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Selection of Studies permitted to teachers, under favorable conditions.

New Classes formed four times each year in nearly every subject in the course of study except Latin, German, and some advanced science studies. The quarters begin Nov. 4, Jan. 14, April 8.

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 part of the school work, and get an immediate personal reply.

Address the President,
THERON B. PRAY.
Stevens Point, Wis.
MARTHA PERKINS was one of those rare souls who seem to forget that there are such people as themselves and only remember those around them.

She had two children and a husband who could play the fiddle and who talked about the great amount of work he always had to do. Still Marthy thought he was perfect and really made herself believe that he had hard work to do.

They had a good log house, but as Mr. Perkins had reasoned that a family of four does not need much room, the house was rather small.

But Marthy reasoned in another direction. She thought as long as they had such a small family, she could just as well look out for all the orphaned children around about.

As when a neighbor died leaving three little ones to the harsh treatment of a father who drank all the time, Marthy’s compassionate heart was aroused and the children were taken to her own little home.

Then Marthy’s sister-in-law died, and the brother came with a woful tale of the five little ones without a mother, and tho Mr. Perkins rebelled, Marthy took them in also.

Ten children in a house that was built for two! But Marthy managed it and found room for them all.

As you can imagine money was scarce in the house with a fiddler at the head, and it was sometimes very hard for Marthy to make both ends meet.

Christmas was drawing near, and by much scrimping Marthy had managed to save out two dollars to buy something for each child. She knew it would not be much, but she determined to have it something sensible.

Well, when it came time to go to town and spend the precious money, Mr. Perkins decided that there was no need for Mrs. Perkins to go. He could spend the money just as well, and so she submitted.

Of course when he arrived in the town he could find nothing to buy for ten children with two dollars, so he spent it all for “something to eat,” candy and the like.

Poor Marthy was quite discouraged when he came home bringing such things, but she did not give up up entirely. She had tanned a good many rabbit skins and with these she made hoods, collars and muffes for the little girls. She had plenty of yarn,
so she knit mittens and socks for the boys. For her husband she made a very fine pair of driving gloves, but somehow he forgot to make anything for Marthy.

Then she thought of all the neighbors within a radius of six miles. Most of them were poor and wouldn't be able to have much for Christmas, so she planned little gifts for each family.

Now Martha had declared she would have a Christmas tree for the children, much to the disgust of her husband, who feared that he might have to work for it.

The boys cut down a good sized tree and set it up in the sitting room. Then Martha put all the children in the corner of the kitchen and told them to stay there, or they shouldn't have a tree. Just as she was getting ready to trim the tree, she rushed out to find that Mr. Perkins's father and mother had come clear from "Pennsyphany" to spend Christmas and New Years with them. Well, Martha seemed to be very delighted and did her best to make them comfortable. She was rather afraid of them, because they had money and she feared they might think her gifts rather crude, but she determined to make the best of it. She would have her tree anyway. After grandpa saw all the children and caught a glimpse of the Christmas preparations, he said he would go back to town and get some toys for the little ones. He had given each of the children some pennies and now they said they would like to have him get some gifts for them. They couldn't make up their minds what to get, and Marthy told them they could get pretty good handkerchiefs for a penny apiece. So one and all they decided on handkerchiefs.

After Grandpa returned, the work of trimming the tree was begun again, this time with Grandma's help.

The twenty-four handkerchiefs were tied in artistic knots on the branches and gave the tree rather a fantastic appearance. Marthy's gifts were put in the background, but she didn't mind. Candy and popcorn were strung in the usual manner about the tree. The toys were put in the best places as they made it look more like a Christmas tree. Then the home-made candles were put in place and made ready to light.

At the last moment Marthy thought of a neighbor with six little ones who would have no Christmas, so she sent for them, and when they arrived the candles were lighted and the door thrown open for the children.

Their shrieks of delight brought a glow of pleasure to Marthy's face. She did not notice that Grandpa and Grandma were looking on with an air of condescension—it was so nice of them to leave their comfortable home and come to spend Christmas in this lonely place—she did not see the frown of Mr. Perkins—the house was so crowded he couldn't find room to play "The Irish Washerwoman." Nor were the envious looks of the neighbors seen by her. They seemed to be saying "Marthy always has so much money to spend for foolish things." None of these things were visible to Martha—she only heard the happy exclamations of the children.

At last the frolic was over and the neighbors prepared to depart.

When she had said good night to them, when she had tucked the children in bed and made room for Grandpa and Grandma, after Mr. Perkins had gone off to sleep from sheer weariness—he had worked so hard—Marthy came back to the sitting room and sat down before the tree, where a few candles were still flickering.

Her lips moved and she said in a low voice. "Oh, if I could only have had all this when I was a child!" And then more cheerfully, "But I ought to be thankful! I can give such pleasure to all these little ones—and I am very thankful."

And as the last candle flared up before going out, it lighted up the plain face, until it glowed as the face of an angel and a voice seemed to break on the stillness of the room with these words, "Inasmuch as he have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

**A COMPOSITION ON SPARROWS.**

"Write an essay on sparrows." That will be easy. Why, she gave us the title, and every little point to write about—"How they fly," "Manner of alighting," "Sudden chirps." I will know just what to look for. Oh, yes, of course that will be easy. I remember that when the English sparrows drove the song sparrows out of our trees last summer they
did just those things. I remember especially how they quarrelled in the trees just at dusk.

So this evening I got out my notebook, and procuring a handful of crumbs I started out in search of them. Not a sign of a sparrow did I see: "but then," I thought, "they must be somewhere near. They are so plenty. Why, only yesterday the trees were full of them and they flew down and across the street with a suddenness that fairly startled me." I scattered my crumbs and waited. Not a sparrow appeared. "But then, one must: 't be in a hurry," I reflected. "That is the bane of the American people. They live too fast. The birds set us a better example. No doubt they are off on some little pleasure excursion and will soon return." So I scattered more crumbs, this time in front of the house, for I knew they were oftenest there, and, anyway, it is always well to have more than one base of supply. I waited awhile, yet they did not come. "They are very disagreeable birds," I thought, "at least, I have always heard they had that reputation." "But no," I reflect, "perhaps I misjudge them. One should always be charitable. At this moment they may all be at the other end of the town posing for some of the other members of our composition class. Well, I cannot wait all night for those sparrows." I concluded; "If they won't come to me, I shall have to go to them." So out I started. I crossed some vacant lots where some red asparagus berries flamed. "Surely those ought to attract them," but no sparrows were there. "They know not their opportunities," I thought.

There was a barn a little farther down. "They may be there: I have heard that sparrows linger about barns." No, not one. I stopped and gazed around, but still no sparrows. "Yes, there is a bird. Can it be a sparrow? But it is flying alone, and the outline said that sparrows always go in flocks. I will watch it at any rate. As the patent medicine almanacs say 'All the symptoms may not be present in each case.' 'Sudden movements are a characteristic of the bird.' It surely must be a sparrow, for it has suddenly disappeared. Never mind, there must be more where he came from. Hark! Yes, that surely was the 'quick chirp.' There it is again. I looked for the sparrows, but saw nothing. I looked again. This time I noticed the swaying of a twig of a willow tree across the street and caught a fleeting glimpse of brown as a dozen or more birds departed in that "sudden flight." They were sparrows. I was sure of it. But they were gone and I had not noted a point for my composition. R. B.

AN ACCIDENT IN A CHICKEN COOP.
The other evening, just after the chickens had gone to roost, father decided to kill one of them and I went into the coop to get it for him.

I caught a young rooster that knew how to use his lungs, and the commotion he raised can hardly be described. After handing him to father I stepped outside the coop door and waited there, so as not to be too near the scene of action.

A deathlike stillness settled upon the rest of the chickens, and as it was a quiet evening the only sound to be heard was the squawk of the rooster until the thud of the ax silenced him.

Looking into the coop I saw the chickens craning their necks this way and that, but uttering no sound until a young pullet away back in the corner settled herself upon the roost and whispered, "What happened?" The old hen next her didn't know, so the question was passed down the line until a little white rooster muttered something that was satisfactory, for they settled down apparently for a nap. But the little pullet apparently didn't intend to let matters rest there. Having the usual curiosity of her sex she wanted to know all, so she asked "Who was it?" This no one seemed able to answer, until a sleepy-looking old hen roused herself enough to say "Feather Legs," and then dozed off again. Now Feather Legs happened to be squeezed out of sight between two big Brahmns, but upon hearing his name mentioned stretched himself up to his full height and denied the assertion in strong terms. So strong indeed, that it roused the whole flock and things were getting quite exciting when the tut! tut! of the old rooster, whom I thought asleep quieted matters, and after one or two sidelong glances at him to see whether he meant it or not, and concluding he did, they settled down as though nothing had happened.
THE NORMAL POINTER.

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EDITORIAL

Subscribers, do you see that frown on the business manager's brow? Do you know what it means? It means that many of us have not paid our subscription to the Pointer. Now the publication of a school paper such as ours necessitates some financial hazard and the responsibility of carrying through successfully this part of the program rests, primarily, with the business manager. But the inference is that every student will lend his financial support to so worthy an enterprise and thus relieve the management of all uneasiness. Undoubtedly most of you have taken the first step in the right direction, that is, you have permitted your name to be enrolled on the list of Pointer subscribers; very good. But why not take the second step (the presentation of a 50c piece to the business manager) immediately after the first one? It seems that this would be only consistent with good business principles. But—well, many of us have not been business-like, that is all. The money is needed and the business manager, through this column, announces, that he will only be satisfied with 75c from those who fail to pay their subscriptions before January 15th.

Moral,—when you are purchasing your Christmas presents remember the business manager and make him happy too.

Probably the richest musical treat ever enjoyed by the people of Stevens Point was that furnished by the Brooke Marine band of Chicago, on the evening of Nov. 23rd. Though the circulars that presaged their concert and the press in general teemed with the most glowing praise of this famous orchestra, yet all this laud raised the expectations of all none too high. From the first burst of melody to the closing note the superb program was rendered without a moment's cessation of the flow of harmony. The audience could have been nothing else but enthusiastic as it listened and observed the wonderful accuracy and precision of those musicians. Skill, intense concentration of mind, discipline, teamwork—all were there. Truly, leaving out of consideration the aesthetic value of such an entertainment and such entertainers, these could not but be much in such an evening's program for all present.

Only a week until the Christmas vacation! The Holiday spirit seems to be here already! How hard it is to keep steadily, sturdily at work now that our emancipation is so near at hand! What a host of things there are to tell the dear waiting ones at home and how glad we are going to be to see them! Ay, and they will be glad to see us, too. They who have been traveling the same old, well-beaten paths at home; they who are perhaps sacrificing much that we may grow richer in knowledge; they who miss us so much at home and who have been looking forward so eagerly to this vacation and our homecoming. Let's don't disappoint them by thoughtlessly giving too much time and attention to others. They want us there at home and they are deserving of all that we can do to make them happy while we are with them. Let's make our vacation theirs. Let's go home!

At last the new addition, which has so long been a chaos of brick and lumber, emitting discordant sounds of saw and hammer, is completed and ready for our use. The broad halls, the large and pleasant rooms, and the bright shining air of newness about it all, make it a most attractive place.
Ten Commandments of School Life.—

Thou shalt not "flunk."

Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh which is Sunday, thou shalt lay aside thy weekly apparel and in purple and fine linen shalt thou rest.

Thou shalt not study before supper for that is the time for rest; neither afterwards for the space of one hour, for that would be unhealthy; nor shalt thou employ noons and recesses for that purpose, for they are intended otherwise; neither shalt thou study later than ten o'clock, for he who doeth thus will grow old before his time.

Thou shalt spend at least one and one-half hours on every study, nor shalt thou carry more than seven or less than four, for even so is it written.

Many a time and oft shalt thou visit the library spending much time in the perusal of its contents, nor shalt thou "study" Life at nine-ten.

Three days of the week shalt thou make a joyful noise from nine-ten even unto nine-thirty-five, that thou mayest learn to sing great songs, and rest even at the right time.

One hour of each day shalt thou devote to jumping great jumps and leaping great leaps, in marching, club swinging and manipulating with wands, for even this is likewise required.

Thou shalt not forget to be merry, but neither shalt thou be too merry for in a superabundance of merriment lieth great danger.

Thou shalt not bluff, for in this art but few have acquired proficiency and even the proficient shall fall.

These are the commandments even as they are written in the book of the law by the lawgivers. But a new commandment give I unto you: if you would prosper do not as it is written but rise early and study even into the wee sma' hours, for even as you study so shall you recite and in the final hour you shall reap your reward in five scores and four scores and tens.

"Couplets."

From high upon their pedestals
The statuary one day,
Were talking very seriously
• In their usual quiet way.

Of why a certain senior
From a Busch's not "Lange" away.
Though to a fair-haired Norsky
Most troublesome his stay.

They spoke of Jackisch's fondness
For Daisies straight and tall;
And why that stately Thomas
A Larkin' goes, this fall.

Of why so often now-a-days
Though never seen before
Grave Wadleigh claims a foremost seat
Right by the office door.

Or why a gay, wise senior
Who "locals" helps to make
So often pauses in his way
To talk to sweet Miss Drake.

Of why young Conrad Oleson
So much enjoys cold weather,
And talks so learnedly of Frosts
And hopes they'll last forever.

They also spoke of Ogden
Who mistakes Gesells for dears;
And that Viroqua senior
Who a Marshall never fears.

Of many others, too, they talked
Until the time was late,
And then their weary eyes they closed
And left couples to their fate.

A Famous Quintet—

Ludicrously Chivalrous.
Anxious Devotee.
Absolute Hermit.
Extra Winsome.
Girl Admirer.
Little boy's Xmas query: "Watcher given' us?"

Query: Is there such a thing as imposing on a person's credulity too much?

Miss Laura Martin entertained a few of her Normal friends Tuesday evening, Nov. 27.

Thursday evening, Nov. 29, the faculty gave the students one of the best times had this year.

We are glad to welcome W. D. Fuller back to school again. He spent his summer in the east.

Merl M. Ames and Rudolph Iakishch have been doing substitute work in the schools at Plainfield and Almond respectively.

Success at Last.—After patiently waiting for seven long years the students of the S. P. N. S. have been treated to a dinner by two members of the faculty.

By the departure of J. W. Stinson the Senior class loses one of its most popular members. Mr. Stinson has secured a position with the wholesale establishment of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. The Pointer extends its best wishes for success.

Air! Exercise! Cleanliness! Owing to the languid actions, hollow cheeks and pale faces of students. Prof. McCaskill, in his usual happy and earnest manner, gave an excellent talk on the physical side of school life. As a result of his talk we now see instead of languidness, activity; the pale, hollow cheeks have given place to roses and dimples.

One of the pleasant surprises to students remaining in Stevens Point during vacation was the presence of many former students and graduates of this school. Among the visitors were Prof. H. A. Schofield, F. B. Polley, C. W. Werner, W. Hanson, H. Cate, G. Hamilton, J. Wysocki, L. A. Roseberry, O. E. Wood, Emma Skatvold, Esther Hetzel, Judith Wadleigh, Effie Sprague and Kenneth, Allen and Florence Pray.

Mr. Elson Whitney, a former student, called on old friends at the Normal on Dec. 6. The old students will remember that Mr. Whitney received a government appointment to duty in the Philippines and went there over a year ago. Since then he has been assigned to duty at San Francisco, and later at Denver. He is back among his old friends on a month's leave of absence. He has many interesting things to tell concerning "Our New Possessions" and life in Uncle Sam's employ.

Oh! To Be a Senior!

The Senior class last week received a very kind invitation from Prof. Livingston and wife to be present at their home on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day, and the Seniors who remained in town can testify to the excellent time had, and to the kindness of both host and hostess. The afternoon was pleasantly passed in playing some old-fashioned games, such as "Jenkins," rhyming charades, patient medicines, etc. When all had enjoyed playing games for some time, Mrs. Livingstone asked them to think of some adjectives for her to supply in her story. It was quite a revelation to most of them and a number of original descriptions were given when it came to her read. Refreshments were served in a very unique way. Each helped himself to
THE NORMAL POINTER.

whatever he wished from a most bounteous table. Among the guests we recognized Prof. H. A. Schofield and Prof. C. G. Hamilton, both of the Senior class of 1901.

"What's in a Name?"

Stevens Point Normal school is surrounded by some beautiful scenery. To the east are the Hills and the Caves. The broad Lees stretch to the west, while on the campus is seen a large Glasspoleo, the pretty Gesell, Martin and Drake are found in the park. A small Busch grows by the Wood. Near the River grow the tall Reed and the wild Rice. The fields nearby are dotted with yellow Mustard. A Barry Patch and a Cherry tree are growing near the Main entrance. When the Frost turns the leaves Brown, the scene is one of rare beauty, but now the White Snow covers the Gray earth.

It's little wonder we love this school with its lofty Ames and its noble Powers. To Doolittle would be to neglect the opportunities which are Ewers.

In years to come, when engaged in our battle of life, as Thrasher, Miller, Carpenter or Taylor, we Marshall our thoughts back to that dear old Towne, and the recollection of those happy days will bring Joy to us.

Spiritually we are well provided for in having a Pope and Bischoff, besides the regular Pray hour.

Robbers.

Recently the school building was entered and many articles were stolen. Among these were: poses from the drawing room; radical sign from No. 28; feet from the literature room; articles from Mrs. Mustard's room; one "jar" of electric currents from the laboratory; "belles" from the gym: notes from No. 17; "stands" from 22, and a mountain chain (and charm) from Geography room. The following tools are also missing: Hammer and anvil from Prof. McCaskell's room; file from office: a bar and a measure from music room, and a plane from the geometry room.

Elements Follow.

A pleasant reception was given by the second year students Nov. 16. The gym was beautifully decorated with school colors, while here and there could be seen palms and large bouquets of chrysanthemums. One of the very enjoyable parts of the program was a farce given by the Elementary Dramatic company.

The Literary Societies.

The Athenaeum enters upon its fourth year with an unusual amount of energy and enthusiasm. This society, while a comparatively young organization, has made its influence felt the short time of its existence. Its meetings so far have been large and enthusiastic, and the programs rendered have been characterized by carefulness in preparation and earnestness in delivery. If the future is to be judged by the present and past, the Athenaeum has every reason to look forward to a profitable year. It is fortunate enough to have among its members a number of musicians, a fact that adds greatly to the interest in the meetings.

One of the potent factors in the literary life of the Normal is the Arena. With a membership of nearly a hundred, it has begun a year that is to be a banner year in its history. The programs have been varied and interesting, and have given much pleasure to all who have attended. The music, which has formed a special feature, has been carefully selected, well prepared and delightfully rendered. A new line of work in debating has been taken up. The society hopes to have these debates from time to time and to derive much profit as well as pleasure therefrom.

The outlook for the Normal Forum is bright indeed. Every man responds to the call on the program with an earnestness that savors of the past when Forumites carried the purple and gold to victory. The Forum is prepared to do this year as it has always done in the past; that is, furnish its share of orators and debaters to represent the school. The society is always pleased to welcome as visitors or members any who are interested in the work.

(Continued from page 33,

and tune would impress you more than any other time or tune in the room. "America" is his favorite, and when he settles back with his eyes on the ceiling and his forehead puckered in a knot, and sings, "My heart with brasser trills," it is perhaps with a feeling of secret satisfaction that his larynx cannot be taken away from him and laid in on the closet shelf. JOHNNY'S TEACHER. (M. J. B. '01.)
Our Athletics.

The grate of football shoes upon the basement floor has ceased and the oval lies at rest.

Our record on the gridiron this year is not what it has been in the past, but considering the many difficulties that were encountered the record is all that could be expected under such conditions.

Our last game this season was played on Nov. 9 at Oshkosh, and, as was expected resulted in the defeat of our team: the score being 29 to 0.

At the time our team was practically broken up, but notwithstanding the fact that more than half of the regular men were out of the game, the weakened ranks were patched up with second team men. The team thus formed proved no match for the Oshkosh team, which probably would have made a respectable showing against the team that defeated them here on Oct. 12th.

Owing to the disbanding of our team the Ripon and Whitewater games were cancelled.

The following is a record of the games played this season:

FIRST TEAM.

Oct. 5—Stevens Point 18; Waupaca 0.
Oct. 12—Stevens Point 18; Oshkosh 12.
Oct. 26—Stevens Point 6; Lawrence 23.
Nov. 9—Stevens Point 0; Oshkosh 29.

SECOND TEAM.

Oct. 12—Stevens Point 6; Stevens Point H. S. 5.
Nov. 2—Stevens Point 6; Neillsville 6.

Now that outdoor games have stopped, the gymnasium has become the center of attraction. At present everyone is interested in basketball.

Certainly no school game is richer in the opportunities offered to its participants than basketball. In it accuracy, alertness and control, the great aim of muscular development, are required at every moment. It is a game for both sexes and every student should take advantage of this king of indoor games.

E. B. Warman, A. M., of Chicago, gives some valuable hints to students in his "Physical Training." He says: "Stand before any institution of learning and watch the young men as they emerge from the building and pass down the street. You will find scores of them with whom the head seems running away with the body, not because the head is so large, but because the body is so small. If you want a fair representative of the average student who neglects physical culture, just put a large round doughnut on a hairpin."

Let the poor, hollow-chested, bad-livered, dyspeptic grumbler against manly sports come out of his little den, doff his coat and vest, breathe freely, purely and deeply of the fresh air that the Almighty has so freely and so plentifully given; then let him take up a pair of Indian clubs, or pitch the ball, throw the quoit, or poise the rifle, or use the dumbbells, or tug at the oar, and he will go back to that self-same den and acknowledge to the world, through the silent, but powerful medium of the pen, that he was wrong in attacking the thing itself, when his blows should have been leveled at its misappropriation and abuse."

In the daily work of the schoolroom but a few of our muscles are called into use, and, as far as some people are concerned, they could well be without half their muscles, as they only use them once a week. If the body is the house in which you expect to live, why then pull piece after piece from its foundation to elevate and enlarge the dome? Hurl the ball and give nature a chance to build up those weak muscles.

The outlook for basketball this year is bright. Thus far two young women's teams and seven young men's teams have been organized. The captains of the young women's are Miss Moen and Miss Huff; of the young men's teams are A. Halverson, Rounds, H. Halverson, Cherowsky, Sansum, Olson and Ames. The school team has not yet been chosen; we expect a strong team, however. Curran, Halverson, Lange and McLees of last year's team are back ready for fast work. Tardiff is with us this year, and a number of former players are back, so, with good support, we should have a winning team.

At a recent meeting of the A. A., Chas. A. H. Lange was elected basketball manager. We are now ready to arrange games with other schools.

Miss Edna Miller has been elected secretary of the A. A. to fill Mr. Roseberry's place, he having withdrawn to teach.
JUST JOHNNY.

Johnny is a little boy, tho he might sometimes well be mistaken for a toy-shop, or perhaps the “Soul of Harmony.” The gum, candy, nuts, marbles, tops, beads, monkeys, watches, knives, and all conceivable musical toys that have found their way from Johnny’s pocket, and subsequently into the teacher’s safe-keeping, would prove that the American boy’s pocket can produce things that Aladdin of the wonderful lamp ne’er dreamed about.

Johnny’s passion for music is not to be suppressed. On his first day at school he produced a huge mouth-organ and proceeded to render a plaintive melody, faint and elusive, but reaching the teacher’s ear, nevertheless. The next day during the silence that preceded the daily story the unmistakable “wing-twang” of a jew’s harp delighted the ears of the children and gave the teacher a better understanding of the character of Johnny. During the third day the teacher, glancing down the aisle where Johnny sat, beheld an enormous rubber pig, blown to its full size, occupying a large part of Johnny’s desk. As its size began to diminish a series of “life-like” squeals smote the air. This time Johnny’s trained eye discerned a determined glitter in the teacher’s eye, and before she could speak he asked her in a penitent little voice if she would take care of his pig, so he wouldn’t forget again. This willingness of the spirit, tho the flesh was weak, was beautiful to contemplate.

Johnny waited some time before he brot forth the pasteboard cat that danced and played a guitar all to the pulling of one string. Then did the teacher pursue a course which she had hitherto regarded as pedagogically barbaric and impossible. She afterwards wondered why she did not find the room strewn with Johnny’s trousers. She even half expected to find some of his bones in distant corners. The silence for the next half hour was broken only by Johnny’s sobs. The black cat reposed on the closet shelf. The beginning of a collection that suggested the origin of amusement, decoration, warfare—all things, but especially music.

Johnny also possesses an unusual amount of inventive genius. When all his toys have been confiscated, he has been known to make a most acceptable rabbit with his handkerchief, the ears and nose made red by a surreptitious dip in a bottle of red ink. At one time when all his “sling-shots” had gone the way of the black cat he had risen to the occasion and used one of his round garters.

But he was not dependent on either the toy manufacturer or the clothier for his means of amusement. His first set of teeth all became loose at once. For two days it was his delight to rush up to the teacher at short intervals waving aloft a newly extracted tooth. She was not surprised, for she supposed at first that they came from his pocket. She would not have been surprised at anything Johnny might extract from his pocket.

She had read “The Evolution of Dodd” and one day when Johnny was very restless, she told him to go out of doors and see how quickly he could run around the house. He was gone so long that the teacher went out to investigate. Johnny came flying around the corner of the house. As he passed her he managed to say, “Just—once—more!” and had disappeared before she could speak. In fifteen seconds he was back again and sank on the step, his face purple, his breath almost gone, but victory shining in his eye. “Stays—blowed—up—one—minute,” he gasped. pointing to his rubber pig just breathing his last on the doorstep, “an’—I—gpt—around—four—times—the—last—time—I—blowed—him—up!”

Much as Johnny loves music, he will never be able to express his soul’s true yearnings in song. Johnny’s voice is the reason. To say that he sings without time or tune would be absurd. His time

(Continued on page 31)
"Sunshine and Art" in the College Days is very good.

Our exchanges for November are very good, so good that it is a pleasure to look them over.

The Ryan Clarion is again with us and is welcomed by all. It always has the "pleasing ring."

We congratulate the Radiograph upon its success. Such an exchange is always welcome and does credit to its school and editors.

The Black and Red is fully up to the standard in every respect. The literary and editorial departments are exceptionally good.

The Cascadillian from Cascadilla School, Ithaca, N.Y., is a new exchange. Its cover is certainly very attractive and appropriate.

The X-Ray from West Bay City, Mich., is a new exchange with a very good literary department. The exchange editor has our sympathy.

Harvard has the largest faculty of all the colleges in America. Her instructors number 337, a body nearly as large as the lower house of Congress.—Ex.

The Whitewater Normal has started a school paper, The Royal Purple. It is a good move, and judging from Whitewater's record, its future is secure. We wish them the best of success.

The "Football Edition" of the Heraldo would do honor to most colleges. It speaks well for the West Denver High school, and shows what good management and support can do even in a High school.

A lady was looking for her husband and inquired anxiously of a housemaid:

"Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I'm not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they're in the wash."

Those that think must govern those that toil.—Goldsmith.

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.—Bovee.

Happiness consists in activity; such is the constitution of our nature: it is a running stream and not a stagnant pool.—Good.

"Think you not," said the Freshman to the maiden fair,

"My mustache is becoming?"
The maiden answered as his eyes she met,

"It may be coming, but it isn't there yet."—Ex.

A new exchange that has made a favorable impression is the Aegis, from the High School at Northfield, Vt. We now have exchanges from "down east" and from the far west, and after all, the best school papers are much alike, east or west.

If you doubt the ability of college girls to manage and edit a paper, just take a look at the Kodak from Milwaukee-Downer college. It is a verification of our belief that college girls can do whatever they undertake to do.

A book is a friend; a good book is a good friend. It will talk when you want it to talk and it will keep still when you want it to keep still—and there are not many friends who know enough for that—Lyman Abbott.

The student who refuses to purchase his college paper and then reads it over the shoulder of his neighbor is short enough to tie his shoestrings to his necktie.—Ex.

The Echo from Carroll college is now representative of the "New Carroll," and judging from the November number its future success is assured.

An exchange that is deserving of mention is the Spartan. It gives us the impression that it represents a live and progressive school.

The High School Messenger is full of good things. We admire the spirit shown in your Thanksgiving editorial. Messenger.

Why is a month shorter in Kansas than elsewhere? Because the wind blows at least two days out of every week.—Ex.

True Blue is a bright attractive little paper that is well gotten up in every way.
The members of this department enjoyed the anticipation of the Thanksgiving holidays quite as heartily as those of the Normal. The zest with which they entered into the entertainment given in the assembly room the Wednesday before Thanksgiving proved this, and other proofs are not lacking. Here is a charming one in the form of a little music book. The covers are of drawing paper and bear a suggestive design in Indian corn. This design was the work of the second and third grades. On the title page are the words, “Thanksgiving Songs. Words and Music Composed by First, Third and Fourth Grades. November, 1901.”

Within are two little songs, one by the First and one by the Third and Fourth grades. The book was prepared for a present to Miss Burghert.

Another book lay beside this on Miss Burghert’s table, entitled The Eskimos. The covers are of drawing paper with a suitable design. The story within is evidently the result of lessons on the Eskimo, and is so readable that it is given in full.

THE ESKIMOS.

The Eskimos live in the cold country. It is north from here. They live in houses made of ice and snow. The house has a bench all around it. The bench is used as a bed, a chair and a table. There is a lamp in the house. It heats and lights the house. The Eskimos burn oil in the lamp. The Eskimos crawl in their houses on their hands and knees.

The Eskimos wear clothes made of fur. They use walrus, seal and bear skins. They take off their clothes in the house, because it is so warm. They wear stockings made of birdskin with the feathers turned in. The shoes are made of bearskin.

The Eskimos hunt the walrus, the seal and the bear. They hunt the seal with a screen and a gun. They hide behind the screen and shoot. They catch birds with a net. They fish for whales and other fish. They catch fish with spears. They cut a hole in the ice and when they see a fish they throw the spear at it and try to hit it.

The Eskimos have queer little games. They play ball. They have a bat. It is a long bone and the ball is a round bone. They slide down hill and shoot at antlers that are stuck up in the snow. They play the antlers are deer.

Harvey.

The book was well illustrated, and since it is impossible to show you the pictures you must content yourselves with their names. Eskimo House, Eskimo Hut, Eskimo Summer Tent, Eskimo Sled, Stove, Mitten, Boot, Screen, Net, Cup, Knife, Bat and Ball, Eskimo Boat. The loose leaves of which the book is made are tied together with orange and purple ribbon and it is a very neat and creditable piece of work.

The most original and interesting feature of the work in the Third ward is their manual training or constructive work. Last month the Third grade was weaving hammocks and the method was described by them in our last issue. At present these pupils are making and furnishing houses. Houses and barns are made of cardboard and the houses are completely furnished with cardboard furniture. All the work is done by dictation and no pattern is given to the pupils. Such work is an excellent drill in attention and accuracy; these boys and girls are able to measure within an eighth of an inch and can follow directions successfully.

The Third grade pupils have written two stories for us, one dealing with a Thanksgiving subject, the other with an experiment tried in the class. The former is given below, but the latter had to be omitted for want of room.

The Pilgrims lived in England. The king wanted them to go to the same church that he belonged to. They did not like this, so they went to Holland and stayed there a few years. Their children began to talk Dutch so they went to America. As soon as they came there they began to cut down trees to make log houses with. It was winter and very cold, and before spring over half of them died. There were nineteen families at first. In the Spring there were only half of them left.

Hans Hansen, Third Grade.
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