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POINTER.

OCTOBER,
1899.

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New Quarter opens November 6, 1899.

New Classes formed at that date in nearly every subject in the course of study except Latin, German, and some advanced science studies.

Board \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week; all school charges about \$1.25 per quarter (ten weeks). No tuition fees in Normal classes for those expecting to teach. Tuition 65 cents per week or less in preparatory grades.

Write for circulars, or BETTER STILL, ask definite questions about any phase of the school work, and get an immediate personal reply.

Address the President,
THERON B. PRAY,
Stevens Point, Wis.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume V. STEVENS POINT, WIS., OCTOBER 15, 1899.

Number 1.

Literary.

A FIRE AT SEA.

I was tired. My walk of thirty miles that morning did not tend to make me frisky. But where should I sleep? My pocket was as empty as the average tramp's, and going to a hotel was not to be thought of. Down near the bay I could see a large open shed. It was the best place in sight, so I walked slowly down the road. As I drew nearer I could see a large pile of what were evidently bags of feed for the mules, and I quietly reconnoitered for a good bunk. A gang of "mule packers" had preempted the spot, but they welcomed me heartily and invited me to grub with them. It did not take me long to accept and I had my first square meal of several days.

I did not stop to talk long after supper, but scrambled to the top of the pile, and pulling out a bag I cuddled down in its place and laying my head on my arm, prepared to rest.

A large lighter which was chained to the pier, rose and fell at every wave, with many a creak and groan, and then dashed against the dock as if rebelling against the power that held it.

Out in the harbor lay a beautiful white steamer at anchor, and as I watched it growing dimmer in the gathering twilight it seemed like the soul of an innocent child being gradually blackened by the darkness of sin and trouble, and my thoughts went back to the time when I, a child at my mother's knee, had a soul pure and unstained by the knowledge of sin. The feeling of hopelessness that crept over me was fast developing into an attack of the blues, when suddenly, in a way that seemed almost prophetic, there flashed from every port of the steamer a radiance that nearly blinded me, and the steamer an instant ago so nearly lost in the gloom

had a beauty unthought of in its former appearance. The magical hand of the electrician had turned the switch and darkness was a thing of the past.

Ding—dong—eight times I counted the strokes of the bell on the steamer, and from the other ships in the harbor came back the answer as eight bells was struck, and with these chimes ringing in my ears I fell asleep.

Suddenly I found myself sitting upright wide awake and staring around to see the cause of my awakening. All was quiet. The moon was far in the west and out in the bay I could see the lights of the different ships as they rose and fell.

Below me, at the foot of the pile, one of the mule packers stirred uneasily, and apparently falling into an uncomfortable position, began to swear lustily.

I crawled back into my hole, but sleep would not come to me. Finally, getting tired of pitching back and forth, I crawled to the edge of the pile and slid down. My foot narrowly missed the hand of my friend with the strong voice. He stirred, half sat up, but was too sleepy to see me, and he fell back to his old occupation.

I went to the edge of the pier and sat down. My feet almost touched the water and now and then some heavier swell swept entirely over them. The rise and fall of the water was very soothing. I wondered what time it was when, as if in answer, ding dong rang out the steamer's bell. This time there were no answering rings, so I decided that the steamer's people must be the only ones who were keeping watch.

As my gaze wandered idly from one ship to another, I noticed a sudden flash of light from what looked like a large boat near the mouth of the harbor, and in rather an isolated position. It was

gone in an instant, but soon reappeared, this time lasting a little longer. I watched it curiously. Queer it seemed to me that they should signal at that time of night.

Again it reappeared, and this time it flickered in an unusual way for a signal light, and I thought I could see a wreath of black smoke. I was wide awake in an instant, and my heart almost ceased to beat as I watched for the light again.

This time there was no mistake, for as the flames shot up clearly outlining the boat I saw it was no ordinary signal, but the grandest and most terrible signal of all. That of a ship on fire.

This time the watch on board the steamer saw the flame and its hoarse whistle broke the stillness with the dreaded fire call. The mule packers were up in an instant and from the native huts near the shore came an excited jabber that was more effectual in arousing the port than a fire bell. The usual fire brigade in full glory of red shirts and blue pants, soon appeared, and with much confusion and excitement loaded their little squirt gun of a fire engine on board the lighter and pushed off.

Meanwhile out in the bay all was excitement. Bells ringing, lights flashing, and whistles blowing, but none of the steamers had more than enough steam to blow their whistles, and as there was no breeze it was impossible to give aid to the burning ship.

All eyes were now centered on the burning vessel. The fire was rapidly gaining headway, and breaking out from the hold in many places through the deck, it gradually licked its way along the tarred ropes of the rigging and up the masts till the whole ship was outlined in flame. A light breeze came up and fanned the flames to greater fury. The harbor was lit up with a dull red glow, and the waves, reflecting the light, made it dance with an impish glee at its work. In the harbor every ship could be seen in silhouette against the dark red of the skies. The fire brigade, in the lighter, had ceased rowing and could be seen halfway out, watching the excitement with calm indifference. And it was well they waited. With a noise like heavy thunder the brig separated into two parts and from the center a column of fire rose high in the air. Then as it sank back into the water, it seemed to bridge with it a curtain of

darkness that shut out from us everything save a few burning embers that floated idly in the bay.

JOHN JONES.

REVERIES.

It is a damp, cold night. The wind blows the fine mist against my face, but I do not care. I have not far to go, and besides my mackintosh is buttoned closely around me. I would open my umbrella, but the wind is rather strong, and, to tell the truth, I rather like the cooling sensation of the mist. It has been a busy day with me, and I am tired.

Well, I'm glad I am home at last. I shake my dripping coat and take it off before entering. After fumbling in my pockets for a match I light the lamp. A fire is burning in the stove and I seat myself. How pleasant it is tonight to be alone. To have no other companions save one's own thoughts. As a child I enjoyed solitude, and now that I am a man I enjoy it more than ever.

The pile of books on the table reminds me of the work I have to do, but I will not study and let thoughts of school worry me tonight. I have worked enough for one day, and, more, than that, I want to think and dream.

To build castles in the air was ever one of my chief delights, and of late the habit has so grown on me, that often I cannot resist it, even though I would. And tonight I would not. So, leaning back in my chair and my feet on the fender of the stove, I give myself up to what some people call day-dreaming. Visions of the future flit before my mind. I enjoy them for a moment, and then my thoughts turn back to the days of my childhood. I see a barefooted boy, a sad, thoughtful little fellow, too conscious of his own being. With his straw hat pulled low over his forehead I see him kneeling on a boom, line in hand, waiting for the first sunfish to bite. He has not long to wait, for fish are plenty, and if there is anything in which he excels, it is in baiting a hook. He feels a jerk, and hand over hand he pulls in the circling line. He does not hurry. He is not excited. Too often has this same thing happened. He takes the fish from the hook and places his brown foot upon it. With unusual accuracy he threads the writhing worm on the hook and throws it into the water. He watches it as it

sinks slowly, then fastens the line over a nail, and strings his fish on a piece of twine.

Those were happy days. No psychology to learn, no essays to write, no rhetorical to prepare, no private interviews with the president, no trouble with your landlady, and best of all, no girl to please. No, none of these. And again I say—"Yes, these were indeed happy days." And so I go on, recalling the events of my boyhood, till the boy becomes the awkward, bashful youth, the youth the lazy, idle man, and the man, my dreaming self.

JAKE.

THE DICTIONARY'S COMPLAINT.

The bell in the library struck for five o'clock, and the Century Dictionary wearily shut its many covers and settled back into its case, while a chair beside the reference table heard it say: "Oh dear, I am so tired! I declare I fairly tremble when I see the members of that composition class coming. The way they treat me is a shame. They all want me at once, so each one seizes a volume; then my troubles begin.

I am naturally a dignified body, as becomes one of my wisdom and importance, but they hurry me on to the table and rustle my leaves in a very undignified fashion. They ask me the meaning of a word, then get so interested in my answer that they lean their elbows upon me until my poor back is nearly broken. Of course they do not stay long, and one can bear such treatment for a short time, so I don't complain of that. But one day a paper slipped away from one them and when they were all gone the paper told me some of the ways in which some of those students abuse me.

Here I take all the pains in the world, to explain the meanings of 'high' and 'tall', and they go to class and say, 'I could not find any difference in the meaning of those words;' or, 'I am sure that 'expect', referring to past time, is the best English', though I told them plainly that its use in that sense was provincial English and local U. S.

If I could be there to defend myself it would not be so bad, but I must be at my post to be consulted by someone else, who will go and tell something that I never said, just because he don't 'observe' closely. So it goes on day after day. Is it any wonder that I am glad when they are all gone? I am sure no one will blame me if just this once I do

complain, for usually I am very patient; but perhaps if their attention were called to the fact that it hurts my feelings to be so treated, they would be more careful in the future. I know that none of them would intentionally hurt one who is as good a friend to them as I am."

The chair was deeply moved by the recital and resolved to do all in its power for its neighbor, and it is said that no one who sits in that chair ever gives the Dictionary cause for complaint.

KATE M. BAKER.

SOUNDS.

The clock in the next room has just struck the hour. Twelve strokes. I counted them in a half dreamy way, but at the last stroke I rouse myself. The fire in the stove is almost out, yet the lamp still burns with its usual brightness. I get up from my easy chair, cross the room, kick the drafts of the stove open, return and seat myself, only to sink back into my former drowsy state. I try vainly to think of some sound to write about, or if I could but hear one, how much better it would be. I sleep. I awake with a start. I feel as if I had been awakened by a noise—a very slight noise it is true, and yet loud enough to make the cold chills go up and down my back in quick succession. For a moment all is still. I strain every nerve to catch the slightest sound. I open my eyes as if that would help me. Yes, there it is again, a faint rubbing on the window screen, a scratching, scraping sound, as if someone were trying to take off the screen. The scratching at the window stops. I hear a low, faint whistle down the street. Someone passes on the walk. I listen intently, wondering if the person will stop. No, he walks on without hesitating as he passes the gate. Again I hear the sound at the window. Can it be someone is trying to get in at the window? It must be that. I wonder I had not thought of it before. The scratching and scraping sound continues. I hear a button turn, then a cautious movement at the edge of the screen. Another button turns. A sharp click tells the story of a third, and—Well, I am naturally a little nervous. I jump up suddenly, blow out the light, creep cautiously to my bedroom, undress in the dark, jump into bed, pull the covers over my head and dream of burglars until the bell rings for breakfast.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

OCTOBER 15, 1899.

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Articles solicited from former students and teachers.

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Editorial.

With this issue The Normal Pointer has reached that stage of its existence which will be known in its history as Number I, Volume V. With this issue also the new Editorial Staff begins its labors. To a large extent the fate of the paper lies in the hands of its editors, but to a still larger extent does it depend upon the student body. For this is pre-eminently a student's paper. How can you help to make The Pointer successful? Well, you can subscribe, and you can induce others to do likewise. Hand us your criticisms. (We would rather have contributions.) Give us your suggestions. They may help us to improve. Finally, if you have an article, a joke, or a piece of school news, don't be too modest to hand it in. Remember, "Blessed are they who help to make things go."

In view of their past successes it is with pleasure that we learn that arrangements for a Lecture Course, more costly and by far better than any we have had before, are practically completed. Those who have attended our Lecture Courses in the past have found ample reasons for congratulating themselves upon their presence. During the coming course we are promised some of the richest treats upon the American platform. On Oct. 31 The Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, comprising twenty talented artists, will entertain us at the Opera House. This, followed by the London, Glee Singers, Miss Ida Benfey, the American Story Teller, George Kennan (to whom we need no introduction) in his lecture on Cuba, and Hamlin Garland, Wisconsin's most noted author, makes this year's course an unusually strong and attractive one. When we consider the excellence of the course in comparison with the cheapness of season tickets, it hardly seems reasonable that anyone should deprive himself of the pleasure and profit accruing from an attendance at every number. The benefits, especially to students; in developing and broadening the mind need no rehearsing. Besides this is a students' enterprise, originated chiefly for them. It is your duty, first to yourself, second, to your school, to be present.

The managers of The Pointer wish to express their thanks to the business and professional men who have contributed so generously to its support. We take pride in saying that only the best and most reliable merchants and professional men in the city have been asked to advertise in The Pointer, hence we can assure our readers of the most just treatment at their hands. These men have realized the value of students' trade and have taken practical means to secure it. They have supported our enterprise in a most substantial way. Ought we not to return this favor? Students, make it a point to patronize those who patronize us.

When once we have left school we forget, alas, too soon, our Alma Mater. Once away from the surroundings among which we spent so many pleasant hours, the associations of a hustling, bustling world are apt to leave little room for memories of the old school. Would that this were not so, is the earnest wish of The Pointer, and much is done by our school paper to dispell this tendency to forget, but much more is desirable. To this end the Staff has taken active measures to secure contributions and news from our old students and alumni. We go to press with the assurance that our next issue will be replete with anecdotes, jokes and news from the able pens of the friends who have left us.

The Censor.

I. M.—The Censor takes pleasure in introducing to ye **I**nquisitive **M**en the new **I. M.** society.

It is a band of **I**ndependent **M**isses, whose **I**ntent **M**embers have **I**nspiring **M**otives and **I**mproved **M**ethods.

Interested **M**inds will find the programs of these **I**ndustrious **M**aidens full of **I**mportant **M**aterial, related at present to **I**ndispensable **M**other Nature.

May the **I**nnocent **M**aids be encouraged in their **I**nfluential **M**ovement.

Question.—Ian Mac Laren's Description of Americans, read by Pres. Pray during opening exercises, Oct. 1, was thoroughly enjoyed by the whole school.

Why can we not have something like that once in while to relieve the monotony of the school-work?

Many of us did better in our tests that Monday than we otherwise would have done, and all because of Ian Mac Laren's Description of Americans.

Though we are going to be teachers and are supposed to be dignified, would we not be better for a jolly laugh thrown in?

Surely a humorous selection, either read or recited, once in a while, and it may be full of good things, though humorous, will do no harm and may do much good.

Students.—Do you have a thermometer in your room? If not you will be surprised to know how often your fire causes the temperature to go up to 75 or even 85 degrees without your realizing it. With such a fire, a lamp and two pairs of lungs at work, how long will it be before the greater part of the oxygen supply of your room is used? These conditions, together with poor ventilation, will surely bring about results that you will not welcome. Twenty cents invested now in a thermometer may yield large dividends before spring.

Dear Forum.—We heard from you sometime ago and will now take our pen in hand to try and answer. We are well and hope you are the same. Our president did not come back to school this year, so we waited until we knew all the girls before we chose our president. Miss Cantwell is our presi-

dent now, and we think she is a good one. Have you seen her programs out in the hall? The girls like them and are going to work hard, For um. We had a birthday Sept. 29, 1899, and now we are five years old.

We hope none of you will get hurt in the foot ball games. We must close now, so good bye,

ARENA.

Junior Reception.—The class of 1901 held a spread at the Normal Friday, evening, Oct. 16. They did keep it a secret, at least up to the time for the important event to come off. No one knew of it—not even a Senior. But, alas, some one of the sixty-seven Juniors found the burden too much for his untrained shoulders, and so he unburdened himself and the Seniors found it out.

Now it so happens that this Junior class, unlike its predecessors, is unable to do very much without the aid of the Seniors, and the Seniors, not wishing to see the spread a failure, procured at great expense a cocoanut, which was duly presented to the Juniors, while they were in the midst of their festivities. Now comes the pitiful part of the tale. The Junior president, wishing to enjoy the joke (or the cocoanut) by himself,—hastily hied that self-same cocoanut off to the kitchen. He evidently misunderstood the intentions of the Seniors, who had, in a well-prepared article, set forth the valuable properties of the fruit as a brain nourisher.

However that may be, this Junior class President developed such a liking for the cocoanut, that he found it necessary to take it to Appleton with him, and while there some evil genius, or else a kind-hearted impulse, prompted him to express it to the Senior President. (Charges prepaid.) What was his motive? Can you tell, Juniors? The package remains at the express office uncalled for. Would it be right for the Seniors to take back their cocoanut? No, not by any means; for they are confident that had the class known the circumstances they would have broken the shell of the nut and partaken of its nutritious contents, thinking all the while how thoughtful, how kind is that class of 1900! They may see that cocoanut again after all—for who knows what the express agent at Appleton will do with it! If they don't, and feel real bad about it, why then, maybe, the Seniors will get them another.

SENIOR.

Local.

Miss Winnie Wood visited here the first week of school.

Chas. Lange spent a few days visiting at his home, returning Oct. 2.

Miss Mae Curtis spent a few days in Waukesha and Chicago, returning Sept 25.

Matthew Wadleigh, of last year's High school class, entered the Normal Oct. 3.

Ira Hubbard, of '99, visited here for a few days before beginning his year's work.

Edwin T. O'Brien stopped over and visited the Normal while on his way to Appleton.

Will L. Smith, of the class of '99, visited here a few days before the opening of his school.

Miss Grace Corcoran, elementary class of '98, has entered school for another year's work.

Misses Laura O'Leary and Emma Scatvold went home to Eau Claire to attend the street fair.

Thomas A. Henry, of the class of '98, is with us again and will take special work at the Normal.

Jesse Ames is on the sick list, and has left for his home. He may not be with us again this quarter.

Will Hedback, class of '98, passed through here on his way to attend the Milwaukee Medical college.

Mr. J. K. (in debate)—"The Indian was a citizen of the United States before the United States existed."

Carl Ogden, a last year's student, spent a few days here with friends. He will teach at Merrillon this year.

Mrs. M. D. Bradford spent Saturday and Sunday, the 16th and 17th, with her son William, at Grand Rapids.

J. Clyde Fruit, who goes to Boston Institute of Technology for another year, was seen here for a few days.

The first case of homesickness displayed was by Clark Jenkins spending Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16 and 17, at home.

Miss Tanner is spending a few weeks among old friends while here in the interests of the Wis. Valley Library Association.

In Rev. Read class (pupil writing from Whittier's)

"Who hopeless lays his dead away."

"Who hopeless lays his 'dad' away."

The Misses Stearns and Marvin, who have been in the city in the interests of the Wis. Valley Library Association, made the Normal a visit.

Miss Frances Musselman, a graduate of Dr. Sargent's school at Harvard university, takes Miss Crawford's position as gymnasium teacher.

The Seniors may be a little ahead of other classes in regard to some things, but they lack one chief requisite, namely, a "Polly" for a president.

Katherine Clements, of this city, is assisting Miss Morse in the drawing department. She has a class clay modeling, and also assists in the model department.

Edgar J. Munnell, who spent a few days with friends, tells us that he will chaperone a ladies' basket ball team this fall, so we may hope to see him visit us in a new role.

Query—Why does Mr. B—— keep his watch in hand during 1st grade music?

Because he is afraid of "losing time" in getting to the 3rd quarter Algebra.

Prof. (who has seen the numerous I. M. around the building)—What is the meaning of I. M., anyway?

F. E. W.—Inquisitive Man.

The first bicycle accident was experienced by Fred Barrows, who, to judge from the distribution of the court plaster, must have struck the pavement with both sides of his face at once.

Allan T. Pray, class of '97, C. Ralph Rounds, class of '97, and Will O. Hotchkiss will attend the university. Rounds and Hotchkiss favored the school with a couple of nice songs while here.

Mr. Edward B. Evans, graduate from Cook Academy, Montour Falls, N. Y., and who later took the degree of A. B. at the University of Chicago, comes to us from Berea college, Ky., where he taught for two years, taking Mr. Teeple's position.

The first of the Normal picnics was participated in by the Misses Flower, Bremmer, Kingsbury, Wilbur, Reed, Congdon, Skinner and Holmes, and the Messrs. Barrows, J. Ames, Werner, Schofield, Soper, Rockwell, Jenkins and Gilbert. They spent the day at Yellow Banks, Saturday, Sept. 9.

Miss Mary S. Morse takes Miss Tanner's place as drawing teacher. Miss Morse is a graduate from Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Chicago Art

Institute, and has experience as drawing teacher in the city schools at Madison, and later for one year at the state Normal, Cedar Falls, Ia.

The young ladies and gentlemen who graduated from the Stevens Point Normal, or received elementary certificates at this school, last year, and desire to teach, have secured positions at different points throughout the state, as shown below. We give a list of the full course graduates and the department or grade they have been assigned to, as far as known:

Edith Bremmer, 4th grade, Stevens Point.
 Jennie Boreson, 6th grade, Stevens Point.
 Wm. Bradford, 8th grade, Grand Rapids.
 Laura Burce, High school assistant, Cumberland.
 A. Pearl Chamberlain, 1st grade, Sheboygan.
 Mira Congdon, 4th grade, Stevens Point.
 Will W. Culver, principal, Eau Galle.
 M. Lois Ellsworth, primary, Stanley.
 Ina Fenwick, assistant librarian, Stevens Point Normal.

A. L. Gessell, English in High School, Stevens Point.

John H. Hanzlik, Turtle Lake.
 Ira O. Hubbard, principal, Hancock.
 Elsie King, district school, near Neillsville.
 Anna Kjorstad, Eau Claire.
 Osmar Kuenne, High school assistant, Medford.
 Nellie Lamoreaux, 4th grade, Stevens Point.
 E. U. F. Loether, ward principal, Eau Claire.
 Mary McClellan, 4th grade, Kenosha.
 Genevieve McDill, 4th grade, Stevens Point.
 Anna McMillan, 4th grade, Marinette.
 Martha Malick, assistant in High school, Bangor.
 H. O. Manz, ward principal, Eau Claire.
 Marie-Martens, 5th grade, Cumberland.
 Edgar J. Munnell, High School assistant, Weyauwega.

Rebecca F. Nuzum, assistant, Onalaska.
 Alta F. Perry, primary, Merrillan.
 Lois C. Rhodes, Ashland.
 Will L. Smith, ward principal, Neillsville.
 Ethel Smith, 6th grade, Green Bay.
 Emily Spalenka, primary and drawing, Waupaca.
 Lucy Spooner, 3d grade, Medford.
 Ida Torkelson, grammar department, Black River Falls.

Amelia Wiesner, 4th grade, Neillsville.

Georgia Cate, at home in Stevens Point.

Grace Ogden will remain at her home in Black River Falls.

C. Ralph Rounds will attend the State University at Madison.

The elementary graduates of 1899 are placed as follows:

C. Louise Adams, near Sechlerville.
 Vinnie I. Adams, 4th grade, Medford.
 Carrie Caldwell, 5th grade, Chippewa Falls.
 Howard T. Cate, principal, Dexterville.
 Margaret Clifford, 5th grade, Merrill.
 L. S. Cherovsky, Montpelier.
 Mary A. Collins, Ogema.
 Daisy Doolittle, Bancroft.
 H. Ethel Dunlap, 4th grade, Marshfield.
 Florence Gardner, Ironton.
 Julia A. Gleason, primary, Butternut.
 Ida A. Gleason, near Cylon.
 Frank Hart, primary, Dorchester.
 Alma Holzhausen, 4th grade, Neillsville.
 Augusta Jahn, 2d grade, Cumberland.
 Annie Killorin, primary, Eau Claire.
 Ronald M. Lamont, principal, Dorchester.
 Lillian McDirmid, district school, Jackson county.

Myrtle Marsh, 2d grade, Two Rivers.
 Minnie Olson, intermediate, Blair.
 Estelle O'Brien, Prentice.
 Dorothy Packard, 3d grade, Centralia.
 Lauretta Schilling, primary, Minocqua.
 Ida Schofield, 3d grade, Wautoma.
 Edna Sweet, Amherst Junction.
 Florence Stevens, 4th grade, Sheboygan.
 Mabel Whitrock, 4th grade, Iron Belt.
 Minnie Wood, primary, Hancock.
 Dora B. McWethy, intermediate, Bloomer.

W. D. Fuller, a member of last year's junior class, will teach the 5th grade at Grand Rapids.

Some others of this class are understood to be teaching, but no definite report has been received.

Jennie M. Brackett, John M. Carl, John Karnopp and Jerome Wheelock are continuing their studies in the Advanced Course at the Stevens Point Normal.

Our Athletics.

Our football team gives promise of becoming very strong this fall. Nearly every one on the team has played before, either here or at a High School. The new material on the team is developing finely. Some fast work is being done in the practice work with the second team, which is exceptionally strong this year.

Both teams have been under the able management of coach Garrey, from Chicago University. Mr. Garrey has a practical knowledge of foot ball, and has won success both as a player and a coach, and we expect both teams to win more victories for the Normal.

The first eleven played its initial game Saturday, Oct. 11, with Lawrence University, and was defeated by a score of 5 to 0.

The game was a clean, swift one. Both teams played their hardest and the best will prevailed on both sides. Our "boys" were used like gentlemen in all respects. Our team played the faster game and would have won easily in spite of the opponents' superior interference, if it had not been for some very ragged fumbings on the part of the home team. Although the opponents were much heavier, the home team were able to smash the line for sure gains.

The first half of the game was hotly contested. Stevens Point kicked off to Lawrence. Heinemann went around the end for 15 yards, followed by an equal gain around the other end. Laird went around the right end for 30 yards, but lost the ball on a fumble. Nelson went through the line for 7 yards, and Sager made 15 yards, followed by gains made around the ends by Polley and Karnopp.

The ball changed hands several times at this stage of the game. Karnopp stole the ball on a fumble and advanced it to the 15-yard line, where the ball was lost on downs.

Smith went around the end for 25 yards, and Sager got the ball on a fumble. Some rapid work now followed, and the ball advanced to the 25-yard line when time was called.

The second half opened with more snappy tactics on the part of Lawrence. Heinemann kicked off to Murat. After several short gains Karnopp went

around the end for 30 yards. The ball was lost on downs and Laird gained 25 yards, being tackled by Jackisch. Schofield punted out, but when the ball was down only 10 yards had been gained.

Stevens Point then got the ball for the last time. Sparks made 4 yards and Sager five. The last run was made by Laird for Lawrence.

Good runs were made by Laird and Smith for Lawrence and Karnopp for the home team. The star tackles of the game were made by Jakisch and Murat.

The line-up was as follows:

NORMALS.	POSITION.	LAWRENCE.
Sparks.....	L. E.....	Laird
Sager.....	L. T.....	Rogers
Wojak.....	L. G.....	Holstein
Carlston.....	Center.....	Guhr
Soper.....	R. G.....	Royden
Nelson.....	R. T.....	Snellet, Johnson
Polley.....	R. E.....	Smith
Murat.....	Quarter.....	Pride
Karnopp.....	L. H.....	Perry
Schofield.....	R. H.....	Hall, Schiller.
Jackisch.....	F. B.....	Heinemann

The Stevens Point Normal has in the past established a good record in athletics. Distinction has been attained by its representatives in all the phases of athletics—foot ball, basket ball and field sports. It is with conscious and pardonable pride that the present and past members of the school review the enviable record already established.

Although we take pride in past successes we should not forget the present and the duties which now confront us. The inspiration derived from victories won, begets the desire to accomplish future triumphs. The past is the example to guide the future.

Patriotic pride and individual benefit are the lodestones that should lead each and all into active participation in some phase of athletics. Therefore let enthusiasm pervade the atmosphere and activity be the shibboleth as we write the athletic history for the current year.

The A. L. S. team recently defeated the High School team in a practice game. The older teams would do well to pattern after them in tactics and spirit. The future of foot ball is safe.

Exchanges.

Most colleges give credit for work done on college papers.

We go to press early and have received but few exchanges.

The High School Chat is the neat representative of the Ypsilanti High.

Many schools add the price of school paper to tuition fee. Why shouldn't we?

Teacher—James, how is the earth divided?

James—By Earthquakes.—Ex.

Happy are physicians! Their successes shine in the sunlight and earth covers their failures.

Professor—Students, you should imitate the thermometer in responsiveness, but avoid a vacuum at the top.

Pennsylvania, Leland Stanford, Princeton, Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Michigan and Wisconsin universities publish daily papers.

England has about 100 universities and the United States 300, yet there are nearly 3000 more professors more in the former than in the latter.

Companion—What are you limping for, Rusher, do you play foot ball?

Rusher—I went in swimming in hard water and hurt my knee.

To break down pride,

To learn restraint,

To keep your temper cool,

Don't pattern after any saint,

But teach a district school.—Ex.

The Wisconsin Times is a very welcome visitor each week at our table. This paper is edited by the school for the deaf at Delevan. The gathering of the deaf at St. Paul is well written up under the title of "A Unique Convention."

With the occupancy of the new High school building at Menasha, comes the desire to re-instate the school on the accredited list. Menasha now has one of the finest buildings in the state for high school purposes and we wish them success in their work.

A memorial service was held by the High School at Black River Falls for Miss Helen Richardson, who died at her home in Sparta, Sept. 21. Miss Richardson had taught in the High School five years preceding her death, and city and school alike were saddened by news of her death.

The Cardinal states that the cost per graduate from the advanced course of the normals of Wisconsin is \$2,287.25, while from the university of Wisconsin it is but \$2,789.70.

Across the alley from one first-floor maiden to another—Say, can you get the 32 Prop?

Voice from upper window—Is wireless telegraphy a thing of the present?

'Tis the lesser thread of duty

In the wondrous loom of life,

That will make a cloth of beauty

For the wearer after strife.—Ex.

The parents's meetings held in Green Bay are attracting much attention, and Supt. Kraege reports a steady increase in attendance and interest awakened.

It has been decided, without a dissenting voice, by the management, that it is not the duty of a student to read the schoolpaper over his neighbor's shoulder.

The Cumberland High School will publish, Oct. 15, the first number of their "Island City Student." We will be very glad to welcome the Student to our table.

The excavation for the science hall at Ripon is progressing rapidly. It is hoped the new \$40,000 structure may be under cover before the snow flies.

When reading of the gifts showered upon Milwaukee Downer college, we look anxiously forward to the time when a like blessing will come to us.

Prof.—What do we call a man who can write equally well with either hand?

Miss Blank (hesitatingly)—Amphibious.

The Lawrence and Ripon athletic managements are again ready to make dates with each other for the first time in three years.

In several city schools of Wisconsin janitors receive higher wages than the teachers.

Model School.

School in the Model Department opened with a full enrollment in all the grades. As you pass through the department you cannot help but notice how the very air seems filled with life and energy.

In addition to the regular departments, Primary, Intermediate and Grammar, under the supervision of Misses Faddis, Quinn and Gray, a new department has been opened this year. It consists of the second and third grades of the Third Ward Public School, under the supervision of Miss Fitzgerald.

Two study rooms and two recitation rooms are used. Here the practite teacher has charge of the room for half a session, thus receiving more actual practice, as there is often more than one class in the room at one time. The course of study is the same as that of the public schools.

The Primary Department has an enrollment of thirty-nine pupils.

As one enters the room and notices the homelike and very attractive appearance, they can easily account for the contented and happy look on the faces of the pupils of these grades.

Just now the windows are well filled with a variety of plants and cut flowers, such as are to be found at this season of the year.

A canary in his cage has a place in one window. The latest arrival in the department is a lame black crow, whose vocabulary at present is limited to the words "caw" and "hello."

The Third grade language class is making a study of the industries of Stevens Point through actual observation. They have visited the saw mill, flour mill and box factory, and expect to visit other industries of this place.

The following is a description of a visit to the box factory by a member of the class:

THE BOX FACTORY.

We first went down Clark and got a little ways from Church street, before Miss Faddis caught up with us, and then Miss Faddis and Paul and Leona got ahead of us. Then they waited for us and we went up to the box factory all together.

When we got to the door I saw a machine that sawed the boards into two, and then they were

piled with a lot of others. Then I saw the lumber carrier.

Then we went around and saw where the boards are smoothed. Then the boards went to a place and were split. They were an inch wide, and when they were split they were half an inch wide. When he opened the place where the boards were split the sawdust blew out in our faces and pretty nearly blinded us for a while.

Then he took us up stairs. Then we saw a man and he had a lot of little square boards and he had a machine and he took it and then he made them just right the first time. Then we went down stairs and saw a machine that was to make holes in the boxes.

Then I saw the machine that runs the mill. A man came and took a big shovel and shoveled some sawdust into the fire. When he opened it it looked so red that it got dark again.

Sept. 28.

EDITH LOUISA ROSS.

The children in the First grade were talking about stars, when the baby of the class gave the following:

"O there was a great big star in the sky; no, it wasn't goin' in the sky, it was over the town quite low to us. It wan't so very high, though. We was sittin' on the stoop and watchin' it and g — it just went spinnin' way out of the sky, and I guess it landed way off to the last of the world."

The Intermediate Department has an enrollment of fifty-five pupils, of which only twenty are girls, quite contrary to the general law.

Nine new pupils entered from the public schools this year.

Frank Wheelock has kept the desk well supplied with bouquets of apple blostoms during the past week. The blossoms are gathered at his home out of town and are fully appreciated even if a little late in appearing.

The A. L. S. was re-organized during the first weeks of this quarter and its members are now at their regular work. Leon Powers was elected president and Milo Cooper, secretary and treasurer.

The A. L. S. meets every Monday evening in room 14, from seven to nine. The first hour is devoted to literary work, the remainder of the time being given to gymnastic work.

The Foot Ball team is in daily practice and preparations are being made for "Cross Country Runs" and "Hare and Hounds" in the future.



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
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