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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume IV.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., NOVEMBER 15, 1898.

Number 2.

Literary.

WHAT CAUSED THE SCARE ?

It was a cold, dreary, rainy night. We girls sat about the fire and told ghost stories, until our hair nearly stood on end and cold chills coursed up and down our spinal columns at the slightest noise. The wind sighed and moaned about the house, while the woodbine at the window tapped with its ghostly fingers upon the pane. The very fire in the grate burned blue, and the drip, drip, drip of the water from the eaves did not relieve the uncanniness.

Above all this, a noise is heard. We look at one another with scared faces and listen in breathless suspense. What can it be? Again a succession of prolonged tones, first a thin piercing one and then several deep discordant notes. "Girls I'm 'fraid," Grace whispers. At this we all try to appear brave and Marie seizes a lamp, determined to investigate or die in the attempt. With a beating heart but a fearless look Marie starts. Carrie and May catch at her dress and implore her not to go but she has made up her mind. She comes into the trunk room where all is dark. She hesitates to enter but she thinks of the ridicule of the girls should she return baffled. Finally she pauses on the threshold of a sleeping room. She hears deep breathing. She hears that terrible sound but almost immediately a change comes over her face, and peal after peal of hysterical laughter bursts from her lips.

This laughter terrifies the five anxious girls in the sitting room still more, but almost immediately their faces are quieted by the appearance of Marie, whose eyes twinkle with suppressed merriment. "What is it?" all cry in one voice. "Why Nell is asleep in that back room."

A. H.

HOW MISS JANE LEARNED TO RIDE A WHEEL.

Miss Jane was the most delightful housekeeper I ever had the good fortune to board with, and I often wondered what arts her father and brother had practiced to keep her to themselves. She was fond of young people, and entered heartily into their amusements. She especially enjoyed their descriptions of bicycle trips.

My wheel was a great attraction to her, and she admired my skill in riding, which to her seemed wonderful. I often found her looking at the bicycle and touching it longingly. Her surprise and delight were unbounded when her brother brought a wheel home for her, and she decided to learn to ride that very day.

At first her father, her brother and I took turns, holding up the bicycle and wheeling her around the yard. But she at last rebelled against this and declared that she would learn to ride without any more help. She took hold of the handlebars and put her foot on the pedal. The wheel started, she made one or two little skips, screamed, and let her wheel fall. In a moment she recovered herself and picked up her wheel to try again. But failure followed failure. She caught her skirt on the pedal and fell upon the bicycle. She went from one side through between the saddle and handlebars to the other side. She endured bumps and falls heroically, but still seemed no nearer to the mastery of her unruly steed. She became discouraged at last and seemed afraid that someone might laugh at her for trying to learn, so she put the wheel away for that time. For several days after we tried to persuade her to try again, but she pleaded lameness and would not.

One morning I was awakened very early by an unusual noise, and looking out of the window I saw Miss Jane and her wheel. She worked away

bravely for half an hour, and in that time succeeded in making a zigzag journey of perhaps three feet before she went over. She put the wheel back before anyone was stirring and said nothing about it at breakfast, so I said nothing. The next morning she was at work again, and the next, but still she never mentioned it. I think it was the ninth morning that she succeeded in riding about four rods. I could feel the triumph expressed in every line of her figure and she rigidly grasped the handlebars and guided the wheel with heroic determination. There was a new expression on her face that morning, and I could scarcely help congratulating her. I saw a twinkle in her brother's eyes that set me to wondering whether I was her only spectator.

The next morning she rode around the yard and dismounted quite gracefully. She happened to look toward the house after this success. My room was on the first floor, but her attention seemed fixed on the upper story. I could see surprise and consternation written all over her face, and as she looked down she caught me watching her. She said afterward that the exultation she felt over her success could not counterbalance her chagrin when she saw her father watching her from one window, her brother from another, and me from a third.

Miss Jane could ride very well before I came away, and she and I made several long trips on our wheels, such as she used to enjoy hearing others tell about. I think she forgot how hard it was to learn to ride in the pleasure of riding.

GETTING THE COWS.

The rain was falling through the fading light of evening as my brother and I, accompanied by the old dog Watch, plunged into the deep and wooded hollow which led away to the northward, into the broader valley beyond. As we passed beneath the shades of the woods, the gathering darkness increased our apprehension and served as a gloomy reminder that we were later than usual that night.

There being no fences, the stock roamed the woods at will and where we would find them when night came on was often a question of serious uncertainty. Yet we pressed rapidly on, slipping and sliding along down the muddy path. Unheeded, the large drops soaked our thin coats through and wet us to the skin, for the dense foliage was droop-

ing with its weight of water. As we pushed farther and deeper into the dense growth which surrounded us, the path grew less and less marked, but at last we emerged into an old logging road which branched and rebranched in all directions. On and on we hastened, avoiding one branch and choosing another, now stopping to listen, in vain, for the sound of the cowbell, then dashing ahead again with the speed of impatience. Gigantic patriarchs of the forest rocked dismally to and fro in the wind and waved their dead branches menacingly, high above our heads.

In despair of the course we had taken we were stopping to listen for the last time, when we heard the faint familiar tinkling of the bell. A few moments more and we met the drove already headed homeward. Our nerves which had grown more and more tense as we penetrated the wilderness now became lax, and we followed the trail of the cattle with a feeling of somewhat joyful relief as they went winding up the valley.

ROLLIE HARRISON.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

I think into the lives of most children, there has come the influence of some noble character. Such an one was a dearly beloved Sunday school teacher of my childhood days. A face of such rare beauty of expression is seldom seen in these days. She was always a noticeable figure, yet entirely devoid of self consciousness. She carried herself with an air of dignity and nobility, yet withal, a sweet graciousness which won all hearts. I always remember that sweet face with its beautiful smile, its soft, deep, brown eyes and bands of smooth brown hair. The little black bonnet and the long fur lined cape are as distinct in my memory as in the days of my childhood.

She was always ready to help the naughty, wayward child, not by a frown and a harsh word in a severe tone, but by a gentle word which brought a blush of shame to the childish cheek.

Many were the hours we spent at her house, wrestling with needle and tangled thread, pricking our fingers, preparing all sorts of boxes to be sent to the poor. Yet we always did it willingly and happily for no one could resist the winning smile which accompanied her requests.

She was always to be found at the bedside of the sick, in the homes of the poor, giving her little mite with a cheerful heart.

She now lives with her father, a crippled childish, old man, brightening his waning days by a loving smile and cheerful service, but with never a harsh or impatient word against this great care.

M. L. C. E.

AN OLD HERMIT.

"Wake! Wake!" cried our guide, as the party of berry-pickers came to an old tumble-down hut in the edge of a thick wood. "Old Wake is probably abed yet, but he'll come out pretty quick." I asked the guide why he didn't play white man, for a change, and knock. He replied, curtly, "Dassent."

After a few minutes, we heard a shuffling noise, then the raising and dropping of a heavy bar. A very small door swung slowly open; and Mr. Wakeman Brown, the hermit, stood or rather squatted before us.

He was somewhat past middle age, and very tall. His "towsled" hair hung in curls almost to his stooping shoulders; his beard which had not even chanced a passing acquaintance with a comb, stuck out in all directions. He wore an old mackinaw jacket, trousers, that once had been jeans, nearly covered with bagging, and a hat that had seen many better days. He smiled on us with a queer tooth-gone smile and grunted, "Whare ye goin?" and told us that there were no berries near there. As we kept on talking, the old man reached back into the darkness of the room and brought forth a three legged stool. We all wished to see inside of his hut, but a great number of hints did not secure the desired invitation. I edged up to the door to peep in, but retreated in good order when squelched by a look from the owner.

After we had passed on a little distance, our guide began telling of the home of the old hermit. The inside of the hut, he told us, was a veritable hovel; the smoky walls were adorned only with an almanac, a gun or two, and some clippings from old newspapers. In the middle of the floor, amid piles of rubbish that had been collecting for years, stood a huge, old-fashioned, cook stove. Very close to this was what went by the name of a bed. It was so close, indeed, that the old man built his fires

and prepared and ate his breakfasts before getting up in the morning.

When asked about the life of the hermit, our guide had less to say. He knew that he had come to that part of the country about twenty years before; had worked in the lumber woods two winters and then had settled down in that old cabin and remained there ever since. No one knew why he lived there alone. Every fall he goes out to a small settlement, hires a team and comes to Stevens Point for his year's supply of provisions. He seldom leaves his home, for any other purpose. He sometimes acts as guide for the deer hunters and is supposed to have fresh venison at all times of the year.

Such is the life and home of the most curious person I ever saw. He is wholly free, perfectly independent, and entirely friendless. J. H. Baker.

DOLLY'S PETS.

Dolly, a little five year-old girl at our boarding house, has a hobby of collecting pets. It is quite interesting to watch her coax a stray dog or cat home with her.

Several weeks ago there were two dogs and three cats at home, but now there are only two cats besides the dogs.

One of the dogs is a thick set pug that likes to have his back rubbed. He sits under the table at meal times and nosily thumps the floor with his tail, until someone gives him a good kick.

The other dog is a little brown terrier that minds his own business.

The larger of the two cats is dark gray, and although he is quite shy, Dolly pulls him about by the tail and he makes no objection, for he gets enough petting to make up for all abuse.

The other cat is a little yellow and white, sickly looking object that mews in a feeble treble. This wonderful cat lost all the hair from his tail recently, and the new covering is very much like down. He will come slowly into the room looking as if at any moment he would topple over and expire, and getting comfortably settled on the sofa, he goes to sleep.

Dolly now prances in and seizes him by any part of his anatomy that is most convenient. The cat "yowls" plaintively and Dolly's mamma looks up and says "Dolly dear, don't hurt the kitty."

In the face of all this treatment the cat prospers and promises to live to a good round old age. L. A. A.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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Editorial.

WILL H. DIGNUM.

Previous intelligence of the very low condition of W. H. Dignum, suffering with typhoid fever in the hospital at Camp Shipp, Anniston, Ala., prepared anxious friends and relatives for the sadder news which later came. An only brother, with an aged father, and three sisters, his death cast a deep shadow of sorrow over the home circle which he used to brighten. But there are other hearts, outside of the family, to feel and mourn his absence; for Will had many friends.

Born here, and spending here most of his school days he attached to himself an increasing circle of friends who held him in high esteem as an amiable and worthy companion. His friends were especially numerous at the normal. Three years ago he entered the school where he became popular as an athlete and as a student, earnest in what he undertook, a man of self-control, respected by his fellows and his teachers. Last June, he was among the first of our students to break short his school career,

to leave the amenities of home, and to offer himself as a volunteer in the U. S. army, to meet the hardships of a soldier. He enlisted as a private in Co. I of the Fourth Regiment, with which he became closely identified. When the staff of officers was appointed and it came to the selection of the position of quarter-master sergeant, requiring a man whose honor could be trusted, Will Dignum was chosen. He became a popular officer, and this was but another indication of his large heart. The war over, the Fourth Regiment was selected for garrison duty in the South—far from a pleasing prospect for its soldiers. But Mr Dignum in his characteristic manner said, "Well, if some must go, and I'm one; why I'm ready to make the best of it." Before leaving, he came to his home on a short furlough. We remember him as, just before school was called, he entered the assembly room, dressed in his military uniform, the picture of a robust, manly soldier; and how as he walked down the aisle, he smiled as he received the applause with which he was greeted by us who knew him. One short day he spent with us, and he left, but not to return.

When we meditate, and when we recall that he was a man in the full tide of health, young in years, with a promising future before him, Death does seem unkind in his taking away. But there is comfort. This cannot have been in cruelty, for we know that there is a Superior Wisdom which ever rules, and says, "It is well." There is naught for us to do, while we cherish his memory, but to express our sorrow and our sympathy, which in this sad case, is truly sincere.

"Why the normal students are a curse to this town. The idea!"—was the reply of one of our prominent(?) business men of the city on being solicited for his advertisement in The Pointer. Another, on a similar occasion, said, "I don't know as the normalites ever did bring any money to this town." But there were others who said, "Why yes, I'm always interested in the normal and like to help the students." The ads in The Pointer are representative of the latter, optimistic spirit toward us. In this age, when a sea of advertisements

deluges the world of letters, and Battle Ax plug, Ivory Soap, and Quaker Oats have gained renown as wide as that of Caesar and Shakespeare, it probably is wise for the thoughtful reader not to lose himself in the advertiser's page. But there are exceptions; the Pointer ads are among the ones that it is your duty to read. Remember that the business men, by their advertisements, to a large extent furnish the funds necessary for the publication of this paper. Do not forget that this is your paper and they are thus helping you. By advertising they show an interest in the school. Will you not show your appreciation? How can you do it? Why, by taking the time to read the ads, to take note of your advertisers and your non-advertisers, and to act accordingly. Really, this is purely a matter of business and of patriotism for the school and paper. Are we not justified in a case like this, to draw lines in favor of those who help us and against those who do not?

On these grounds we repeat what is each month printed above in the corner of the editorial page—"Readers and subscribers are respectfully requested to patronize our advertisers." You may now judge whether it is your duty to comply.

The enthusiasm meeting before the Lawrence University game was a model one befitting Oxford or Yale, and its fruits are visible in the score of the contest. The success of the meeting can be explained by the old story of preparation and organization. We were all anxious for a victory, but when we united, and were anxious together, it counted. We were all willing to shout as loud as nature would allow, but when we united, and shouted together there was some real college noise. We were all willing to give the school yell, but when we united, and gave it together, it was a winner. Normals have been called back woodsy because they have no college spirit. College spirit! we have tons of it. All that is needed is a little guidance and organization. Enthusiasm meetings are just the thing. Shall we not have more of them?

During the absence of O. J. Leu, the Athletic editor's pen does not lie idle, but makes its spurts and dashes in the fingers of P. A. Rockwell.

Scientific.

"On April 2, 1840, eighteen American savants met in Philadelphia and organized themselves into the "American Society of Geologists." Within two years the association extended its field of activity, and added "and Naturalists," to its title. Still later, other sciences were given a hearing; and at a notable meeting held in Boston in 1847, it was decided to remodel the organization on the lines of a British association that had been a power in shaping intellectual progress for a quarter-century.

In accordance with this action, the leading scientific men of the country met in Philadelphia, September 20, 1848, and instituted "The American Association for the Advancement of Science."

Such was the origin of the leading American scientific society, a distinctively American body, meant to increase and diffuse exact knowledge among the people. And its semi-centenary anniversary, celebrated at the meeting in Boston, is a Jubilee of American Science."

—At. Mo.

Mount Vesuvius promises a dangerous eruption. Lava is flowing in torrents from seven new outlets in addition to the central crater. Prof. Tasconi, the director of the observatory, at first said that he did not expect any serious damage would be done. Later, however, part of the roadway from the mountain leading to the observatory, and the lower station of the funicular railroad, was destroyed by a lava stream, and the observatory is considered in danger. The stream along the foot of Monte Somma burned the chestnut forests. From a spectacular standpoint the eruption is finer than any since 1872, and tourists are gathering from all parts of Europe to witness it.

But little has been added to the scientific apparatus of the school this year. During the summer vacation the geological collection was considerably enriched by the arrival of a set of over 150 rocks, which cover fairly well the entire field of Petrography. In the Biological department, Prof. McCaskill expects to have soon, in addition to several much needed physiological casts, a delicate piece of apparatus for measuring time, the kei-

(Continued on page 23.)

Local.

Olive Miller visited friends at the Normal the first of the quarter.

Marguerite Buckley of Hartford has withdrawn from school to teach at Arnott.

Elsie Dangers spent a few days, the latter part of the quarter at her home in Neilsville.

Mabelle Varney spent Saturday and Sunday after the examinations, at her home in Greenwood.

Prof. Livingston was away the latter part of October, conducting a three days Institute at Bayfield and one at Hurley.

A reception was given Saturday evening, Nov. 5, for the Waupaca football team who played with the second eleven of the Normal.

A large pulp map of eastern U. S. has recently been completed in Room 29. It is to be used in connection with the history work.

C. W. Bardeen says: "The woods are full of teachers who never wrote a misspelled word nor ever said a wise one." And we might almost add, "and vice versa."

The talks given at morning exercises during the past month by Miss Crawford, Mr. Sanford and Mr. McCaskill were all extremely interesting and instructive,—natural enough.

Prof. Culver's talk to the students Nov. 8, on the causes of Indian uprisings in the U. S. was exceedingly interesting and excited a great deal of sympathy for the abused race.

Preparations are being made by members from the three literary societies for a preliminary debate to decide who shall take part in the joint debate with the Whitewater Normal later in the year.

Grace Ogden, who has been absent from school two or three weeks on account of illness, is slowly recovering and we hope to have her with us again soon. Her mother came from Black River Falls to take care of her.

The informal reception given for the Oneida Indians Friday evening Nov. 4, at the gymnasium, was a very enjoyable affair. One special feature of the evening's entertainment was a number of songs sung by the Oneidas.

The collections of pictures and clippings in the Geog. room are steadily growing. They are in constant use, being exceedingly valuable in forming geography concepts. Contributions to these collections are solicited.

The following old students re-entered at the beginning of the second quarter: Helen Gross, Adelaide Dreyer, Emma Marsh, Lena Marsh, Jacob Wojak, Theo. Klawikofski, S. I. Holt, Chas. Karnopp, Thomas Lovely, Pruyn Furlong and Geo. McGinnity.

A five year old was punished by his teacher for indulging in a mild form of profanity. When recovering from the titillation of his cuticle, he explained, 'Mama, I'd like to know if preachers and men that play football are the only fellows that kin use them words!'

E. J. Munnell, one of the foot-ball players who tried to beat the Lawrence team Oct. 29, goes around with his right arm in a sling and a have-to-miss-examinations expression on his face. As a result of the accident he will probably be unable to take part in any other game this season.

The following new students have enrolled for the coming quarter: Mrs. Margaret Glover, Stevens Point; Laura Louise Herschleb, Grand Rapids; Clarence D. Hickman, Lind; Mabel Newby, Ivia Blanch Onan and Theresa J. Precourt, Buena Vista. A number of old students are expected to re-enter.

Lorena Bever who took special work in gymnastics here last year, spent Sunday, Oct. 16, visiting friends in Stevens Point. She was on her way to Cambridge, Mass., where she has since entered the Sargent Normal School of Physical Training. She writes that Cambridge is one of the most beautiful cities she has ever seen, and she is enjoying her work there very much.

Hallowe'en was foreshadowed by the reception given Saturday evening Oct. 29, in honor of our Lawrence guests. Jack-o'-lanterns beamed upon the assemblage from the window sills, and apples, suspended by strings challenged the courageous to combat. Games such as "Roll the platter" and "Poor Pussy" were played, college songs were sung and even in the refreshments which consisted of popcorn and apples, the Hallowe'en spirit prevailed.

A primary teacher was reviewing words from the black board. The teacher called for one of the newer ones, which evidently had not been fully learned. Several children in succession took the pointer, but each one pointed to the wrong word. Philosophic little Harry in all his pride of five years, now stepped forth and promptly found the right word. "But Harry, are you sure?" said his teacher. "Yes'm," replied Harry. "How do you know this is the right word" urged the teacher. "Coz all the rest aint it," was the cool response.

Inspiration impels us to pen the following, and since the sentiment is so mighty we put it in verse :—

1st Quarter—

Johnny drew an algebra,
With covers bright and new.
Says he, "The work's so easy,
I've nothing much to do."

2nd Quarter—

Johnny started fractions,
And they were easy too,
But when he reached equations
He didn't know what to do.

He could let x equal one thing
And y would be the other.
But when he tried to solve it—
'Twas there he found the bother.

3rd Quarter—

Johnny's face looks troubled;
If you ask the reason why,
He'll say that roots and radicals
Would sadden any eye.

4th Quarter—

The leaves of Johnny's algebra
Are no longer clean and white,
There are traces now of finger prints,
And tears shed late at night.

There are so many formulas
And permutations too.
That the "chances" are against him
And he fears he won't get through.

The Lecture committee give us the following, in regard to the coming Lecture course: General course tickets—\$1.25; students' tickets in normal, public and parochial schools and business college—\$1.00. The course is to consist of four lectures and one concert. The first lecture will be given by E. Benjamin Andrews on "Bismark," on Monday, Nov. 21. Mr. Andrews is at present the new Supt.

of schools in Chicago, formerly Pres. of Brown University. He is well known as an able writer for magazines. The second will be by Col. Francis Parker of the Chicago Normal. The subject and date are not yet fixed. The course promises to be stronger than last year, and it is hoped that all students will attend.

The joint meeting of the Forum, Arena and Athenaeum, held Friday evening, Oct. 21, was a complete success. The program was as follows:

Violin and zither duet.....
.....Misses Helen and Hattie Hein
Recitation.....Louise Nelson
Reading, The "Jiners".....Anna Cowen
Vocal solo.....Hattie Long
Essay, Gladstone.....Genevieve McDill
Recitation.....R. Harrison
Song.....Male Quartet
Oration.....Mr. Herrick
Talk.....Mrs. Mustard
Violin and mandolin duet.....
.....Messrs. Pivernitz and Miner
Recitation.....Mr. Lund
Paper.....A. E. Dawes
Instrumental duet.....Misses Kjorstad and Rivers

Student in Literature—"One day when Charles Sumner was sitting in the senate he was assaulted while looking over some business papers with a cane. He never really recovered from this injury and from that time on, his chair was vacant when he was not in it."

Ethel—"How the apple trees do moan and sigh tonight." Tommy—(Speaking whereof he knows.) "Well I guess if you was as full of green apples as they be, you would sigh and moan too."

Wanted—By the spelling class—A machine similar to the "ready reckoner" from which correctly spelled words can be turned out whenever needed.

The Normal spelling class expect to take immediate action toward hastening the adoption of the Spelling Reform.

Farmer at the Oneida football game, after hearing a touchdown called,—"I don't see the touchdown, is it one of those white lines?"

Student in Algebra, just before a test—"Say, how do you evolutionize the denominator?"

Student in German—"A person must agree with his number and gender."

Athletic.

"WE LOST ; BUT ARE SATISFIED."

When, after rhetorical, October 28, Pres. Pray announced that Prof. McCaskill had something to say, a smile of contentment appeared on the faces of the students; for all knew what was coming. And there was no disappointment. Prof. McCaskill gave a short talk on football in general, and the Lawrence game in particular, after which he announced Prof. Swift, who proved conclusively that football is an ancient and honorable game, having its origin in the times of the Old Testament, when "Moses was among the rushes." Prof. Sylvester was next called upon; and he, in his usual pleasing manner, told what he wished the results of the next day's game might be; and also suggested that the present time would be an excellent opportunity to practice the school yells, etc. The suggestion was acted upon, and for the next half hour the building echoed and re-echoed with numerous queer and unearthly noises. Pres. Pray had previously guaranteed that the roof would hold, so every body went at it with a right good will. It was a genuine enthusiasm meeting, worthy of any college in the country. It was our first; will it be our last?

But, alas! the pleasant sunshine of Friday was displaced, Saturday, by rain; and all day long were its musical (?) drippings to be heard. However, it was a royal game from start to finish, in spite of rain or mud. The L. U. players came up here with the evident intention of shutting the Normalites out to about the tune of 26 to 0. They missed their calculations, however, and came far from reaching the expectations of their coach, Prof. Brewer.

The ball was kicked off to Argyle, who brought it forward a considerable distance before he was downed. The Normalites got right into the game, and pushed the ball down the field at a rate that made the Lawrentians hold their breath, and set the spectators wild with delight. Argyle made the only touch-down during the first half; and the Normalites failed at goal. When time was called for first half the score was 5 to 0 in the Normal's favor; and you couldn't find a Normalite who knew whether it was raining or not.

During the latter part of the first half, our full

back, Munnell, had the misfortune to dislocate his right shoulder while tackling Monahan. Thompson took his place during the remainder of the game. Carl took Nelson's place during the second half.

The second half saw just as good football as the first; but the result was a little different. It was Lawrence who made the touch-down this time, and they did not fail at goal. As a consequence, the score, at the end of the game stood 5 to 6 in Lawrence's favor. But never a grumble was heard among the spectators. Every one—players and all—could not help but agree that it was the prettiest, cleanest and most honest game of foot-ball they had seen or heard of, in a long time. The interference and team work of the Normalites was splendid. It was that which enabled them to hold the score down as they did against the much heavier L. U. men.

BASKET BALL.

As the foot-ball season draws to a close, we begin to hear questions now and then as to what is being done with basket-ball. Miss Crawford informs us that there are six teams organized among the young ladies and doing regular work in the gym; while there are prospects of at least four good teams of young men. The material shows up much better this year than ever before, the organization is better, and on the whole everything indicates good work for the season. Two challenges have already been received; and probably one game will be played before the holidays. The mid-winter basket-ball tournament is to be held soon after Christmas.

Some changes have taken place in the management of the A. A. since the last issue of The Pointer. Mr. Cassels, our able foot-ball manager, departed some few weeks ago for fields of greater honor. It is generally understood that he is playing end on the Chicago University foot-ball eleven. Mr. Soper was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Cassel's departure.

The Normal first eleven, in their second match game this season, ran up against something which, to say the least, was unexpected. Hitherto, in our games with Appleton, we have met with success, invariably; but—well, it was a good, honest game, anyway, and the score of 11 to 16 is nothing of which to be ashamed.

Exchanges.

We wish to recognize in these columns all gems of poetry, whether they are the product of men of brain or men of brawn. We hardly expect a man employed in the occupation of railroading to be inspired in this direction but we have noticed that, notwithstanding his humdrum occupation, conductor Finnigin was not slighted by the Muse. Finnigin was in the habit of sending long, detailed reports of the accidents which occurred on his division. He was told by the superintendent to send short dispatches to avoid using up the energy of the wires. His train ran off the track and he sent this message :—

"Off agin; on agin; gone agin.—Finnigin."

Engineer O'Donahue of the Santa Fe route, who had been criticised in the same way sent this dispatch ;—

"On No. 2. Have busted the flue. What shall I do ?—O'Donahue."

Just she and I, all, all alone,
Beneath the stars so calm and bright
I told her that to me her cheeks
Were like twin lilies pure and white;
But in the morning as I brushed
My powdered vest for half an hour,
I realized the lilies must
Have been some other kind of flower.—Ex.

We have received during this month a memorial number of the Normal Advance. Our strongest sympathy is with the Oshkosh Normal in its great loss. The death of Pres. Geo. S. Albee has been a blow, not only to the school in which he has worked so many years, but to the educational interests of the state of Wisconsin as well.

Our exchange list is steadily growing. We are glad to see some of our old visitors on our reading table. We hope to become acquainted with many new ones during the present year.

The cars were piled in fearful wreck,
The stranger roared with glee.
He pushed the Pullman off his neck—
"Which down is that ?" said he.—Ex.

The School Bell Echoes has come to us recently. From the tone of the "Echoes" we judge that Merrill has a live High School.

Every man who rises above the common level receives two educations; the first, from his instructors; the second, the most personal and important, from himself.—Gibbon.

Boyibus kickibus
Football ballorum.
Hittibus boyibus
In the jawvorum,
Boyibus deadibus
Playee no moreum.—Ex.

The Guard and Tackle will not need to be formally introduced to a certain portion of our school. The name of this paper immediately invites the athletes to investigate its contents. The Guard and Tackle is published by the High School of Stockton, Cal.

The Normal Pennant of San Jose, Cal. is one of the best school papers on our exchange list. One of the most commendable features of this publication is a review of the October magazines. We are glad to keep in touch with the Normals of other states as well as with our home institutions.

Nellie—"You don't mean to say that you failed to pass your college examinations again this year?"

Harry—"Yes, I failed again."

Nellie—"What was the trouble this time?"

Harry—"They asked the same questions that they did last year."—Harpers Round Table.

The Wisconsin Journal of Education gives the following sentences to be reconstructed :

Store sign : Don't go elsewhere to get robbed—step right in here.

We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W. was a malicious fabrication.

He could not commit suicide to save his life.

I could see that the floor had been swept with half an eye.

Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.

The board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accomodate five hundred students three stories high.

We have two schoolrooms sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred pupils above another.

Ireland's cup of misery has been overflowing for ages and is not full yet.

He leaves a brilliant future behind him.

Model School.

PRIMARY.

The following are reproductions of a story read to the children in the second grade.

GRANDMA'S CHICKENS.

Once there was a grandma who had some chickens. Each chicken had a name. There were Buff and Tuff and many other chickens. I can not tell you all the names.

There was a schoolhouse by her house. She was old and bent and alone in the world. One day the school children found grandma in tears. In the night a thief had come and taken all her chickens. Weeks went by and no chickens came.

One day grandma went out and saw many chickens. Each chicken had a card tied to its neck. Grandma read the cards and one said, "I have come to take the place of Blacky." One said "I have come to take the place of Tuff."

The school children gave grandma these new chickens.
Paul Collins. 7 years old.

GRANDMA'S CHICKENS.

Once upon a time there was a Grandma who lived in a little brown house near to the school house. She had some chickens and a soft eyed cow. She had a barn for the cow and a chickenhouse for the chickens.

There were about fifty chickens in all. They were Grandma's pets. Each chicken had a name of its own. When Grandma called, the chickens would run to her.

Grandma had many old-fashioned flowers in her yard. All the school children liked Grandma very much. But one day they found Grandma in tears. A thief had come in the night and taken the chickens away. Grandma felt very bad now, her chickens were gone away. The children went into school that morning feeling very bad for poor Grandma. Days came and days went for a week. But one morning Grandma looked out and saw the yard full of chickens. Who had done this nice thing? I think it was the children. There was a card on the chicken's legs. One said "I have come to take the place of Blacky. I have come to take the place of Whitey" and so on.

Leora M. Reton. 8 years old.

INTERMEDIATE.

Erma Schulhoff, recently spent two days in Chicago.

Carl Thompson has returned to his home at Biloxi, Miss.

Helen Peters, from Montana, now occupies the seat vacated by Carl Thompson.

Miss Grace Ogden, one of our most successful practice teachers is sadly missed. We all hope for her speedy recovery from illness.

Prof. Sylvester has been taking the strength tests of our pupils.

The 6th grade gave an interesting Whittier program on their rhetorical day. Having made Whittier the basis of their language work, under Miss Ogden, the subject was very appropriately chosen for rhetoricals.

Prof. Livingston and his observation class were furnished a series of very interesting lessons in Physical Geography. The lessons were illustrated by relief maps drawn by pupils and teacher.

If examinations are favorable, several pupils will be promoted from the 4th to 5th Grade. This early promotion speaks well for their previous training.

GRAMMAR.

Athletics are not neglected in our grades. Besides frequent games of battle-ball and basket-ball arranged by Miss Crawford in the gymnasium, we have one well organized football team. The boys are in good condition and are ready to meet any team of their size on open ground. The following is their line up :

Right Half.....	Moritz Krembs
Right End.....	Milo Cooper
Right Tackle.....	John Lang
Right Guard.....	Williard Plouf
Center.....	Arthur Bliss
Left Guard.....	Henry Halverson
Left Tackle.....	Harry Packard
Left End.....	Earl West
Left Half (Capt.).....	Henry Curran
Quarter Back.....	Lenore Eaton
Full Back.....	Algie Vaughn

Two new students have entered to begin the new quarter with us. They are Frank Hayes from McDill, and Clare Boursier, who recently attended school in Milwaukee.

Scientific.

(Continued from page 17.)

mograph. Prof. Swift will also make use of this instrument in certain psychological experiments during the year.

Normal students who are planning to become teachers will perhaps be interested in an article in The Scientific American, on "The Fingers as an Aid in Multiplication." The plan suggested and explained in that article has not, to be sure, been officially approved by the professional department of the school; but this fact by no means robs the article of its readableness.

IN THE LIBRARY.

We publish the following list of books which have recently been added to our library, in order that you may, if you find friends among them, make your bow. The list is as follows:

Due South. Ballou.
Loyal Traitor. Barnes.
For King or Country. Barnes.
True Story of U. S. Grant. Brooks.
Story of Our Country. Burton.
English Lyric Poetry. Carpenter.
Ocean Steamships. Chadwick.
Practical Rhetoric. Clark.
Romance of Industry. Cochrane.
English Prose. Craik.
Child's Hist. of Eng. Dickens.
Border Wars of New Eng. Drake.
Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777. Drake.
On Plymouth Rock. Drake.
Watch Fires of '76. Drake.
Evolution of Industry. Dyer.
Taxation in Amer. States and Cities. Ely.
Play of Animals. Gross.
Constructive Rhetoric. Hale.
Stories of War. Hale.
Spain. Hale.
Story of Cuba. Halstead.
Contemporary French Painters. Hamerton.
Foundations of Rhetoric. Hill.
Evolution of Modern Capitalism. Hobson.
Taxation and Taxes in the U. S. Howe.
Conflicts of Capital and Labour. Howell.
Mem. of Early Italian Painters. Jameson.
Handbook of Painting. Kugler.
Considerations on Painting. La Farge.
Spain in the 19th Century. Latimer.
Nature in Verse. Lovejoy.
Hist. of Sculpture. Marquand and Frothingham.

Historical Tales. Japan and China. Morris.
Historical Tales. Greek. Morris.
Historical Tales. Roman. Morris.
Historical Tales. Russian. Morris.
Hist. of Modern Painting. Muther.
Practical Boat-building for Amateurs. Neison.
Cortes and Montezumo. Pratt.
Francisco Pizarro. Pratt.
Eng. Composition by Practice. Shaw.
Artist Biographies. Sweetser.
Report, 1895-6. U. S. Labor Commission.
Hist. of Painting. Van Dyke.
Quotations for Occasions. Wood.
First Course in Science. Woodhull.
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