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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume V.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., JANUARY 15, 1900.

Number 4.



CHRISTMAS.

BY ESTHER HETZEL.

THE house of logs was rudely built. About it lay the snow, While close around the pine trees stood With shadows dark below.

The snowy flakes fell silently;— There was no breath of breeze— It slowly roofed the house in white, It weighed down limbs of trees.

Within the house all quiet reigned. The children, tucked away, Were dreaming of the wondrous joys That come on Christmas Day.

The tallow candle dimly burned, The coals were growing dull, Yet still the patient mother toiled -On simple gifts for all.

The clock ticked loud its warning calls, The weights swung to and fro,

The frosty windows glistened bright, Outside them fell the snow.

The mother moves with silent haste, Her task at last was done.

She paused where waiting stockings five Before the chimney hung. With popcorn white and apples red, The prickly butternut,

And homemade candy, brown and crisp, She filled the stockings up.

Then last of all, with loving care, In each a gift she laid,

That her deft fingers had, with joy, From scant material made.

With smiling face. yet tired sigh, She saw her task complete.

Then sought her bed for needed rest, Not long had she to sleep.

The children woke, and merry shouts The frosty silence broke,

The little girls in mother's room Their trundle bed forsook.

- And overhead the laughing boys Made loose-laid boards resound To hasty steps, as each one tried To be the first one down.
- Then joyous laughter, merry calls, Till mother went to see,— Her long self-sacrifice repaid By happy children's glee.

Those children now are seattered wide, Each has a city home.

Where manly boys and bonny girls Fill well the ample rooms.

And Christmas comes with chiming bells. With books and trinkets gay.

And many gifts of taste and cost Which brighten other days.

But in each home, in nook secure, A faded trinket lies, Reminder of old Christmas days, And mother's sacrifice.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT.

It was almost five o'clock of the day before Christmas. Ruth stood at the window of the bare little room she and her mother called home. It was hard to tell why she was there. At any time there were few passers by in this narrow side street, and this rainy, windy day there were not as many as usual. Perhaps she stood there so that her mother, who sat quietly sewing on the other side of the room, might not see the big tears that trickled slowly down her cheeks; or it may be that she was comforted some by seeing things out of doors look as dreary and miserable as she felt.

No wonder the little girl was crying. Had not her mother just told her that Santa Claus could not come to them this year and that even she could not get any gift for her dear little girl? It took all she earned, every cent, to buy the poor food and scanty clothing they had to have.

It grew darker, the electric lights were turned on. A stronger gust of wind than usual blew some old papers and dead leaves down the street, it carried off the cap of a ragged gamin, and Ruth forgot her sorrow for a minute in watching him chase it.

Just then the faintest sound came from outside the door, Ruth thought it was the wind, but it came again, this time it was more like a moan. Her mother hadn't noticed it, and Ruth didn't know what to do, she was afraid to open the door but she wanted to know what was there.

There—the same sound again, Ruth didnt hesitate this time, but went quickly across the room, opened the door, and bent down over what looked like a little black bundle. She started to pick it up, and almost screamed when her hands touched it, it was so soft and warm, then it moved too, so it 'must be alive, she thought. Looking more closely she saw it was a little black puppy. It didnt take her any time to pick it up gently, then to put it in a warm place by the fire while she brought it a saucer of milk, nor did it take the puppy much time to lap it up. Then it began wobbling around the room on its weak little legs, while Ruth danced around shouting gleefully at his every movement. It was hard to tell which was the happier, and it was a smiling little face Ruth lifted up to her mother as she said "Santa Claus did come after all."

MRS. MOERKE.

THE BURGLAR'S CHRISTMAS.

A few years ago I was in charge of a surveying party sent out from Chicago by the R. L. V. C. Co. for the purpose of laying the route for a projected line through Northern Wisconsin. We found, toward the last of December, that we should be unable to finish our work as early as we had planned, and that we should be obliged to pass the holiday season in this new and unsettled country among the pines. On Christmas eve we came to a small town, dropped. as it seemed, in the very heart of a huge pine forest. The hotel accommodations were taxed to their utmost by my crew, and after I had seen that they were provided with shelter, I found lodgings at the home of a widow, a certain Mrs. Williams, who was so happy in the prospect of seeing her son whom she expected on an evening train to spend Christmas! with her, that she could talk of nothing else. I sympathized with the woman as she told me how many years he had been away and how long he had promised her this visit. After supper, as I walked through the dingy, dark little town. I pictured to myself the brilliant streets of the city I had hoped to see on this evening, the cheerful, hurrying crowds, the brightly lit homes, the holly festoons, the sleighbells, the Christmas chimes, until, from my very reflections, this humble little town took on the aspect of Christmas cheer which I had been imagining in the city.

I began to notice brown paper parcels carried by me in every direction. I stopped before a store to look in at a group of bright faced children gathered around the picture book counter. A tall, pale girl was looking wistfully at a gaily bound volume of Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales, and a roughly dressed workingman was handling doubtedly, yet eagerly, a beautiful violet colored silk fabric on one of the counters. Farther on I saw a Christmas tree, laden with toys in the window of a candy shop, and the light reflected from the kerosene lamp shone on a circle of admiring childish faces, eager eyed and chubby cheeked, grouped outside on the narrow sidewalk.

As I went back toward my lodging I saw many other preparations for the celebration of the morrow.

When I reached the house I was presented to Mrs. Williams' son who had arrived, and whose face struck me at once as a familiar one. Where had I seen him? I asked myself again and again as I watched him, wondering more and more, until at last it dawned on me that I had seen him before leaving the city, some months before, behind the bars in a city prison on a charge of theft, in which he was the ringleader of a gang who had made one district of Chicago notorious. It was the same face and the same man but how different his bearing at home from what it was as I had seen him last. He had a natural dignity under the lavish caresses of his mother, who seemed unable to let him out of her sight. I went wonderingly to my room and soon forgot the burglar and his mother in sleep.

The next morning we pushed onward from the town, and a few days later I read in a Chicago paper that Jack Williams' gang had broken into a prominent business place in that city on Christmas eve and that all had been captured. The article added that the police were mystified at the absence of the leader who had not been with his gang in the burglary. 1 knew why.

CHRISTMAS.

Nearly 2000 years ago a star appeared in the East, telling the people that a Redeemer had been born. Back to the long ago my mind wanders, back to the sun-baked plains of Arabia. In my imagination I can see the three wise men traveling on their camels to the city of Jerusalem. I hear them asking, "Where is he that was born to be King?" Again I see them bending low, worshiping the Savior, who was born on Christmas eve. I have no idea what welcome they gave to Christmas day in those olden times, but today it is welcomed and brings joy to nearly everyone, especially children.

It is evening in a large city. The shops east and west are pouring forth their swarms of workers. Streets and sidewalks are filled with an eager throng of young men and women, chatting gaily, and elbowing the jam of holiday shoppers that linger about the big stores. The street cars labor along, loaded down to the steps with passengers carrying bundles of every size and shape. Along the curb a string of peddlers push their carts with noisy clamor. From the window of one brilliantly lighted store a great many dolls stretch forth their arms appealingly to a troop of factory hands passing by. The young men and girls stop on the street to exchange greetings and then laughingly pass on. A woman, with a worn shawl drawn tightly about her head and shoulders, bargains with a peddler for a few toys. Five ill-clad youngsters flatten their noses against the frozen pane of the toy shop, in delight at something there. It proves to be a milk wagon, with driver, and horses, and cans that can be unloaded. Another small boy comes out of the shop with a penny goldfish of candy clutched tightly in his hand and casting cautious glances right and left, speeds across the road to the door of a building, where a small child stands waiting. In the basement of this building the lights of a Christmas tree show against the grimy window pané. Two children are now busily engaged fixing the goldfish upon one of its branches. They are happy and contented now, notwithstanding that the three little candles that burn there shed light upon a scene of utmost desolation. The room is black with smoke and dirt. Half the window panes are broken and the holes stuffed with rags. The sleeves of an old coat hangs out of one, and beat drearily upon the sash when the wind sweeps over the fence and rattles the rotten shutters. Near a table a discouraged woman sits eyeing the children's show gloomily. For a short time the happy faces do not seem to appeal to her, but soon she awakes from the stupor into which she had fallen, and rising helps the little ones place the tree where it can best be seen by the baby, who crows with delight.

Now she sends the children from the room on an errand, and while they are gone pins two pair of bright red mittens to the tree. Back come the little ones and they welcome the mittens with happy shouts.

The candles burn lower and lower and as the last one flares up we see two children on a bed of rags in the corner, still wearing the red mittens, and the mother still sits by a table, a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes. VIOLA CAIN.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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ronize our advertisers.



We have the pleasure of beginning the New Year by heading our Locals with a very neat and attractive design, the work of Miss Judith Wadleigh. Our art department is certainly doing its share in the improvement of The Pointer.

We learn with deep regret that before we take up our next quarter's work, we are to lose two highly esteemed members of our faculty—Mrs. I. M. Elliott and Prof. C. H. Sylvester. Both have been earnest workers in their respective departments ever since the organization of the school. Mrs. Elliott has had sole charge of the work in geography. That her work has been well and conscientiously done, all who have been in her classes will testify. An enthusiast herself she had the faculty of enthusing others also. Besides her regular work Mrs. Elliott has been the patron and leader of our highly successful Geography Lyceum.

Prof. Sylvester's work has been of a more varied character. While he succeeded admirably in bringing out the best efforts from his classes in special Pedagogy and Literature; by giving special attention to the boys in the Model School, he has become their guiding spirit. By his efforts these boys have organized into a Progressive Society devoted to both mental and bodily training. Too much can not be said in praise of the beneficial results this voluntary expenditure of effort on his part has bro't about. Of his work and interest in the more advanced athletics of the school mention will be made in another column.

Sincerely as we regret the loss of these highly gifted teachers, we realize that what is our loss may be their gain. The whole school unites with The Pointer in wishing them success in their new work.

With the advent of colder weather and the cessation of out-door activities, there has begun to reign in our midst a more quiet but earnest spirit. Our interest has turned to a less noisy, yet fully as profitable an occupation as football.

The oratorical contest early in February, the Juniors' debate with Oshkosh, and the joint debate with Superior, are occupying onr attention. We are beginning to ask ourselves Does it pay to enter these contests for mental and forensic supremacy?

In reply we would say that for the prospective teacher who must expect in the near future to face an audience where criticisms are of the keenest kind, no better training could be desired than that afforded by the debating and oratorical contests.

But aside from the many beneficial results accruing to their participants, debates have one dangerous property. They are liable to develop the spirit of the advocate, to educate us to look at things from only one point of view, thus eliminating that very desirable characteristic of fairness so essential to a perfect social being.

However, if proper care be exercised in this respect, debates and oratorical contests rightfully assume a prominent place among the interests of every progressive school.

Our past record in this very desirable field has been a creditable one. Basing our opinion on the material already selected, and that left to be selected from, we are confident that the present year will bring forth good results.

The Censor.

Cribbing.—This is a seed which is growing a strong fibrous root in our school and should be destroyed now before it gets such a hold that it will take a strong effort to uproot it. Have you ever stopped to think that it was really wrong to use line after line from different authors in your essay without using quotation marks? Do you know that this among authors is plagiarism? At the University it is looked upon so seriously as to call for punishment. And were the notes which we gather for our essays, always worked over carefully into our own words and into our own outlines, the essays would be smoother, easier to listen to and more profitable to the writer.

Wanted.—A long shelf near the lockers on the first floor. This would relieve the untidy appearance of the stairs when students are putting on their wraps.

Reform .- Watch the different persons as they tip toe about the building. It does not make them appear very graceful, but they will do it-to save noise. But who would not rather hear the footsteps than to see them waddle along? However, one may learn to walk so as to make very little noise even when stepping on the whole foot. It has been proven that many serious results may follow if children are made to walk on tiptoe. In many schools today it is absolutely forbidden. If you have been in the habit of tip toeing or asking children to do so, just watch a student, child, or teacher that tip toes and see if their gait does not convince you that it is time to turn over a new leaf in regard to this matter. The beginning of the year is a good time.

Answer.—These questions are coming to you some day, if you teach,—how are you going to answer them ?

1. What kind of decorations are appropriate in the lower grades for Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, Easter, and the Twenty Second of February? 2. Name a list of six books for a Fifth or Sixth grade that will be both interesting and instructive.

3. Name five books on Elementary Botany that Seventh and Eighth Grade pupils should have access to when beginning this study.

4. What two text books on History for a Grammar School can you recommend ?

5. Where is Physiology started in the Normal Model School? In which grade do they first use the text book?

6. How do they teach spelling through the grades ?

7. How and of what is the new bulletin board in the library made?

8. Give the name and address of a kindergarten supply company. Of two general supply companies. Of three book companies.

9. What supplementary reading books can you recommend for a Scventh Grade ?

10. Name a good song book for Intermediate pupils to use.

SUGGESTION.—Keep a note book to jot down the answers to these and similar questions. Visit the Model Schools more. Ask the department teachers more questions.

Voice.-Will it pay to give careful attention to the way we use our voice? Surely, much depends on it; for it is the most direct means which we use in making people know immediately our thoughts and feelings. It is so connected with mind, heart and hand that its influence, for good or evil, is very powerful. Think of the voices of some of your teachers, friends, aud acquaintances, and see how much sympathy, character and control they are able to express with them. If you go into a school room with a cold, harsh or highly pitched voice, there are several objectionable things which you may do: You may convert naturally beautiful voices into disagreeable ones by their unconscious imitation; you may arouse a dislike for study; you may keep children from expressing their best in thought and feeling ; you may cause headaches ; you may bring disease upon yourself and all because you do not control your voice well. Establish an ideal in voice ; work for it.

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THE NORMAL POINTER.



Miss May Finch has withdrawn to teach.

The Civil Gov't class had their finals Friday, December 19.

Ira Hubbard of Hancock was here to help us open the new year.

Sickness has compelled the Misses Little and Dignum to withdraw.

Arthur Latton has withdrawn to teach near his home at Medford.

G. G. W. Gates of the class of '98 spent a few days visiting old friends.

Lost, while bringing in wood, an opal, no reward; return to Miss L. O'L.

We have all enjoyed our vacation and are now ready for the new year's work.

Miss Christine Johnson, who teaches at Milladore spent vacation at her home here.

Horace Dawcett has withdrawn to accept a position with McCulloch's, in the city.

Ralph Rounds spent a few days here while on his his way home from the University.

We are now prepared to furnish music for dances and receptions. Ragtime music a specialty. Misses F. and S.

Florence Gardiner, who teaches at Saxon, visited with Villa Cowles a week, returning Saturday, December 31.

The Misses Saxton. Cowles and Howlett and Mr. Ames were absent from some of their classes, on account of sickness.

Those who are to take part in the oratorical contest might gain some pointers if they would visit Mr. R—well's reading class and hear him "climb."

W. L. Fuller, who has been teaching the Fourth and Fifth grades at Grand Rapids was promoted and will take. Will Bradford's place in the high school.

Prof. Sanford gave a lecture on general history for his class in this study. It was very interesting, the stereoptican being used to illustrate, gave it additional interest.

In Theory class Mr. S. "You are not what I am are you Mr. Killinger?"

Mr. K. "No."

Mr. S. "I am a man therefore you are not a man."

Pres. Brier of River Falls spent the week, ending December 19, inspecting our Normal and of course favored us with one of those pleasant talks, which we can all appreciate.

The majority of our faculty attended the Wisconsin Teacher's association at Milwaukee during the holidays. Pres. Pray and Prof. Sanford taking part in the regular program.

Miss Gray supervisor of the Grammar department who has been sick since the Thanksgiving recess is back again. Mrs. Elliott had the supervision of the work during Miss Gray's absence.

Gail Hamilton told us what the blind man saw in Europe. The lecture was very good and Mr. Hamilton showed plainly that there may be some real enjoyment in life even for a blind man.

Prof. McCaskill entertained us one morning with an interesting talk about a summer spent studying animal life on the seashore, as usual he never gave the audience a chance to appear gloomy.

Prof. Sylvester gave one of the most entertaining and instructive lectures of the year, on the ruins of Pompeii. The numerous pictures displayed and his reading added special interest to the lecture.

Will Bradford, who has been on the sick list for a while has been forced to give up his work in the high school at Grand Rapids, Mr. Barrows taking the position until another teacher was found.

Miss Earle had a severe attack of toothache and being advised to try a mustard plaster, did so without considering the strength of the plaster, with a result that was soon noticed by the whole school.

Roy Beach was married to Miss Clara Beach December 25. The young couple will make their future home at Klamath Falls, Ore. Both are old Normal students and we wish them much success in life.

The literature class were talking about Bryant's Thanatopsis which he had misplaced in his father's desk, and Mr. P—— said "The boy had misplaced the poem and lost it, it having been put into a dovecot."

Miss Stewart entertained us with a talk on the characters of Dickens' novels, and the schools thoroughly enjoyed spending the moments with "patient little Nell" Oliver Twist and the other characters.

Most of us have worried a great deal trying to settle whether this is the nineteenth or the twentieth century, but Mr. Cowan says that the mumps gave him worry enough and so has left the question for others to settle.

They were using the stereopticon in the history class and the picture of the head of an Egyptian mummy was on the screen, when Mr. C—son said "That looks like the mummy of Seti I." not noticing the embarrasment of the young lady who had gotten between the stereopticon and the screen.

The London Glee Singers, who were with us December 22, gave a very entertaining concert, their songs were all new as far as we were concerned, and the rendering of them was good. The students who were lucky enough to go home on the Green Bay, found the Glee Singers on the train and they were kind enough to give us some of their songs and we all enjoyed "Dumble dum deary" and the other jolly songs again.

Miss Clements and Miss Morse looked after our art exhibit, which though not as large as some was varied and Miss Clements showed how our pupils progressed from the primary to the more advanced classes in the Normal proper. We were the only school to have an exhibit of casts, also reproduced work among which were some of the designs for the Pointer. The colored work of the grades was very neat and showed a great deal of artistic skill. At last Mr. Stinson has learned the secret of making circus lemonade.

At the depot Junction City, Miss Y. to station agent, "When does the 8:20 train go out?"

Mr. L. in debate naming the possessions of the U. S. "We now own Alaska, Porto Rico, the Philippines and the Wilmot Proviso."

The chemistry class was trying to think of a name for certain dyes gotten from coal tar when a hand was raised in the back part of the room, C. "Well, Mr. M-lv- - ll, what is it?" Mr. M. "Diamond Dyes."

Some boys that we know have been accused of senenading some of their lady friends while these same lady friends are at breakfast. Boys, this must be stopped.

We have a little? boy at the Normal who weighs 265 pounds and when the big? boys bother him he has been heard to use such expression as these, "Quit that now, can't you leave a fellow alone, you don't know putty."

New Year's Resolutions.

Those who skipped classes Thursday, December 21, have firmly resolved never to skip classes again.

The male quartet resolve never to appear in public except by special request.

Berto has resolved not to write another essay until he is allowed to read his latest on "How I Wooed and Lost."

Stinson made a firm resolve that after this the Chinaman would call for his work, because when he took it himself he had to go chasing along the streets to see where he had dropped his shirts.

Barrows will not buy another high collar unless it is provided with a pad for the protection of his chin.

Lund has resolved that if he ever raises another moustache the boys will have to pay him more than ten cents as there isn't enough to be gained by the deal.

Miss Stella Walker a former student at the Normal was married on New Year's day to Mr. Ed. Langenberg. a young and prominent business man of this city. All her friends at the Normal extend their congratulations.

Our Athletics.

The football season is over and the pigskin is at rest. The record on the gridiron has been made. Still we have more work to do and more victories to win. Our athletic zeal has manifested itself in a different, although not a new field. The scene of activity has changed from the gridiron to the gymnasium. Basketball is the game that interests all at present. We have had some very good teams in the past and expect to put out a better team than usual this season. For we have some excellent experienced material from which to make a team.

The usual energetic and enthusiastic spirit seems to actuate all concerned in the game This spirit, which is a part of our school is the guarantee of future victories.

About the time of the close of the football season, the initial step was taken toward basketball. Seven teams were formed and their names handed to the manager. Active practive was begun by the teams every night and Saturdays in preparation for the tournament. This tournament of the teams was to decide who should compose the school squad from which the school team will be chosen. The tournament resulted in the first place being awarded to Grimm's team, and the second to Utter's team.

The school squad chose Prof. McCaskill and Prof. Evans, who together with Capt. Utter constitute a committee to choose the school team. If at any time during the season, a player develops sufficient skill to warrant his being on the first team it is the business of this committee to place him there.

Grimm's team composed of Grimm, Allen, Switzer, Miller. Berto, Schofield; and Utter's team composed of Utter, Geo. Atwell, Ensign Atwell, Gee, Halverson and Rockwell. These teams are the squad from which the school team will be chosen.

Mr. Utter was chosen captain of the team. He is a good player and will make an able captain. After the holidays the regular team will be organized and systematic work begun.

A schedule of six or seven games will be played this season. Games are already arranged with New London and Appleton. Several other challenges have been received and are under consideration. It is not expected that games will be arranged with River Falls and Superior, because of the expense. The Athletic association has authorized the execu-

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tive committee to purchase suits for the basketball team.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic association the resignation of Prof. C. H. Sylvester and Charles Boles were regretfully accepted. The present satisfactory finnacial status of the association is due to their executive ability and financiering. The association elected Prof. Evans and Ed. M. Gilbert to fill the vacancy caused by their resignation.

Prof. C. H. Sylvester will end his pedagogical duties at the end of this quarter, and will take up editorial work in Chicago. The athletic circles of this school wish him success in his new work, but realize that his gain will be their loss. Prof. Sylvoster has always taken an active part in all phases of our athletics. He has been eminently successful in arousing a proper athletic spirit. Manly, healthful and honest competition in athletics has been the ideal that he held before young and old. May success be with him in his new work, is the earnest wish of us all.

Athletic exercise does not seem to be evenly distributed among the students of this school. There are many who do not take any more exercise than they are obliged to. It is true the regular gymnasium work offers systematic exercise to everyone. The young men get this physical exertion but two nights in a week, and then to some of it is not good hard work. Those who play football and basketball get their share of bodily training, and there are some naturally weak who do not need more than two nights' work. But there are those who possess the physical strength, yet do not get the exercise of the school games that ought to have an opportunity to do more athletic work. There are those who desire to embrace the opportunity of using the gymnasium. It is a desire that ought to be cherished and put into action. This spirit of athletic training is the right one and will not only improve the bodily health of each one who is actuated by it but also produces better scholarship. It will not be long before the field sports will be under headway. Those who will go in the runs will need the preliminary training on the track. Some arrangement should be made so that those who wish can use the running track more than two nights in each week.

Alumni.

The ninety-niners, you've heard of them before, have a bright idea; and, just like them, they are making use of it, so that now they enjoy a circulatory class letter. Last June when they separated at the parting of the ways, they heroically resigned themselves to the thought that thereafter they must for the most live in oblivion to each other. That resignation lost some of its bitterness, that oblivion some of its darkness, as soon as the bundle of class letters, with their happy mission, began to go the rounds of the state. There was classic literature in And it was the thought of a humble those letters. compiler that a few selections in permanent printed form, if not appreciated by the world at large, would at least be welcomed by the class of '99.

I was just thinking how great it would be if a fellow with the aid of a Yerkes telescope could ascertain the whereabouts and doings of some of the rest of the '99ers. * * * Down at some way station he could see. by looking closely, Culver asking a burly conductor, "Does this train-er-go to-Lou-toer-Baraboo?" etc., etc.

This child has been enjoying himself pretty well. Just now he is selling nails and scoop shovels to the festive farmers. C. R. ROUNDS.

They pronounced our morning exercise take off an ingenious idea and a jolly class day feature. * * * I did not read a line of even a newspaper, although I had three "exceilent books" which Prof. Swift advised would be good summer reading.

JENNIE BORESON.

My lot has been cast with the babies, where I shall feel perfectly at home, for it is on that level, I fear, that my scanty store of dignity has placed me. * * Sympathize with all your heart with the poor children who so soon are to be entrusted to the care of your humble servant, PEARL CHAMBERLAIN.

Up to date I have been haying. sweating. riding on the bicycle and looking for a school, but now (July 28) I am studying Latin in great shape, about eight to nine hours a day. Respectfully, OSMAR KUENNE.

I suddenly thrust my hands to the bottom of every pocket my suit contained and found that all my cash amounted to 3 cents. I had a board bill of \$2.50 staring into my face too. And I was going to leave

that town that afternoon, which would cost me 81 cents. H. O. MANZ.

(For further particulars consult author.)

When this reaches the girls and boys who used to groan aloud when they saw me coming with an algebra. I beg that they will accept my heartfelt gratitude; If they ever want anything especially disagreeable done they know upon whom to call.

GEORGIANA CATE.

P. S.—(Not of interest to the class, but of great interest to me.) Lois Ellsworth, let this remind you that you owe me a letter.

MARY MCCLELLAN.

Since school closed, as is common with me, I have been taking it easy. * * * However, there is no end of work, and if nothing better shows itsself, I'll pick up an old ax lying near by and make my mark. ED. J. MUNNELL.

Say, Ed., when you take up your ax to make your mark, don't strike anything bard or you will be unable to leave any trace of yourself.

MIRA CONGDON.

But there is one bit of news that is of interest, I am sure, to you all. That is, our class ivy, planted in the light of the moon, and reverently worshipped by the class of '00 is GROWING. Thanks to * * * the protecting care of Albert. W. W. CULVER.

You will remember that I used to be most as good looking as some of the rest. But I have changed. I don't wear high collars any more. * * * I wear a straw hat with a brim 2 feet wide. My work is a dood deal different too. For the last four weeks I have been handling an improved line of "Armstrong" farm machinery IRA HUBBARD.

MOMENTUOUS MENTION:—Notice has been received that Arnold L Gesell is appointed to the high and honororable office of First Grand Master of Class Correspondence, class of '99, S. P. N. Allwho desire to receive the next package of letters must have their contribution in the hands of Mr. Gesell (Stevens Point, Wis.,) by February 3d, 1900. What man has done man can do. Suppose you make it another success. Remember the utterance of Miss Malick, '99:—"There's nothing 'pokey' about this idea (the circulatory letter). I move that our president appoint some one to start the ball rolling every year until I'm married."

ARNOLD L. GESELL.

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Exchanges.

The "Modernized Version of the Seige of Troy" is a witty and well written poem.

The last number of the Normal Advance contains a poem "The Man with a Hoe" which was most heartily appreciated by our practice teachers.

The Lake Breeze metes out justice to forty-two exchanges on less than a page. We are pleased to know that the "Breeze" is enough of a Wind to carry all before it.

The December Normal Pennant from San Jose, California, is an excellent paper. The exchange column is exceptionally well used in reviewing the Pennant's many exchanges.

The Spartan agrees with the Pointer in saying the exchange column is not a vacant page on which worn out jokes are to be cast. The Spartan and Pointer join hands in this; will you join us?

We are glad to know that many of the schools of Wisconsin were so fortunate as to hear Gail Hamilton's lecture on "What a Blind Man Saw in Europe." All are loud in their praises of Mr. Hamilton.

The View Point's editorials are of the common sense type and these, like the other parts of the paper, are good productions. We are somewhat disappointed to find there is not room for the exchange editor's work.

The Guard and Tackle comes again from California. There are many good features in the Guard's columns, but we think it would be better to let the advertisements occupy a place of their own. We believe the advertisements would be as valuable to the advertisors and this arrangement would, we think, make the paper more attractive.

The Southwest comes to us from the New Mexico Normal University. Las Vegas, New Mexico. This is the first visit we have had from our friend in the far southwest, and we are very glad to know that so good a publication is sent out from New Mexico. Though separated by a great expanse of territory we see at a glance that the spirit of the Norma'ite is the same the world over.

By reading the school papers from all parts of the U. S. we realize what place the lecture has come to occupy as a means of education and entertainment. Nearly all the papers from the better class of schools have something to say in regard to the lecture course which the school has made possible in that particular city. In nearly every instance the schools of the towns are the means of furnishing the lecture course. People outside the school try sometimes to dictate the details of arrangement to the students after the lectures are an assured success. One question might be asked; should not the students be given some credit for starting a good thing?

In the Lawrentian we find an article which reviews the football season from Laurence's point of view. The Laurentian says Lawrence had to play the whole school when they came here. It is true the Normalites were there to see the Pointers win but a by stander would be impressed with the idea that the eleven Pointers on the field took most of Lawrence's attention.

The School Bell Echoes is one of our friendly callers. A good school spirit is shown in its columns, but the Echoes might be made more attractive if given an over coat for this cold weather. A cover is needed by every paper, whether large or small.

With pardonable pride the Carroll Echo brings us the story of Rev. John C. Lloyd, formerly a student at Carroll and now minister in the largest church of Johannesburg. They also publish a letter from Rev. Lloyd to his old instructor.

The College Days contains a full page cut of Ripon's new \$30,000 science hall. The building will be completed so as to be dedicated at commencement time next June. This gives to Ripon a science hall of which it may well be proud.

The Gitche Gumee from Superior is very interesting throughout. "The Innate Perversity of Inanimate Objects" is written in a style which makes it pleasant to read. The "Modern Dictionary" will be used by the Pointer staff.

The artistic cover for the December Argosy is an appropriate introduction to the good work of the editors found under the cover.

Model School.

PRIMARY.

The last week of school before Christmas vacation found the little folks very busy. Each child made two gifts for his friends. The Birds, first grade pupils, made stamp cases and needle-books; The Busy Bees, second grade pupils, made stamp cases and blotters; The Workers, third grade pupils, made handkerchief cases, calendars and Christmas booklets containing their own Christmas stories. The material was furnished by the pupils

Thursday afternoon the front boards were decorated with the gifts tastily arranged on manila paper. The Workers furnished the Christmas program which was enjoyed by a number of the parents and younger brothers and sisters of the pupils as well as by the pupils themselves.

Jolly Old Saint Nicholas	Worker boys
A Funny Christmas Present	Leora Reton
Christmas Times	Jerkie Bentley
Kriss Kringle's Drive	Busy Bees
To Saint Nicholas	Dan Weller
Christmas in Many Lands	Workers
Santa's Letter	Arthur Chapman
Dr. Dos'em's Reflections	Paul Collins
Santa Claus	Busy Bees
The First Christmas	Workers

INTERMEDIATE.

This room was prettily decorated for the day with appropriate drawings and evergreens. An interesting program was given which was enjoyed by several visitors besides the parents.

The following are original letters written by pupils in this department:

> 201 North Fremont St., Stevens Pt., Wis., December 18, 1899.

DEAR SANTA:--I hope you will enjoy your Christmas and New Year. I have vacation for thirteen days. How are Mrs. Santa Claus and yourself? I remember one Christmas when you were sick and you sent Uucle Sam instead. I hope you will not have to do that ever again.

I have something this Christmas much nicer than

anything I had last Christmas. What do you suppose it is? I do not think you can guess, so I will tell you. It is a baby sister. You can not doubt that it is better than any doll you can give to any girl. Tell Mrs. Santa Claus that I want her to come with you Christmas night so that she can see it.

You. of course, will fill her stocking, too. As she is not old enough to talk will you please let me tell you what I think she wants? I want her to have a little doll (for she thinks a good deal of mine.) All babies like rattles so please bring her one. I can not think of anything more but as you have to provide for a great many babies I wish that if you think of anything else that a baby four months old would like you would bring it to her, too.

I suppose you know about what a little girl like me would want for Christmas. I will tell you a few things I want. I am selfish, I know you will think when you read this list of presents. I want a strong sled. I want all the candy I can get. I want some new games and books. I want my brother to get a riding whip, some skates and candy of course. In his letter he will want something else. Please give it to him.

I want you to give mamma and papa something. Give my love to Mrs. Santa Claus. Good bye.

INA MARTIN.

Stevens Point. Wis., Dec. 18, '99.

DEAR SANTA:-

I wish you a happy Christmas and a happy New Year. I have to wish it now for I will be sound asleep when you come to our house.

Are your reindeer all right? If you have one that is not fleet enough for you, send him to me. Our house has tin on the roof and you are liable to slip.

There is a wood-pecker's nest on the roof of our house; do not forget it.

You had better wear your old clothes for our chimney has not been cleaned lately.

I want a lot of things and these are what they are a steam engine, an air gun, a pair of nickel-plated skates, a good book of animals and lots of candy and peanuts.

If you go by grandma's house tell her to be down. Well, that will satisfy me but if you want to bring

any more I don't care.

Yours truly, Willis Boston.

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