

# THE Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1897.

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# John Schmitt,

Dress Suits  
a Specialty.



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#### The Wide Awake Retailers.

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On the freight gangway, the negro deck hands were busy loading the boat. Down there out of the breeze, and sweltering in the hot sun, the poor fellows were made to trot up the plank lugging unreasonable weights of flour and pork, or bending under great boxes of dry goods. I do not believe they could have borne up at all had it not been for one big, powerful black-lipped fellow who talked more, did more, and sweat more than any other man on the force. Whenever he grabbed a sack or set one down he uttered in a shrill key a single piercing "yi!" At this, the sagging knees would straighten, their steps quicken, and the sharp voice of the overseer would be for a moment stilled.

But at length there was no further excuse for delay. The whistle gave a single warning blast. The last late straggler ran up the swaying plank. The line was slipped. Then the pilot pulled the string, and the steam began to hiss and cough in the pipes; gr-r-umm, gr-r-umm, complained the great shaft; the broad paddles of the wheel began to slap the water, and the Pittsburg, then the finest up-river steamer of the "Diamond Jo line," proudly swung her great length out into the swift channel. There were many crazy little "ting-ling"s of the bells, followed by quick answers of the noisy engine, while the big boat did much

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Oh, the pleasures of that June day, as we glided through narrow channels, deep and black, where thick foliaged basswood and seraggly beech hung out over the water, or as we carefully picked our way over shallow places where sand bars have spread the river out into a wide, shining stream.

Early in the afternoon we came to Prescott with its smoky stores and decrepit houses—the oldest town in that section of Wisconsin. Opposite it, in Minnesota, is the young, bustling city of Hastings. Its new fresh buildings, and lively air, made a pleasing contrast with the old town we had just left.

Below these cities the bluffs became more noticeable, piling themselves up on each bank, in low slanting rows, heavily wooded with maple and oak. But for the next two hours they became higher and more and more interesting, and their picturesque crags of limestone jutting out defiantly, with the dark caves beneath, make the scenery wild and varied. Then we came to the beautiful Minnesota city of Red Wing, resting upon a rocky shelf, safely above the river and back against the wall of hills. We were now at the head of lake Pepin. From here to the mouth of the Chippewa—a distance of over thirty miles—there is no current whatever, while the river widens to several times its usual breadth.

Just below Red Wing, the stream is divided into many deep narrow channels, by numerous islands, which, we might say, have been dropped there by the Father of Waters, as he lays his burden down before taking his long rest. Into one of these narrow, wood-bound inlets we went. The big Pittsburg had scarcely room enough to edge herself along. Overhanging boughs scraped her deck. From the pilot house I looked closely ahead, watching for something new at every turn of the vessel, for I had an inkling of what was coming. And I was rewarded.

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Just below Red Wing, the stream is divided into many deep narrow channels, by numerous islands, which, we might say, have been dropped there by the Father of Waters, as he lays his burden down before taking his long rest. Into one of these narrow, wood-bound inlets we went. The big Pittsburg had scarcely room enough to edge herself along. Overhanging boughs scraped her deck. From the pilot house I looked closely ahead, watching for something new at every turn of the vessel, for I had an inkling of what was coming. And I was rewarded.

Just as we rounded a short bend covered with great leafy trees—without the least warning, trees, shores, and the confining bluffs seemed to disappear, and broad and blue, on every side, with the southern horizon lost in haze—was Lake Pepin. The sudden beauty of the unfolding of that scene, I can never forget.

Soon we were out in the lake. The sun was directly ahead, and on each side, a mile and a half away, was a high, steep, rocky shore. The light breeze made the water choppy, and now and then a white cap relieved the monotony of the dark blue lake. The bow of the boat would go spanking into the crests of the waves, splashing the water in shining sparkles, then later, would heave it in great swells, that branched out on each side and trailed along behind us. Astern, the great wheel pounded away beneath a perfect rainbow of powdery foam. And in complete harmony there vibrated through the whole boat the rhythmic chug, of the cylinder, so that one could fancy all he heard and saw, blended in a solemn chord of beautiful music.

But the constant changing of the view, forbade much of a reverie. There is at least that difference between Lake Pepin and the ocean. We never knew what to expect, for the scene shifted with every rod of advance. Looking ahead, you saw a broad expanse of water resting sedately between two converging level lines, the tops of the confining bluffs. A sideward glance, and you looked across tossing white caps toward uneven, rocky knobs and peaks along the shores. Far away all was quiet and grave. Around you it was noisy and restless. And all the time, as you advanced, the regular outlines of the bluffs, slowly became cut up into jagged ledges and dark deep cooleys.

Then, there were ever changing incidents. Now and then an airy sail-boat glided around in the lee of the shore. Sometimes a distant skiff would make a dot on the water miles away. Often we passed big river steamers, their whistles formally greeting us, while the wind whisked their heavy trails of black smoke about in queer contortions. Once as we passed a boat that was towing a big raft, a young lady wanted the captain of the Pittsburg to "help that poor ship that was aground." She thought the poor ship had run its nose into an island.

So, with many happy diversions, the pleasant afternoon wore away, and all too soon the changing sights of lake and sky and shore, were lost in the dusk of twilight. Night came, but not without its diversions. With the coming of darkness, the wind rose. Sweeping down through the cooleys, it tossed the water about in wild heaps of waves; and our voyage, from Lake City down to Reeds, the little abandoned town at the foot of the lake, was dark and rough. The electric search light would shoot a gleaming streak up into the dark and swiftly moving clouds, and then would sweep across the lake showing the white crested, tossing waves in striking relief. Once a shaft of light rested for a moment on the straight sharp point of Maiden Rock, so famous for the Indian legends of the girl who for her lover's sake leaped from its dizzy height into the lake below. The white brightness of the rock, clear and intense, as it was suspended for a moment high up in the dense blackness of the atmosphere, the dismal roar of the breakers, echoing from

the hollow shore, made a ghostly effect that haunts me to this day.

As we passed the dangerous point where two years before the Sea Wing with her hundred lives had been lost, the wind, strong enough before, beamed a furious gale, and we hardy sailors who had been laughing at the sea-sick people, now took to the cabin ourselves, where we huddled anxiously about the windows and peered out into the darkness. The waves dashed and swished at the bow. Often a big one would rush up and break in fury on the deck. But the Pittsburg had been in these storms before, and she rolled along good-naturedly, shaking off the clinging waves. Now and then she felt her way with a shaft from the searchlight, which would give us no glimpses of the villages of Pepin or Stockholm, or the ever present bluffs towering above us.

But there came a time when we missed the slapping of the waves and the roll of the boat. Even the roar of the wind died away. What had happened? We looked out to see. The protecting shores had somehow mysteriously closed in on us. We were out of the lake. On our left, the Chipewa flowed sluggishly in. At our right was Reeds. We were almost to Wabasha. A little more of the quiet laboring of the engine, some sweeping shafts of light from the lamp, two long blasts from the whistle and two short ones, much ringing of bells and backing around—and a happy boy sprang from the end of the swinging plank, just as it touched the dock of Wabasha.

#### A CAMPING EXPERIENCE.

We had left our tents one night for a few hours and on our return found that an invasion had taken place with "none there to hinder." During our absence three cows had wandered into one of the tents and were having a glorious feast on dry goods. One had evidently appeased her hunger, for she had left the banquet and was reclining gracefully on a cot.

After some vigorous persuasion the unwelcome visitors retreated, leaving the tent to its rightful owners. We began immediately to find out what had escaped the appetites of these voracious creatures.

A line had been stretched from one end of the tent to the other to hang clothing on and this was of course convenient for the cows.

Shirt waists minus sleeves and yokes were picked up in dark corners, woolen dresses with "open-work fronts" and "crushed" collars, and dresses with no fronts or collars at all, were brought to light. Telescope valises had been opened and their contents sampled. With the vanity characteristic to her sex one inquisitive animal, spying a box of La Blache's face powder had evidently found it much to her taste, for not even the box was left.

From appearances, or rather disappearances, it seemed that one of the trio was trying to pose as a hosiery department.

Many other articles did those beasts devour, such as slippers, hats, linen collars and mackintoshes. However, they still continue to live (that is, the cows. The devoured articles were never restored) and they escaped the tragic ending we revengefully hoped would come to them.

MATIE BARRY.



## BEE HUNTING.

In the first place, we have to get a piece of fresh honey, and a vial of scent. There are a number of different kinds of scents, but we use anis oil.

We start out some pleasant day in the fall, when every thing is in a beautiful stage of decay. We look around for a little sheltered nook where the flowers are still green; we can hear the hum of a bee, but cannot see him. Pretty soon we get our eye on him, and the next thing to do is to get him in our box. The first attempt proves a failure, but we are not discouraged; so we look for another, find one, and get him in the box this time. The next thing is to find a little clear place where we can line the bee. After we have found a place to suit, we open the box and as the bee is filled he will come out of the box, and before starting away he will circle and re-circle around the bait. He probably will be gone ten or fifteen minutes; then he comes back, circles around a while, and finally settles on the bait. Before he is filled, another bee will come; and then the bees come faster and faster. Now we have a good time deciding what direction they take; this we call lining them. After we get a good line, we shut some bees in the box and take them away to one side of this place, and line them from our new position. This is called cross lining; for where the lines cross each other we are sure to find the bee tree. To find the tree, we go to where we think the lines cross each other; here we look at every hollow tree there is; but we always look at the wrong trees first. Finally we find the tree. And, now, the next thing is to get the honey without getting stung. Some smother the bees with sulphur; but this is not a good thing to do, for then all the vacant cells in the comb will be full of dead bees. We always build a little smudge to take up our trees, for as soon as a bee gets a whiff of smoke he is conquered, and the only danger of getting stung is by pinching a bee when you are taking out the comb. It takes a man with strong nerves to take up a tree. The air is black with bees; you can hardly brush them off your hands, for they are crazy for the honey that is on your hands.

The last time I took honey from a tree I was not stung once. This, however, was not due to my skill, but to the over-kindness of the bees.

F. C. GILMAN.

## THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE.

When I was a boy I lived about two miles from a small stream. The stream was not far from the school house and we boys were very well acquainted with it. The creek ran through a meadow which was from a quarter to a half mile in width and bordered on each side by pine or tamarack trees. The course of the stream was marked out by bunches of willows which grew along the banks. We dug a deep hole in the broad bend and this was our swimming hole. The creek was about sixteen feet wide at this place and we were able to make a place large enough for us to swim about a rod without turning to the right or left. After we had dug the bottom of the creek about three feet deeper, we built a dam so that we could keep the hole

full of water in dry times. The hole, when well filled, was about five feet deep.

Last summer I happened to be in that neighborhood and felt that I should like to see the old spot where I went so often when a boy. The path which led from the road to the swimming hole was grown over so that it was difficult to follow. When I reached the spot which I thought I never could forget, I found there was hardly any trace left. The dam had been washed out, and grass had grown across the creek so that it did not look anything like it used to. I took a stick and measured the depth of the water and found it to be only about two feet.

The forests had been cut away on each side of the stream, and the features not only of our swimming hole, but of the surrounding country had been greatly changed.

F. E. MCGINNIS.

## HOW WE PICKED BLUEBERRIES.

The blueberry season was at its height. We girls agreed that we must follow the fashion and go berrying. We were ready very early Saturday morning, and as soon as the dew was off the grass, set out for the hills where we were told the berries grew. The party consisted of five girls carrying five umbrellas, three lunch baskets, two ten-quart pails and numberless pans, dippers and cups.

A mile of sandy road brought us to a piece of woods at the foot of the hills. Here we turned off and began slowly picking our way through the tangled hazel brush and tall grass. We had not gone far when the foremost one of the party cried excitedly, "Snakes! girls, snakes!" To say that a panic followed, would be putting it too mildly. Away went girls, umbrellas, baskets, pails and pans. No thought was given to the torn dresses and lost hats, but on we went till two of the party found themselves securely fastened in a barb wire fence. By the time the girls were extricated from the fence and the various articles of tinware collected, the sun was high.

The remainder of the way was steep and rough, and we were a tired set when we reached the top of the hill. We looked about for some time, but could find no berries so we concluded that they had all been picked. After eating our much shaken lunch, we started home but our misfortunes were not at an end. When we came out on the road, we encountered a herd of cattle, and were obliged to go about a mile out of our way because some of the girls would not pass them.

When we reached home, we sat down to rest, and agreed that going berrying was not so much fun after all.

L. A. B.

"Winter is the monarch of the year

When wild winds make the giant pines their harp,  
And joy of Christmas tide is at the flood.

Only to those who miss a presence dear

The thorns of winter's holly crown are sharp,

And all its berries gleam like drops of blood."

—Selected.

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Published monthly during the school year of ten months by the students of the State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wis.

Entered at the Postoffice at Stevens Point, Wis., as second class matter.

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## EDITORIAL.

The managers and staff of the Pointer extend merry Christmas greetings to all its readers.

I have recently heard one of our teachers make this remark, "I wish that students coming into my classes would read more novels."

What does this mean to us? Will our appreciation of Greek and Roman history be any keener for having read "Quo Vadis," "Rienzi," "The Last of the Tribunes" and "The Last Days of Pompey?" Shall we feel more interest in the Dark Ages and understand better the gloom which covered the world at that period, if we have read "Monk and Knight" and "The Cloister and the Hearth?" Are we going to have a more vital interest in the French Revolution if we have followed that grand character, Jean Valjean, through his remarkable life or have shudderingly perused Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities?"

Will England's downs and the braes of bonny Scotland be any more real to us after reading George Eliot's novels, "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush" or Scott's Waverlys? Are we going to know any more about the Revolution for having read "Daughters of the Revolution," "The Boys of '76," "Great Treason" and "Two Spies?" Shall we have a greater appreciation for the services paid to their country by the brave men who fell in the Civil War, if we have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Fool's Errand" or "Bricks Without Straw?"

How will it assist us in getting "this old history lesson," if we have filled every spare moment of our time in devouring the stories of African life, of Russian Anarchy, of Irish oppression or of German customs? Don't you know? Can't you see? There is not a people on this earth uninteresting to us as human beings.

Just as the "Seven Little Sisters" have a common mother, so have we a common origin.

We can not feel much interest in Cuba or much sympathy for the people in Greece and Turkey, if we do not know something of the circumstances surrounding the people in these countries. If we have read a simple tale of Cuban life our understanding of the environment of this people is going to give a fertile soil for Cuban interests.

Our imagination needs cultivating. "Imagination," I hear you say, "why we only use the memory and reason in History and Political Economy!" Perhaps you do and that may be the very reason why the teacher of those subjects is forced to say at the end of your course, "Well, you have a standing, but—well—perhaps mathematics is your field." Again, I see the eyes of another teacher looking reproachfully upon me as he says, "Didn't you have fourth quarter algebra under me? How about the imaginary quantities you studied there?"

There is no escape, turn where you will, imagination is as surely in demand as is memory. You will be a better student in all your classes if some of your spare moments have been spent in poring over story books.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Just so all study and no reading for recreation makes a dullard of a might-have-been bright student.

The report of the librarian for the month of October gives a circulation of 2,351 books and magazines, making a daily average of 90 volumes, an increase of 21 volumes over that of September.

For November the number of books issued was 2,541, an average daily issue of 105 volumes. Several new periodicals have been added to our already well filled case and tables, namely: The Literary News, Publisher's Weekly and Library Journal.

Statistics tell the same story in a Normal school library as in that of a free public library—we are a people fond of stories. In September we issued 399 stories and 320 of geography and history, a balance of 79 volumes in favor of fiction. In October we read 521 stories and 464 of geography and history which shows a gradual trend toward more sober literature. But to people who are deprived of travel and are thus limited in their sphere of acquaintances, there is nothing that can take the place of the novel. It brings us in touch with new experiences and new people. Alessandro and Ramona become as real to us as our next door neighbors. We follow them in their daily duties. We can hear the sweet music of Ave Maria floating from the windows of the various chambers to welcome the sunrise. We sympathize with them in their sorrows and rejoice when they rejoice. Thus through fiction we reconstitute our experience and thereby make it fuller and richer; it fires the imagination, quickens the pulse, and gives us views of men and things which lift us into a higher atmosphere; where we can echo the lines of the poet who sings:

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good.

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."



## SCIENTIFIC.

### THE HOME OF THE CLAY COLORED SPARROW.

Have you ever visited a patch of central Wisconsin pine barrens in June? If you ever do, you may notice, flitting shyly through the bushes ahead of your advancing steps, a small, dull colored bird, whose notes, actions, and general appearance will vividly recall the common chipping sparrow. This is the clay colored sparrow. Examine closely the spot from which you first surprise the bird, and it is not improbable that you will discover there her well built home of dried grass and weeds, lodged in some convenient bush. The four tiny eggs which this cozy nest contains will not fail to cause you to exclaim at their beauty and regularity of outline, and their richness of color, rivaling the sky itself in depth. You will not be allowed to examine undisturbed this quiet home or its fragile contents, however, for the mother bird will soon return to hover about the spot, and endeavor, by anxious chirps and nervous gestures of wing and tail, to cause you to take pity upon her helpless condition, and leave her treasures in peace. Even if you withdraw to a considerable distance, and attempt to watch her actions, yourself unobserved, she will not be satisfied, and go to her nest, but will continue to fly excitedly from bush to bush, urging you constantly to take your leave. Her incessant complaint will not fail to attract the attention of other birds of the neighborhood, and it will not be surprising if the anxious mother's spouse adds his voice to hers, nor if one or two sympathetic neighbors join in the attack upon the common enemy.

It is a hard heart which looks unmoved upon such scenes as this, and doubtless you would soon attempt to relieve this evident feeling of terror by making a speedy retreat.

The mother will return to her interrupted task of incubation, and the father, after making sure that his mate is comfortably fixed, will mount to the top of some tall bush near by, and lazily draw out a series of notes, half spoken, half sung, which seems to say, "Ten o'clock, and all's well."

W. W. C.

For some time past the United States Weather Bureau officials, and others interested in the matter, have been carrying on experiments in scientific kite flying.

They are trying, by means of self-recording instruments sent up with the kites, to determine the temperature, pressure, and relative humidity of the atmosphere at different distances above the earth.

The most successful of these experiments was made on the fifteenth of last October at Blue Hill, Massachusetts. The instruments were raised to a height of 11,716 feet above sea level. Four kites of the Hargrave box pattern were used; two at the top of the line, and the two others at different distances along it. The line used was a small steel wire which was reeled in and out by a steam windlass.

All the records obtained at this time were complete. Those for the temperature and pressure show a gradual decrease from the time the instruments left the ground until the highest point was reached, and then

a correspondingly gradual increase during the descent.

The record for relative humidity, however, is not so regular, and for that reason is the more interesting.

There was a gradual increase up to the height of 1500 meters, and then a sudden decrease. This was repeated at the height of 2800 meters. The cause for this was that the instrument passed through the cumulus and alto-cumulus cloud levels at those two heights.

During the past few years, when any great electrical discovery, such as the Roentgen Rays, has been made, many people have asked why Edison's name did not appear among those of the discoverers. But were they to go to the little village of Edison, New Jersey, they would find an answer to their question. There Edison has been working for the last eight years on one of the greatest engineering problems of the time—the problem of supplying the eastern mills with iron ore suitable for the production of Bessemer steel.

For some time past the supply has come chiefly from the Lake Superior region; and to save cost of transportation, mills have been built up in the west. This has caused the eastern mills to shut down, and has thrown a great many men out of employment.

It had been known for some time that there were great amounts of iron bearing rock in New Jersey, but the percent of iron was so low that with the processes then in use it was not practicable to extract it.

This was the problem which confronted Edison eight years ago. Since then he has been working steadily until now he has perfected a process by which the ore can be extracted in such great amounts as to make it profitable. At Edison he has set up a large plant which was opened only a few months ago. Here he is speedily reducing the great mountains of rock about Edison into fine sand, and by means of electro-magnets is picking out the iron. The iron dust thus obtained is mixed with a binding material and pressed into bricks. After these bricks have been baked they are water proof, and hence can be shipped to the blast furnaces in open cars.

Nearly all of the machinery for this enterprise has been designed by Edison himself, and such a degree of perfection has been reached in his labor-saving devices, that from beginning to end—from the blasting of the rock to the final shipping of the finished bricks—no human hand needs to touch the product.

The Biological department has ordered a photo-micrographic camera, which will be used in copying cuts for lantern slides, and also in making lantern slides from microscopic slides.

The lantern slides are being prepared for a series of lectures to be given by Dr. W. C. Calkill, following the ones now being given by Mr. Oliver.

The members of the post-graduate physics class are just finishing up their study of electricity which they have been pursuing for the past fifteen weeks, and will take up the study of light some time next week.

Prof. (several days after explaining that the bile destroyed part of the bacteria of the system) "What is the function of the bile?"

Student—"Its most important use is to kill the little insects that we breathe in."

## LOCAL.

### GENERAL.

The "Elevator Boy" troupe, which caused no small amount of excitement, noise and ambition, has made a formal end to its short existence.

Our statues of Venus and Victory have been tendered the honor of occupying positions on the same platform with the faculty.

President Pray recently received a letter from President Salisbury of the Whitewater Normal, enclosing a challenge for a joint debate between the two schools. After the question was brought before the Oratorical Association, it was put into the hands of the Forum.

The following question was submitted by the Whitewater Normal: "Resolved, That questions of fact should be settled by judges rather than by a chosen jury." The Forum chose the affirmative side of the question, and the debaters have begun work on the subject.

The New Cotillion Club, which holds dances at Forrester's Hall, every two weeks, has a large number of Normalites as members. The dances are reported to be very enjoyable.

The October number of "The Pedagogical Seminary" publishes an article entitled: "Eye Defects in Students and Children," written by Prof. Swift. It contains systematized and graded statistics, the result of last year's investigation by Mr. Swift and Dr. Alcorn, in testing the eyes of the students and model department pupils. It is a valuable article, as such thorough and successful investigation in that special line has never been undertaken before.

The new staff of officers elected for the Arena this quarter, are: James Waterbury, president; Alice Leahy, vice president; Emma Carpenter, secretary; Maude Fox, treasurer; N. H. Dimond, usher; James Waterbury, Nellie Nelson and Grace Ogden constitute the executive committee.

The Forum with its usual vim, is still progressing. The officers for this quarter are as follows: W. H. Harrison, president; John Lees, vice president; Ralph Rounds, secretary; W. Hedback, treasurer; H. E. Brasure, sergeant. The president, F. J. Thompson, and H. J. Mortensen form the executive committee.

The college spirit pervades our Normal. We announce with pleasure the organization of a real Greek letter fraternity among our students. Make your bow to the Phi Beta Psi, if you please. Following is a list of the members and officers: William Hedback, chief hi-Psi; Wm. Smith, scribble-Fritz; Frank Gilbert, chink-Phi; Will. Hotchkiss, Grub-bi-He; Clyde Fruit, E. O'Brien. Wm. Viktora, James Waterbury, and N. Dimond. Their club-house, at present, is the commodious brick residence of F. B. Rockwell, 1004 Main Street, just one block from the Normal. The meals are all served at the club-house, and most of the members have their rooms there. The meetings of the fraternity are strictly secret; and, judging by the

noise heard on occasions of initiating new members, the proverbial goat must be in their midst. However that may be, the club, with all its pomp and ordeal, evidently promises to be a success.

We are glad to announce the re-organization of the Saint Cecilia Club which was such a success last year under the direction of Miss Linton. This year, however, it begins earlier, and promises to be even a greater success. The membership is already large, but any others who have musical abilities and are willing to show them when called upon, are cordially invited to join. The work of the society will be altogether in the hands of the members, with Miss Linton as musical director. The officers elected at the last meeting are: Alice Gross, president; Clyde Fruit, vice president; William Hotchkiss, secretary; Amelia Barr, treasurer.

The faculty's rhetorical are still in progress, and "pleasing the multitudes." Miss Stewart spoke on the subject of old Greek and Roman myths, and told several as illustrations of the different types. Since her talk, "Clyte" is no more a riddle.

Professor Teeple gave a short talk on the practical value of Literature, pointing out the fact that the prevalent belief among a certain class of people, that Literature and Poetry serve only as ornament, is altogether a wrong one.

Miss Tanner talked on the subject of Greek Art its characteristics, and the myths connected with some of the famous productions. She laid special stress on the examples of statuary we have, so that we might know them better.

Professor Swift gave a short discussion on the subject of the localization of centres of sense in the brain, and on how the recent experiments by Professors Mank and Schrader proved the fact that Phrenology is founded on a false basis.

Professor Livingstone read an interesting paper written in his usual flowing style. He must have impressed on all the responsibility of the school teacher in shaping the lives and destinies of his pupils.

Miss Whitman gave an interesting talk concerning Indian Legends, referring especially to Longfellow's Hiawatha, and its connection with the old Finnish epic Kalevala. She read parts of the latter, and it was interesting to see the resemblance between it and Hiawatha.

Professor Culver has, so far, given three of his series of geological lectures. The subjects were "Plains," "Mountains," and "Rivers." The lectures are illustrated to advantage by the stereopticon, thus making them doubly instructive and entertaining. A good proof of the interest taken is shown by the fact that Tuesday evening always finds the Assembly Room well filled.

Wednesday, the day before our Thanksgiving recess, a special program in honor of the holiday was arranged for morning exercises. The first number was a well rendered piano duet by Misses Corcoran and Dirimple, number 231 in our chorus book was then sung by the school. This was followed by Mrs. Bradford reading two of Whittier's characteristic poems—The Huskers, and The Pumpkin. The readings were well received,



especially the one of The Pumpkin with its climactic close, which was directly pointed out as applying to the faculty. "Old Friends and Old Times," exceedingly well sung by the selected chorus of fifteen, was a fitting close, for on the morrow there were many who were "back to the old homes, far away, far away."

The large, level tract of ground behind the Normal is now our own. There used to be a large number of trees on it, but where are they now? Any one watching the activity of the place the Saturday after the President made known the fact that the board had not given us "clearing" funds, will not be in doubt. It seems as if when our school unites to "make things go," they go. A large number of foot-ball teams are gone; so is the lecture course (its gone on the book, and now its here); and the trees are gone. The "measured stroke and blow" of the axe; the shout of the teamster; the buzz of the saw; the orders of the "boss boss" Harrison; the burning of the huge piles of brush; the steaming coffee pot in the world renowned No. 10; the busy damsels; the "sweatered" lads; the faculty in shirt sleeves all made one think that the Good Old Times of material prosperity had come again. The boys hustled the stumps—but just as much credit is due to the girls, although their achievements may not be as perceptible. They remembered the law of supply and demand, and furnished the necessary motive power with their delicious coffee and sandwiches. Everything went well, only there was a lack of doughnuts.

The good will of the faculty suggested that the students might feel rather lonesome during the Thanksgiving Recess, and the gymnasium was accordingly given over to their use. The offer was, of course, eagerly accepted. The necessary steps were immediately taken for a reception. At a meeting held for the purpose, Wednesday afternoon, William Hedback as president, appointed the usual committees for arrangements. Much credit is due to them, for the reception was a success in all respects—even financially. The reception took place Friday evening. After every one had bowed his way through the double file of the huge reception committee, and after the usual greetings had been exchanged, Mr. Harrison, as master of ceremonies, announced that games were in order. It was not long before circles were formed, the blind folding taken place, and the winking going on in full blast. Well! evidently, the entertainment was designed to be old fashioned; for no sooner were these games of yore over, than a spelling match was declared. Soon the whole faculty, resigned to their momentous fate, were lined against the wall ready for any word. Several attempts to escape had been made, but proved unsuccessful, for the doors were guarded by powerful battalions. With all these precautions, one speller (?) more fearful and dexterous than his companions, managed to flee as far as the engine room in the hall; but his pursuers were too powerful in numbers and swiftness, and he was brought back in chains. He was laid at the mercy of chief Harrison, who with exceeding generosity gave him an easy word; but after all he missed. Yet he was not alone; there were others.

"Oxide was spelt 'ox-hide';" "Recreation," "wreck-re-a-shun"; "sarsaparilla," "Ayers," etc. (We should give more examples; but they would not be worthy ideals for readers who are members of the spelling class.) The students had an easy victory, and for once the faculty was vanquished. The military rule in cases like this is, "To the victor belong the spoils." But great magnanimity was shown in this regard, for when the pop-corn, peanuts, and apples were served, the defeated as well as the victorious were treated with ample rations. After the old-fashioned refreshments were served, the old-fashioned songs were sung. The closing song was "Home, Sweet Home," and according to the old-fashioned way of doing things the old fashioned hint was taken, and all went home in the old-fashioned manner, having enjoyed a good old fashioned time.

The lecture committee is making things boom. A large number of course tickets have been sold; and the support received from outside the Normal is generous. The initial lecture of the course was given the first of this month by M. V. O'Shea, Professor of Pedagogy at the State University, who spoke on "Suggestion: The Silent Architect in Character Building." Mr. O'Shea, as an introduction, discussed the subject of Development and Darwin's Theory of Evolution, making special application of his arguments to the child who, like everything else, is developed according to his environment. He laid stress on the fact that environment is suggestive, proving all his points by apt and interesting illustrations. Throughout the whole lecture he made direct application of his arguments to the bringing up of children in home and school. He certainly, by his clearness, impressed the fact on all that Suggestion, unconsciously, is very plentiful and exceedingly powerful, so that we should be very careful that our suggestion is not in the wrong direction, but in the right; all education should be positive not negative. If all the lectures which follow are as good as Mr. O'Shea's we may depend on an excellent course.

#### PERSONAL.

Prof Livingston entertained the Theory Class at his home, the evening of Dec. 4th.

Leonard and Arthur Latton were favored the fifteenth of last month by a few days' visit from their sister of Medford.

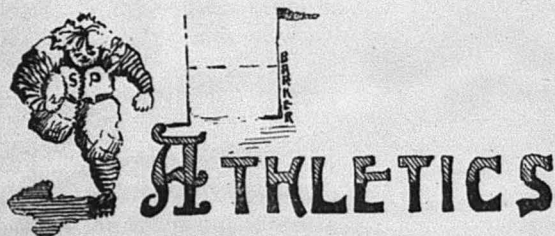
Miss Flora E. Stewart spent Thanksgiving recess, and a few days previous, in visiting the West Superior Normal and the Minneapolis High School.

Prof. F. B. Spaulding, we hear, is at present manager of the Western branch of Fiske's Teachers' Agency.

Miss Faddis spent Thanksgiving at her home in Chicago. She reports having seen a number of old Normal friends—Miss Warren, Prof. F. B. Spaulding, Margaret Ashmun, and Jesse Barker.

Alexander Logan, of Medford, visited with his sister, Victoria, the fifteenth of last month.

Professor Culver was called during the session of court, to give expert evidence on the purity of some Ashland water, which he analyzed.



## ATHLETIC COLLEGIAN WRITES TO PA.

Dear Dad:

I'm sure that you'll be pleased  
 To learn that I have won  
 The singles in lawn tennis  
 In the tournament just done;  
 I'm trying for the football team.  
 (It's going to be a pi nch!)  
 If only I were heavier  
 I'm sure I'd have a cinch.  
 We practice pretty much all day.  
 (You noticed, I suppose,  
 In the paper, how a week ago  
 I got a broken nose?)  
 You mustn't notice such reports  
 For half the time what's stated  
 Is printed for effect, you know.  
 My nose wan't badly broken,  
 'Twas really but a crack;  
 And though it's somewhat crooked  
 Doctor says 'twill straighten back!  
 I'm going to try for 'Varsity  
 Next spring in baseball, too;  
 And if I find I've got a chance,  
 I'll try to make the crew.  
 You say you fear athletics  
 May interfere with Greek!  
 Oh, not at all! We took  
 Examinations all last week!  
 I parse and scan quite easily  
 (The latter as you know,  
 Is reading Caesar's odes at sight,  
 And parts of Cicero.)  
 It's time for football practice.  
 So I will have to run:  
 Please send a check next time  
 You write,  
 Good bye!

Kiss Ma!

Your Son!

## THE GRAND RAPIDS BOYS WON.

A combination of the first and second elevens met defeat at Grand Rapids Saturday, November 20. It was a hard fought contest. Grand Rapids played a fast, snappy game, and they have strong interference. The home team did not play together. They were slow at forming their interference and they did not break up the interference of the opposing team. The boys were in training only a week, which no doubt accounts for the poor playing they did. The game was called at 3 o'clock. The teams lined up as follows:

Stevens Point.	Grand Rapids.
Cassels.....	right end..... Halverson, Green
Tickfer.....	right tackle..... Bullis
Mathe.....	right guard..... Whipperman
Sager.....	center..... Thomas
Dignum.....	left guard..... Roenius
Minahan.....	left tackle..... Demitz
Lees.....	left end..... Compton
Pease.....	quarter..... McCarthy
Beach.....	right half back..... Crawford
Bradford.....	left half back..... Corcoran
Fuller.....	full back..... Love
Manz, Munnell, Bremmersubs.....	Green, P. Love
Referee, Prof. McCaskill; umpire, Prof. Ford.	

Stevens Point won the toss and chose the west goal. Love kicked out of bounds twice. Fuller did likewise. Love kicked to Lees who gained 15 yards before he was tackled. Cassels went through the line for 6 yards; then Lees carried the ball to the center of the field. Stevens Point lost the ball on downs. Bullis attempted to go around the end, but Lees threw him back with a loss. Crawford went around the end for 25 yards before he was tackled by Fuller. Love gained 6 yards through the line. Bradford pulled him down. Dignum threw Corcoran back 5 yards. By line smashes and end play Grand Rapids carried the ball to the 4-yard line. Love was pushed over the line on the third down for a touch-down. Love kicked goal. Score, 6 to 0.

Fuller kicked to Love who was downed on the 10 yard line. Love punted to their 40-yard line. Lees went around the end for 25 yards. Cassels and Beach failed to gain. Grand Rapids lose 10 yards for off-side play. Cassels was pushed over the line for a touch-down. Fuller kicked goal. Score, 6 to 6.

Love kicked to Fuller who gained 20 yards. By line smashes Stevens Point carried the ball to center of field. Grand Rapids got the ball on an offside play. Lees threw Corcoran back 6 yards. Stevens Point got the ball on downs. Beach gained 5 yards around the end, Fuller 4 through the center. Grand Rapids got the ball on a fumble. They gained 10 yards around the end and 3 yards through the line. Then Corcoran attempted to go around the end, but Lees carried him back 10 yards. Stevens Point got the ball on downs. Minahan gained 7 yards through tackle. Then Lees took the ball twice in succession for 10 and 20-yard gains. Time was called for the first half with ball on Grand Rapids' 10-yard line. Score, 6 to 6.

After ten minutes intermission Fuller kicked to Love who gained 10 yards before he was tackled by Dignum. Stevens Point got the ball on downs but returned it on a fumble. Crawford gained 30 yards around the end. Lees tackled Corcoran 6 yards back of the line. Grand Rapids by line plays carried the ball to the 1-yard line; Corcoran went through the line for a touch-down. Love kicked goal. Score, 12 to 6.

Fuller kicked to Love. Lees tackled him on the 10-yard line. Love punted to center of field. Stevens Point lost the ball on a fumble, but got it again on downs. Then by a series of end and center plays carried the ball to the 5-yard. Lees went through the line for a touch-down. Pease did not let go of the ball when Fuller kicked it, so that he missed goal. Score, 12 to 10.

Love kicked to Lees who carried the ball to the 20-yard line where he was tackled by Love. Tickfer went through tackle for 10 yards. Cassels went around the end for 5 yards. Lees went through the line for 5 yards and then around the end for 20. Stevens Point lost the ball on a fumble. Love was forced to punt. Tickfer blocked the kick and got the ball on the 25-yard line. Stevens Point gained 15 yards and again they fumbled. Dignum tackled Green 5 yards back of the line and Lees threw Corcoran back 6 more. Love punted the ball out of danger. Stevens Point was steadily advancing the ball towards the goal when she fumbled again. Corcoran gained 7 yards before he was tackled by Dignum. Time was called with the ball on Grand Rapids' 35-yard line. Score, 12 to 10 in favor of Grand Rapids.

Love, Crawford, Green and Bullis did the best work for Grand Rapids.

Dignum, Tickfer, Minahan, Pease and Lees did the best work for the home team.



## EXCHANGES.

A good motto for the exchange page: "Give credit to whom credit is due." Do you do it?

"While Moses was not a college man and never played foot ball, in rushes he was said to be the first one of them all."

He stood on the bridge at midnight,  
Interrupting my sweet repose,  
For he was a tall mosquito  
And the bridge was the bridge on my nose.—Ex.

The teacher asked, "And what is space?"  
The trembling freshman said.  
"I cannot tell at present, sir,  
But I have it in my head."—Ex.

The rain it falls upon the just,  
And too, upon the unjust fellows,  
The more upon the just because  
The unjust have the just's umbrellas.

Another important law of physics has been discovered. It is as follows: "The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of his distance from the teacher's desk."—Ex.

The teacher that talks the least gives the pupils the greatest opportunity to think. The school exists for the pupils. Many teachers talk too much—tell too much.—Western Teacher.

"Johnny," said the schoolboy's mother, "do you like your arithmetic?" "No'm. I think the influence of that book is unwholesome and depressing." "Why?" "Because it is full of horrid examples."

Remember this during the tenth week of each quarter: For ink-stained fingers, rub the afflicted parts with lemon, punice stone or the moistened end of a sulphur match and the spots will disappear.

The exchange column of many school papers are filled only with criticism of their exchanges. These are interesting and helpful, but to give a little variety, some good quotations from the various papers might be inserted here and there.

The following clipping from an exchange may offer some consolation to those rhetoric students who have suffered the agony of having their "theme" read and criticised in class:

"Never mind whether they praise or abuse your writings; anything is tolerable except oblivion."

We don't want to buy your dry goods,  
We don't like you any more,  
You'll be sorry when you see us  
Going to some other store.  
You can't sell us any sweaters,  
Four-in-hand or other fad,  
We don't want to trade at your store,  
If you won't give us your "ad."—Ex.

She studies Henrik Ibsen "to cultivate her mind,"  
And reads Shakespeare and Browning through and  
and through;  
Meanwhile she knits her brows—it is the only kind  
Of fancy work this modern maid can do.  
—Concordiensis.

The author of the following advice is not known, but the maxims are good nevertheless:  
Drink less, breathe more;  
Eat less, chew more;  
Ride less, walk more;  
Worry less, work more;  
Waste less, give more;  
Write less, read more;  
Preach less, practice more.

### MATER ANSER.

"Cano carmen six pence, a corbis plena rye,  
Multas avas atras, percoctas in a pie.  
Ubi pie apertus, tum canit avium grex  
Nonne suavis cibus, hoc locari ante rex?

Fuisset rex in parlor, multo de nummo tenens  
Regina in culena, bread et mel consumens.  
Ancilla was in horto, dependens out her clothes  
Cum venit parva corrix, demorsa est her nose."

### AN EXCHANGE WITH THE LOCAL EDITOR.

Prof: "We will have daily themes about two or three times a week this quarter."

In rhetoric: Irving is full of good descriptions.  
Mr. Fu-l-r: "I'm Fuller."

The happiest moment in a mortal life: When you fold your long theme lengthwise and write your name outside.

In theory: "If a man can learn to write in double the time a child can, then he can learn faster."—Q. E. D.

Prof: "What is the law of falling bodies?"  
Student: "They all strike the earth."

The trend of the 19th century toward that new form of society, the new woman, was forcibly illustrated when the president asked for the hands of those who were able to knit a pair of stockings. Every senior girl was "nit."

Freshman's remark: "I wish there was a refrigerator in this building. It makes me so tired to climb these stairs."

Teacher in grammar: "Mention a mild oath."  
Student: "Darn it."

A new axiom, discovered in the geometry class: "Two things which are greater than the same thing are greater than themselves."

Those 50-cent pieces which have for some unaccountable reason become so plentiful—perhaps they desire to go into the treasury of the Normal Pointer for subscription purposes.

Question in theory (designed to illustrate the law that Normal students know little, if anything): "With what hand do you button your collar?"

Student: "Why—with both."

## MODEL SCHOOL.

### SECOND GRADE.

Dear Miss Faddis: I went over to my auntie's and we had pumpkin pie and turkey for dinner. I went out skating on the slough. Good-bye.

With love, NORMA JAUCH.

Dear Miss Faddis: I went down to grandma's. We had turkey and pumpkin pie. I went down to the slough to see them skate with Uncle Fred and Mr. Boston. It snowed here. Did it where you were?

With love, ANNA MASON.

Dear Miss Faddis: I had a very good Thanksgiving and I had a big turkey for dinner. Lyman came over and we played horse and that we were bears.

WINIFRED NELSON.

### THIRD GRADE.

STEVENS POINT, Wis., November 30.

Dear Miss Faddis: I had a very good Thanksgiving. We had two turkeys Thanksgiving. Mr. McCaskill was to our house for supper. I made an Esquimo house out of snow. I went skating with Johnnie M

LAWRENCE PARK.

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and I find myself constantly referring to it. My satisfac-  
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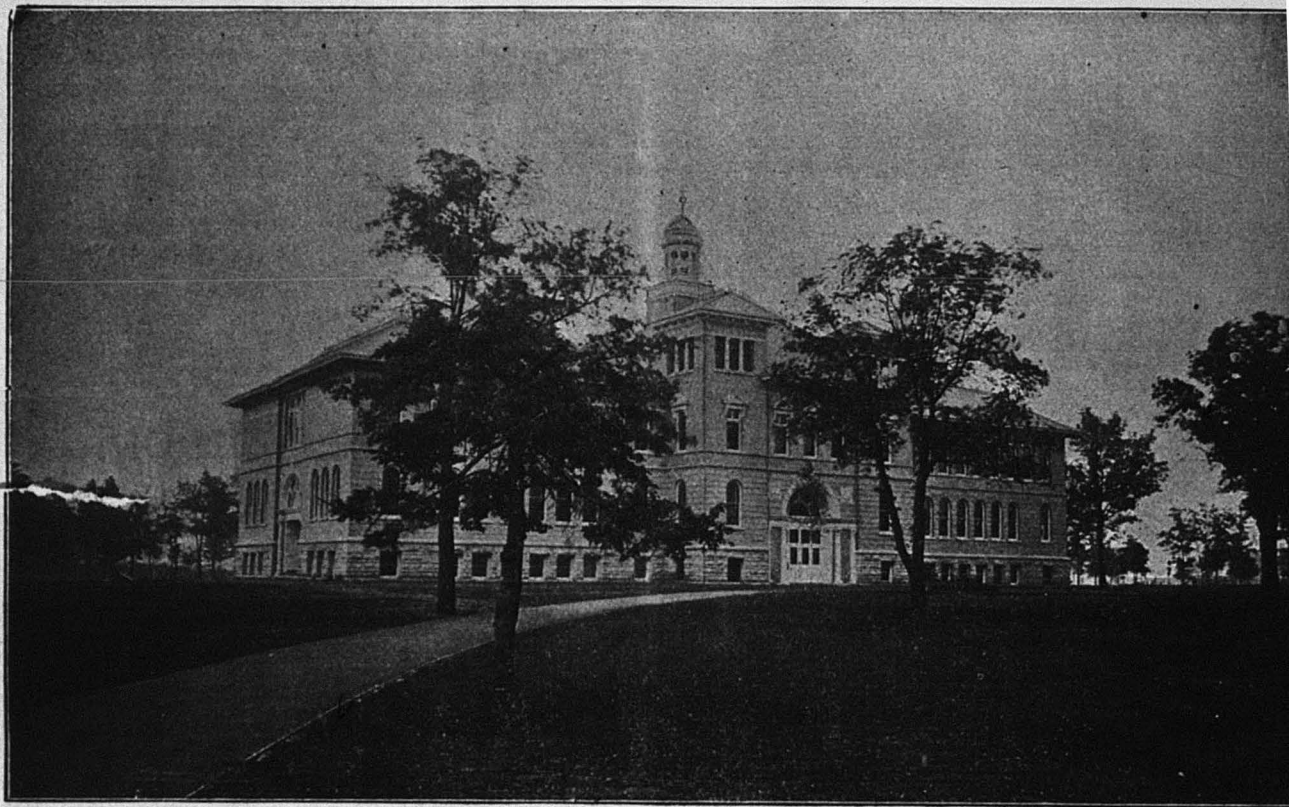
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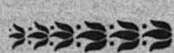
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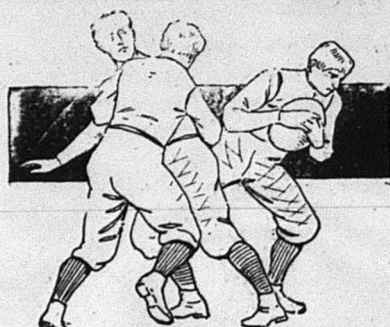
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