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FEBRUARY,
1899.

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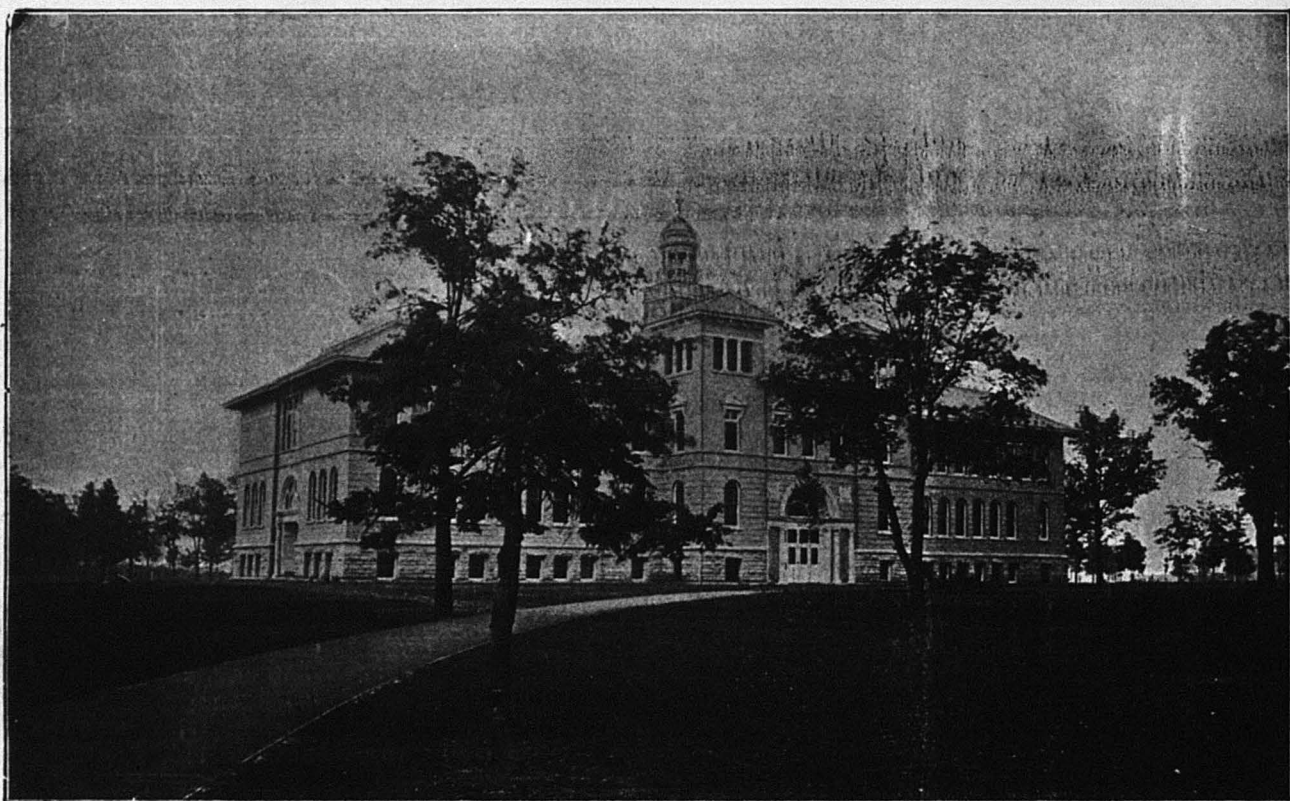
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume IV.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

Number 5.

Literary.

THE LITTLE MILLINER.

She was a little woman with a kind, sad smile that attracted me. I was a child of six. I seldom saw her, for she was very quiet and reserved. She lived all alone in a room back of her small shop and seemed to have few friends. I thought that very strange for I was sure that so sweet and gentle a face ought to win its owner many friends.

As I played with my dolls on our own back walk, I sometimes saw her as she was busy with her work, and one day she called to me, "I have plenty of time to spare to-morrow, shall I make your doll a new hat?" The sadness of the smile that went with the words rather abashed me at first, but I danced with glee at the idea and ran to tell the great news to my mother. All that afternoon I watched for the little milliner and whenever she appeared, I called out, "Are you 'most ready to begin my hat? Is it begun? When are you going to begin?" "To-morrow" she would say, "to-morrow, right after breakfast," and with that I had to be satisfied.

I went to sleep that night with my mind full of wonderfully constructed hats, of dolls and of the little milliner, and as the visions grew confused, I fell asleep to dream of still more wonderful hats, and still smaller milliners.

In the morning, my first thought and inquiry were about the hat. "Was it finished? What was it like? Couldn't I hurry and get dressed faster? No, my face does not need any washing this morning; let's leave that till to-morrow." I remembered that she had said "after breakfast" so I disposed of that as quickly as possible and toddled to the back gate.

It was bitter cold that morning so that I could

not stay very long. I called and called as loudly as I could, but she would not come. "Next time she will," I thought, and "next time I will call just as loud as I possibly can." But next time did not bring any answer, and so by and by I went to the front door and looked in the big front glass window, but I could see no one. I felt a bit consoled when a grown up lady came and could not get in; for she said that she wanted her hat to wear to church next day and the milliner had promised it to her.

When I saw that it was dinner time, my hopes were all lost and my heart nearly broken, "Coz she said right after breakfast, mamma." My mother, busy, had not paid much heed to my restless visits to the milliner's shop, but seeing my grief she set herself to find the cause of the trouble. She went with me then, to the milliner's, but could get no response to knock or call.

Wondering at the silence and at the fact that none of the neighbors had seen the milliner that morning, she told them what I had done. They broke open the door and in the fireless back room, they found the little milliner unconscious from the cold and almost frozen to death. Wood and stimulants and warm coverings were quickly brought and the sad eyes soon opened on the world again. The neighbors found no food in the room and kind hands quickly brought whatever they had that was warm and nourishing. Soon she asked, "How did you find me? What made you look for me?" and when they told her, she smiled and said, "The little maid has saved my life, I thank the little lass." And the same sweet smile was on her lips as she fell into a sleep as peaceful as that of the little child next door.

And when she woke again, late in the afternoon, she wished to see her baby friend. I went, full of

awe and wonder, awed that I was going where death had been so near, and wondering that I could see my breath in the still chilly room and that the bed clothes were piled so high, with my mother's best and biggest comforter on the outside—the beautiful comforter with the pretty, big leaves in the cloth. She just smiled and nodded to me from her fort of pillows and coverings, and I forgot that I had been so anxious about my doll's new hat.

In a few days her people came and took her away in a big, long sleigh and she was still wrapped in our big best comforter with the bright flowers on it. As they drove away, I looked up and saw my mother's eyes full of tears and as I kissed her to comfort her, I wondered if the little milliner had promised her a hat and had not made it. "O, no, that is not it," thought I, "for I don't care about the hat any more, coz I feel sorry for the lady and I guess my mamma does too, but the hat would have been real nice, wouldn't it?"

NOT A NAMELESS EXCURSION.

The King was delighted with the news from his distant army telling of victory. With Haesty speech he demanded his messenger to be Swift in summoning his Baker, Banker, Gardiner, Miller, Porter, Pope, Smith and Butler into his presence.

With a Sweet smile upon his face he told them to be ready the next morning to take the 9:10 Carr for the village of Ogden because they should start from there through the Woods to hunt the wild Buck and Gesell.

This announcement of a holiday gave his employees great Comfort. They Gott ready at once.

One needed a Button, another a Patch and one Gray headed man had to go to the Tanner and get some leather that he might have a new Soule on his shoe.

Just before nine one of the party took his Cobb pipe from the Bracket, lit it, and seemingly enjoyed himself as he went the Rounds so that he might know if all were in readiness for the trip.

The morning came; we find them in Ogden, near the Park on Hemstreet, anxious to be off. The first part of the journey lay across a Marsh. Here and there was to be seen a White Flower which was very beautiful and at a distance glistened like a Dimond. Soon they came to the river Jordan whose banks

were covered with wild Mustard. After crossing on a poorly constructed bridge made of Wood they continued their journey toward the West growing somewhat impatient because they did not find larger game, than birds to shoot.

But on they went for several Long Miles until they came to some Rivers or rather Brooks, and as they found Rice growing on and near the banks hope instead of discouragement took Holte of them, because they reasoned that such a fine feeding and watering place would surely be visited by the animals of the neighboring forests. The sun was now high in the sky and so they made a halt here and began to prepare the mid-day repast.

As men generally Doolittle in the line of cooking they contented themselves with a few Martins cooked over a fire on forked sticks and seasoned with Pepper together with a kind of Roseberry which they found growing there.

When they once more resumed the march they soon came upon some tracks of Blood and knew that some wounded animal had not long ago passed that way. All began to get excited. One remarked that he wished he had better Lead so that he might be more sure of his aim.

Suddenly a Hart leaped from the thicket and each had the chance to show his Powers as a marksman. The animal was wounded immediately but fought Everhard until the last.

As it darted hither and thither all was wild excitement and you could hear each man Pray that it might be his ball that should bring the animal down.

In the hurry and scurry one of the party stumbled over a wild Hubbard squash and was bruised very badly by the fall.

He sat down upon an old stump for a few moments thinking he could Rockwell enough to soothe the pain. After awhile, with the assistance of a friend who came at his Beck he was enabled to resume the march.

Now that the animal had been killed and the sun was fast sinking low all began to think about their Holmes and in consequence turned their faces toward the Main road feeling that their holiday had, after all, been full of Sweet Comfort.

Flora E. Wood.

A NIGHT IN A SHANTY.

One time, when a party of eight of us were out blackberrying, we slept in an old shanty that had been hastily thrown together by some hay makers.

It was about twelve feet wide and fourteen feet long, with no windows, and a roof almost flat. The door was a curiously built contrivance partially hung on leather hinges. The inside was a sight! Two bunks, arranged one above the other, filled one corner, while at the foot of these another extended along the side wall. A rough pine table, and a bench, completed the furnishings. A little old hay was piled on the bunks and scattered over the sandy floor.

How to get eight men into three narrow bunks was, at first, a question; but four of the party decided that they could stretch themselves cross wise in one. They chose the lower bunk so that their feet might rest on the floor; and we all turned in. But it was not to sleep. Two of the fellows with more gab than brains entertained (?) us with stories for an hour or two.

Even after the narrations had run down, I could not sleep; for I happened to be on the top bunk next the wall where I could hardly breathe for the musty hay and closeness of the place. I longed for a little fresh air. Accordingly, I squared myself to make a window by kicking a board loose. At the first kick, a howl came up from below that would make an Apache warrior or a foot-ball rooter turn green with envy. I had kicked down just about a bushel of dust which filled eyes, ears and mouths of the sleepers. I kept on kicking, however, until the board fell. After that it took those four fellows nearly two hours to express their opinions concerning the offender. They went carefully over my life history, present and past; and even prophesied what was to come. They reminded me of the fact that I was a fit subject for a Foolery. They showed great knowledge of genealogies; for they traced my lineage to both ape and Adam, and back again. Whenever their flow of language would cease, it was only necessary for me to turn over on my bunk in order to accelerate it. But all things must have an end; and they finally became tired of wasting their rhetoric.

During the night a heavy shower came up, and

the roof leaked like a sieve. My partner and I raised an umbrella and put our heads under it, thinking, like the ostrich, that if our heads were safe we were safe. We soon went to sleep again, and we slept well until morning.

A NIGHT DRIVE.

Ord'narily it was a long and dreary road to travel even in the day time, and now in the intense darkness, its dreariness was emphasized a hundred times.

The moon was hidden behind a sky of threatening clouds; no stars were shining. Even the road before me was so dark that it would have been difficult to guide the team had it not been for the frequent flashes of vivid lightning which lit up the scene.

Seven miles from the next stopping place and a terrific storm coming on—there was nothing to do but to grin, and bear it.

Soon the wind began to blow and large drops of rain fell. These diminished in size but increased in number until a cold drizzling rain was falling. The lightning had ceased and I was forced to trust to the animals to find the way. For two hours I sat shivering with the cold and thinking of the warm bed at home. Suddenly on rounding a curve in the road a little straggling light could be seen. It was small but sufficient to relieve my fears. My anxiety was over.

Charles Werner.

A WORK OF ART (?)

The curtain in a certain Opera House has always had a strange fascination for me. The colors are so bright, the perspective so startling. You feel sure that were you to mount the steps depicted in the foreground, you would be precipitated in the water. The water is a vivid blue, the shadows a vivid red. There are several boats on the water. The one in the foreground contains two women and is rowed by a decidedly unpicturesque gondolier, with a very marked Irish physiognomy. The women are clad in bright colors, one of them wearing a scarlet cloak, which hangs carelessly over the side of the boat, and gives one an exceedingly uncomfortable impression of dampness and rheumatism. I presume the painting is supposed to represent picturesque Venice.

M. L. C. E.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

A monthly periodical, representative of the Sixth State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, published by the students.

Entered at local Post-office as second class matter

Terms of subscription—50 cents per year in advance. 75 cents if not paid before Jan. 1, '99.

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Editorial.

The number of articles in the Literary columns, written by that author of wide repute, Anonymous, is increasing. This fact may be taken as an evidence of a laudable modesty. But there are other considerations. The anonymous article always has an atmosphere of "loneliness" about it that is especially felt in a school paper. Time and time again we hear a student remark, "I wonder who wrote that. I would so much like to know." Every reader of the Pointer will acknowledge that he enjoys much more the article with its author's name below. He is acquainted with the author and feels therefore a keener interest in the production. And why should the modesty of the writer object to the printing of his name? We all, of course, realize that we are neither Burkes nor Miltons. But that fact certainly does not hinder us from writing and from having the courage to affix our names to what we do write. The effort is appreciated, if you write even an anonymous contribution for the Pointer; but if you will enhance the interest and value of the article by signing your name, you will certainly be more patriotic to do it. In so doing you will bring the Pointer to a higher standard.

One of our exchanges, the Lawrentian, has a feature of changing every half year its editorial staff for a new one. In some respects such a change would seem to have decided advantages. Although the paper might suffer some from the lack of experience of a newly elected staff, it would certainly gain in the change of ideas and methods of treatment that would come with a new body of editors.

Looking at a school periodical as an educational factor for the students, the idea of regularly changing the editorial staff is a good one. Whatever else may be said on the subject, the fact remains that a term as editor on a school paper, furnishes experience that is valuable. It is an educational factor too little appreciated. And there is no reason why any elected few should have the monopoly of this educative experience. They might be unselfish enough to relinquish in favor of others; and there is no doubt that in many ways these others and the paper they write for would be benefited.

The constitution of our Press Association does not provide for any such mid-year election of new editors for the Pointer, but if at any time an amendment to that effect should be voiced there would be reasons for listening to the claims in favor of it.

Some of our exchanges will show a superiority over the Pointer in the matter of jokes—not clipped wit, but in the recording of humorous happenings with the students, the witty phase of the school room in the shape of "drives," puns and "digs." Now, without doubt, for we have had evidences, there are tons of potential genius in the line of wit in our midst; and there are scores of opportunities for comical comments that might well appear in the Pointer if there were once in awhile a willing hand to jot them down. The columns of your paper should have a more generous sprinkling of spice. Will you help the reform?

The hints from the rostrum and the delinquency lists on the blackboard indicate too many three-handed people in our midst. The sooner these people learn that the little-behind-hand interferes seriously with the work of the other two, the better will it be for them and others. We give this pointer free and trust that you will amputate the extra hand and see to the unseen and pay the unpaid. How about the Pointer subscription?

The Censor.

Faculty Rhetoricals.—The Censor is informed that in place of some one of the regular weekly rhetorical the school is shortly to have the pleasure of listening to an exclusively "Faculty Rhetorical." The details of the program have not, as yet, been definitely arranged, but in all probability an unusually fine set of songs, essays and recitations—(not readings)—will be given.

The object of the faculty in giving this rhetorical, is of course open to speculation, but the Censor suspects—in fact, he feels "dead sure" as the boys say—that the object they have in mind is not so much the entertainment of the school, as the correction, by force of example, of certain prevailing notions as to what an "interesting" essay, or a "real" recitation, actually is. Hence, when the President announces that "the next number on our program is a recitation by Prof. McCaskill," the Censor does not expect to see the professor take position on the platform and begin to read, "The boy stood on the burning deck," but looks to have him recite it, to the best of his ability. Likewise, when it is announced that "Mrs. Mustard will now tell us about —," the Censor does not expect to be able to recognize, in her essay, distinct flavors of the "Cyclopedia Britannica," or "James Psychology."

Of course this is all a hoax. There is no reason to believe that the faculty contemplate any such plan as the Censor has suggested, and rhetorical will undoubtedly continue in the "same old way." The Censor does hope, however, that every member of the school who does not know the difference between a "reading" and a "recitation," will consult the dictionary without delay.

Why Don't They Applaud?—"Applause," says Webster, "is the public expression of commendation and praise by means of clapping the hands, etc." If this definition be accepted as correct, the Censor sees no escape from the conclusion that the ladies of this school, taken as a whole, do not believe in publicly expressing their satisfaction with the efforts of those who appear on the assembly room platform from time to time, and endeavor to entertain or instruct the audience. Time and time again has the Censor watched the actions of the front two-thirds

of the school during the different rhetorical exercises, but only to become the more firmly convinced that if the young men did not clap, the sound of the little applause given by the ladies would not be audible in the library.

Now, of course, it may be that the ladies who do not applaud, do manage to let the speaker, or singer, or player, know afterwards, that they were pleased by the performance; but this seems to the Censor highly improbable.

Neither will it do for the young ladies to reply by saying that there has been but little worth applauding. All the more reason why the applause should be hearty and liberal when some speaker has done well.

48° Below!—The Censor understands that it is his business to criticise. Therefore, he feels it his duty to enter in these columns a solemn protest against the long continued cold weather, principally for two reasons: first, it makes it too hard to keep warm; and second, because it is destroying Stevens Point's reputation as a winter resort.

If the thermometer continues to stay around the 48° below zero mark, this city will soon become a way station to the Klondike, and our Normal a training school for arctic explorers. The demand has already been made for the formation of a new weather bureau. The Censor heartily seconds the proposition, and hopes that the orators of the school will use their eloquence to bring about the desired result.

'00=00?—Where is the class of 1900? Over half of the school year has gone by, yet to all appearances we have no Junior class. Comparisons are always odious, yet the Censor does feel that the failure of the "'00s" to organize is what Prof. McCaskill would term a "reversion to type"—a sort of a backward step. The class of '98 created the precedent by organizing in the fall of 1896, the first term of their Junior year. '99 followed suit, but for some unknown reason '00 has fallen by the wayside. Possibly the class has not organized for the reason that they are ignorant of how to go at the process. If this is true, the Censor suggests that the class petition the President of the school to have some Senior detailed to instruct them in the mysteries of class organization.

Local.

Florence Stevens spent a week the latter part of January visiting at Appleton.

A number of the students have been out of school recently grappling with the grip.

Avada and Lucius Allen enjoyed a visit from their brother George Allen of Augusta, the last of the quarter.

Frozen noses and frozen ears were quite the rage during those days when the mercury went down almost out of sight.

Mrs. Bliss of Rice Lake and Miss Helen Pray were visitors at the Normal recently. Both were formerly teachers at Rice Lake.

Miss Ida Torkleson of Black River Falls, re-entered school at the beginning of the third quarter as a member of the class of '99.

Mr. Meiklejohn of New London, Mrs. W. Smith of Augusta, and Miss Bailey of Waupaca were here to attend commencement exercises.

After the concert, Miss Whitman accompanied her aunt, Mme. Carrington and her cousin Mr. Beeson to her home in Fond du Lac.

Nellie Nelson who was to have completed the course in January, was prevented from doing so by a severe illness. She is improving now.

At a recent meeting of the Oratorical Association, Wayne Cowan was elected secretary to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Ralph Rounds.

The morning exercises of the last week of the second quarter were devoted to the essays of those who completed the Elementary course at that time.

Ina Fenwick has returned to school as a member of the Class of '99. The following have also re-entered school: Daisy Doolittle, Miss Pape, Chas. Bremmer.

On Feb. 3, about fifteen students organized a club for the purpose of studying Scandinavian Literature and its history. It will be known as the Viking Club. The following officers were elected: Pres., Fred Olson; Vice Pres., C. Anderson; Secy., Alette Fjelstad; Treas., Charlotte Olson.

The concert given at the Normal on Jan. 13, by Mme. Abbie Carrington, accompanied by Henry Beeson, cello player, and Clarence Shepard as pianist was a treat such as we rarely have an opportunity to enjoy. It was listened to by one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in the Normal assembly.

The oratorical contest of Friday evening, February 10, was certainly a success. The general verdict is that all in all it is the best contest that has ever been held in the history of the school. Following is the program as rendered:

PROGRAM.

Piano Duet—Misses Dunlap and McDonald.
The Anglo-American Reunion..... W. W. Culver
The Inevitable Conflict..... Howard Cate
Selection—Semi-Chorus.
The Civil War: Is It's Work Finished?
..... Chas. Ralph Rounds
The Character of Cromwell..... Jerome Wheelock
Vocal Solo—Miss Flora West.
The Decay of Spain..... Carl F. Ogden
The Development of the Spirit of Truth
..... Arnold L. Gesell
Instrumental Solo—Miss May Flower.

Decision of Judges.

The contestants feel amply repaid for their efforts, and do not regret the training they have received, both in elocution and rhetoric. But Mr. McCaskill's, prophetic words, before the contest, proved to be true,—“I predict that some of you fellows are going to get left.” And so it was, as the following tabulation of the judges' decisions will show.

CONTESTANTS.	THOUGHT AND COMPOSITION.						DELIVERY.						Sum of Ranks	Final Ranks
	Cassels.		Longfellow.		Derse.		Badger.		Weller.		Lamoreux.			
	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank		
Culver..	90	2	92	3	89	4	95	2	75	6	75	6	23	5
Cate	75	6	75	6	75	6	80	6	80	5	80	5	34	6
Rounds	78	5	89	4	90	3	90	4	100	1	95	3	20	3
Wheelock	85	3	87	5	99	2	89	5	85	4	97½	2	21	4
Ogden	80	4	96	2	100	1	93	3	90	3	90	4	17	2
Gesell.	100	1	100	1	76	5	100	1	95	2	100	1	11	1

Ethel Smith left Stevens Point the day after commencement for Green Bay and began her work there as teacher in the 4th grade the following Monday.

We are glad to announce that Prof. Sanford, who has been ill for the past two weeks, has recovered sufficiently to be able to take charge of his classes once more.

Will Fuller, the one who plays football, accepted a position as principal of the Grammar school at Tomahawk, and began his work immediately after the holidays.

The Normal Male Quartet went to Amherst Jan. 27, to assist in an Oratorio given by the Norwegian Lutheran church of that place. A number of students accompanied them.

On account of the large number of pupils in the drawing classes this quarter, Miss Lura Burce will assist Miss Tanner by examining and correcting the work of some of the classes.

The Geog. Lyceum held its preliminary declamatory contest on Friday evening, Feb. 3, Miss Jessie Wood receiving first honors, Edna Dawes, second; and George McGinnity, third.

Burlington Klondike: The candidates for track and baseball teams have started training. Mr. Loether is coaching the candidates and so there is no reason why we should not make a good showing in athletics this year.

The lecture given by Dr. John Henry Barrows, Jan. 20, on "A World Pilgrimage and Glimpses of Greater America," was all that its title signifies. Dr. Barrows has visited nearly all parts of the globe and his descriptions of what he has seen and what he has done were so vivid that one could easily imagine himself to have indeed been there. The great number of amusing incidents which he gave added to the interest of the lecture.

On Monday evening, Jan. 23, the Normal music room was converted into a parlor and No. 10 into a dining room, with tables artistically decorated with carnations and smilax, the occasion being a spread of the Seniors, by the Seniors and for the Seniors. If there is such a thing as having a good time, the

Class of '99 know how to have it, and this is only one of the many social gatherings the class has enjoyed since its organization in '97. After lunch was over toasts were responded to as follows, Will Culver acting as toast-master:

Our School, Ethel Smith; Our Faculty, Florence Curran; Our Girls, Ralph Rounds; Our Boys, Jennie Boreson; Our Athletics, H. O. Manz; Our Class, Arnold Gesell.

Commencement exercises which were held on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 24, passed off very pleasantly. The room was prettily decorated with palms and flowering bulbs. The program was as follows:

Piano Duet.....Ethel Dunlap and Bessie McDonald
Essay, Hannibal Crossing the Alps.....

..... Pearl Chamberlain
Essay, The Influence of the Printing Press upon
Modern Thought.....Winnifred Meiklejohn
Music, Jack Frost, arranged from A. R. Gaul

..... Semi-Chorus
Essay, Gladstone.....Genevieve McDill
Essay, Domestic Industries of the Colonies

..... Edith Bremmer
Vocal Duet, (a) From Far Away Lurg : Carac-
ciolo. (b) Nearest and Dearest : Carac-
ciolo.....Misses Hattie Long and Avada Allen
Essay, Pere Marquette.....Emily Spalenka
Essay, Sentimental Tommy.....Florence Curran
Music, Vogel's Walse Song arranged by Karl
Merz...Male Quartet, Proulx, Hotchkiss,
Porter and Rounds.

Essay, Wordsworthshire.....Ethel Smith

Senators Baxter of Grant Co., Wheeler of Rock Co., and Cashin of Portage Co., members of the Committee of Claims, who are making visits to various State Institutions, spent a few hours at the normal on Feb. 3. The reason for their visit here was to investigate the necessity of an appropriation for a new wing to our building, for which plans have already been made.

The present enrollment is 347 of which about 324 are now in attendance. The assembly room seats 234 and this necessitates two in many of the seats,

(Continued on page 59.)

Athletic.

NORMAL TOURNAMENT.

Preparations are being made for what promises to be the best Basket Ball Tournament ever held in this school.

Several teams have been practicing regularly since the beginning of the season, and all are now in shape to put up good stiff games.

As the number of mens' teams was too large to be handled conveniently in the regular tournament, a preliminary contest was held in the gymnasium Saturday, February 4. This contest decided that the following mens' teams are to enter the tournament: Eagles, Betas, Ninth Graders and Cardinals.

There is some discussion as to the eligibility of some of the Cardinal players who are subs on the school team. This question will be settled at the next meeting of the Athletic Association.

As it now stands, the following is the list of tournament teams:

Men's Teams.

TEAM—NINTH GRADE. POSITION.		TEAM—BETAS	
M. Utter, Capt.	C	G. Angus	
E. Atwell	L. G.	Wilson	
E. Lange	R. G.	Hanzlik, Mg'r	
G. Atwell	L. F.	Harrison	
A. Halverson	R. F.	Anderson	
H. Porter	Sub		
Red and White	Colors	Gold	

EAGLES.

Wheelock	C	Bradford	
L. Halverson	L. G.	Munnell	
A. Dawes	R. G.	Miles	
Miner	L. F.	Allen	
H. Cate	R. F.	Hotchkiss	
	Sub	Rockwell	
	Colors	Cardinal	

CARDINALS

Ladies' Teams.

NINTH GRADE. TEAM.		NORMAL NO. 1 TEAM.	
E. Hill, Capt.	C	E. Dangers, Capt.	
J. Loen	L. G.	F. Van Buskirk	
S. Van Buskirk	R. G.	M. Wiesner	
M. Parker	L. F.	L. Burce	
A. Moon	R. F.	B. Parker	
M. Huff	Sub		
	Color	Gold	

Two other ladies' teams will enter the tournament, but they have not as yet been chosen.

The schedule has not been given; but will probably appear soon.

Pick your winner, and wear the proper colors!

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The A. A. held its regular meeting for the election of officers for the next half year, on Jan. 26th, '99.

The following were elected to the various offices:

President, Martin Nelson; Vice President, Miss Burce; Secretary, Miss Wilbur; Treasurer, Mr. Karnopp; Executive Committee, Prof. Sylvester, Chas. Bremmer, Edgar Munnell; Base Ball Manager, Wayne Cowan; Base Ball Coach, C. Lange; Track Manager, H. O. Manz; Track Team Coach, Will Bradford; Basket Ball Manager, Will Smith.

Considerable interest was taken in the election, and the members feel confident in their choice.

BASKET BALL.

The Normal Basket Ball Team met the Grand Rapids City Team in friendly contest on Dec. 21st, at the Rapids.

The game was interesting and exciting, the score point wavering from side to side. Fortunately it was found to be on Stevens Point's end of the card at the close of the game, with the figures standing 13 and 14.

Playing was made somewhat difficult for the Normals on account of the waxed floor of the Opera House. The grotesque and frog-like appearance of the players during most of the game, furnished much amusement for the spectators.

Taken all around it was a good game. And the return contest is looked forward to with much interest.

One of the neatest affairs in the Basket Ball line, was the tournament held in the gym, a week or so ago, in which the boys' and girls' Grammar School Teams from Grand Rapids, the boys' Grammar School Team of Stevens Point, and the boys' and girls' Model School Teams, took part.

The girls played first; and the Model School Team won easily, with a score of 10 to 2. Both teams played well. The Normalites outranked the Grand Rapids people in team work.

In the boys' games, the teams played ten minute halves with each other, the team winning which counted the most points after all were through playing. When the contest closed the Model Team was much ahead of the others.

A return tournament was given at the Rapids later on, in which the story was repeated. The Model School Teams won everything. The playing of Crawford of Grand Rapids, and Curran of Stevens Point Normal, was very good, and attracted much attention.

Exchanges.

We shall have to congratulate the new editorial staff of the Lawrentian, on the success of their first issue.

When sleighing is good the maxim, "Ride, and your girl rides with you; walk, and you walk alone." is especially true.—Ex.

Sound travels rapidly; that is why we so often hear the pleasant Echoes from the Merrill School! Bell and the Echo of the Carroll from Waukesha.

"Take away woman and what would follow?" shouted the orator.

"We would," said a man at the back of the audience promptly.—Ex.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"Collecting souvenirs, sir," she said.

"May I go with you my pretty maid?"

"My fad is not spoons, kind sir," she said.—Ex.

Junior boy (confused).—"I have an idea but I can't express it."

"Well, if you can't express it send it by freight, there's no hurry for it."—Ex.

Student translating—"Three times I tried to put my arms around her neck," and that is as far as I got.

Prof. (angrily).—"That is far enough. Be seated, sir."

Mother—"Charlie, you said you had been to Sunday School."

Charlie—(With a far away look.) "So I have."

Mother—"How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?"

Charlie—"I carried home the Sunday School paper, and the outside was all about Jonah and the whale."—Ex.

Here is an interesting little verse which explains "why the emblems of the United States are more enduring than those of France, England, Ireland or Scotland."

"The Lily will droop and its leaves decay.,

The Rose from its stem will sever,

The Shamrock and Thistle will fade away,

But the Stars will shine forever."—Ex.

Theodore Roosevelt, at school, used to speak a great many pieces. But the way "Ted" rendered Marco Bozzaris brought down the house. Every one knows at least the first of this poem:

"At midnight; in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

When young Roosevelt's turn came to speak, he arose with all his confidence and began:

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees"

Then memory failed him, and he repeated.

"Greece her knees" —

In vain, his memory refused to work. Once more he shouted desperately.

"Greece, her knees" —

The old professor looked over his spectacles and encouragingly remarked, "Grease her knees once more, Theodore, perhaps she'll go then."—Ex.

A man was praising his wife, as all men ought to do on proper occasions.

"She's as womanly a woman as ever was," he said, "but she can hammer nails like lightning."

"That's remarkable," said a listener.

"Yes sir," said the first speaker, "You know lightning never strikes twice in the same place."—Ex.

We have received many new exchanges this year and have enjoyed them all and hope that more may be added to our list. It is interesting to notice what a difference there is between these various school papers, considering that they have the same end in view. But it is well, for "Variety is the spice of life."

The Burlington Klondike is a new exchange which we receive through the kindness of Mr. Loether, ex-assistant manager.

The prize selections given in the View Point, this month, are very good and it is hoped the others will appear later.

There are many cases of "grip" this winter but it is said a person doesn't need to be "Hobsonised" to get it.

Model School.

PRIMARY.

The following are some descriptions of an Eskimo Corner which has been the source of much interest to the little people during the past week:

The Eskimo Corner.

When I came back to school, I found my class had made an Eskimo Corner. They have put cotton for snow; and the sleds we made are all around. Some dolls are on them. It looks very nice. My sled has a doll all dressed in fur.

Up in Eskimo land the boys play ball. They take some round bone for a ball, and for a bat they take some long bone. The boys and girls slide down hill.

ANNA MASON.

The Eskimo Corner.

I am going to write to you and tell you about our Eskimo Corner. All the sleds are there now. Miss Horton drew a picture about a story that she told us. The name of the story is "Ikwa and Annowee." I have not very much time to write; so I will write you just a little part of the story.

They got caught on an ice-berg. Miss Horton drew the picture of the sailors after the white bear, and some other pictures. Then we wrote the story of Ikwa and Annowee.

Thada Boston made an Eskimo house. It had cotton on the outside, and on the inside it had red paper. I would not like to live where the Eskimos live, because it is so cold there. But if I had to go there, I would want to get some furs.

GARRY CULVER.

The Eskimo Corner.

I will tell you the Eskimo story. Once upon a time there were some little Eskimos; and their mamma and papa went to fish, and let them stay home. Ikwa was the boy, and Annowee was the girl. Ikwa did not want to stay at home; but his mother would not let him go. She said he could come after them with his dogs. When Annowee and Ikwa went, they went the short way. When they were going nicely, Annowee said, "Look! Look! there are some ice bergs!" But Ikwa did not hear her. In a little while, he looked and said, "We are

on an ice float." Annowee said she was cold; then she cried. Ikwa made a house so she could get warm. When he saw a little place he said, "Here is the time to get off!" Then Annowee got on the sled. Ikwa's father said he done as well as he could

THADA BOSTON.

GRAMMAR.

With the beginning of the quarter the school re-organized for rhetoricals. The presidents of the four divisions for the coming ten weeks are Anna Cate, Marion VosBurgh, Catherine Southwick, and Eliza Lamoreux. The first division will give a Washington program on the 17th.

Blanche Gibbs has been absent for several days, on account of illness.

Earl Chady, one of our last year pupils, entered to begin the new quarter with us.

Clare Boursier has been promoted. He is now a Preparatory student.

GENERAL.

The new program in the Model School went into effect with but little delay at the beginning of the quarter. Seventy-nine teachers are now daily supplied with practice work in our departments. Of this corps two teach in Preparatory, twenty-one in Grammar, thirty-four in Intermediate, and twenty-two in Primary grades.

Our former Ninth Grade people, though still Ninth Graders to some of the dignified Normalites, are no longer students of the Model Department. Our school congratulates them and wishes them success in their Normal work.

For the convenience of the Supervisors of Practice, the day of the week upon which plan-books are due from the practice teachers has been changed from Monday to Friday. As Friday afternoon is usually rhetorical day in the grades as well as upstairs, this gives more time for their correction, and does not inconvenience the practice teachers.

The practice teachers of various departments have organized for the care of the recitation rooms. The old saying was found true, that "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." So each teacher in turn takes the responsibility of keeping her recitation room in order one week.

Local.

(Continued from page 55.)

and desks in two of the recitation rooms in which to seat the remainder.

At the regular elections held in the various literary societies on Friday night, Jan. 20, the following officers were elected:

Arena: Pres., Flora Wood; Vice Pres., Daisy Felch; Secy., Marie Martens; Treas., Miss Fiske; Program com., Alta Perry and Ethel Dunlap.

Geography Lyceum: Pres., Howard Cate; Vice Pres., Miss McDermid; Treas., Mr. Cherovsky; Secy., Phoebe Hazen.

Forum: Pres., Ralph Rounds; Vice Pres., Will Smith; Treas., Martin Nelson; Secy., Mr. Karnopp; Program com., J. H. Baker and W. O. Hotchkiss; Sergeant at Arms, Wayne Cowan.

Athenaeum: Pres., A. G. Holt; Vice Pres., E. T. Thompson; Secy., Bertram Switzer; Treas., Harry Porter; Program com., R. Harrison, E. Button and C. Lange.

The present week is one of events. Feb. 14, was the date on which the convention of county superintendents began. The meeting is being held in No. 22 at the Normal. On the 16th, a reception will be tendered the visitors, by the faculty, in the gymnasium. Among the body of superintendents we find several former Normalites, Ethan Allen Cleasby, O. J. Leu, H. L. Gardner, and A. J. Latton.

At a joint meeting of the Athenaeum and the Forum on Jan. 21, the case of State of Wisconsin vs. Will Hotchkiss for the murder of Ronald Lamont was given a hearing. The jury consisted, by mistake, of thirteen young ladies, but Judge Gesell sanctioned the mistake on the ground that it took thirteen young ladies to equal twelve young men. The case was very ably tried but on account of the great amount of evidence given, and the eloquence and length of the pleas, the gong, which was the signal to disperse, was sounded before the decision was rendered and Hotchkiss does not know whether he is to be hung or not.

Prof.—Where is the medulla oblongata?

S-n-d-r.—In the forehead or on top of the head.

Mrs. B.—explaining Mercator's projection—

"Now suppose that the paper that covers this globe were rubber instead of cloth."

Prof. C. in Jr. Physics—And after the experiment there was nothing to be seen but an invisible vapor.

Does Midge understand the Development of Will?

Will Nellie have her lesson in the History of Ed.?

Prof.—Tell me what you can about the life of Sturm.

Student—He began his work as an educator about 1510.

Prof.—Why, he was born in 1507!

Student—Well, I understand that he was very precocious.

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