclination to be talkative, he was one of them. He arose early, and breakfasted on jerked venison or fish, and sometimes coffee and a coarse sort of pancake prepared by the squaws. If the weather was favorable for fishing he spent many hours on the lake. At other times he lay around the camp smoking, dreaming, enjoying it all and saying but little. How he loved it all, the rippling water, the bright blue sky at noon, the stars at night, and the dim, stately forest which inspired and yet awed him. It was all peace and comfort; no daily routine, no strict office hours to be complied with, no formal social demands to bore one. For two weeks Raven enjoyed it to the fullest, and when

the two weeks were over the parting was hard. He confided this to his uncle one night as they sat by the fire after the others had rolled in their blankets for the night. The old man's advice had been brief: "You have been at school long, you are a wise man, we expect you to do great things."

The next day Raven left for the city. When he returned his partner welcomed him and congratulated him on his improved condition, little knowing that the change was purely physical and not mental.

Raven began his work. He found his cases piling up, and for a few days he worked early and late; but he made but little progress. Sometimes he would sit for an hour with a book, pencil and pad, and at the end of the hour the notes he had made would not amount to two lines. His mind was somewhere else. He was again wandering in the forest, or lying on his back gazing at the sky; and again he was listening to the rain on the rude tent as it lulled him to sleep. Then the sharp telephone ring, or the voice of the office boy, would arouse him, and he would continue his work.

He had always been popular socially, and among the business men with whom he had come in contact. The men now wondered what had come over him, and attributed it to the loss of his wife. Little did they know of the struggle going on in John Raven's mind; Nature with all her attractions arrayed on the one side, stern duty and the demands of society upon the other.

For weeks the struggle went on. At times a particularly interesting case caused him to forget his own affairs, and for the time being mind and body were thrown into the work. Then would come a reaction and the old longing for the hills and woods would almost overwhelm him. With Autumn came a double longing for the old life. The work was becoming more of a grind. Court would soon sit, and he had several cases which required his undivided attention.

One day he sat at his desk trying to work, but his thoughts were far away. It was hunting season. He could almost imagine himself taking a gun and rambling thru the woods, kicking the leaves aside, and listening to their dry rustle. He had heard no one enter, but a slight movement

soon made him aware that some one was in the room. He looked up and saw an old Indian, his face lined with care and trouble. The Indian nodded to Raven and in a few words told him his story.

For years his people had occupied a stretch of land in northern Minnesota. Each year the white settlers had drawn nearer, and little by little had encroached upon the territory of his tribe until now they were almost crowded out. Could this land be redeemed by the Indians? It was theirs by right; why should they be cheated out of what for years had been in their possession? The white man offered no substitute for the loss of this land. At this rate, what would become of the Indians?

Raven listened indifferently at first, and then with more and more interest. The case struck a sympathetic chord in his nature. Here was a chance to help his own people. There were hundreds of just such cases. Did they not need a man who knew the Indians, who was in touch and sympathy with them, who could see their side of the question, and yet at the same time was capable of handling the legal side of the matter? Then Raven's thoughts again wandered to the grandeur of the woods, the streams with their speckled trout, the quiet and peace of the Indian camps. The struggle of weeks and months stood out clear before him. He was mentally and physically weak from it. He needed a rest. As he left the office that night it was with the relieved feeling of a man who had been in suspense, who had weighed both sides and reached a decision. To-morrow his life would begin anew.

HER KNIGHT.

If I could be my country's knight,
I'd carve the holy name of Right

Across our land:

This brood of grafters soon should feel
The stinging blow of icy steel

In mailed hand!

My life to country would I lend;

Her name, her honor I'd defend,

Were I her knight!

'd champion the poor man's cause,

Remodel and reform the laws,

For Justice fight!

Could I but be my country's knight,
My sword should flash in public light,

Her foes to tame!

Then 'neath her maiden flag unfurled,

I'd hurl defiance at the world

To prove her shame!

Ah, what a wish! what pratings wild!

Art thou not prince? thy country's child?

The coming *King*?

Art thou not then thy country's knight?

Wert thou not born in Freedom's light,

'Neath eagle's wing?

Stand up, and view the world of graft!

Bow not to yoke thyself with Craft!

Be thou sincere!

Rise up, young Samson of our land!

Stretch out thy strength on either hand!

What shouldst *thou* fear?

Stand up, Sir Knight, Columbia's youth!

Be pure, be brave and seek for Truth.

Thou holdest in thy mailed hand

America! Come, wield thy brand!

America is thine to rule!

Art thou an hireling, traitor, fool?

Dost thou lament thy country's fate

When thou alone canst make her great?

Dost thou behold thy brothers bound,

Thyself betwixt oppressors ground,

Thy country's name a jest abroad,

A synonym for greed and fraud?

Then stand thou firm, and strike deep home!

Our country must not follow Rome!

Her power, *her* prestige, and *her* pelf

Have much increased *our* love of self

Yet we, as knights, must humble be—

To champion Right and Purity!

UPS AND DOWNS.

Take *down* each suggestion

And take *up* your pen;

Throw *down* every question

That comes *up* again!

Sit *down* at your table,
And sit *up* all night;
Put *down* all your able,
And turn *up* the light.

Back *up* tho you're sleepy,
Keep *up* writing *still*,
Cheer up tho you're weepy,
Pay *up* your gas bill.

Throw *up* all your dates,
Look *down* on Despair,
Shut *up* social gates,
Shut *down* on your fare!

Get *up* before daylight,
And get *down* to work;
Cut *up* all you may write,
Don't lie *down* and shirk!

Look *up* what they tell you.
And then write it *down*;
Write *up* what you need to
And do it *up* brown.

Don't give *up* your writing.
Tie *up* to your theme:
Keep *up* ever fighting
Hold *down* ev'ry dream!

Work *UP* your "Oration,"
Cut down and cut out;
"Get *UP* inspiration,"
It's "all *UP*," no doubt.

Make *UP* a quotation,
And hunt *UP* some more;
Wind *UP* your "oration,"
And run *DOWN* no more!

ART DEPARTMENT

THE MANUAL ARTS.



THE PERSUASIVE powers of the editor of this department are responsible for the infliction of this article upon the host of POINTER readers. An attempt will be made to say something of the Manual Arts with particular reference to what has been done this year down in the manual training room by the boys of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades.

The Manual Arts include a great variety of work. The work more commonly embraced under that term includes paper cutting, cardboard work, weaving, basketry, clay modeling, and pottery, much of which is being done in the grades by practice and critic teachers. Other work generally done in specially provided rooms, includes book-

binding, knife work in thin wood, bench work, sheet metal work, bent iron work, forging, and work on the turning lathe in wood and iron.

The work done by the sixth, seventh and eighth grade boys has been in thin woods. It may be said of this work that with a minimum of equipment there is a maximum of possibilities. A very limited equipment is necessary for this class of work. The equipment used besides school desks and benches consists of 15 sloyd knives, 15 try squares, a hammer, a back saw for sawing the boards, and a few cabinet files. With these tools for a start, glue, brads, Perry pictures, calendar pads, etc., were obtained later as needed,

From the Paine Lumber Company of Oshkosh, a variety of thin (three-sixteenth inch) boards, surfaced on both sides, were bought. The kinds of woods used are as follows: Poplar, sycamore, cherry, butternut, chestnut, walnut, mahogany, quartered oak, and the inevitable basswood.

List of Models.

1. Picture frame.
2. Calendar back.
3. Match box.
4. Paper knife, book support.
5. Glove box, neck tie box, collar and cuff box, Lady's work box, checker board, jewel box.

The articles made were in about the order given above. No attempt was made to do class work, but each boy received individual instruction, and progressed as rapidly as his dexterity permitted. It should be understood, however, that the development of accuracy and originality were considered of more importance than the amount of work done. In only a few instances were the representative models copied.

The first step was to make several free hand designs, one of which was selected to be drawn full size for a working drawing. Having completed a working drawing, the next step was to saw off a piece of material and then to plan to use it to the best advantage. Work was then begun with the knife. Not to go into further constructive detail, it was gratifying to note, as the work progressed, how expert many of the boys became in the use of the knife. While the first three models were insisted upon, in (4) and (5) a choice of models was allowed. Only in models in groups (5) were the boys allowed to use saw and plane occasionally. It will be noted in the above models that the Swedish idea of utility, so strongly advocated by Dr. Saloman of Naas, Sweden, was adhered to.

A word about the value and practicability of

this class of work. The knife is the most widely used tool in the world, yet its useful possibilities are little appreciated. A boy who has become expert in the use of a knife, with a little encouragement at home, may design and make many useful and interesting articles.

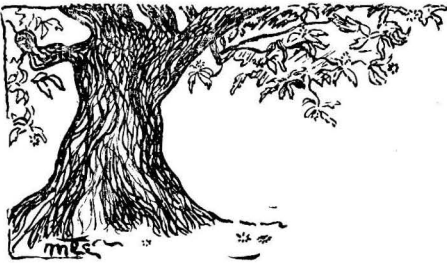
Another valuable feature of the work is the knowledge gained of the beauty, nature and value of the different kinds of wood.

The small cost of equipment needed for the knife work in thin wood makes practicable the introduction of the work in rural schools. The cost of the necessary tools and lumber did not exceed ten dollars for 33 boys divided into three classes, each class having had on an average two working periods a week during the two quarters.

In a regularly planned course co-operation between the drawing and manual training departments makes the work in both more interesting and valuable.

To quote from The Manual Training Magazine, "A host of attractions stand ready to draw a boy out of school; the Arts hold him in. They are the best truant officers a school system can employ."

J. EDWIN FULTS.



CHESTNUTS AND ROASTS



N. B.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

All those who received slams in the Xmas Number of THE POINTER will favor staff by kindly returning same to Pointer Office. The editor will probably feel inclined to compliment you on having *actually contributed something* toward making The Pointer a *success*.

EXAMINING REGENT—"Mr.Ormsby, what do you know of Agriculture?"

ORMSBY—"Oh! I was raised on a farm."

REGENT—"Good! I thought you looked it."

MR. SPINDLER—"In the list are many men of wild-world—ah—er world-word—er wild-word—er—a— Oh! I can't pronounce it!"

REMARK—The theory that we don't know anything we can't tell has exploded.

NOTICE!!

There will be a consolation meeting of Pointer Staff at 646 Church Street, Saturday January 20, 1906, at 8 P. M. All those who have contributed more than two pages to Pointer this year are requested to be present. In addition to the regular monthly consolation services, student and faculty slam damages will be considered and appropriations made.

NOTICE!!

If any one wishes private instruction in Art, free of charge, Miss Grady will devote her 1:30 period gladly.

In the gathering dusk, the light in the Ancient History room grew dim. The professor paused in his lecture on gods, stepped to the wall, shoved a button and said in Jove-like tones, "*Let there be light!*" And there was light.

Irate Practice Teacher, pointing to the sentence "The horse and the cow is in the pasture."

CLASS! What is wrong with that sentence?"

Polite little Johnnie at last arose, and faltered "If you please, ma'am, the lady ought to come first."

It is the united opinion of all that Browne believes himself the virtual head of the school. Alas! a virtual head may still be a — head.

Earl Wilson, in Oral Reading, comes to the word purgatory and stops: "Mr. Bacon, I can't twist my tongue around *that* word!"

Things We have Lived to See.

Slams on THE POINTER staff.

Ferdinand a full-fledged insurance agent.

An awful throng of orators for the contest

Miss Eadmand concoct test questions which induce fainting spells.

The Regents come and go. Thank the Firmament.

No more Peruna drunks. Alas!!

Martin admit that all men are fools. Jan. 13. He is only 18.

Browne on time!!!!

Girls beginning to wear dog collars.

Some very interesting lectures by the faculty.

Its pounded by the faculty,
Its hammered by the classes,
Its banged by all our student boys,
Its slammed at by the lasses,
Its told to make a huge success,
Of nothing whatsoever
And when It doesn't quite succeed
Its told it is not clever.

Please know, my gentle readers,
That this ditty is not graft,
And in this roughly handled "It"
Please see THE POINTER staff.

The Literary Editor pines away
For the sailor lad at Sturgeon Bay,
And thinking of his and him alway,
She wears a sailor suit every day.

The Local Editors.

A brace of the rankest gossips the institution has ever had to deal with. But never mind. Its their business.

The Art Editor.

Meekness all,
Fair of face.
Artistic very,
What a grace.

An ambitious youngster in the Ninth Grade, interested in Mathematics, after following the Associate Editor for 3 hours, 30 minutes, and 27 seconds, stated for a fact that her head made 1432 revolutions.

REMARK.—The Assistant Editor has great head power.

EXCHANGES

"Hail! Hail!" the patriot subjects cried,
Their loyalty proclaiming,—
"How dare you hail? the queen replied,
"As long as I am reigning?"

The last two numbers of the Sphinx contain a number of especially interesting pen and ink sketches.

Student—We suggest that you do not mingle your Alumni notes or other departments of your journal with the advertisements. Have each department well defined.

Exponent—Your cover design and several cuts that you use are anything but artistic.

We criticise the exchange columns of several school papers, being deficient in suggestions for the benefit of their contemporaries.

Normal Advance—A suggestion is offered to you that you print 1— copies of those *literary* outlines in lieu of the Advance. We fully appreciate the outlines but are patiently waiting for your productions of *literature*.

Gitche Gumee—You are welcomed as one of our best exchanges.

To deceive can only bring returns for a short time; a lie, like a hen, comes home to roost.

Ex.

The German poem "Weinachten" in the Black and Red is good.

Prof.—"How would you translate into German, the word, *phrase*."

Student—"Eine *Fratze*."

BLACK AND RED.

For the Teacher.

"Kindly exculpate my son Moses for being one aggregate day absent. Because his mother substantiating sick, Moses had to sojourn in the house perpetual, so kindly pology him for not coming once day to school."

Ex.

She—"Oh, how lovely of you to bring those beautiful roses. How fresh they are. I do believe that there is a little dew on them yet."

He—"Well—yes—there—is; but I will pay it tomorrow."

ORANGE AND BLACK.

Lake Breeze. Your journal is excellent, one of our best exchanges.

Some boy friends of Charles Darwin once plotted against him. They slew a caterpillar, glued a beetle's head upon him, and stuck on a butterfly's wings and a grasshopper's legs. Then they put the creature into a box and knocked at Darwin's door. "We found this in the field they said eagerly. "What is it?" Darwin looked it over soberly; looked into their innocent faces. "Did it hum when you caught it?" "Oh, yes, sir," they said, nudging each other. "Then it must be a humbug," he said.

Ex.

Marquette College Journal—We fail to find an exchange column.

Easily Done.

In the waltz every young lady can claim to be a daughter of the revolution.

"I feel like a cake."

"Just got frosted?"

Ex.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Willie I fear I shall never meet you in the better land!"

Willie—"Why, what 'cher been doin' now?"

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano."

"Indeed."

"Yes, he's gnawed half the polish off one leg."

Ex.

FAITH.

The soul that soars the shining mount of Faith,

Beholding Love the sovran of the past,
And seeing Light, thru vistas dim before,

Illume the darkest paths of Destiny,
And pierce cold speculation's spectral shroud
With shafts of radiance which scatter gloom
From the dread future and that other life,
Doubts not, nor delves with doubt to reach
[despair.]

The light of love, the happiness of hope,

Fling far the line of faith that faileth not.

The anchor of belief holds firm the bark

Where cabled facts cannot withstand the shock
Of thund'rous *theory* of truths unproved

By waves of argument and seas of thought. Ex.

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Address all literary material to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL

SLIPS TOWARD THE POINT.

Every *resolution* demands a *zevolution*.



A high ideal calls for a great deal.



The Year is New. Life is the same old thing.



Let a man get busy, and he can get anything else in the world.



If one takes things as they come, he won't grumble when they fail to come.



The Editor of a School Paper may be a printer's devil—without pay.



Solomon *was* wise: The modern man *gets* wise.



Environment makes the man; but some men first made environment.



The "students' way" is frequently the quickest way.



Honesty is the best policy; but an Insurance Policy is not the best honesty.



A seat in the United States Senate is accounted an honor. If some man could only sit *on* it!



The point of a joke is the finest part of it!!

GENIUS has ever been at the bar of reason accused of insanity. And still there's room in the asylums!

THE people who look for trouble never find anything good. They find fault, and fault is never good. They find vice, and vice always obscures virtue. They find work, and work keeps them too busy to find more fault!

TRUE FRIENDSHIP is a flower which blossoms on the stem of old acquaintance. It is a natural growth. We can't cultivate it—unless we wish it to be artificial. Burbank has shown himself a veritable wizard of horticulture. He transforms thorns into fruit and dry husks into luscious leaves. But he must not cease cultivating. There are wizards of acquaintance who perform wonders in a single season. They produce artificial friendship by a graft on the budding stem of chance acquaintance. Will it last?



AMERICAN YOUTH are often charged with irreverence. The common chord of foreign criticism of Yankee Youth notes our absolute disregard for authority, our hatred of restraint, our irreverence for our elders, our insubordinate self-sufficiency, and our conceit. All these are not manifest in our brothers across the sea. They are quiet and submissive. They respect their elders, honor their parents, and revere those who sit in high places—according to the critics. Granting the truth of their assumption, whence comes the difference? Have *we* no word of defense? We stand convicted of *all*; but is the guilt upon our shoulders?

One of the laws of unconscious development is the Law of Imitation. The tendency to imitate is one of the most vital factors in life and education. It is inherent and ineradicable. It is at the same time primitive and modern, savage and civilized. It implies the power of adaptation to environing influences. And what are the influences by which the American Youth of the Twentieth Century are hedged about? Are his elders consistent when they charge *him* with irreverence and at the same time trample the most sacred principles of government in the mire of corrupt politics? Is the American citizen justified in deploring the growing disregard for law and authority, and prating of the good old days when he was a boy, while he takes the law in his own hands and riots in our streets or joins a lynching gang? The American boy sees a strikers parade, he witnesses the triumphs of his elders thru violence, he becomes imbued with an ambition to be a striker. He did so in Chicago and organized the school strike. The lobbyists son is a chip off the old block. If he isn't, his father isn't to blame. He corrupts college politics, pays five dollars for the vote that makes him Athletic manager—and then! The Rockefellers, the McCalls, the McCurdys, the boodlers, the grafters, the "men with a price," have sons who inherit fortunes bought with the sweat of poor mens' brows and the self-respect of millionaires! Are the older gentlemen honest? Are they amenable to the authority of the law? Do they reverence Right and Justice? Does the American voter *refuse* a bribe? Then he is justified in joining the foreign critic.

Without further comment, we hasten to say that we believe that the average Young American appreciates honor and recognizes authority full as well as does the older American. We give honor and reverence to whom they are due, and still have both to spare.

Young Americans! We must carve our future and build our own temple of Reverence. We may be Young Men now, but *once* we were boys—and how we admired young men then! Did we admire the snob, the grafter? We didn't *mean* to. It is well for every American, young or old, to remember the *Younger* Americans and the "Law of Imitation."

TOO many advisors, too many "friends," too many studies, too many engagements, too many resolutions, may all be as fatal as too many cooks.

SHOULD the New Year not find us resolving to cease making excuses, it would doubtless be well to remember that all the *good* excuses have already been made.

CONCEIT roosts on a high perch with a chip under its wing. The feathers of this fowl are ignorance and confidence.

WE HAVE heard and read and talked of graft—graft in politics, in society, in colleges; graft in banking, insurance and finance. LaFollette, and Folk, Hughes and Jerome have soared to fame on the breath of public indignation created by graft. We invite your attention to the fifth page of this issue.

THE MAN who is his own best friend is very apt to work for a living. If he doesn't, his scheme of life won't work. The end and aim of life is work. We can't see the aim or seek the end without *doing something*.

THE wise ? men in the East are still busily engaged in their effort to determine whether or not they are too dignified to do their duty. The worthy senators do well to hold down their seats and look wise. Incidentally the United States Senate, that august and reverend body, holds up the entire body politic and collects blackmail from our National Banditti—the boodlers. We wonder, if it becomes the editors to wonder, how much longer senatorial dignity will continue to be of sufficient weight to hold down the upheaval of popular sentiment.



With the passing away of the beautiful days of Autumn, the glories of the football field have passed away and the idolized pig-skin is laid away to rest for another year—if not forever.

The football men are satisfied with their season's record, and feel amply repaid for the energy expended and time spent in this form of recreation.

It is true that the football men have expended some of their energy in a direction the result of which may not have added as much to their intellectual advancement for the time being as if they should have expended the same amount of energy in the pursuit of their studies; but the fact that they have expended energy does not mean that they have lost strength, but rather gained in that vitality so important to them in their lives and progress which will enable them to more easily reach in the long run the coveted goal of their ambition.

Again, it is true that some of the time spent on the campus might well and profitably have been spent in doors in study or in other more useful occupations. The conditions, however, resolve themselves into this question, "Would the time thus spent in foot ball be turned to a better or even as good an account in anything else?"

Aside from this we know that the players were required to carry on efficiently the regular work of the school; they were not fondled in the class room because they were foot ball players, but held to account for their work. Those who lagged

in their studies were promptly "canned" by the chairman of the Athletic Committee. Besides the work imposed upon them by the instructors they were and are the most enthusiastic promoters of the Literary and Debating Societies, and of every other feature the school may be interested in.

The boys have gained strength, confidence, and self-reliance, for they were called upon to a test of strength not only physical but moral, social and intellectual.

Competition makes the world move and grow. Competition in the game of foot-ball makes the boys move and grow. The truth that they have become stronger physically, in itself evidences the fact that they have been benefitted in many other ways; it is a good indication of their future good health and strength; it is a good foundation for the healthful development of intellectual power—a physical weakling is seldom, if ever, strong intellectually; it means that the boys have advanced morally, socially, and intellectually. Any one familiar even in a slight measure with the life and atmosphere of our Normal and High Schools under whose honest and able guidance and eternal vigilance the game of foot-ball is played, knows that these four phases of our lives, namely, physical, moral, social and intellectual, go hand in hand; if any one of those is developed the others are. One is dependent upon the other You cannot promote one without developing the others.

We are proud of the foot-ball men who have made such an honorable record for themselves and for the school during the past season. Those qualities of a true manhood which they have tested and strengthened in the struggle for victory on the gridiron will undoubtedly stay with them and be vital factors in influencing the lives and characters of those who in the near future may come under their charge and guidance.

They have played the game nobly; may we not expect the same in the greater game of actual and practical life?

Our attention is now diverted from the exciting and spectacular struggle on the gridiron to the less sensational but hardly less interesting contests on the gymnasium floor.

Basket-ball, hand-ball, and indoor base-ball are on our program. To excel in any one of these games does not call for as much beef and brawn, nor for any fool-hardy courage as in foot ball; but on the contrary more skill, agility, prompt action, and even greater endurance is required. Another very desirable feature of these indoor games is that they may be indulged in by both sexes.

Several mens' and girls' teams have already been organized in basket-ball. The prospect of a successful and enthusiastic season of enjoyment and recreation is very bright. The men's first team altho yet in an embryo stage of development is one of the fastest little teams in the state. We expect much of them.

On December 15th, our second team went down to Grand Rapids to play their first game. They were defeated, but not disheartened, and are now practicing harder than ever.

The first team played their first game with the Stevens Point City Team one of the strongest city teams in the state. Our boys put up some good work but could hardly be expected to win when pitted against such men as "Norsky," Halverson, Curran, Eaton, Nelson, Braemer, and Atkins. The result was 36-12 in favor of the team from "down town."

On January 5th, our team played at Marshfield and defeated the team there. Good team work did the work. During the first quarter of playing not a foul nor a score was made by either team. Score at end of first half 18-9 in our favor.

Final score—Stevens Point Normal 28; Marshfield 24.

Line up:

STEVENS POINT NORMAL.	MARSHFIELD.
PARK.....	Forward.....SAPIRO
WADLEIGH.....	Forward.....PATTERSON
ROBERTS.....	Center.....WAREFIELD
BRASURE.....	Guard.....FREDERICKS
BISCHOFF.....	Guard.....WITT
"HILLY".....	Sub

Our team was accompanied by Miss Allerton member of Faculty.

Culver—Manager.

Everson—Referee.

Mr. McClees of Marshfield, acted as Umpire.

LOCALS

Look for Hobson! He comes February 6.

Willis Boston and George Everson have been on the sick list.

Professor Clark, teacher of Mathematics in the River Falls Normal, visited here Wednesday, January 3.

Professor Talbert entertained the Bacteriology and Biology Classes at his home on December 12.

Leslie Bennett has been elected captain of the basket ball team.

The Examining Committee of the Board of Regents were here Wednesday, January 10, to examine those finishing courses at the close of the Second and Third quarters.

Clarence Mortell has been made captain, and Duncan Reid manager of the foot ball team for next year. A fine team is anticipated.

The second number of the Lecture Course was given by the Cleveland Ladies' Orchestra. They gave us a charming evening; and went away occupying a lofty position in our estimation.

The Lecture Committee has announced that the Lyric Glee Club of Chicago will take the place of the Rogers-Grilley Company who were unable to appear. The club consists of a male quartette, and is strictly first class in all its connections.

The boys' Literary Societies entertained the Arena and Ohiyesa in the gymnasium December 8. It was an elaborate affair. Supper was served to one hundred at a time in the main hall. Music was furnished by the Metropolitan Orchestra.

The following old students visited the school since vacation: Ida Williams, Georgiana Clark, Ruth Wadleigh, Ed Mathe, Loron Sparks, Conrad Olson, Fred Somers, Mabel Rogers, Belle Young, Howard Welty, Ruth Porter, Guy Mallory, Alta Sherman, Mable Olson, Katherine Southwick.

The Fifty-third Annual Convention of the Wisconsin Teacher's Association was held December 27-29 in Milwaukee. Stevens Point was well rep-

resented by members of the faculty, and by former students of the school. Mrs. Bradford, President Pray, Professors Hyer, Sanford and Collins took part in the program.

The Seniors finishing the course this quarter are: Flora Wood, Belle Dirimple, Katherine Potts, Ray Ormsby, Belle Mitchell, Eva Koehl, and Mary Kalisky. Those completing the Elementary Course are: Nina Coye, Ethel Coye, Alice Scott, Winnie Shumway, and Shirley Almy.

The pupils of the Grammar and Intermediate Departments gave a Christmas Entertainment called "The Childrens' Messiah," Music and readings were given. These were illustrated by pictures thrown upon the screen. The Primary children played "The Cave Dwellers" in the gymnasium. The Kindergarteners gave a party to their parents who were pleasantly surprised by the gifts made by the children.

Several donations have recently been made to our museum. Marie Calnan has given several pieces of Fractional Currency of Civil War times. They are fifty, twenty-five, ten, and three cents in denomination. She also gave fifty cents in Postal Currency.

Professor C. H. Sylvester gave a piece of North Carolina Currency of 1776, and a copy of the last issue of THE VICKSBURG DAILY CITIZEN printed on wall paper just before the fall of Vicksburg.

From I. G. Osterbrink was received a gun, originally a long barrellled flint lock, but later made over for use of a concussion cap.

The school is grateful to donors in these cases, and is always glad to receive gifts or loans.

The Course of Study of the Practice School is being printed in the form of bulletins of the school. Nature Study and Geography in one pamphlet, and History in another are now in the hands of Practice Teachers. The course in Nature Study and Geography seems to meet the needs of Public Schools in different parts of the State. On account of the demand for it, Mrs. Bradford has decided to get out another edition, copies of which she will sell to any wanting them,

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