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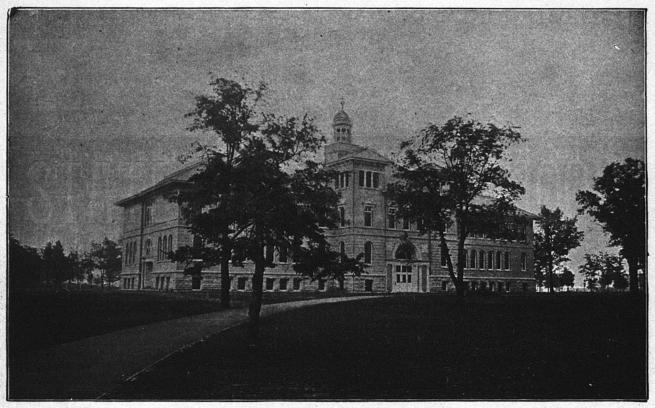
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THERON B. PRAY, Stevens Point, Wis.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume VI.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., DECEMBER 15, 1900.

Number 3.



A DYNAMITE PLOT.

BY M. AMES.

TOBY must die. Jones had made up his mind ou that point. "Well, naow," Jones said, "Toby is a pretty decent kind of a dog and stays at home and minds his own business, and don't have none of them mean tricks like most dogs has. But he's got the peskiest habit of barkin' nights! Maria's pretty nigh down sick from loss of sleep, and she vows she wont put up with it no longer, and—well,— Toby's got to die, that's all!"

Jones must have had anachistic tendencies, for he decided to dynamite Toby out of this sorrowful world. He led him out across the meadows to the far end of the pasture one morning and there grimly prepared to help Toby through the last act in the sad little drama of his life. He provided a stick of dynamite, fastened on the fuse, and while the unsuspecting Toby was busy enlarging the entrance to a wood-chuck's home, tied the whole firmly to his tail. The doomed one was now firmly tied to a tree, the fuse was lighted and Jones. giving Toby a farewell pat, started off.

Toby backed out of his trench to get a fresh breath of air and heard the spluttering fuse. With a yelp and a bound he tore the rope from its fastening and in an instant was at Jones's heels. "Get out!"

shrieked Jones, he dashed over stumps and stones with Toby and the hissing fuse and that awful stick of dynamite close behind. "O Lord," panted Toby's master, "spare me!"

They were now close to the other end of the pasture and a high rail fence was just in front. Jones debated whether he should make a last supreme effort and hurdle it, or throw himself down beside it— and— an ugly vision of his neighbors out gathering him up in baskets, fitted across his mind.

He stole a glance over his shoulder Only a few inches of the fuse were left. He was seized with a sudden inspiration. He turned, made a sudden lunge and got Toby by a leg. He tore the bit of fuse out of the cartridge and threw it out of sight.

Then Jones leaned wearily over the fence and mopped his forehead and rested and was thankful for his deliverence. Toby lay down at his feet and panted for a little while, and then went to sleep.

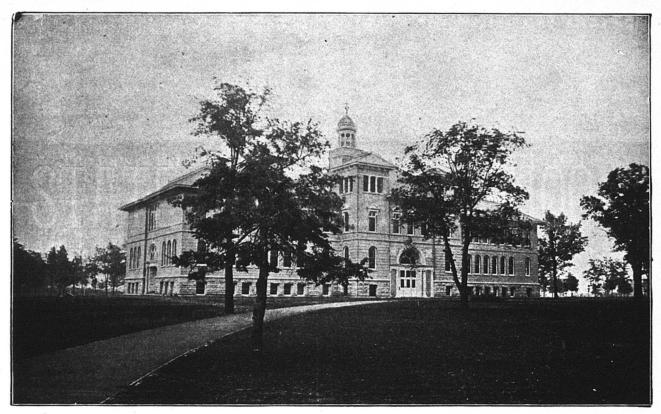
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A LILAC SPRAY.

They paused in the waltz; he murmured low, "Tomorrow eve to the front I go."

Then bent and gazed in her eyes that smiled And gave no hint of her anguish wild, Which only betrayed itself in the way She nervously fingered a lilac spray.

"I hope you'll come back safe," she said.

A little lower he bent his head—
"Would you care?"—A youth came, "Two-sep
with me?"

Her reluctance she would let neither see—But a look and a clasp and she whirled away, But she left in his hand a lilac spray.

She leans from the window of her room,
O'er lilac trees that have lost their bloom—
The moon, that sees her eyes are wet
With unshed tears of a wild regret,
Lights a Cuban glade where he lies at rest,
With a withered lilac spray on his breast.

ORIGINAL VERSES AFTER THE STYLE OF WALT, WHITMAN.

An uncle had I once—a man

With the burden of three score years upon him,

still

A man of right jolly mood, Liked by all for his pleasant ways, But by the children loved, For by a happy faculty possessed Of telling queer happenings Could oft times for them beguile Many a lonely hour. It so did happen, that Upon this Christmas eve, As about him arranged we were, Near the yule log's blazing light. That did sparkle, crackle, In the fireplace right merrily; To drive away the silent chill And terror that In spite of ruddy glow Did cling around our small hearts, Because of howling wind Sounding drearily along our cottage rafters, We asked him for a story. Coaxing was not uncle's way,

So at once he did begin
With his usual "My children,"
And at this we nestled closer,
Mary. Willie, Tom and I,
Nestled closer to him on the sand-strewn floor,
Plucking with our hands his well-worn gown,
Contentedly the while with up turned faces,
Watching every wrinkle in his
Kind though aged face
As he began.

"My dear children, God is good, Through hs blessings are we here. God to woman gave a courage That a human life did save On that icy sheet in front That stretches northward To Sordowala's distant towers. That very lake on whose Frozen surface oft-times In your merry pastime You've skated, slid and fallen." "'Oh, tell us how it happened, uncle." Listen, children, Fifty years tomorrow morn It happened, As the snn's glistening rays broke above the hill, Dancing merrily,

Rejoicing in the birthday of a Savior."

"Uncle, then but a little tot as Tom here,"
Stood on the frosty bank
Watching the dancing sun,
His mother, your grannie, stood beside him.
At times we would both direct
Expectant glances
Up Ladoga's gleaming surface
For father, my father, your grandie,
Had in the dim light of early morn
Started with bag, staff and skates
Toward the distant town Sordawala.
And was now expected home."

"Hark! A sharp, long-drawn cry Comes echoing down the ice, Too well we know that cry. None but a fierce wolf of Russia Can give vent to such a sound, God! Mother totters, but only for an instant.

Ha! Around the bend comes father as the wind. A moment

And the wolf appears,
Almost now snapping at the heels of father.
Can nothing save him?
Ah! A turn as swift as a gleam of light
Upon those skates
Sends the monster sliding upon his side,
And again that long-drawn cry."

"Hs momentum stopped straightway, For father again he goes. Another skillful turn, another slide And father comes toward us Faster than those skates Ever carried him before. Mother, who of a sudden Released as if from stony horror, Darts through the open door, And in an instant Appears with two reaking, flaming pine knots. And as the father with a sprint Scrambles up the bank, Before the wolf can reach him She has charged And hurled a burning torch At the monster's head."

"With a howl of rage
The wolf draws back and her other torch
Sends him in headlong flight across the ice.
Then in a fit of weeping
She sinks to earth,
But her husband's arms
Support her
And she is carried into the cottage.
I, who cannot stop my violent sobs follow.
Our hearts are too full for utterance.
With deep gratefulness
We look through the small window
At the dancing sun and father murmurs
"'God is good.'

"'Any mother would have done it?"
Exactly so, dear children,
But then many a mother would have cried

Before she hurled the fire
And then grannie would have died
For want of rescue,
And perhaps no children
Would have listened now;
Perhaps no uncle would have talked.
Your grannie wept
The right moment and
Through God's blessing we are here.
God is good."

AN INCIDENT OF THE STORM.

While the storm of this afternoon was careering around and making life interesting and disagreeable to many people caught in it, there drove into the city, over the sandy Jordan road, a light wagon, drawn by two horses of most ordinary speed.

On the front seat of the vehicle sat a woman and a man. He had done the best he could to shield her from the storm by wrapping about her a rather scant tarpaulin, and holding an umbrella of limited circumference over her head.

She was dry, comfortable and somewhat happylooking until the horses turned on to Main street. Then her spirits started on the way down to the freezing point. I watched the swift descent of the facial thermometer and wondered what it meant.

I soon learned that she was facing more than a heavy storm. She quickly asked herself "Can I wear this taurpaulin down this street and have all these people see me in it?" She answered the question I read in her eyes by slipping the ungenteel thing back out of sight and baring her shirt-waist to the rain.

Thus she passed from my view, getting gloriously soaked, but with pride triumphant.

WHO ARE THEY?

Just Coolly Grinds.
He Always Smiles.
Most Meager Athlete.
Football Penitent.
Always Just Himself.
Every Maiden Grieves(him).
High, Elegant, Beautiful.
Can Walk Jauntily.
Will Ever Hope.
Great Girl Killer.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

DECEMBER 15, 1900.

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.

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ESTHER L. HEIZEL, '01	Editor-in-Chief
JULIUS G. CARLSON, '01	Literary
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MERL M. AMES, '02 JOHN ('. GRIMM, '01	Local
JESSE H. AMES, '02	Exchange
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TO TORROR

Our subscribers will be consulting their own interests if they will notice and heed the warning at the head of this column. Subscriptions are payable at any time during the year, but they will be increased by fifty per cent. after January 1. The business manager is generous and kind-hearted enough to receive the subscription before January 1 with a smile. He even wishes you would pay it before that time. However, if your bump of benevolence and your pocket-book are large, you will wait until after the first of January, and then pay him seventy-five cents.

The Lecture Committee greatly regret the fact that the date for Mr. Riis could not be changed. It was made before definite arrangements for the Oshkosh Institute were, and it was found impossible to get another date. It is the coviction of the faculty, of the committee and of many students that Mr. Riis's lecture is more than worth three days of va-

cation, especially since the vacation is so much longer than we expected it to be. Mr. Riis is an original thinker and worker and to miss him will be to miss an opportunity that may never come to us again.

We are sorry that our new headings have been delayed until this number but we offer them to you now as Chrismas gifts. We hope the Alumni will recognize themselves, and not feel offended at the remarkable likeness in their portraits, and we trust that present students will not be discouraged at having their future held before them objectively. The other headings explain themselves and are supposed to typify the field of work of their respective departments. We are very much indebted to Miss Tanner for her suggestions and criticisms.

One very pleasant thing we notice this year, and one which is especially appreciated by the old students, is the interest taken in the social side of school life. This interest has been shown not only in receptions and other social events, but also in the enthusiasm over class organization. For the first time in the history of the school the first year class has organized and they as well as the other classes have class colors. The Elementaries have colors and a pin. This is all as it should be, especially as the feeling between the different classes is one of friendly rivalry, entirely devoid of harshness. We expect the worthy Seniors to make of their class a model which the other classes will appreciate and profit by.

The committee having charge of Rhetoricals is to be congratulated. The success attending their efforts is quite remarkable, and the response which they are meeting from the students is commendable. It is easier to face an interested audience than one consisting of "bored ones," and so much of the dread of taking part has been eliminated. We are all ready to agree that "team work" counts.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our subscribers and friends. Go home and rest and play and make the home folks happy, and then come back and begin the new year cheerily, bringing some sunshine with you.



The New Heading.—Perhaps the new heading which appears on this page may serve to explain to some who do not know, the duties of the Censor. Through these columns you get your medicine; it may be either in the form of a tonic to stimulate you to greater efforts, or it may be an antidote for some of your little sins of omission and commission. However, it may be neither of these but a draught of ambrosia as a reward for your altruistic propensities. Therefore, take everything kindly as it is meant and profit thereby.

Rhetoricals.—Various and sundry notices have appeared from time to time on the board calling together those who are bound by the ties of loyalty to the same fatherland across the sea. The whisperings and indications of strife between the various nationalities lead us to suppose that interesting things are about to happen. We understand the Germans have great ideas on the subject and we will continue to look for grand results of their combined talents and efforts.

We expect a delightful combination of wit and humor, sense and nonsense from the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle. This is the song they sing:

"Oh! Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;

But alas, in a far foreign land I awaken

And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more."

We heard from good authority the other day that the Yankees called a meeting and attempted to sing "Yankee Doodle," but broke down. Never mind, Yanks, your intentions were good.

Those people who trace their ancesstry back to— Calidonia, stern and wild.

Meet nurse for a poetic child.

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountains and the flood,

were seen to wander about from place to place looking for a vacant room in which to hold their meeting. We haven't heard how they came out but we hope they showed the stick-to-it-ive-ness that is characteristic of the Scotch.

What we want in our stockings:

More time.

A few more meetings.

Some more willing people.

Rhetorical Committee.

A few more details.

A mind that will work subconsciously and assimulate all the psychology topics.

Psychology Class.

Some more people who will keep the books in order.

Students who do not hide books.

Some overdue fines.

The Librarians.

More Subscribers.

Some unpaid subscriptions.

More contributions by the Alumni.

People who will suggest improvements.

The Pointer Staff.

More Sopranos.

The Chorus.

Better time.

The key.

Second Quarter Music Class.

More votes.

H. Brasure.

Something to grind.

Kenneth Pray.

Some ladies to sell.

A. Dawes.

Something to preserve my beauty.

F. Berto.

A new cane and plug hat.

A. G. Brown.

A few less jokes and a little more sense.

Non-resident Subscriber,



Miss McMulkin has withdrawn from school.

Walter Flannery has withdrawn from school.

Wayne Cowan visited Stevens Point a few days ago. Why (Wood) he come?

Practical illustrations in the Psychology class are all right but be careful of the ink.

Some one suggests that it is too bad that Mr. Os—ink was not born an Indian.

On a cold rainy day Miss H——n was heard to say: "I wish I had an overcoat to go home with."

President Pray read some selections from Howells on two mornings of the week after Thanksgiving.

Miss Bessie Shaw has come to live with her cousin, Mrs. V. E. McCaskill, and will attend the Normal.

Miss Whitman (in Rhetoric): "What does annihilated mean?"

Miss D-g--m- "Killed entirely."

A short time ago the Athletic association met and chose Mr. Killinger as basketball manager for this year.

(In the primary.) Boy, criticizing sketches from life made by the class: "His legs look like shinnyclubs."

Miss Grace Yeo was the guest of Misses Ina Fenwick and Cora Halladay during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Dr. Scott and Prof. McCaskill spent Thanksgiving in Chicago. Mr. McCaskill saw the football game between Chicago and Michigan.

Lela McClatchie's brother, who is a teacher at

Washburn, Wis., visited her and his other friend here shortly before Thanksgiving.

Miss Grace Corcoran and Thos. Thompson, whom most of us know as former students here, were present at Rhetoricals Friday, Nov. 16.

Chas. Lange, a former Normalite, who is now teaching at Hancock, came home for Thanksgiving and of course visited the old school.

Ronald Lamont, a graduate from the Elementary course and who is now teaching at Dorchester, has been visiting the school for a few days.

Merle Ames now represents the Junior class on the Rhetorical committee. He fills the vacancy caused by the resignation of Chas. Houseworth.

Dr. Clement visited his wife, Mrs. Clement, during the Thanksgiving recess. Both were at the Thanksgiving reception where Mrs. Clement favored us with two songs which were much appreciated.

The Thanksgiving rhetorical exercises were given to a full house and we can say with pride that they were a "howling success." The dramatic sketches were excellent and the music sounded like more.

Prof. Livingston spent the Friday and Saturday after Thanksgiving at Wild Rose where he conducted an institute. On Friday evening he delivered a lecture to a large crowd composed of teachers and citizens.

Our Editor-in-Chief, Miss Hetzel, was not in school the latter part of last week. The death of her brother-in-law, who had but recently gone west in the hope of improving his health, was the cause of her absence.

Garth Cate suddenly appeared among us the other day. Everyone was glad to see him back. When we asked him what he had been doing he looked ruefully at a calloused spot on his hand, sighed and said, "Ohuskingcorn!"

The Normal Glee Singers have reorganized for the year. Jesse Ames is the new President and Archie Roseberry, Secretary and Treasurer of the club. For the present Glee Singers will practice twice a week and expect to make their appearance before the public soon. The director has not yet been chosen.

The basketball prospects for this year are very bright. Five teams have already been formed. Recently the captains of these teams together with the manager chose the best ten men among all the players to form a squad to elect a captain. These men met and elected Mr. Schofield as our captain for this year.

Mr. Livingston vouches for the following as a verbatim quotation from a paper on geography handed in at a county superintendent's examination for teachers: "The motions of the earth are durnal and enternal. The durnal is the daily roation of the earth and the enternal is the roman roation of the earth."

Word reached here last Friday that the father of Lawrence Pease had died suddenly of heart failure. Lawrence Pease was a former student here, graduating with the class of '97, and the faculty and members of the school who knew Mr. Pease joined in sending him a message expressive of their sympathy in his sorrow

Elson Whitney, who is on his way to the Philippines where he has a position as government clerk, has written once since starting on his long voyage. Our Business Manager received a letter from him which was written from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Watch for some interesting extracts from his letters in these columns in the January issue.

Why doesn't someone wed or die,
Or do some deed of note,
Or crack a chesnut that will do
For the Local man to quote?
You lovers who are now so sweet,
Please have a falling out
And give the Local Editor
Something to write about.

Mr. Polley, our football captain, probably did not feel in the most thankful mood on Thanksgiving day. He went home to spend the holiday and had intended to play with the Augusta team in their game against Niellsville but at the first practice he broke one of the bones of his leg below the knee. This accident prevented Mr. Polley from taking part in the preliminary contest for the school debating team.

Dr. Scott on Tuesday morning Nov. 20 read us a story telling how a boy in a country school spoke a piece for rhetoricals. He then spoke to us about rhetoricals and told how we could all help to make things go. He suggested that the different nation-

alities should meet and each get up a program which would be presested to the school as rhetorical exercises. The blackboards for about a week have literally been covered with appointments for meetings. We expect interesting results.

Specialties: I will give a (pacific) illustration — Howard Cate.

Order-C. W. Meade.

Attacks of (Quinn) sey-Schofield.

Sticking to the truth without exaggeration—C. Houseworth.

Basketball-Fred G. Berto.

Holding her hand-Roseberry.

Eight o'clock classes-Clara Heidgen.

Talking-Mr. Mulvihill and Miss Henderson.

Many of the students spent the Thanksgiving recess at home. Those who were in town enjoyed the reception given at the Normal by the faculty on Friday night, Nov. 30. The evening's entertainment began in the assembly room where Prof. Culver presented a very interesting series of stereoptican views. After this was over everyone adjourned to the gymnasium where those who danced were given an opportunity to "trip the light fantastic." Refreshments were served in No. 10. A reception at such a a time is especially appreciated by us as it breaks the monotony of four long days of rest.

The contest for positions on the school debating team occurred on the evening of Dec. 4. The contest was a good one and there seemed to be little to choose between the different speakers. The men chosen to represent us in the coming debate with Whitewater were J. G. Carlson, Harvey Schofield and Arthur Dawes. The question debated was: Resolved, that this government should further restrict immigration. Prof. Livingston presided during the evening's program. Whitewater has had the better of Stevens Point in former debates but we are confident that the above mentioned men will turn the tide in our favor this year.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, occurred the Junior prelininary debating contest. A fair-sized audience was on hand to cheer the contestants on to their best effort. Seven members of the faculty were on the bench. After some minutes of intense suspense at the end of the contest, Prof. Livingston brot in the decision of the judges. They had decided that (Continued on page 143.)



Our Athletics.

Our record on the gridiron has been made and the pigskin is at rest. But still we hade more work to do and more victories to win. The scene of activities has shifted from the gridiron to the gymnasium and and our athletic zeal is manifesting itself in a different although not new field. Basketball is the game that interests all at present. The school

has put out some very good teams in the past, and we expect that this season's team will be better than usual.

Probably the best of indoor exercises is that which may be obtained from a game of basket ball. This game well deserves the support it has received in the school during the past few years. It is one of the best games for developing the physical side of man, while it has none of the rough and dangerous features that come with some other games. The game requires quick, decisive actions and a steady, cool mind. A person must know the best thing to do and be able to do it. This comes largely by practice.

Shortly after the close of the football season the first steps were taken toward basketball. teams were formed and their names handed in to the manager. The captains of these teams are Berto, Dawes, Miles, Tyler and Gee. Active practice was begun by the teams every night and Saturdays in preparation for the tournament. This tournament of the teams which begins on Dec. 3, is to decide who shall compose the school squad from which the school team will be chosen. But if at any time during the season a player develops sufficient skill to warrant his being in the school team, he will undoubtedly secure the position he merits. "A fair field and no favors" has been the motto in athletics and we expect to see it carried into effect in basketball as it was in football.

Of last year's team Schofield, who played strong gaurd center and Halverson and Grimm, who played a strong, steady game as forwards, are back. Roseberry and Miles, of the team of '98, have returned to school and are playing a good game. Besides

these there are plenty of new players that must be recognized in the making up of the team. The school team will probably not be chosen until after the holidays, at least not until after the tournament has taken place.

A schedule of six or seven games will be played this season, but at present the schedule is not settled. Only one game has been arranged, that to take place at New London, Dec. 7.

Never in the history of the school has the Athletic association been, financially, in better condition. The liberal contributions of the students and the large attendance at the games has allowed the association to come out at the end of the football season with a surplus of \$60 in the treasury and all debts paid. This bids well for baseball and field day in the spring. So, you sprinters and "twirlers of the deceptive sphere," get ready, for it will be your inning soon.

F. B. Polley, captain of this year's football team, met with a distressing accident Dec. 24. He went to his home at Augusta the day before to help the team of that city in the football game to be played Thanksgiving. While engaged in practice he was unfortunate enough to have the large bone between the ankle and knee broken and will be laid up two or three weeks, but will return as soon as he is able to be around on crutches. His friends sympathize with him in his misfortune.

What has become of the ladies' basketball teams? We fail to hear of any such organizations. Will some enterprising young lady give us a few pointers on the subject for our next issue?

The Athletic association has decided to accept the challenges of the Oshkosh Normals and the Wausau Highs for basketball games. Two games will be played with each school, one of each set to be played at Stevens Point. Other games with surrounding High schools will probably soon be arranged as the schedule is not yet large enough. H. A. Schofield, last season's football manager, has been chosen captain of the basketball team.

Tell us not in unborn numbers
Life is but an empty dream.
Think of all our broken slumbers,
Editing's not what't may seem.



Here is a page from the Souvenir we brought from the Wausau Association, and it's good—especially good—for our calling.

I believed in associations before the Wausau meeting and have lost no faith in them since. The kind of Teachers' Associations I had observed most was more exclusive and had very frequent sessions. I was particularly favored the last year in being located with most excellent opportunities for observing the development of several interesting associations and the benefits were unmistakable and the results I believe "promising."

Though the main objects at Wausau were different from those of the various Normal associations, there was some of the same purpose evident, and one felt a certain exhilaration that was very contagious.

It was a comfort to hear about the Edwards family, and we did not observe that Mr. Winship controdicted either big or little Jimmie. It was no new thought but simply the greatful recognition of an old one that brought the thankful sigh when we heard how the Jukes may be adopted into the Edwards family.

There was one question no paper or lecture answered. It is a question that appears everywhere. It has been in No. 10 often, and comes in various ways. Away here in Antigo I read it in a small boy's story. (He had punished a dog who came back to him for forgiveness.) "I petted him and he was happy again, but my coat was tore."

Doubtless this and similar questions have appealed to the class of '00 often ere this, and I'm of the opinion that the land of Peace is also eventually the land of All-Understanding and here are the guide posts:

"To be glad of Life, because it gives you the chance to Love and to Work and to Play and to look up at the Stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not Contented with yourself until you have made the best of them: to despise nothing in the world

except Falsehood and Manners, and to fear nothing except Cowardice: to be governed by your Admirations rather than your Disgusts: to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his Kindness of Heart and Gentleness of Manners: to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with Body and Spirit, in God's Out-of-Doors: these are little Guide-Posts on the Foot-Path to Peace."—Henry Van Dyke.

AVADA S. ALLEN, '00.

(Continued from page 141)

Jesse Ames, Chas. Houseworth and Alfred Herrick were the three who should represent the Junior class in the debate with the Oshkosh Junior team early in the spring. The question debated was: Should Congress reduce the representation of those states to which Sec. H of the 14th amendment of the constitution may apply. Prof. Swift was the presiding officer of the evening.

The joint meeting of all the Normal literary societies on Friday night, Nov. 26, was as enjoyable an event as the other meetings of that kind always have It was the girls' night to entertain and they did it royally. Some of the boys found surprises waiting for them that they had not even dreamed of. Perhaps some of our readers would like to know who these surprised boys were, but when we state that they were elected by the girls to fill the various offices of "Lady-Killer," "Sport," "Grind," "Biggest Bluffer." "Handsomest Man," etc., etc., they will, of course, have no difficulty in determining who the lucky (?) ones were. The unfortunates who had none of the qualifications necessary for the above mentioned offices, swallowed their disoppointment and chagrin along with their sandwiches and coffee and soon forgot their sorrows and proceeded to have just as much fun as their more gifted brethren. Every one had a good time and went home happy.



"The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The subscribers oweth,
And the Lord knoweth,
We are in need of our dues."—Ex.

It seems that one of the duties of the exchange editor is to offer criticisms upon other school publications. This does not necessarily mean adverse criticism. It does mean that the exchange editor is free to comment upon these papers. We expect these comments to be taken in the same friendly spirit as written. Since the exchange editor's judgment is not infallible his criticisms may often be at fault.

Our Oshkosh brothers and sisters publish a good paper. The Normal Advance is always welcome.

The Carroll Echo devotes a few pages to an article which argues that woman is not the inferior of man.

At the Club:—"The coffee tastes strong this morning—of water."

We notice that "The Ryan Clarion" and "The Lake Breeze" find something commendable in the article "China vs. The Powers," which appeared in the September number of the "High School Chat." The exchange editor in the November Pointer did not question the merit of this article but did question the wisdom of giving so much space in a school paper to an article of that nature. The College Days of Ripon also believes that it is their mission to instruct the public mind in politics. read discussions on China and on political party platforms in all our magazines and periodicals, but when we turn to a school paper we are disappointed when confronted by the same subjects occupying one-half or one-third the entire paper.

Brown—"What did your friend say when she saw you slip and fall on the pavement yesterday?"

Jones—"She said she would be assister to me."— Sphinx.

He-"I have never loved another."

She—"Well, you'll have to go and get a reputation."—Tiger.

The Kodak is an interesting paper. The editorials are particularly well written. We regret the necessity for advertisements at the bottom of each page.

We see much to commend in the Normal Red Letter. A healthy paper from a healthy school is what it says to its readers. The exchange editor should ask for more space.

Life is short, only four letters in it; three-fourths of it a "lie" and one-half an "if."

Patient—"Doctor, I'm short of breath."
Doctor—"Oh! we'll soon stop that."—Ex.

The Messenger is one of our best exchanges. It is a large paper and well arranged. We admire the department etchings. Mr. Williams is an artist. The exchange editor's column is good.

"Good boys love their sisters. So good have I grown that I love other boys' sisters better than my own."

A continued story is not the thing for a school paper. Contributors to school papers are not novelists of sufficient ability to warrant the writing of serials. The most of these papers are issued monthly, and altho the story "To the Victor" in the November "Tocsin" is exceptionally good, we think it would have been more effective if confined to a single issue. It is difficult to retain a reader's interest in a story running in a monthly paper.

And then to be fair to students, all Normalites should be barred,

Or else let them enter as treshmen and we'll see they run into it hard,

For they need to be hazed until they're half crazed to break 'em of Normal ways,

Of the volunteer movement especially and all other grand stand plays.—U. W. Sphinx.

Sunday School Teacher—"Johnny, who made the beautiful rivers and trees?"

Johnny-"I dunno, I ain't lived here long."

School <

→ Model



We are pleased with our new heading, and because one who was of our number still takes an interest in us, although she has reached another round in the ladder of knowledge. Katherine Southwick has graduated from our "Model School," but has an interest in our welfare and enjoys working for us as in the past. We thank her for her kindness and for the pleasure she has given us.

The children of the Intermediate and Primary departments have done much toward making the Thanksgiving holiday truly a day of thanksgiving for many people. In one corner of a recitation room, on Wednesday Nov. 28, could be seen bundles, baskets and all kinds of mysterious packages. These were brought by the children of the grades, and contained potatoes, rice, cranberries, apples, pumpkins, sugar, bread meal, pork roasts, dressed chickens and other attributes of Thanksgiving day. All these were to make other people happy, and were given over into the charge of Mrs. Clark to be distributed among the poor.

The little candy group is still flourishing; but so far they have made only taffy. Each girl has her responsibility each day. One brings sugar, another alcohol, another an alcohol lamp, another washes dishes. They have made their own aprons and holders. They have been doing so well with with their taffy, that they have been selling it to other members of the department as well as supplying some of the teachers with boxes of candy. Orders have been coming in so fast that they have been unable to fill them, so have kindly given the recipe: Place one half pound of granulated sugar in a granite basin on the stove; stir constantly till all the lhmps have disappeared; then pour it out real thin into buttered plates. They are satisfied with their work at taffy making, and their next work is fudges.

The boys have united their groups of twos, threes and fours, and have formed a company. This came from a little incident that happened a little while ago. One of the boys hid a hammer, so that he would be sure to have it the next time he wanted it, but Mr. Kelley wanted it before he did, and was unable to find it. The boy found it for him; but by this the boys realized that they must form one body and have rules to govern them. So they held their meetings, and with Miss Quinn's help in regard to parliamentary rules they have chosen their president. Merritt Norton; secretary, Russell Moen, and a time-keeper. They are keeping their own records, are making their own rules, and anyone who disobeys any of the rules is suspended from one to three days. The boys have shown great wisdom in the choice of their officers—they have chosen the oldest and wisest, not merely the most popular.

Friday, Dec. 7, two or three pieces of their work which have been completed are to be brought before the school and an explanation of their work given. An engine, which was planned by one boy and made by three, and which is run by sand or water power, a banjo and an electric sewing machine, are the three principal instruments that they have been working on, and all have turned out 40 be a splendid success.

Those at the head of this optional work now feel that what they anticipated is growing out of this, and that the spirit of unity and co-operation is manifesting itself very strongly.

Wednesday, Nov. 28, the Grammar, Intermediate and Primary departments attended the exercises given in the assembly room; but the Primary room had short exercises, of their own before going up stairs. All the children dressed up as Puritsns or Indians,—costumes which they themselves planned, and had a few recitations and other amusements. One little boy spoke about going hunting and shooting twenty bears, and then gave to his friends and classmates twenty cookie bears. Miss Faddis was dressed as a Puritan and with her as leader the little crowd of Puritan lads and lassies passed to the assembly room.

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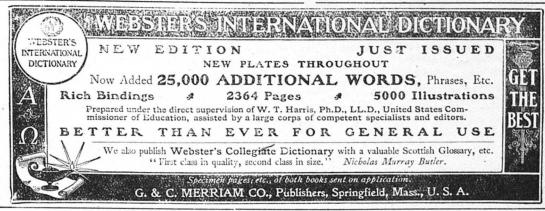
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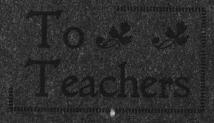
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