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The Normal Pointer.

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Literary.

A SERMON BEFORE THIEVES.
A Sermon of parson Hyberdyne which hee made att the commandemente of certen thieves after they had robbed hym byside Hasterowe in Hamshyre, in the feldes then standyng upon a hyll where as a wynde myll had bene in the presens of the thieves that robbed hym. as followith.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Sermon as followyth:

I greatly mervell that any man wyll presume to dyspeye theverie, and thynke the dowers thereof to be worthy of deth, consyderinge itt is a thynge that cumith neart unto virtue, beinge used of many in all countreys, and comended and allowed of God himself. The which thynge, bycause, I cannot compendiously shew unto you att soo shorte a war-nyngge and in soo sharp a wether.

I shall desyre you, gentle audience of theves, to take in good partes, these thynge that att this tyme cometh to my mynde, no wys dountyngge but that you of your good knowledge are able to addy mutche more unto ytt than this which I shall nowe utter unto yow.

Fyrst, fortitude and stowtness of courage, and also bowldnes of mynde, is commendyd of sum men to be a virtue, which beinge granted, who is yt, then, that wyll not judge theves to be vertuous; for they be of all men moste stouthe and hardy, and moste wthoute feare; for theverie is a thynge moste usuall among alle men, for not only that be here presente, but many others in dyers places, both men and women and children rythe and poore are daylie of this facultie, as the hangman of Tynoorne can testifie.

And that it is allowede of God hymselfe, as it is evidente in many stories of Scrypurye: for if you looke in the whole course of the Byble you shall finde that theves have bene beloved of God, for Jacobe when he came oute of Mesopotamia dyd steal his uncle Laban's kynne. The same Jacob also did steale hys brother Esau's blessyngge. And yett God saide "I have chosen Jacobe, and refusede Esau."

The chyldren of Israell when they came oute of Egypte did steal the Egyptian's jewelles of slyver and golde, as God commandede them so to doe.

David in the days of Abiathar the high priest, did come unto the templ and did steale the hallowede bread. And yett God saide "David is a man after my owne hearte."

Christe, hymselfe, when he was heare on the earth, did take an ass and a coale that was none of hyz. And you know that God said of hym "This is my belovede sonne in whome I delght." Thus you may see that God delighted in theves.

But moste of alle, I mervell that men can dyspeye you theves; whereas in all pointes almost you be like unto Christ hymself. For Christ had no dwelling place; no more have you. Christ went from towe to towne: and soe doe you. Christ was hatede by all men savinge of his frendes: and soe are you. Christ was laid waite upon in many places; and soe are you. Christ at the lengthe was caughte; and soe shalle you bee. He was brought before the judges: and soe shalle you bee. He was accusede: and soe shalle you bee. He was condemnede: and soe shalle you bee. He was hanged: and soe shalle you bee. He went down into hell: and soe shall you doe. Marry in this one thynge you differ from hym, for he rose againe and ascended into heaven: and soe shalle you never doe withoute Gode's greate mercie, whych God grante you. To whome, with the Father and the Sonne and the Holy Ghoste, bee all honour and glorye, forever and ever. Amen.

* * * * * * * * * *

Then hys Sermon beinge ended, they gave him
THE NORMAL POINTER.

hys money aga in that they had taken from him. and 1 s to drynke, for his Sermon.

TWO MEN OF THE FUTURE.
Tot and Tad, my two little friends and neighbors, are inseparable companions: and more interesting lads one could not easily find.

Tot, the youngest of a family of boys, received his nick-name when a baby. He is but six years of age, a trusting little fellow with blue eyes and soft bright hair. He has a pretty lisp, also, about which he is beginning to show a bit of anxiety, for he sometimes says, "I don’t lifth, do I?"

One day, we tried to get him to pronounce the word "see," but his efforts succeeded thus, "s—s—th e!"

Tad is a little older than Tot and a class above him in school. Having been heretofore an only child, though not a spoiled one by any means, he found this Summer, the experience of having his nose put out of joint by the advent of a brother, anything but an enviable one. In fact, it was painful at first, but short-lived, owing to his sweet disposition. Baby Kruger knows now that it is a true and rare brother-love that keeps Tad pushing a fine rubber-tired, velvet-cushioned and satin- parasolled carriage (for papa Kruger possesses a fair amount of the world’s goods) up and down, up and down, the walk and lawn through even the hottest of days. The same brother-love shines through Tad’s eyes which peep cautiously to “see if he is fast asleep” under the green shade which is carefully adjusted; because, as Tad says, “the sun makes him squint.”

Tad has the blackest of hair and very bright eyes. He is a wiry little fellow, slender as an arrow; and all the other lads of the neighborhood watch in open-mouthed wonder his performances on the trapeze. Then, too, he can sing in a clear, sweet voice. At school, when called, he steps proudly down the aisle, his face glowing with pleasure, and points without mistake to every “do” and “re” on Miss M.’s chart, to the amazement of all his watching classmates.

Tot can sing, too. He begins brightly, “Thumkinth thyath I’ll danth;” then, for some reason, suddenly pauses.

“Tot,” says Tad, laying a hand upon his shoulder with a most confidential grown-up manner and tone, “You’re bashful!” which Tot stoutly denies.

These two, like many other boys, like best of all to play “band;” and with a flute and drum, (the cocked hat and military cap, alternately leading the procession), they make “music everywhere,” somewhat discordant to be sure; but more than one busy woman, pausing to listen, has lost for a moment the anxious wrinkle between her eyes, and for some little time after, carried a tender smile about her work.

During the early evening, not long ago, Tot and Tad came to see me. I suspect it was to say “good-bye;” but while playing on the sitting-room floor with a huge musical top, and Buck-skin, our smallest rabbit, the occasion of their visit was forgotten. Upon noticing the growing darkness outside, and the contrast between it and the lighted room, Tad, the brave, simply said, “I’m going home,” and went.

Tot, however, not being as yet a man grown, looked anxiously across the street to his own bright home-light.

Presently we heard a step outside. "Is my baby-boy here?" called an anxious voice, and Tot joyfully answered “Yeth!”

THE OPTIMIST IN MISFORTUNE.
I had always believed that he was an Optimist; or, more properly, a cheerful idiot, who did not let himself be troubled by small matters. I had the fact still more impressed upon me by a very funny incident. At least, it was funny for those not interested.

He had started with a friend for a thirty-mile ride on a bicycle: and, being in the best of spirits, they rode at a somewhat rapid rate for the first four miles, when he knocked off a tire. He simply grinned a little, replaced the tire, and started on again. At this juncture, a distant roll of thunder told them that they must soon finish their ride, or be caught in a rain. They had ridden about a mile farther when he heard a whizzing sound coming from his rear wheel. He grinned again, and said that he guessed it could be fixed; but the quick repair out-fit failed to work. He removed the tire and took the inner tube out, intending to put on a patch, but found that his patching rubber was at home. He replaced the tire, and turned his head
homeward. Pretty soon large drops of rain began to fall, and his friend mounted his wheel and rode on. He was now alone, with five miles to walk, and a wheel to push that was gradually collecting pound after pound of mud. The rain continued to fall—not hard, but a drizzle that would send most men into a fit of passion. Not so with our hero; he walked along, apparently unconscious of the rain and mud. He whistled, he hummed snatches of songs. Nearly all the people he met tried to cheer him; little faces looked their pity out at him through windows, or between pickets on the fences; even the dogs that had barked at him savagely as he sailed by a short time before, looked at him sadly and wagged their tails a little. But he—he laughed and seemed to think it all a huge joke.

When he was just one block from home, the rain ceased, to fall, the clouds dispersed, and the sun burst out in all his glory, brightening all the world; but this one person—he had been feeling bright all the time. When he reached home, he put his wheel into its corner and entered the house. His mother looked up with a surprised, questioning look upon her face. He said, "Mother I have walked five miles in the rain and mud; but I have a subject for a short theme!"

TRAPPING A MOUSE.

The mouse was under the cupboard. The cupboard was heavy and full of glass and china. Mr. Mouse escaped unharmed from various attacks on his retreat, made with broom-stick, fire shovel and tongs, and never lost his presence of mind sufficiently to hazard his life by running out. Evidently the cupboard would have to be moved.

Suddenly a brilliant idea took possession of one of us. We would put some poison on a piece of bread, and to get rid of our troublesome guest. The bread was duly spread, and placed on the floor temptingly near the cupboard. In the morning it was gone; and we exulted in our triumph. But before noon we found poor pussy cold and dead in a corner of the back yard. And that night Mr. Mouse feasted luxuriously on the butter we had ready for breakfast. We were filled with indignation. The mouse must not be allowed to defy us in this disgraceful manner. He must be outwitted. But how?

We discussed the matter all forenoon; and the discussion resulted in the purchase of a trap. The artistic member of the family was the one selected to get it, and she brought home a pretty one, with blue doors and gilded wires. We baited it with cheese of the best quality; and retired, much elated in spirit. In the morning the cheese was gone, as was also the cream for our coffee. This was too much for human endurance! We went down town in a body, bought a contrivance guaranteed to rid the house of mice in twenty-four hours; and then waited impatiently for night. When the clock indicated the hour of nine, we adjourned to the kitchen, and trembling with apprehension, we carefully baited and set the machine.

In the morning, the mouse lay stiff and cold beside the murderous contrivance. We were at last successful! But I never could help feeling that everything considered, the mouse was not honestly vanquished.

ESTHER HETZEL.

THE RECEPTION.

I had imagined the reception would be a formal affair, with a sort of program; but upon arriving, found to my surprise, it was very different. After I had found a slip with my name, and had pinned it on, I was introduced to a few Normal girls. I had hardly escaped—no discredit to the young ladies—before I was seized by the good-natured German professor who hurriedly expressed his sorrow and regret that I had met no ladies as yet. (I had, but he would not give me a chance to say so.) He took hold of my arm, as I have sometimes seen teachers take mischievous young lads in school, and hurrying me up to about half-a-dozen girls, rattled off their names with mine alternating, while I stood there with a grin and a bow after each name, excepting my own. Then in his smooth voice, he remarked, "I want you ladies to entertain this young gentleman," and glided serenely away. Fortunately some one was singing; so it was not as embarrassing as it might have been. After a while, I escaped again, and sat down, breathing freer, and looking on with enjoyment.

Suddenly I saw the professor clutch another green fellow. After standing him in front of some girls, and threatening him if he moved, the professor found a chair, and made the young man sit down; and with the same modulated tone of voice, and the very same advice to the girls, hurried away, with the thought that he had made another young fellow comfortable.
THE NORMAL POINTER.

OCTOBER 15, 1898.

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Editorial.

"A Sermon before Thieves," which appears in the literary columns, having been penned about the middle of the sixteenth century, is not of normalistic composition. The article, very kindly loaned for our use, was, however, thought of sufficient interest to warrant its insertion in The Pointer. The manuscript, copied from a very old magazine, comes from the portfolio of the late Mrs. Dr. Phillips of this city. The event of the sermon is supposed actually to have taken place; but that matter may be left to the judgment of the readers.

You notice the multiplicity of colors in the covers of The Pointer this year. The idea is in vogue among college publications. We want to keep abreast of the times, and are sorry if the array of striking colors does not "strike" you.

The artistic side in college periodicals is coming more and more into prominence. In many cases, the college monthly and annual stand as the highest example of the printer's art. With this issue we have attempted a step in the evolution toward a higher artistic standard, and hope it to be for the better, and that it will meet the general approval.

The cause of Woman Suffrage has made another great advance in our school. At a meeting of the Athletic Association the women of the school were, by an amendment to the constitution, given the power to become active members of that important organization. There has been a tendency to consider that boys are for athletics, and athletics for boys. But the girls play tennis, and last winter they had a basket-ball team which is to be re-organized. To be identified with the school it must come under the management of the Athletic Association. Now the girls are on equal footing with the boys in athletics. They have an opportunity to assert their power. Let them prove that their added interest and enthusiasm will help to boom matters; let them by their presence improve the meetings; let them appreciate that they are an important factor in the athletic spirit of the school; and let them show their appreciation by enrolling their names among the members of the association which represents our athletics.

The Normal Pointer has passed another milestone. A journey of downs and ups, of possibilities and impossibilities lies before it. With the first issue, apologies and blunders, of course, are in order. We make none but the latter. For shall we offer apologies when we make the best of the material at hand, and apologies to the students when this is their paper? On finding fault, and demanding reform, consider these axioms:—that the editorial staff does not own this publication; that they accrue no profits therefrom; that their business is not so much to write as to edit. Such logic is prevalent in the editorial field of all college publications. But the making of mere statements has no power. However, we have in view a millennium for the editors, and a Utopia for The Pointer; and both can be attained only through co-operative effort on the part of you who are reading. If a thing is good, push it along. And reward will come unto them who push: for "blessed are they who help to make things go."

You are reading—whose Pointer? If it is your own, your patriotism is both normal and Normal. If otherwise, apply logic, examine your conscience, and ease it by subscribing for your own school paper.
Scientific.

The editor of this department is interested in securing from the readers of The Pointer an expression of opinion on a question which is by no means new, but which is, nevertheless, "live." To this end he has drawn up a set of three questions, which are meant to be suggestive rather than definite, and he requests that all readers of The Pointer who have any opinion at all on this question, answer carefully the three questions, and hand or send their replies to the "Scientific Editor," on or before October 31, 1898. Please sign your name to your reply, not necessarily for publication, but simply as a guarantee of good faith.

The following are the questions to be answered:

1. Is it right, in your opinion, to collect and preserve, for purposes of scientific study, any harmless mammal, bird, reptile, or insect? (Please state briefly, your reasons for thinking as you do.)

2. In the glass case in the south-east corner of the assembly room, is a tolerably complete collection of the birds of this State. What good has it done you to have this collection where you could see it every day?

3. Is it any worse, morally, to kill a duck for the purpose of studying it, than to kill it for the purpose of eating it? Why?

Two years ago there was purchased, at considerable expense, a fine solar microscope for the use of the science departments of this school. Until this fall it has been impossible to make use of this instrument for the lack of a suitable dark room in which to project the views upon a screen. Shades have now been fitted, to all the windows in the physics recitation room, so that it may, at will, be transformed into a convenient dark room for showing the slides which Professors Culver and McCaskill are preparing. It is expected that this microscope will prove to be of great service to those who take up, in the future, the courses in Biology and Geology offered by the school. The Geology class may see spread out before them, with every detail visible, the minute structure of the finest grained rocks; the Biological students may see swimming about before their eyes Paramaecia and Vorticellae as large as Crayfish.

The following semi-scientific definitions of Chlorine are now, for the first time, presented to the public, through the kindness of the chemistry class. They are especially reliable because of the fact that the class has just begun the study of the gas in question:—

"Chlorine is a yellowish white gas of a decidedly disagreeable odor, which has the power of combining a whole chemistry class into a chorus of violent coughers."

"Chlorine is a gas whose colors, green and yellow, may suggest its properties, which are heavy, disagreeable, unattractive, poisonous, and which are powerful enough to make the untainted hall adjacent to the laboratory a popular resort."

"Chlorine is a yellowish green gas which gives off a yellowish green odor."

"Chlorine is a gas, which if taken internally, produces a conglomeration of the mucous membrane of the air passages."

"Chlorine a gas hard to detect. 'Tis sweet smelling, pleasant to breathe, and in fact is so altogether lovely that the students of chemistry are pleased to dwell therein, and with much regret leave the laboratory when the period is over."

"Chlorine, the material manifestation of the Evil One."

"Chlorine—a vile gas, the chief use of which is to make life miserable for students of chemistry."

"Chlorine is a substance for the gods to play with, but not for humans."

Recent Scientific Articles—Have you read them? "Fifty Years of American Science." In the Atlantic Monthly for September.


"Horseless Carriages in Paris." In the Cosmopolitan for September.

"Days in the Arctic," by the man who first met Nansen on his return from farthest north. In the Sept. Harper's.
Local.

August Grimm, class of '98, is attending the State University.

Miss Florence Pray, class of '97, is teaching at Grand Rapids,

Elmer Frohmader has the position of principal at Camp Douglas.

Arthur Latton, class of '98, is a candidate for Co-Supt. of Taylor Co.

The Normal Department opened Aug. 31, with a total enrollment of 320 students.

Allan T. Pray, class of '97, has the position of assistant in Mathematics in the High School at Sheboygan.

Thomas Henry, class of '98, visited here a few days last week, before beginning his year's work as Prin. of Hixton school.

Miss Tillie Olson from Sheridan, was a visitor at the Normal, Oct. 3. Her sister came with her and expects to remain with us as a student.

Miss Edna Stuart and Theresa Moran visited here last week, the Greenwood schools where they are teaching being closed on account of diphtheria.

Miss Tanner will go to Chicago, Friday Oct. 7, and return the following Tuesday. While there she expects to visit the Chicago Normal School at Englewood.

The Forum and the Arena are again in good working order, and expect to make this new year an exceedingly profitable one both socially and intellectually.

H. L. Gardner, class of '97, visited at Stevens Point and vicinity, recently. Mr. Gardner has received the nomination for County Supt. of Vernon Co., and the prospects for his election are good.

We are occasionally reminded that when a notice placed upon the black-board has served its purpose, we should be "Swift" to erase it. If we fail to do this should we not be held responsible for the result?

The Lecture Course given at the Normal last Winter, was such a complete success that it has been decided to have a similar course arranged for the coming Winter. The arrangements have been left in the hands of two committees, one from the faculty and one of students.

Prof. McCaskill, who attended the Chicago University during the Spring quarter, has returned, and again occupies his old position. Prof. Teeple, who was away the last five weeks of last term, on account of poor health, is also back: so that now all the old members of the faculty occupy their usual places.

Rhetoricals have begun in good earnest, and the cry "What shall I speak?" or "What shall I write about?" is now a familiar greeting. A somewhat different plan is being pursued this year than was carried out last year, with the result that an added interest is being taken in the work. Our first rhetorical afternoon was devoted to the Romans.

The old students gave a reception to those entering for the first time, Saturday evening Sept. 10, in the gymnasium. The room was prettily decorated with zinnias, sweet peas, and wild flowers. The evening was spent in conversation, interspersed with several musical selections and refreshments. Each person wore a card bearing his name, so that to look at him was to know him.

It was with surprise that we heard the announcement that one of our ablest students, B. J. Cassels, had decided to withdraw from school, and enter Chicago University. He left for that institution last Monday, Oct. 3, where he will enter the General Science Course. His departure means a severe loss, both to the athletic and the intellectual spirit of the school. Our best wishes go with him to the broader field of activity which he enters; and we hope that in the future, as in the past, success may attend his efforts.

The members of the class of '98, as far as we have been able to learn, are teaching in the following schools: Edith Hamacker, Stevens Point; Maud Brewster, Chippewa Falls; Della Chase, Gran. Dept., Medford; Herman Fischer, Sparta; Maud Fox, Durand; Wm. Hedback, Prin. St. Croix Falls; Wm. Harrison, Wilton; Elizabeth James, Barron; Nettie McMichael, Viroqua; Mary McMillan, Marshfield; Augusta Monat, Chippewa Falls; Harry Mortensen, H. S. Prin., Cadott; Edwin O'Brien, Appleton; Laurence Pease, Prin. Gram. Dept., Grand Rapids; Wm. Price, Prin., Spencer; G. G.
THE NORMAL POINTER.

W. Gates, Glen Flora; Kate Smith, Eau Claire; Lydia Wheelock, H. S. Asst., West Salem; Merrit White, H. S. Prin., Wonewoc; Helen Wight, Fairchild.

The following new books have been purchased for the library since the last issue of The Pointer: Reference Books—Stanford's Compendium of Geography, North America, 1 volume; Africa, 2 volumes; Asia, 2 volumes; Pierce's Dicken's Dictionary; Roger's Waverly Dictionary; Ruskin's Complete Works, 13 volumes; Poems of Places, edited by Longfellow, 31 volumes; Britton and Brown's Illustrated Flora of Canada and British Possessions; Camp's American Foot-ball: Stagg's Scientific and Practical Treatise on American Foot-ball.

Two weeks ago, some young men of the school, interested in literary work, met in Prof. Sanford's room, and organized a society known as "The Normal Debating Club." The society has twenty-five members, and expects to grow. The first regular program was given last Friday night, Sept. 30, and if we are to take that as an index of the work the society is to do, we have every reason to anticipate for it a bright and useful future. Following are its officers: Pres., Fred. Olson; Vice Pres., Arthur E. Dawes; Sec'y, Hugh Dimond; Treas., Jerome Wheelock.

Mr. Feldler, teacher of Science in Sheboygan for several years past, visited the Normal on Friday morning, Sept. 30, and was persuaded by Pres. Pray to give a talk on his experiences in the late war. His picturing of camp scenes was so vivid, and his description of Southern feeling toward the Negro so interesting, that he held the close attention of all for nearly half an hour. We give one incident as he told it: "A soldier sat looking disconsolately at his cup of so-called coffee. On being asked what he was thinking about, he replied, 'I was wondering whether, in drinking this stuff, I am a patriot, or a blamed idiot!'

The reception in honor of the Oshkosh foot-ball team, Saturday evening, Oct. 1, was the most successful which has been given for some time. The gymnasium was gay with Autumn leaves. Flags, and the colors of both Normals formed a part of the decorations. During the evening the room rang with school yells both from the victors and the vanquished. Music by Miss Flower, and toasts to the Army and Navy, by Miss Smith and Mr. Rounds, added to the enjoyment of the evening. After singing "The Red, White and Blue," the company formed for a grand march which terminated in Prof. Swift's room, where sherbet and cake were served.

The members of the Elementary Class of '98, are all teaching as follows: J. S. Bard, Green Bay; Carrie Barr, Wausau; Allan Brown, Asst., Manawa; Cornelia Campbell, Onalaska; Anna Christman, near Babcock; Minnie Dauffenbach, Altoona; Louise Due, near Baraboo; Bessie Erickson, West Salem; May Fuller, Prentice; Kate Fulton, Green Bay; Mary Haines, near Baraboo; Chas. Houseworth, New London; Henry Howard, Thorp; Christine Johnson, Milladore; Victoria Logan, Medford; Frank McGinnis, Apollonia; Janette McGregor, near Hancock; Margaret Meek, Hixton; Bessie Miller, Sparta; Victor Minahan, near Calumetville; Josephine Murray, Prin., Ogema; Edith Nugent, near Ashland; Myrta Shear, Merrillan; Martha Tenney, De Sota; Maude Whitney, near Stevens Point; Leona Wieting, Waupaca; Laura Young, near Colby.

The latest anomaly:—Our foot-ball coach, who is both Flint and Nott Flint.

Mr. N.—I, speaking of the opera:—"Well, she has made her deauchat!" (debut.)

Teacher in biology—"Explain holozoic nutrition." Student—"Holozoic means holy animal." Prof.—"A person has aphasias when from mental derangement he has lost the power of correct speech."

W. n.—"Is a person who stutters in that condition?"

Mr. H.—In psychology, illustrating that presence of mind is not automatic, but that we think of what we are doing.―"During an explosion a man was blown many feet into the air, but noticing that he had an iron rod in his hand, he had presence of mind enough to balance himself with the rod and sit on his feet."
THE NORMAL POINTER.

Exchanges.

We wish all our exchanges, old and new a prosperous year.

"Martyrs have perished in fire, but more have perished for lack of fire."

"The man who never made a mistake in his life never made anything else."

"St. Louis boasts of the champion lazy man. He went to work and was too lazy to stop."

Massachusetts is alone in requiring a strictly high school course for admission to her Normal schools.

An elective course in journalism, conducted by an experienced journalist, has been established at Mt. Holyoke College.

A beautiful fountain has been presented to the Michigan State Normal College by the faculty and senior class. '98. Moral?

Pres. L. D. Harvey of the Milwaukee Normal has been nominated by the Republican party for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

"If you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points."

The Pointer will give you more.

The Milwaukee Normal has a bicycle club. Judging from the appearance of the basement, it is not for lack of wheels that we do not have one.

The Normal Advance gives this as a modern maxim—"If thou gettest a zero at one recitation bewail it not, but bestir thyself that thou mayest receive a four at the next."

"There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best meter of all
Is to meet her alone."

"Now do you know what I mean?" exclaimed the irate professor who had thrown a bottle of ink at the stupid boy.

"I think I have an inkling of what you mean," was the reply.

A novel idea in Kindergarten busy-work is mentioned in The Literary Voice. "The children together with the young ladies of the training class inviting the housewives, made crabapple jelly. The experiment was successful—three glasses of excellent jelly and a good time being the result."

"Every child in our public schools is born to a sovereignty which should command the respect of his teachers, and stimulate in that teacher efforts so to educate that child that he will be fit to become a part of that people who, as their own sovereigns make and execute their own laws in this republic."—School Physiology Journal.

We are glad to welcome to our reading table the September numbers of The College Days, Ripon, Wis., The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis., The High School Cadet, Ypsilanti, Mich., and The Literary Voice, Big Rapids, Mich. Congratulations are extended to the managers of these papers for their promptness in beginning the year's work.

"The man who waits for something to turn up, usually finds it when he steps on a barrel hoop," is an old but truthful saying. Who ever knew of a listless, lifeless man getting ahead in this busy world? Men value you as you value yourself and as you appear. Everyone gets out of the road for a man who wants the "right-of-way"—he forgives to the front.

Students Reporting Journal.

"Stood on tiptoe; eyes open wide
Thought the whole game must be snide.

Freshman.

Gazed in wonder; smiled and ran,
Thought, 'Well, next year I'm the man.'

Sophomore.

High school essay, worked well o'er;
Quite taxed all that came before.

Junior.

Ponderous brain force soaked in oil,
Makes production worth all toil.

Senior."

Supt. F. G. Kraneg, of Green Bay, Wis., has introduced the feature of union meetings of teachers and parents, and says that nothing has ever been done that has awakened so genuine an interest in the schools throughout the city. He declared that "if we are to obtain the best results in the education of children, the home and school must form a closer union." The following are some of the topics discussed at these meetings of patrons and teachers. Relation of the Home to the School, Absence and Tardiness, The Value of Nature study.—School and Home Education.
Model School.

PRIMARY.

Anna and Margaret Mason are spending the week at Whitehall.

Dan Weller and John McMillan celebrated their seventh anniversaries by an "everyday birthday party" Friday, October 7. Their class mates contributed a lunch, after which the boys chose the games for the afternoon.

The Workers and Busy Bees entertained the school on October 14 with the following program:

- Singing, The Wind
- Worker Girls
- October's Party
- Four Sunbeams
- How West Wind Helped
- Come, Little Leaves
- The Wind Blows
- How The Leaves Come Down
- Worker
- Good-by to the Flowers
- Grasshopper Green
- If I Were a Sunbeam

The school then made windmills.

GRAMMAR.

The grammar school is divided into four societies of fourteen members each. Each society in turn presents on Friday afternoon a program prepared under the direction of its president assisted by the department and practice teachers.

The first society under the leadership of Jeanne Kirwan gave fourteen well prepared numbers consisting of music, readings, recitations and essays, on September 23.

The second society named itself The Stars and Stripes and chose Willie Leonard for president. Its program was complete with the exception of Lenore Eaton's exercise which had to be postponed on account of Lenore's meeting with a serious accident on Thursday.

On October 7, the third division under Moritz Krembs, president, gave its first program.

The fourth division with Milo Cooper, president, made their first presentation October 14.

The Grammar Room has an enrollment of 56 and employs this quarter fifteen practice teachers besides three special teachers Misses Tanner, Linton and Crawford, and the department teacher.

The pupils who assisted at the 8 o'clock observation class on Thursday, October 6, were excused from 10:30 to 11:30 to gather autumn leaves for the decoration of the room.

Mattie George has withdrawn and returned to her home in Milwaukee.

We heartily welcome Willard Plouf who entered September 23d.

INTERMEDIATE.

Eva Cahill was in Milwaukee the first of the month.

We are glad to welcome Carl Thompson as one of our new workers.

The attendance in the Intermediate department is exceptionally large. So many more applications for admittance were received this year than last, that all who wished to attend could not be accommodated. A corps of sixteen teachers is furnished with practice work in this department.

The Intermediate rhetoricals so far have been excellent. Every Friday afternoon is given to this work, and each class appears once in four weeks. Drill and rehearsals are in charge of the Language and Reading teachers. The Sixth grade was the first to appear and gave a very instructive Longfellows program, Sept. 90th.

The number of practice teachers in the entire corps at the beginning of the quarter, was fifty-one; but of these, four have since withdrawn from school—Misses Brown, McDonald, Horton, and Mr. Cassels. Their places have been filled by co-workers. Four are teaching classes up stairs—Miss Bremmer and Mr. Leu in the ninth grade; and Miss Spalenka and Mr. Bradford, Preparatory.

This year a regular course of study has been planned for the ninth grade, which is to remain permanent for all ninth grade classes hereafter. It consists of Algebra, Elementary Physics, and English History, with an option of Latin, German, or English Composition. When this course is completed, the student may enter directly into the Normal department. We are pleased to note that some
very good work is being done by those who were in
the eighth grade last year.

Reproduction of a story read during vacation.

Bessie’s Kitty tells her story  How I wish that
Bess were here now. I often look up at her poor
mother and “Meow!” and sometimes she says to
Bessie’s father, “I wonder if Kitty wants Bess, too.”

It was long ago that Bess went away. One day my
mother had just been telling me that I must keep out
of sight, until I was able to run very fast, so that
people could not catch me, unless I wanted them to.
“For,” she added, “I have often had my children
taken away from me before their eyes were open.”

Just then we heard a sweet voice saying, “Oh,
Mamma, it’s a little kitty! It is, mamma.” And I
saw a little golden head look under the house.

Then I heard another voice say, “Be careful,
Bess, the pussy is afraid of you.”

“Oh, my goodness!” exclaimed my mother, “it’s a
child, and they are worse than anyone else. Get
behind me. Quick! Quick!” And I did so.

“Nice little pussy cat, come pretty pussy cat,”
said the little girl but I wouldn’t come.

Then she called to her mother, “Come and see
the kitty, mamma, Oh, come.” And then a pretty
lady came and looked at us.

The little girl ran away, but soon came back with
a saucer of milk for us. She wanted us to come out
from under the porch, but we wouldn’t do it.

She brought my mother and me some milk every
day, and then hid behind a great white rose bush
near by, until we had finished drinking it. She
thought that we did not see her there. But
we did. One day I jumped up on a high fence near
the porch. The fence was higher than Bessie’s
head and when she came out of doors she stood on
tip-toe trying to reach me. At last she went into
the house and got some milk in a saucer for me.
She put it on the ground and looked at me. I
thought that she would not be so naughty as to hurt
a little kitty and so I jumped down and let her pat
me and rub my fur, while I drank my milk. After
that we were good friends and had many nice times

THE NORMAL POINTER.

often played under the great white rose-bush, too,
where it was nice and cool.

One day we discovered some hard green things
on the bush, which Bess said were buds. Every
morning we counted them and watched them grow
larger.

Another day while we were under the bush we
found a bud that would be opened on the morrow,
and Bess called her mother to see it. Then we
found more of them and we counted them all. We
sat down under the bush, when, suddenly, Bess fell
asleep, without even telling me she was tired. I
crept over by her arm and had a little nap with
her. Soon her father and mother came out, and
her father said, “asleep with one little rose watch-
ing her and looking like a rose herself.” Then he
picked her up and carried her into the house.
The next day Bess did not come out, nor the next.
And oh! how I wished that she were there to see
the many roses that bloomed.

One day I went upstairs to the door, but when her
father saw me he told me to go away, for I would
waken Bess.

Some days after that I was up by her door, again,
and her mother came out. I saw that she was
crying. She took me in her arms and said to Bess-
ie’s father, “I wonder if dear Bessie would know
the kitty?” Then she went up to the bed where
Bess lay, white and still, with her beautiful golden
curls spread out on the pillow. She said to Bess,
“Don’t you know the pussy, dear?”

But Bess did not even look at me. Then her
mother’s tears fell hard and fast, and soon my fur
was quite wet. Then she put me outside the door,
with a soft little pat on my back.

The next day while I was lying under the rose
bush, Bessie’s mother came out. She was crying
very hard, and when she saw me she cried harder,
still. She picked all of the roses from the bush.
There were so many that they filled her arms. She
sobbed and said, “Oh, if Bess were only here to see
these once more, for she loved them and watched
them so carefully.”

The next day was a lovely day and soon after
dinner a great many people called at the house.
Soon some people carried a beautiful white and sil-
ver box out of the house. All of the roses were on
the top of it; and I thought that it must be something of Bessie's. The people put the small box in a big black one by the gate. Bess must have gone away, too, for I have not seen her since the day I saw her in the bed.

Can you tell me where she went? I do not know yet, and I am now an old cat.

Ruth Wadleigh, age 12.

Athletic.

(Continued from page 8.)

The Athletic Association, has held its initial meeting to elect officers for the first term. Prof. C. H. Sylvester was elected president; P. A. Rockwell, vice-president; Elizabeth Bremmer, secretary; Arnold Gesell, treasurer; executive committee, O. J. Leu, chairman, Prof. G. L. Teeple and B. J. Cassells; foot ball manager, Prof. V. E. McCaskill; basket ball manager, Chas. Bremmer.

At a later meeting, Prof. McCaskill resigned as foot-ball manager; and B. J. Cassells was elected to fill the vacancy. Prof. Sylvester resigned his office as president; and C. R. Rounds was elected to succeed him.

At a meeting of the foot-ball teams, H. O. Manz was chosen captain of the first eleven, and Arnold Gesell of the second eleven.

The Athletic Association has been laboring under financial difficulties resulting from the loose management of last Spring. But, at present, the prospects are encouraging; and we hope to be on a sound footing before the close of the foot-ball season.

There has been no little misunderstanding in regard to the nature of the Athletic Association. Unlike the Sketch Club or St. Cecelia which interest but a part of the students, it is representative of the universal school. If this is the case, as is true, it should be surprising that so small a minority of the students, consisting mainly of the active athletes, are members. It is an organization, not for athletes, but for the school. As the Republican party is to its candidates, so is not, but should be, the Athletic Association to the athletes. The A. A. represents the school. Are you a member of the school? Are you a member of the A. A.?
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