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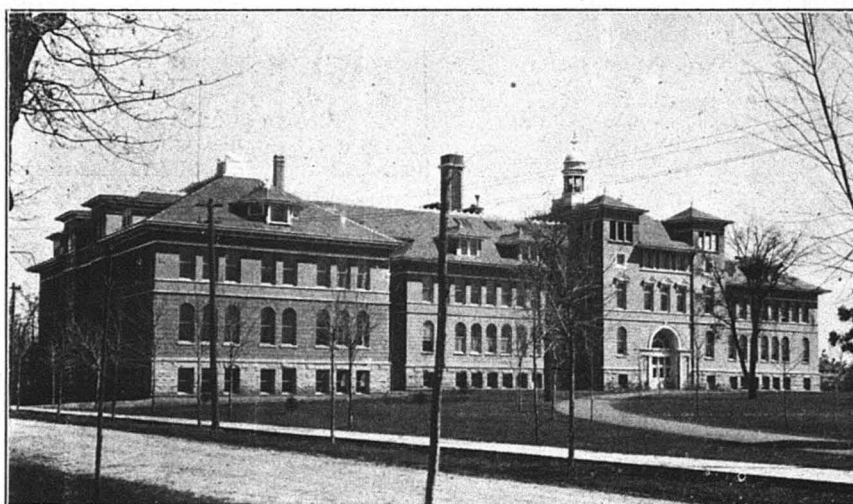
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume VII.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., NOVEMBER 15, 1901.

Number 2.



GENE.

BESSIE ERICKSON.

ONE bright sunny morning as I sat by the open window, my attention was attracted by a child's cries. Looking out I saw Gene for the first time. He was sitting on the very top of a pile of sand in the next yard crying with all his might. He had managed to climb up, how was a mystery, but now when he tried to get down the loose sand gave way under his feet. This frightened him, and his brief three years experience in life failed to bring to his mind any means of reaching the ground again. So he sat crying as loud as a three-year-old well can. His brother, three years older than himself, soon came to his rescue, and Gene was on solid earth once more.

After this that sand pile seemed to exercise a fascination for Gene. With his brother as guardian, he seemed to find much enjoyment in playing about the new house which was being built near by. Many times during the day we would be reminded by his cries that he got into some new scrape. He seemed to have unequalled capacity for falling out of and into things. In the course of a week, without counting minor things, for that would be a hopeless task, he tumbled out of a window, fell down a ladder, wound himself up in a coil of rope, sat down in a

bed of mortar, and got shut up in a tool chest. All his falls and bumps, however, seemed to have no effect, for he was likely to repeat every act as soon as the chance presented itself. Soon the cold weather came on and Gene had to give up his old resort, so we saw him no more for a long time.

One bright morning in April as I opened the door of the school house in which I was to spend the greater part of the next two months, I was confronted by a small lad with a shining new dinner pail in his hand, who addressed me with as familiar a "Hello, Teacher!" as he could had I been filling that position to him for all the years that had passed over his head. Something about him reminded me of other circumstances, but I failed to place him, before a taller boy came to the door and said. "Say, Gene, let's get a pail of water." Then I knew him.

The first day Gene was so very quiet that I began to think he'd gotten over his childish tumblings, but on starting home from school that night he convinced me that this was a vain hope. He determined to run down the hill in front of the school house, and this ended in an accident. His head seemed inclined to go faster than his feet, and before he was aware he pitched face downward in the

muddy road. He cried, of course, and materially increased the loudness of his cries, when his school mates laughed at the ludicrous figure he presented as he stood with hands, face and clothing dripping with mud. But as soon as the mud was washed off Gene was himself again and started off down the road at a run.

I soon became convinced that Gene had lost none of his ingenuity for getting into mischief, but had added to it as he grew older. His active brain seemed employed entirely in planning new surprises for his friends. One morning, on entering school I was greeted with "Mornin' Teacher," and there was Gene with head and arms sticking out through the door of the old rusty Round Oak stove. When with some difficulty I persuaded him that stoves were not made as receptacles for boys, he crawled out looking more like a plantation pickaninny than any white boy.

In spite of the fact that Gene had come through five years of life without any serious damage to his person, I could not help thinking that he might get hurt some way or other. He was likely to be anywhere from the space under the house to the top of the ridge pole, anywhere from the fence at the front to the creek at the back. Every unusual noise brought the thought "Gene's hurt again." One day at noon, as I sat quietly reading, a sudden crash as if the whole roof were coming down made me jump. I dropped my book and with heart thumping and hands trembling sprang to the door. There was Gene, hatless, hands on hips, head on one side, calmly surveying the wood pile, which looked as if a small cyclone had struck it. Turning toward me a grinning countenance full of the satisfaction of a great achievement, he asked, "Say, Teacher, did you hear any noise?" He had simply been experimenting to see how big a cave he could make in the side of the wood pile before it fell in. Just then my greatest desire was to shake the grinning little wretch.

Before all patience was exhausted, however, Gene left school. His brother was needed at home and as he himself informed me, his mother was afraid he'd fall into the river if he came alone, so he was going to stay at home.

The last I heard of Gene for a long time was some time afterward. He was the proudest boy in the county. He had been standing on his head for

the edification of his small playmates and had tumbled over and dislocated his shoulder. This made him the hero of the playground for over a week, and the delighted youngster went about exhibiting to everyone the wounded arm and more particularly the sling in which it was carried. His proudest boast was this, "John, he cut his foot and Georgie, hurt his hand, but," in the most scornful tone he would end, "that ain't nothin'." Guess I got the worstest hurt of anybody."

A HARVEST SCENE IN MINNESOTA.

Upon a rise of ground in one of the country districts of Redwood county, in southwestern Minnesota, stands a small white school house. From every side of this hill the rolling tracts of prairie stretch for miles. In July, the harvest season of Minnesota, the scene from this point is beautiful in its varying changes of color. Though nothing of lakes, streams or mountains, which one usually associates with a beautiful landscape, enters into this scene, yet their absence does not detract from the beauty of the scene, nor render it monotonous.

The rolling plains are covered with one vast sea of ripening wheat. The numerous farm houses surrounded by groves appeared like so many islands dotting the great sea of grain. The sun's rays falling upon the grain as it is moved by the prairie winds, give the crest of the waves a bright golden color, and in the trough, where, as the grain bends, the leaves beneath the heads are visible, this color gives place to varying shades of green. In places where the grain is just beginning to ripen this is of an emerald hue and the crest is light green tinged with gold. The constant shifting and mingling of colors, and the graceful wavy appearance of the wheat present a picture which lingers long in the mind of the beholder.

A few short days and all this quiet, peaceful scene—how changed! In the early morning we see reapers coming forth from every grove. All day long from every direction we hear the click and the clangor of the great binders as they follow each other around the fields sweeping down the grain in their path. All sounds of nature are silenced by the din of the moving machinery. The whole atmosphere is pervaded with the hum of business, and we cannot catch something of the rushing spirit of the busy west.

B. E. H.

NATURE AND THE FLOWERS.

I sent them all forth from my bosom,
In their youth and beauty bright,
To bloom by the hillside and wayside,
To fill the world with delight.

The dainty flowers of April,
And the sunny blossoms of May,
The richer blooms of summer,
And Autum's bright array.

All, all went forth with my blessing,
Went forth in their beauty rare,
To carry a message of gladness
To the weary everywhere.

Now the birds have flown to the Southland,
And the Autumn wind is chill;
The sky is cold and gloomy,
And the meadow brook is still.

So I'll gather them all to my bosom,
From hillside, meadow and plain.
Though withered, crushed and broken,
And chilled by the Autumn rain.

Yes, I'll gather them all to my bosom,
And I'll press them to my breast;
I'll fold my mantle about them,
And thus I'll give them rest.

A. H.

THAT REFRACTORY COW.

My friend Hans Van Gilder had a cow. Is was a refractory beast, spreading terror wherever she went. Leaping over the highest fences, she would leave her trail in Hans's thriving fields of grain, or charging a flock of sheep, you would see them scatter as if struck by a tornado.

Not only would she carry ruin to Hans's fields, but every farm in the neighborhood suffered from her depredations. Hans was long-suffering; he could endure all this; but one day even his sluggish temper was aroused. He carried a pailful of foaming white milk across the yard, when suddenly he felt a great shock in the region of his back. He was dazed, but felt that he was being hurled through the air. When he recovered consciousness, he found himself lying prone upon his back in a pool of milk.

He sold the cow. The day came when she must be delivered to the butcher. Tying a rope around his body and to the cow's horns. Hans set out.

That morning I chanced to look down the road. I saw a great cloud of dust like an approaching tornado. Nearer and nearer it came. I could hear a sound like that of a rushing wind. As it came nearer still I could make out figures in the midst of the cloud. It was Hans and his accursed cow. "Where are you going, Hans?" I shouted. "Wherever the cow goes," was Hans's panting retort, as he whirled by and disappeared down the road.

Now, my reader; may you profit by Hans's sad example. When you write on any subject, do not let the subject run away with you. A. ZOERB.

MUSIN'S.

I.

When de evening sun am settin' in de amber colored West,

An' yo' hear de ho'n a'tootin tellin yo' it's time ter rest,

Then yo' stick yer hoe alongside ob de hill yo' just have hoed,

An' yo' turn an' wander slowly along de homeward road.

O its then one's heart is happy,

An' de worl' is not de same;

Seemed de wind dat whispered softly

From a land ob beauty came.

II.

Wheu de evenin's shades am fallin', an' de new moon's hangin' low,

An' yo' sits beside de cabin, an' yo' picks de ol' banjo,

An de pickaninnies rollin' on de grass beneath de tree.

O, it's den all troubles leave me an' I'm happy as can be

When de katydids am callin'

An' de treetoads in de tree

'Gin ter sing their mighty chorus

Nothin' seems ter worry me.

III.

Den one's heart grows soft and peaceful as he sings de ol' songs oe'r,

An' his cares dey break an' vanish like de waves upon de shore;

An as de moon drops slowly t'ru de piné trees dark an' tall,

We sing one song ob praise to Him an' hang de banjo on de wall.

Mighty glad we is alivin',

Glad some hours are bright an' fair,

Waitin' for de day o' promise.

When dar'll be no more ob care. J. R. I.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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Articles solicited from former students and teachers.

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EDITORIAL

"What are we here for?" So spoke one of our esteemed professors not long ago. That remark should have made us think deeply. Are we here simply to learn enough Geometry and Psychology to enable us to get a diploma? Is it our sole business here to live between the covers of our books? No! There is more in this student life than that. We are not a collection of individuals; we are a unit. As a unit we must act, then, and there is much to do. Every school has a certain moral tone, a character and a reputation of its own. Now it is for us, acting together, to see to it that the moral tone of our school is high, its character good, and its reputation sustained. Assuredly, nothing is accomplished if each one of us goes selfishly about his own tasks and takes no thought of the school as a whole and what it stands for. But there are many opportunities for each one of us to work for the general good of the school. The social events of the year offer them. We should be present when our orators and

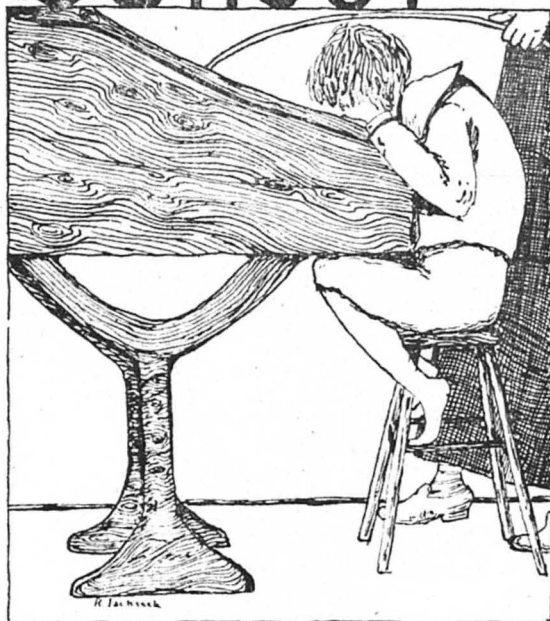
debaters are showing us what drill and preparation have done for them. We should stand on the grid-iron-side and cheer our teams on to victory or to honorable defeat. Do we deserve to be benefitted by the reputation which our school enjoys throughout the state, unless we put ourselves to the wheel and push with the rest?

Then let us agree to lay aside our books now and then, that we may attend more strictly to this common duty and responsibility of ours. Let us show each other that the spirit of patriotism for the school is alive within us. Until we can do this, we will be ashamed to answer our professor's question. "What are you here for?"

Well, the first quarter-stake has been passed. We are just entering on the "back stretch" of our year's race. Perhaps this is the most fitting time to take a backward glance along the route and endeavor to profit by the experience gained thus far. Are we trying to carry too big a burden along with us? Is the pace too fast for us? Were we in condition to meet the demands that were made of us by such a race? These are the questions we put to ourselves as we swing round the first turn and start down the long straight course ahead of us. We should all consider these questions seriously and answer them honestly. In this way mistakes in the future may be avoided and we will feel sure that an honorable place in the race is ours when, in June, we come clattering merrily down the "home stretch" past the judge's stand.

The Normal Lecture course for the year was inaugurated on the evening of Nov. 5, when Lorado Taft, the famous sculptor, appeared before the opera-houseful of those who appreciate and take advantage of every opportunity to learn. And surely Mr. Taft's lecture was such an opportunity. He took us into the sculptor's studio and there introduced us to the labors, the joys and the ambitions of a sculptor's life. He showed us how, step by step, the sculptor works from formless clay to beautiful, lifelike marble bust or statue; and while he worked he talked on in a free, informal style that is most entertaining. No one left the opera house that night who did not feel abundantly repaid for having taken this glance at the noblest of the fine arts, sculpture.

Censor



This Column is cheerfully dedicated to the promulgation and dissemination of knowledge to the reading public, on such matters of general importance as etiquette, modern manners and general behavior.

NOTE—On account of the great number of applications for information received we found it necessary to postpone answering many until this late date. Hereafter all communications must be received at our office not later than the first of the month.

Miss S-ra-u—Yes, lofty Ames are the sources of much inspiration, and should be kept constantly in view.

Reception Rusher—Sorry your letter came so late that it could not be used in last month's issue, but we can suggest no way by which you can select eight out of fifteen football men for your reception.

Cheri—No, it is not considered proper to use a toothpick in a Psychology class or any other public place.

Miss C-n-ay—Would advise you to place your trust in no one, since Roses soon fade and pass away, while Cherries are oftentimes yellow.

Mr. O-d-n—We cannot account for the psychological process which would cause you to spell gazell

with an es instead of an az. It is probably due to associations. Possibly if we knew more of your personal history we would be better able to answer your question.

Non-athlete—We believe basketball is not quite as dangerous, as you put it, as football. But would suggest that you get your mama's consent before you play.

M. A-e—We are not able to advise you as to whether that was intended for a proposal or not. Of course when a girl says, "May I have your name always?" it sounds suspicious. Think you had better have a private conversation with Miss C-nw-y in regard to this matter.

Mr. W-d-er—Let this be your consolation:

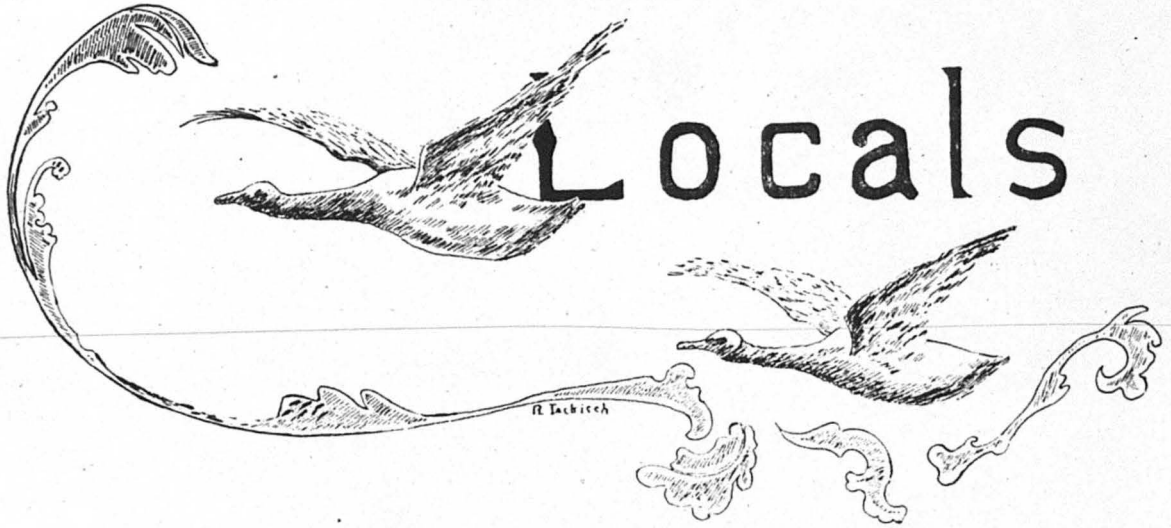
"'Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all."

A striking illustration of people being conspicuous by their absence was furnished at the football game a few weeks ago. As the weather was perfect and the admission small it seems ridiculous to think that not more than seventy out of three hundred students were present; that not more than one-third of this school had school patriotism and spirit enough to leave their lessons for a few hours to watch the game which the eleven have been practicing for nearly every night since school opened.

We cannot help feeling that this lack of school spirit is a disgrace to the school, and that it was partly due to this that the game was lost, nor can we see any legitimate reason why school spirit should be such a minus quantity this year. We know that there are just as many students who can "make things go" this year as before, only they have not awakened to their responsibilities and opportunities.

It means something to leave a school with every average above ninety, but it means far more to have the average near ninety, with an added record of other school work well done. As long as we are students let us live the school life, be of the school, for the school and in the school. And now when the basketball season opens, let us, profiting by the lesson we have just learned, that eleven men cannot play football alone and win, enter it with enthusiasm and in this spirit prove our loyalty to the school, our team and ourselves.



Emil Oechner has withdrawn to teach.
The latest is "convulsions" of the brain.
The "Elements" are going to have a "blow out."
Student (with penny)—"Let's match."
She—"O! this is so sudden!"

Mrs. A. C. Clement visited her husband at Chicago a few days.

Archie Roseberry and John Wysocki have withdrawn to teach.

Echoes from Psychology Class—Prof: "Imagine a block of wood a yard apart!"

Among the late visitors to our schools have been Garth Cate and Kenneth Pray.

Prof. (in Literature class)—"Now, here is a striking point." Just then the bell struck.

Thomas Dever of Chippewa Falls has entered school as a member of the Junior Class.

Misses Mc-ll and H-ll are taking a special course in fudge-making, Miss T-pp-r kindly donating the cream.

Misses Lelia Hamilton, Bertha, Mable and Minnie Schofield and Rev. Briggs visited the Normal recently.

Prof. (describing various superstitious beliefs)—"If a dog howls at night, it means death."

Student (in an undertone)—"Yes, to the dog."

Brown (in attempting to justify his statement that he spent an hour and a half in practicing music every day)—"Why, I spend an hour and a quarter on rests alone."

Harold Culver has withdrawn from school and is now with the U. S. Express Co. Albert Brunstad has been elected to succeed him as vice-president of the Junior class.

Miss Fitzgerald has been absent from her work at the Third Ward school for some days on account of illness. It is hoped that she will soon be able to be back to her work.

On Tuesday evening Miss Katherine Pray had the misfortune to fall from her wheel, sustaining injuries which will keep her out of school for some days. Her classes hope for her speedy return.

John F. Morse succeeds J. Garfield Davies as president of the First Year class. Ever since Mr. Taft's lecture Mr. Davies has had a strong desire to be a sophomore, a wish which has been gratified.

Cecil and Vivian Payne have withdrawn from school. They will make their future home at Binghampton, N. Y. Mr. Payne will continue his studies in one of the Normal Schools at that place.

President Pray attended the Northwestern Teachers' Association at Eau Claire. He met many of our former students who are now making their influence felt in educational circles in that part of the state.

Pres. Pray, Prof. Sanford and Mrs. Bradford attended the Northwestern Teachers' Association at Oshkosh. Pres. Pray was chairman of the grammar section, and Mrs. Bradford gave a talk on "The Chicago School System."

Ludovic Cherowsky, Albert Brunstad and Miss

Bessie Erickson have been selected to represent the Junior class in the Oshkosh debate. The team consists of a trio of hard workers, who will undoubtedly put up a strong debate.

Regent Emery has been spending the week with us. On Thursday morning he gave the school one of his fine, earnest talks. He loves his profession, and his little speeches cannot but fill us with enthusiasm for it also. Mr. Emery has been paying special attention to the work done by the practice teachers. It is here that the quality of our work best shows itself. It is in the training school that the theories are tested by actual experience. It is the power to apply the pedagogical principles learned in the other departments of the school, which is, after all, the real test of a person's fitness to receive a diploma or certificate from a Normal.

A Ghastly Ghost Story.

"The Seniors invite you to attend a carnival of the Choice Spirits of Darkness, at the Gym, Hallowe'en, October 31, 1901." Each Junior was the recipient of a neat little invitation worded as above. Fifteen minutes before any Junior had appeared that evening, the corridors and basement of the Normal began to echo and re-echo the terrible groans of the spirits of darkness who had been permitted to spend one more night on earth.

At the door each Junior was met by a white ghost, who escorted him through the darkened halls, amidst the frightful groans of the assembled spirits.

The Juniors, one by one, were taken into a dark room to view the remains of poor Timothy Tubbs, whose spirit long ago departed. All that was left of poor departed "Tim" was a skull "from which issued the faint phosphoric radiance of decay," some crossbones and a bony hand which each Junior had to shake. If the Junior survived this, he was taken into the Gym where he regained his self-possession, dived after apples, shot his fortune out of a tree, played games and danced.

Coffee, pumpkin pie, peanuts and apples were served. Finally the crowd broke up and started for home, only to be met at the main door by a procession so sad, so weird, so melancholy as to bring a look of sorrow to the faces of all. It was a funeral procession. A coffin bearing on its side these words, "School Spirit.—Born Aug. 29, 1894; died

Oct. 31, 1901, after a long, lingering illness." After performing the last, sad rites for the deceased, the the crowd left the little freshly-made mound back of the school and wended their way homeward, slowly and sorrowfully.

Some believe that the early burial of School Spirit was a "grave" mistake. It is thought that he was not dead but merely in a cataleptic state. Friends have asked for a post-mortem examination. It is sincerely to be hoped that a revival can be brought about.

One Saturday's Story.

Saturday morning, Oct. 12, a large number of students were seen gathering on the campus in front of the Normal. Promptly at ten the parade, headed by "Babe" Van Gorden and Lange's famous Military Band, assisted by Farmer Stinson's bass drum and the Tin Horn Blowers and followed by football enthusiasts waving the purple and gold, started for the down town streets. They stopped at the Arlington, where they treated the Oshkosh team to many school yells and choice selections by the above musical organizations. The soft strains from the tin horns and the gentle thumps upon the bass drum produced such a harmony of sweet sounds, with an effect so subduing, that the visiting team never woke up that afternoon. Our players, supported by the girls on the side lines, won the pig-skin contest easily.

In the evening the scene is changed. Instead of the carnage of the football field we have a gathering of the most polite of society in the gymnasium. By the aid of school colors, richly tinted autumn leaves, set off by an evergreen here and there, made the gym indeed "a beautiful place to be glad in."

In pleasing contrast to the fierce yells on the football field we now have soft, sweet songs by the semi-chorus. The Oshkosh players set out to make up for their defeat of the afternoon. With the aid of our sympathetic girls they succeeded easily. Eleven of our most charming girls soon formed a consolation association whose work was most effective. Our visitors at the reception played as well as they ever did on the gridiron. Their team work was perfect and the interference something remarkable. The defeat of the afternoon was changed to victory in the evening. Beaten by our boys they won our girls.

Our Athletics.



A DOUBLE VICTORY.

Saturday, Oct. 12 — Two hot games of football were played at Athletic park this afternoon, resulting as follows:

Stevens Pt. H. S. vs. Normal Second Team. Score, 6 to 5 in favor of Normals.

Stevens Point First Eleven vs. Oshkosh Normals. Score, 18 to 12

in favor of Stevens Point.

The game between the Second Eleven and the Highs was a stubbornly contested one. Altho the Normals were heavier, their team work was not as good as that of their opponents, and only hard individual playing won the game for them.

The game between our First Eleven and the Oshkosh Normals was a good exhibition of hard, clean football. Reuther kicked to Roseberry on the 15 yd. line, who advances 10 yds. By line and end plays the ball is carried to the 50 yd. line. Stevens Point is held for downs. After a few short gains by Jackson, Lawrence slips around right end for 35 yds. and scores first touchdown. Reuther kicks goal. Score, 6 to 0.

Murat kicks to O'Leary. Oshkosh starts for another touchdown but Wysocki gets ball on fumble on Oshkosh's 50 yd. line. Iackisch now begins some terrific line bucking, and our boys carry the pigskin down the field and Widmer goes thru for touchdown. Murat kicks goal. Score, 6 to 6.

Reuther sends the oval to Murat on 20 yd. line. Time is called after few minutes play. Score, 6 to 6.

Second Half—Murat kicks to Kerker on 15 yd. line, who is downed after making 10 yds. After two downs Reuther punts 20 yds. to Ames. The ball is now forced to Oshkosh's 5 yd. line, when Iackisch makes a hole and Ames follows thru for touchdown. Goal is kicked. Score, 12 to 6.

Oshkosh kicks off and soon gets ball on fumble on Stevens Point's 25 yd. line. By a number of line smashes the ball nears the goal line and Rosenthal goes over for touchdown. Goal is kicked. Score, 12 to 12.

Murat kicks to Reuther on 10 yd. line. Law-

rence starts for touchdown but Murat tackles him, getting ball (on fumble), which is dropped on Stevens Point's 40 yd. line. Iackisch, Halverson and Ames now carry ball down the field and Ogden goes 15 yds. for touchdown. Goal is kicked. Score, 18 to 12.

Reuther kicks to Roseberry, and after a few minutes play time is called, with ball in home team's possession on 30 yd. line.

Stevens Point vs. Lawrence, Saturday, Oct. 26.

For the first time in three years the blue and white waved above the purple and gold on the gridiron at Athletic park, Lawrence winning by a score of 23 to 6.

The effect of the absence of Iackisch, the Normal's star half, upon the team accounts largely for the adverse score.

The Lawrence team was heavy and in excellent condition.

Much timely holding was done by the men in Lawrence's line, the Preachers being especially good with their hands.

The Normals rallied and played magnificent football in the second half, playing their big opponents to a stand-still.

The following is the line up for both games:

Stevens Pt.	Position.	Oshkosh.	Lawrence.
L. Van Gorden.....	c.	L. V. Klumb.....	Sorenson
A. Shimek, Tardiff, rg.		W. Handchin.....	Karnopp
J. Peterson.....	lg.	J. Jackson.....	Harris
E. Widmer.....	rt.	E. Rosenthal.....	Boyd
J. Wysocki.....	lt.	O. Blessit.....	Schneller, c.
C. Ogden.....	re.	O. Thayer.....	Pierce
A. Halverson.....	le.	L. Simmicht.....	Peck
R. Iackisch.....	rh.	J. O'Leary.....	Du Cray
M. Ames.....	lh.	H. Lawrence, c.	Lawrence
W. Murat, capt.....	fb.	W. Reuther.....	Spaulding
A. Roseberry.....	qb.	J. Kirker.....	C. Cole

Since the Lawrence game our football team has gone to pieces; the captain and about half of the regular line up having discontinued playing for various reasons. Those who remained showed their grit by keeping the pigskin in motion a short time longer. Carl Ogden was chosen captain and the weakened ranks were patched up with second team men. Of course, great results could not be expected from the team in its patched up condition.



It is a source of great gratification to all Alumni to note the increasing number of S. P. N. graduates who each year attend the University. This year we have a large number of representatives there. The editor of this page does not know all who have entered this year, but know that the '99ers have another member there, Mr. Gesell, who is bound to win recognition there, as he did at the Normal. Miss Mamie McMillan, '98, is also numbered among the Juniors. When we think back to last June when members of the Alumni reflected honor on the Normal as well as on the "U." in their appearance upon the commencement program we feel sure that the Normal must have supplied much of the inspiration and that the spirit of the school is certainly one of progress. We don't seem to feel that when we have received our diplomas we know all there is to know.

It is rumored that many of the Alumni will find their way back to Stevens Point in time to eat their Thanksgiving turkey. We always thought they had more than a passing affection for the town and the school, and now know it since they seize the first opportunity to revisit the haunts of school days. The great attraction this year will be the new addition which must be in the last stages of completion. Former students will regret the conveniences now at the disposal of students.

Now is the time to plan for commencement week next year. Do not forget, Alumnuses, that June is the pleasantest time to visit and unless you begin planning your visit now you will probably find that when June comes and you hear of the old students who are intending to see the Normal in gala dress for another class, and to help welcome the addition to our ranks, you will wish you had so planned your time that you too might go. The '01ers intend to have a reunion and a genuine good time rehearsing

class triumphs. Do not let them outstrip you in zeal and loyalty.

It is delightful to keep in touch with old friends and associates, and some of us had many pleasant remembrances of hours in No. 10 recalled by notes from Massachusetts. These of course asked for "experience," but we now feel more disposed than ever to help along investigations which will lighten the labors of the child in his twelve years of "cramming," or light the way of the teacher to higher or better ideals of duty.

Probably none of the students of S. P. N., graduates or not, who go out to teach, do not regret having missed some of the opportunities offered them. Among these will probably most often be numbered practical observations of methods, not only in recitation, but in discipline in the different departments of the school. Time saving and annoyance avoiding devices, supplementary books in this, that and the other subject, and other things easily absorbed if one but kept his eyes and ears open and remembered the goal which he intends to reach. "In other words," he must have his aim constantly before him, use the material at his disposal and build up his own method by critical observations comparisons based on these observations. This is intended as a story without a moral for those who still have these opportunities at hand.

That the "Alumnuses" are interested in the school and the undertakings of its members is evinced by the following:

Just before the home team joined battle with the preachers on Oct. 26, this characteristically laconic sentence came over the wire from the captain of last year's team, "Reslaughter the apostolic beeves."

After the above occasion our last year's orator wrote, "Stevens Point never was downed with one blow and she never will be."



"The Owl" is noted for its short stories, but "Annianias Abednego" is exceptionally good.

Doctor—All you need now, madam, is rest.

Patient—But just look at my tongue, doctor.

Doctor—Well, just let that rest, too.—Ex.

She—It's no use bothering me, Jack. I shall marry whom I please.

He—That's all I'm asking you to do, my dear. You please me well enough.—Ex.

Some of our Exchanges come to us in very poor condition. In some cases this is due to rough handling in the mail but more often it is due to carelessness or neglect of the sender.

A lady teacher told a school-boy to name the Presidents, and when he replied that he couldn't the teacher said, "When I was as old as you I could name all the Presidents in their order."

The boy replied, with more candor than politeness, "There were only a few Presidents then."—Ex.

There seems to be a general complaint of a lack of "School Spirit," especially in the support of School Athletics. This is to be regretted, for no school can neglect Athletics without materially injuring the welfare of the school in general. "The Herald" contains some very good articles upon Athletics.

Since our first issue we have received the following exchanges: The Sphinx, The Normal Advance, The Herald, The Normal Pennant, The Lake Breeze, The Black and Red, The Skeleton, The Spartan, Wisconsin Times, The Current, The Pythian, The Radiograph, The Southern Letter, The Normal Red Letter, The Cardinal, The Spectrum, The Island City Student, The Messenger, Gitche Gume, The Owl.

Just she and I, all, all alone,

Beneath the stars so calm and bright,

I told her that to me her cheeks

Were like twin lilies pure and white;

But in the morning as I brushed

My powdered vest for half an hour,

I realized the lilies must

Have been some other kind of flower.—Ex.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."—Emerson.

"He who is firm in will moulds the world to himself."—Goethe.

"Self distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers."—Bovee.

It seems strange that our Exchanges are not read more than they are. Many of them contain literary productions that would do credit to the best papers of the day and if seen there would receive far more attention than they do in "school papers."

We cannot but admire the pluck and grit of boys who, in spite of a lack of school spirit, get out and practice football and try to uphold the honor of their school. If such training will not help to make men, what will?

First Student—So you are very thirsty to-day?

Second Student—Yes. I have just swallowed a letter from my father, and it was well salted with advice.—Ex.

"The Lily," quoth the Bull-rush, "has a form to drive one mad."

"You think so?" sneered the jealous Reed, "I've seen the Lily pad."—Ex.

We are always glad to see the Normal Advance. Besides being one of our best Exchanges, it contains many names known to students of our school.

One of our best High School exchanges is "The Crimson," from the Du Pont Manual Training High School, Louisville, Ky.

When you don't see the bright side of school life, leave your work awile, go to the exchange desk and read The Sphinx.

If you know some good school paper that should be on our exchange list, tell us about it.

Training



Department

Owing to a misunderstanding neither the grammar department nor the Third Ward was represented in this department last month, and our space this month will be given to them.

The Grammar Department is very crowded, there being sixty pupils enrolled. Many of these entered the Training Department for the first time and this necessitated examinations and regrading, which was completed September 20. We hope to present some work by the pupils of this department in our next issue.

The second, third and fourth grades of the Third Ward are still in the hands of our training teachers, under Miss Fitzgerald's supervision. Fourteen pupils have been transferred from the Fifth Ward to Miss Fitzgerald's grades. This puts eighty-four pupils in her charge, and as her staff of practice teachers is small, it means work for both Miss Fitzgerald and her helpers.

The Second Grade is making a collection of seeds for study. A sight of the orderly little collection will be suggestive to some of us who have tried it ourselves and found seeds disinclined to keep their places.

The Third Grade geography is supervised by Miss DeRiemer, whose chalk-modeling gives new interest to the work. In addition to the regular work this class is keeping a weather record, showing temperature and prevailing winds.

The supervision of the music and drawing in these grades has been placed in the hands of Mrs. Clements and Miss Tupper, and a very strong feature of the work this year is the music of the third and fourth grades.

The pupils of the third grade have been weaving hammocks for their dolls. How they did it is told by one of them in the following:

OUR HAMMOCKS.

Last week Miss Carter taught us how to make a hammock. She brought us some pasteboard and measured off a quarter of an inch on both ends.

Then we drew lines from corner to corner to tell where the middle was so that we could sew on our rings. Then we took our cord and tied it to the rings and began to put it in where we cut it a little ways and brought it across the pasteboard, then put it in the rings again.

Then we began to weave a little and left places for fringe, and got it nearly half finished. We wove it with a tape needle.

CRYSTAL.

Another feature of the language work is original stories or accounts of some interesting event in the life of the writer. Sometimes a simple description of a day or an evening is given. The following selections show how the work is taken up by the members of the Fourth Grade:

THE RUNAWAY.

When I was on the farm I had to cook for the men. One day one of the men went away and I had to help with the hay. One time when I was turning over hay I turned up a snake's egg and a little snake came out of the egg.

One day when we were coming to town with a load of hay the cows got away from us. Then we could not go to town. But later we started to load some hay. One of the horses would not stand still, so the man hit the horse with a pitchfork. The horse began to run around in a circle. I jumped off, but my sister fell off.

JOE MARION.

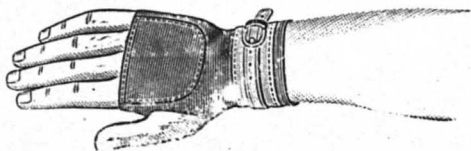
WHAT I DID LAST NIGHT.

Last night mamma went to church, and I stayed alone with Goldie. After she was gone we looked at some funny pictures. Then we went and opened the door and we heard someone yelling. We looked out of the window and saw the boys we had heard yelling. They were near Mr. Dakin's fence. They had a Jack-o'-lantern. We sat down and they went away. We went to bed and slept soundly till morning. Then we got up and had our breakfast and we went over to Manchester's and got our Belgian hare.

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