

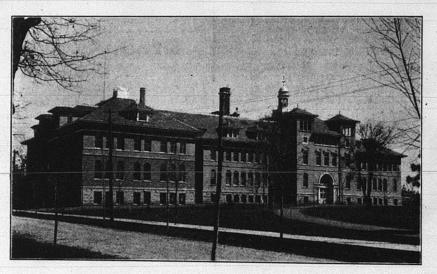
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THERON B. PRAY. Stevens Point, Wis.

Vol. VIII.

Stevens Point, Wis., December 15, 1902. No. 3.

LITERARY.

SOPHOMORES AND KODAKS.

GATT HEODORE KENSINGTON HAYES is a beast. He is unbearable. We must act at once. He must be vanquished, squelched!" This was the unanimous opinion of the group of angry Sophomores departing for their several homes after the council of war in Bobby Bartlett's room. War was inevitable, but the plan of revenge, the happy inspiration, which when carried into effect should cause the agressor to retreat, crestfallen, was not as yet forthcoming.

Who is Theodore Kensington Hayes and for what improper conduct was he found to be thus the center of this hornet's nest? First know that he is forty-six and a bachelor (a bachelor from choice as well as necessity) a veritable womanhater and a tattler, and that, in the opinion of the students, represented the quintescence of all that was to be despised. There was considerable of the "dog in the manger" element in his make-up. In his position as a member of the faculty, teacher in mathematics, he could in lulge in none of the exciting pranks which delight the heart of the college boy. Consequently, if he could prevent it, no one else should have that pleasure.

It was his habit to leave his comfortable room of an evening and stroll about the campus, his quick eye and ear on the alert. Woe to the group of mischief-makers discovered in their sport by him. They might expect no leniency from him. The climax was reached when a number of Sophomore boys were reported by him for a trivial offence, which had it not been exaggerated in the telling would have sounded tame and commonplace. The boys were requested to apologize to the faculty and the school, which they did rather than be expelled. Their feelings were not of the pleasantest and a speedy revenge was decided upon.

On a pleasant afternoon of the succeeding week Bobby Bartlett and Fred Lewis might have been seen walking up the path to the college. They had been spending the day in the country and Fred carried his kodak. A dense high hedge grew on the side of the path and the tall trees mingled their branches overhead. As the boys emerged from the path into the open square, Fred suddenly caught Bobby by the arm and drew him back, at the same time pointing and whispering to him to "Look!" Bobby looked and saw, leaning over the back of a rustic seat, Theodore Kensington Hayes, guzing fixedly at some object in the chair and evidently thinking deeply.

One arm was extended along the back of the chair. "Well, I see," Bobby impatiently exclaimed.

"Hush!" whispered Fred. "Help me manage this," and he began to unstrap his kodak. Bobby wonderingly obeyed, without the slightest inkling of the plan which was in the process of formulation in the quick brain of Fred. Motioning to Bobby to keep quiet, Fred turned the kodak toward the quiet figure in the distance. After a few preliminaries in the way of sighting and focusing he pressed the lever. Bobby, watching him, was . surprised to see that this was not the end. Stooping he placed the kodak upon the ground. He then stood erect and maintaining as far as possible this position, carefully measured the dis. tance to a tree trunk within easy reach. He studied carefully the position of the various benches and chairs placed about the square.

When he had evidently satisfied himself that he

knew the exact position of every object in it, he picked up the kodak and stepped noiselessly back into the shrubbery. He hurried down the path, followed by the bewildered Bobby, whose attempts to learn the meaning of these proceedings were promptly checked by Fred. At last, when they had covered considerable distance, Fred put down his kodak and gave himself up to a convulsion of merriment, during which time Bobby watched him with a sort of apprehension, evidently entertaining grave doubts of his friend's sanity.

"Oh, if it only works," gasped Fred at last, when he had laughed until he could laugh no longer.

"Yes, no doubt it would be very nice," assented Bobby sarcastically.

Fred then roused himself to give an explanation, which appeared highly satisfactory, and the two friends parted in high spirits, evidently well pleased.

For some time past the students had been making preparations for an entertainment, the proceeds from which were to be devoted to athletic purposes. The program was to consist of readings, recitations, singing and stereopticon views.

The Sophomores were entrusted with this latter part of the program and they hoped to make it a great success.

A few uneventful days passed. Theodore Kensington Hayes wondered that no action against him was taken by those to whom he was almost ready to admit he had done a great wrong.

At last the long-looked-for evening arrived and unusual excitement prevailed among a few. Smothered exclamations and giggles, which were suggestive of nothing so much as a group of school girls, might be heard in the particular room in which those who were to present and explain the various views, were assembled.

A stage extended across the entire length of the large room. The faculty occupied seats of honor at the sides of the stage and at least one among them enjoyed his distinction, "Pride goeth before a fall." The room was crowded to the utmost capacity. One after another the numbers were rendered. Then came the views. The first picture, a very good likeness of William McKinley. was made more interesting by a short biographical sketch of the assassinated president. Then views and explanations followed in quick succession, and Fred Lewis rose and began to speak.

"Ladies and gentIemen, we take pleasure in presenting to you tonight as our last number a little view which will reveal something of the hidden life of one we all know well. Congratulations will be in order."

Almost before he had finished speaking the view was thrown upon the screen. A breathless silence prevailed for an instant during which every eye was fastened upon the screen; then bursts of laughter, whistles and exclamations arose, mingled with the loudly shouted congratulations.

Look into the darkened room with me for a minute. See here the wildly clapping, cheering crowd, then turn your gaze upon the screen, the cause of all this hilarity. You seem to stand at the entrance to an open square, surrounded by shrubbery. A cozy nook it is, with rustic seats under wide-spreading trees. In one of the rustic chairs sits a fashionably dressed lady, toying idly with a ring. You do not know her, so your glance rests upon her face only for a moment. But who? who? can the other figure be? Yes, it is-it is no other than Theodore Kensington Hayes leaning over the stranger's chair, gazing down at the little hand which plays with the ring. The crowd clamors for an explanation and you turn to the faculty for it, but the one who might naturally be expected to explain matters is missing.

How simple it seems when we learn that Fred's maiden aunt paid him a visit last week and yielded to his persuations when he asked if he might take her picture. She was escorted to the open square near the college and placed in a beautiful rustic seat under the elm tree. Fred suggested that, as she was somewhat nervous at the thought of the ordeal, she might hold her ring in her hand and she devoutly believed it would ease her.

Fred then withdrew to the little path, of which we have heard before, and proceeded to take her picture, using the same plate he had used on that other occasion. The picture, which can better be imagined in its details than described, he used in his stereopticon. Florence A. Ward.

Snow!

It's snowing! My! what a bound our hearts make when we see the first bashful flakes twirling and darting downward! We don't know for the moment just why, but we do usually experience a faint feeling of dissatisfaction at this next move of Nature. There was just this, or that thing, that we did so want to do before the snow came ; and if Nature had only held off another day-but, of course, it never does-yet, almost in the same breath, the unpleasantness gives way to new emotions as the sight of the feathery visitors recalls the pleasures that associate themselves with the white robe of Winter. These flock to mind so fast we can hardly accomodate them, or give them due attention; so we stand them in a row and take them one at a time to amuse ourselves, for we are great hands to renew acquaintances and talk over old times with past pleasures. And then, we suddenly take a more serious consideration of our old friend "Good Time!" We turn him round and get a new view of his past and refresh our memory, and then begin to re-plan for an Annual Reception in his honor. And it is ten to one that our old friends "Good Times" all come down out of the row in a bunch rudely crowding and jostling one another in their eagerness, when they hear of the proposed festivities. And then what a time there is! Each one wants to be first; or they all want to come together; either of which things you could not tolerate for a moment. You are quite put out with your guests to be, and would turn them all down, but that they are such jolly companions. So you plan away, and (you are a sagacious strategian in planning for these old fellows) finally reach a compromise. So your old. friends go trouping off, arm in arm, almost hilarious with expectation, and leave you chuckling at your cleverness.

You have an unalloyed faith in the constancy of Nature, (at least for the time being) and you already see yourself spinning along over the glaring ice; or feel the thrill and exhilerating speed as you shoot down the hill side; or you imagine you hear the jingle of the bells as posts and trees and their moonlight shadows slip by in merry procession. But suddenly you become conscious that the sleigh bells are nothing more than the three o'clock chimes over the assembly room door. "Little Eppie" gives you a sharp rap with his "Pol. Econ." and at the same time pronounces those fateful words. But you "don't go to "Pol. Econ.;" and add (mentally) "please go way and let me sleep."

"Peace, Good Will !"

Hark! from out the ages olden, With a rhythm most sublime, Sounds of harp and cymbals golden, Echo through the gates of Time. Kissed to fire by angel fingers, In the seasons long ago; Burned in hearts of angel singers, 'Till on listening worlds below

Fell the message of good tidings, Flooding all the earth with light; And the shepherds fell and worshipped As they watched their flocks by night. Every star in heaven trembled, Every blade and leaf and clod, As the earth lay awed to silence. In the glory of its God.

'Till the angel whispered: "Fear not, Unto you is born to-day, One foretold in ancient story Who your Christ and Lord shall be!" Suddenly was with the angel, Multitudes in radiant white, Praising God on High, and saying: "Christ the Lord hath come this night!"

From the sounding domes of Heaven, Lo! the anthems echo by: "Peace on earth, good will forever, Glory be to God most High!" Still the sweetness of that chorus, Sung in ages long ago, To the harps in angel fingers, Falls on listening worlds below. Still the "Peace on earth forever!" Fills with gladness all the sky; And the hearts of men make answer, "Glory be to God on High!"

LOVILAH MCCLEAN.

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ALUMNI.

What to Confess!

Is the question before me. I suppose I have broken every pedagogical law in the catalogue, and a few which were left out. 1 can't tell for sure, for I have forgotten most of them. I don't doubt that my interpretation of those I do remember would cause cold chills of horror to creep over the authors of them, could they know. I might confess to the number of things I have found I did not know, but it would be more in harmony with the spirit of our profession, and more loyal to our school, to confess to the number of things I have learned since I "commenced." And of these, the ones I appreciate most are that the boys and girls in my school are more important than any pedagogical laws. That without their co-operation, methods of teaching are of little value. And that no greater pleasure can be conferred upon a teacher than that of seeing her pupils grow in self mastery and ability to use their talents.

E. L. H., '01.

"A Confession."

How the world must despise a teacher who has not the courage of living up to his convictions regarding what should be done for his pupils in and out of school.

During the past year, I gave up, one after another, the many plans that I had laid for the uplifting of the school, simply because my friends (?) told me that they were counter to the traditions and customs of the place, and would be sure to cause trouble for me.

So I lived the whole year thru, a hypocrite, doing things I had no faith in, simply because I was afraid to break away from the bonds and make a stand against them.

The fact that I must be careful, and so get my diploma countersigned, was all the time before me, and kept me from doing any thing that was really my own.

And now when this signature has been obtained, I cannot look upon my diploma as a reward for work well done; but rather as a token of my disgrace; and such it must remain until I feel that I have retrieved the past year's failure.

MARTINIUS.

"Confessions." Editor's Note.

Along with the other "Confessions," the Alumni Editor has one to make also; but not as a teacher who has "balled up" on his pedagogic signals; although that would be easy. No; it is as Alumni Editor of THE POINTER that he confesses to a considerable amount of wrath at present resident within him. Alumni! what do you want us to do with this page in THE POINTER? Do you want us to "leave you be," and go on and smear this fair 6 x 8 inches of whiteness with the product of our own grimy fancy? It seems so. Early in November we sent out cards to five Almmni asking for articles for the December page, and urged them to send their copy by December 1 at the latest. Now it is December 4, and but two articles have arrived: and we know the authors of those two will feel peculiarly when they see their lone names under as many lonesome looking "Confessions" when the paper comes out. But it can't be helped. The space must be filled; and we are desperate. The hopes of the Editor for an interesting page have been partially dashed; and two willing contributors have been made to feel chagrined. Are not these results deplorable?

One way to avoid the latter of these evils is to sit down promptly, on receipt of a card from us, and pen your refusal to co-operate with us. Don't "pocket" our "bills," and, grinning like a naughty president, wait placidly for the lapse of a fortnight to render impotent our effort to make the Alumni page a success. And the former evil may be avoided by a lamb-like obedience to the requests of the editor. He has confessed what was in his heart.

JOPPA COPANNS.

Why have the roses left Hannah's cheeks?

Mr. S-i-d-er-Can you make Miss Br-ck-- a genius ?

WANTED-To know since when Wi-l Br-w- became so graceful? ANXIOUS PARTY.

B. S. applies cold cream every night to keep the chaps off.

Professor in Literature — Why did this dog have only one eye?

Real Bright Student—Because it belonged to a one-legged man.

We want to thank the Juniors for the flattering compliment they have paid us by imitating our ties, even though the imitation be a cheap one. SENIORS.

Freshie to Junior the day after the Junior spread—What makes your eyes look so funny?

Junior-Well, watching for the Seniors to appear, last night.

Oldrub—Say, old boy, ever notice that Ruberdon always keeps his over shoes on while in the house? Wonder why?

Hardtime—Oh! guess he's afraid of wearing 'em out.

Terrible commotion in back part of room. The President appears on scene. Result—

Do you know the latest wonders That are found within this town ? There are people who can study With their books turned upside down !

01d Familiar Sayings.

Sure, Kate !—T. D. What's the mat-ter, Wilma ? Ain't so !—E. M. No more than a rabbit.—G. V. How dozy !—G. M. See my peachy point !—G. E. M. I beat solitaire.— Oh, fish !—W. D. S. Well, honestly.—H. L. C. Miss H-n-o-k-Oh! let's swear.

WANTED-To know what Marie's present is ? B.'s Club.

Have ghost stories anything to do with W-ll B-o-n's sudden illness; or, was it too much turkey?

Miss G.— -----?

Miss C--i-s-Well, Miss G, our knees shake so we can't help it !

Professor in Civics—Miss C., what is meant by the "Spoils System?"

Miss C.—Why! it spoils the continuance in office.

Practice Teacher, who thinks she has found an inattentive pupil—What did I say last?

After a moment's hesitation, pupil drawls out-"What did I say last."

Chemistry has a bad effect on some people; for the other day, one of the young ladies from that class went up town for sachet powder and asked for sodium sulphate.

The young men need not send in orders for those patent buttons of which Mr. Bacon spoke; for the Domestic Science girls will undertake any work from mending gloves to washing the faces of young men's dolls.

Hello Slush, how's Snooks? Heard he got pulled fer wakin' de cop up.

Aw, he's gettin' 'long swimin'ly.

Naw, how's dat?

Aw, he's in de soup.

Mr. O-e-o- cannot receive very frosty receptions when he makes such statements as these :

In Literature -- Man cannot live without a companion.

In General History—My one objection to the Spartan Education is that since a man cannot marry 'till he is thirty years of age, his finer sentiments must have disappeared.

The NORMAL POINTER

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EDITORIAL.

Merry Christmas to "Grandpa!"

Not only are the gods extremely benevolent in affording us the rare opportunities of a splendid lecture course for only a slight outlay; but now we are getting excellent culture gratis! Many thanks are due the donators of the entertainment and edification on the evening of the 4th inst.

The suggestion made by an Alumnus, last month, in regard to a "school pin," has developed rapidly. Each class and the faculty has appointed a member to a committee to arrange for a satisfactory design and other details. We would suggest the Alumni be interested enough in the matter to appoint a representative also. Resolutions (conscientious resolutions) are sometimes hard to make; and, like promises, shouldn't be made often. However, as the time is rapidly drawing nearer when the world turns over a new leaf, it may not be amiss for us to turn one with it. And just a word or two as to the nature of the leaf.

There is no reason to believe that the News-ofthe-Week scheme is being promulgated for the benefit of the Rhetorical Committee. It is for the benefit of each of our little ignorance-bound selves; and if we will but sieze the opportunity, we shall sometime later find that there was no one, nor possibly two, exercises of all our school days which was of more practical benefit to us. It is current history. Must we know it? If we don't get it now, when shall we?

And then, let us be in sympathy—with the season. Don't you pity the leader, standing there hurling his knotty interrogations, which have cost many a sigh (and French benediction), upon the placid (seemingly) petrified blocks of stupidity before him. Once in a while a spark is struck. He dare not fire often for fear of being disfigured for life by the rebounding interrogations. Let us have pity, and let there be written upon the new leaf we turn "Let me have compassion upon myself, and upon the Leader, and *dig into the daily papers.*"

But a few days more, and many of us will be upon our way to our own homes, or the homes of welcoming friends. The train will not be able to carry us there too soon, and we may be tempted to ask the "con" and "braky" to get out and push. But we will get there just the same; and then, oh! what a time there will be! Fortunate, indeed, we are to have a "preparation day" a month before. (May we not suggest changing Thanksgiving to "Preparation day.") And then, we "cram" again only three weeks later. Three crams within sixty days! Just think of it! Few of us can stand that easily; some of us especially the last cram. But let us think only of the good times ahead. THE POINTER does; and it wishes its readers, one and all, the merry times to which they are so eagerly looking forward. A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to all!

THE NORMAL POINTER.

LOCALS.

"Grand pa" is entitled to the office of fifty-third card in the pack.

The products of the class in weaving make a pretty display on the north-west wall of the hall.

Why do the extremities of row three meet so often?

Miss Pope has been doing substitute work at the Third Ward for the past week.

To the Juniors: "Imitation is the sincerest kind of flattery."

Mr. W-d-er, please take note of the young lady who sits next to you after this.

Thomas Dever was out of school for a week seeking the consolation of turpentine, flannel and mustard plasters. All were glad to see him back.

The Arena and Cleonian are making preparations for a contest which is to be held some time after Xmas.

Girls, Miss DeReimer has an excellent recipe for "cooking husbands." If you did not hear it Friday evening, she will teach it to any who wish to learn it.

The State Examining Committee of the Board of Regents will be here December 15, to examine all candidates for graduation who expect to finish any course on or before March 1903.

Miss Snider gave the school an interesting and instructive talk on Kindergarten work. Miss Snider laid particular stress on the condition of the poor children in Chicago; and some of the incidents she related were very pathetic.

To accomodate those who cannot take the full Domestic Science Course, two new classes have been formed, one in sewing, and one in cooking, to meet Miss Secrist at 4 o'clock on Monday and Thursday nights respectively.

Quite a number of the old students of the school spent the Thanksgiving vacation in the city, visiting friends. Among them were Messrs. O'Brien, Herrick, Bradford, Pray, Cate, Hughes, Roseberry; and Misses Conway, Sustins, Farrel, Burr, Jefferson. Quite a number of the students went to their homes for the Holidays to partake of those goodies which mothers know so well how to make.

Hurrah for the first touch of Winter! Plenty of snow and cold weather! At this rate the expanse on the campus should soon be in good skating order.

William Brown was confined to his room for about a week on account of sickness. Class mates and friends were pleased at his recovery and early return.

Mr. Morse has withdrawn from school for the remainder of the quarter on account of sickness. We all hope to see himback after Christmas, looking himself again.

Another addition was made to our already well equipped gymnasinm, in the form of a punching bag. Nothing will develop agility and directness of application more quickly than the use of a punching bag.

In the declamatory contest in the Arena, Miss Viola Wood received first place. She will represent the Arena with a declamation in a Rhetorical program to be given by the two women's societies later in the year.

The Visiting Committee of State Normal Schools, which is composed of Charles H. Nye, chairman, of Lancaster, John Diederickson of Milwaukee, and H. L. Wilson of River Falls, were here last week, and it seemed we impressed them favorably.

Friday evening, the faculty and some of the students gave a reception to the school at large in the gymnasium. A very enjoyable game played was known as "Library." Some of the stories and jokes told by the "books" were very amusing and entertaining.

Professor Livingston was absent for a few days during the month, conducting the City Institute at Marinette, Wisconsin. All the teachers from Marinette and Peshtigo, and many from Menominee, Michigan, were in attendance. The Professor reports a very successful meeting. Joe, talking about rival—"Oh ! you can't stuff him !"

She, confidently—"Oh ! I don't know. I stuffed more than one goose during Thanksgiving."

Evidently the teachers were determined that the pupils should have nothing to worry about during Thanksgiving vacation, as they gave all those disagreeable tests before the recess opened.

Professor Bacon gave us a fine talk on the advantages of having a purpose in all that we do. People who have a purpose are the kind of people the world wants. Professor Bacon illustrated the points of his address with many amusing incidents.

Last Wednesday evening, December 10, the third number of the Lecture Course—the Wesleyan Quartette—entertained the usual house of culture seekers with some excellent talent. The entertainer accomplished his task with unclouded success; and every one departed feeling that the evening had been well spent.

Christmas Rhetoricals will consist of Essays on Christmas in Other Lands; and Recitations on themes for the season. The music for the afternoon will be a little more elaborate than common. Besides songs by the school, the Glee Club will favor us with two selections, "Comrades in Arms," and "Nazareth." "Christmas Fanfare and Carol" will be sung by the school accompanied by the Carol singers; and Misses Gerish and VosBurgh will entertain us with a violin duet, "Petit Symphonique."

On Saturday evening November 15, the Sophomores held a reception in the gymnasium. The decorations and short program was to represent life in India. After the short musical program, a prize was offered to the person who could draw the best map of India. Those present were then requested to seat themselves upon the rugs, where rice with butter sauce, and tea were served. Then games were played. About 9:30 the class wended their way thru the hall to the little room in the south-east corner of the basement, where sherbet and wafers were served. Games and dancing were again indulged in until the flicker of the lights proclaimed that time was up, and the Sophomore Reception had passed from the present into only a memory of a delightful evening.

A Christmas Sale was held on the afternoon and evening of December 13, by the Domestic Science and the Art Departments. There was offered for sale candies and cakes to satisfy the longings of the inner man, belts, cushions, bags of all descriptions, baskets, holders, illuminated texts, posters, sketches, and numerous other articles, combining both utility and beauty; all designed and made by pupils of the Normal School.

Thanksgiving afternoon, Professor and Mrs. Livingston entertained the Senior class in a very enjoyable manner at their home on Pine street. Old fashioned games were played ; after which a genuine Thanksgiving lunch was served. Soon after seven o'clock, the Seniors bade their kind host and hostess good night, all agreeing (to use the boys' phraseology) that so far as knowing how to give people a good time goes, Professor and Mrs. Livingston ''take the cake !!!''

On Monday last, the State Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, Miss Moxcey, gave an interesting talk on the work of the organization in New York City. Miss Moxcey came here as a result of the local interest which sent delegates to the Whitewater Convention a few weeks ago. During her three days stay here Miss Moxcey superintended the organization of a Young Woman's Christian Association at the school with a charter membership of thirty-six scholars. The officers elected are :

President-Miss Darby.

Vice President-Miss Brownell.

Secretary-Miss Tenney.

Treasurer-Miss Berto.

On November 25, patrons of the Lecture Course were highly entertained by Senator Dolliver. The senator is a lucid, fluent speaker. and ornaments his subject with much well chosen humor. Mr. Dolliver spoke upon The Chances of the Poor Boy in this country. He is deeply interested in his subject, and gives his audience the benefits of his investigation. He said that nearly every man of high position, to-day, had risen only thru adversity and hard labor. After hearing what the Senator had to say, one felt that the chance of the poor boy was pretty good.

[Continued on Page 37.]

DEPARTMENT.

Some Christmas Thoughts from the Kindergarten Point of View.

"The happiness of love lies in action—the test of what one is willing to do for others."

BEN HUR.

Love which does not express itself in action becomes weak and sentimental, and deteriorates character. Before love comes sympathy; before sympathy comes interest; before interest there must come more or less knowledge of the object. Up to this time many objects of interest have been brought before the children. Those things they learned most about they became interested in. With these things the children are now in sympathy.

Throughout the fall, underlying all the work has been the desire that the children might come into closer sympathy with the members of their own home, and with the common world of Nature which is all about them. There is a perfect feeling of sympathy between the children and me; and also between the children in the circle this feeling has been extended thru the Thanksgiving party to the children in the Primary. Now having awakened this feeling, there must be found a way to express it. This we find in the thought of the Christmas time, which central truth is service through love, or love and self-sacrifice in doing. There is great danger in not letting a child *do*.

Outward acts should be always the expression of the inner self; where they are not, there is hypocracy and deceit engendered.

Not to allow a child to *do* is to sow the germ of idleness. To turn away from a child's love fosters selfishness. When emotion stops without doing it deteriorates. An opposite danger to this is formal obedience. Both must be guarded against. True obedience to the law of love (doing) brings in response gratitude, and prepares for the highest love of man to God.

Seek, therefore, to shape outwardly whatever moves the heart of a child. Try to give outward forms to thought.

What, then, is Santa Claus? He is the childish embodiment of Love doing good to those he loves. He is only a symbol of the Christ-like spirit of love doing good to all. It is wrong to let this Santa Claus take physical form, or to represent him in the body; because this leads to deceit. When the child comes to know what Santa Claus really is, if this symbol has been made too real, he begins to doubt the truth of many things while he is still a child. Care should be taken to keep the spirit of the true Santa Claus before the child, that when he reaches the age where he learns the real facts, he will still be able to keep all of the beautiful Santa Claus dreams and still see how they are in their best sense all true.

The children have been having the Santa Claus Legends while they have been preparing their own Christmas presents. Gradually the stories have been growing toward the real Christmas thought which is love and self-sacrifice. The last story had a touch of this thought in it.

The Art Department and the Domestic Science Department have invited the Kinder Garten children to make things to sell for their Fair. So, after finishing the gifts for those we love, we will make gifts for others to buy to give to their friends, those who do not know how or who have not time to make gifts for their friends.

EDITH E. SNIDER.

Ways and Means.

Little people in the grades are busily engaged in Christmas work. Three classes are weaving mats and iron holders. This work has involved no expenditure of money. The card board frames 7 in. square, were cut from large pasteboard boxes

obtained at a photograph gallery. One class ravelled an old scarf to get threads for weaving; and another class ravelled odd ends of ingrain carpet. Another group of boys and girls are busily engaged in weaving Xmas hammocks.

Dainty needle books are also being made. Covers of some pretty shape, such as the star, oblong, triangle, or leaf, are cut from water color paper and appropriately decorated with color. Using this as a pattern, the leaves, etc., are cut out of flannel cloth. Odd bits of flannel brought by the children, serve for this purpose very well. The back is cut from ordinary drawing paper, and all four leaflets are fastened together with a piece of baby ribbon. Candy boxes and baskets are being constructed from light weight bristol board. The boxes are very simply decorated in color by the children.

Baskets of all sizes and shapes, as well as mats, are being woven from raffia and rattan. Some children have brought odds and ends of silk, woolen and velvet, and with these have covered round pieces of card board two inches in diameter. Two of these covered pieces are put together and the edges over handed, making a very neat pen holder.

Others bring left over pieces of linen and muslin, and from them are made simple spool, thimble, handkerchief and laundry bags.

Still others have made iron holders from pieces of flannel, lining them with sheet wadding, and binding with pieces of braid, the kind commonly used for dress binding. To each holder is sewn a piece of braid about two feet long, and to the other end of this braid is sewn a small safety pin. These holders, always handy, make very acceptable gifts.

Home made Candies are always acceptable; and the children are making some of the simple kinds such as vinegar taffy, molasses taffy, stuffed dates, and the mint candies.

The older children have made aprons from handkerchiefs, using large sized gents' handkerchiefs.

Magazine covers made from linen and canvas were planned and cut to fit some of the popular magazines. These covers were neatly and artistically decorated in colors.

ATHLETICS.

Basket Ball.

There is no indoor game more fascinating and more beneficial to those who take part in it than basket ball, and, unlike football, almost anyone, big or small, can learn to play basket ball with practice and by a close observance of the rules of the game.

Judging from the number of teams which have so far been organized, both among the boys and girls, and from enthusiasm shown at practice games, the interest in basket ball this year seems to be greater than ever before.

Eleven teams have been organized among the boys, and about the same number among the girls, so there will not be any lack of material for teams.

It has been the custom each year to hold a tour-

nament to decide which team has a claim to the school championship.

It is generally conceded that the "Cardinals" have the best team among the boys, so they would probably be excluded in order to give the others an equal chance. There will also be a tournament among the girls' teams.

To the winners of the tournaments The Pointer will probably give prizes, but what they will be will not be known until the next issue.

Some of the "oldest inhabitants" may remember something about a Senior basket ball. Did you ever hear of any? There is a rumor that there was one last year, but it cannot be verified.

This year there will be a Freshman, an Elementary and a Junior team—but where are the Seniors? Get in line before you are counted out.

The schedule of games for the first team has not been definitely arranged. There will probably be a game here between the Normal and University of Wisconsin teams sometime after the holidays. Two ex-basket ball players of the Normal are among the promising candidates for the University team, "Dad" Schofield center for two years, and Erastus McLees the phenomenal basket thrower of last year's team.

The schedule as it stands is as follows : December 18. Wausau at Stevens Point. January 16, Stevens Point at Weyauwega.

[Locals Continued.]

All of the grades are preparing special programs for the Christmas Rhetoricals. The Grammar room pupils will give a short Christmas dramatization; and the Intermediate pupils intend to give an interesting musical program. The two rooms will be alternate visitors at each others rhetoricals. The students are cordially invited to attend the exercises.

We had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Wm. L. Tomlins, of Chicago, on "Music and Its Relation to Life." Mr. Tomlins is regarded as the foremost music educator in the country. In the afternoon Mr. Tomlins took the Grammar Grade music class, and the unique and masterly manner in which he handled it impressed all his numerous audience.

The Freshman Class held its Annual Banquet in the gymnasium on Friday evening December5th. Forgetting the trials and tribulations which they had on the floors above them since August 27, they gave themselves up to merry-making. Games were played, and contests entered into with a will; and music, song and dancing closed the program. A sumptuous repast was served in the dining hall; after which the class dispersed well pleased with their evening's fun.

A short time after Professor McCaskill left our school, a beautiful watch was sent him as a token of the esteem in which his friends, the scholars and faculty, held him. The letter of presentation was read before the school, and the watch was on exhibition a short time. The works and case were given by the students and faculty, and the January 30, Stevens Point at Wausau.
February 13, Stevens Point at Oshkosh.
February 20, Weyauwega at Stevens Point.
March 6, Oshkosh at Stevens Point.

Eight teams have been organized among the girls, and under the supervision and efficient coaching of Miss Gerrish some good teams are being developed. There are two teams, at least, which are as good or better than any we have had before at the Normal. It is possible that one or two outside games can be arranged for; and if they are, we feel confident of the outcome.

box by Mr. Arenberg the jeweller. A few weeks later, Professor McCaskill's letter acknowledging receipt of the watch, was read to the school. In it the Professor tried to express his gratitude and thanks; but, as he said, words could never express what he felt. How hard it was for Professor McCaskill to leave us can only be told in his own words: "My heart seemed to stop at the thot of having to leave the friends that had proven over and over again their trueness. But with the sadness comes the other thot, that you would still be my friends, that absence does not sever the links that bind true friends together."

The Jolly Juniors, following the custom, held their Banquet, November 22, in the gymnasium. The decorations were a feature and helped to show the genius of the Juniors.

A very delightful program was rendered by the Junior Mandolin Orchestra. Games and dancing made the evening decidedly short. A dainty repast was served on tables covered with snowy white linen and decorated with palms and smilax, being in pleasing harmony with the pretty waiters.

The following toasts were given :

Junior	Class	at p	oresent.		J. A. Clark
Junior	Girls.			W	m. Eugene Smith
Junior	Boys.				Grace Cassells
The El	ements				William Auer
The Se	niors			F	Peter Max Geimer
Future	of the	Junio	ors		Miss Barrington

Conrad P. Olsen, the president of the class, was called upon for a speech, which he gave in his very matter-of-fact, earnest but pleasing way.

When good bye was said, a great strain of expectancy lifted from every Junior's face.



THE RADIOGRAPH of Winona, a new exchange, is a bright and newsy paper.

Zoology Teacher-How do apes crack the hard shells of nuts ?

SMART STUDENT-With a monkey wrench.-Ex.

The Tocsin contains a bright little story entitled "A Daniel Comes to Judgment." The paper would be better if it eschewed politics.

Sunday School Teacher—What was Sampson's last act?

JIMMY-1 don't know; but it brought down the house !-Ex.

The Advance has a good article on "Rapidity in Calculation." It not only gives theories, but illustrates them, showing how they could be put into practice.

Sophomore—Why didn't they play cards in the ark ?

FRESHMAN-Because Noah sat on the deck.

-Ex

"Young Man," said the Professor, as he grabbed a frisky Freshman by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you !"

"I believe he has," was the reply .-- Ex.

"Your maple syrup," said the woman, "seems to be a good deal like the quality of mercy."

"How's that?" the smiling grocer asked, expecting a compliment.

"It's not strained."-Ex.

The Song of the Business Manager.

How dear to my heart is the cash of subscription, When the generous subscriber presents it to view; But the boy who won't pay, we refrain from description,

For perhaps, gentle reader, that boy may be you. -Ex. **Recipe :** To Remove Paint-Sit down on it before it is dry.

The Progress (La Grange, Ind.,) is one of the new exchanges we have received. It is bright and newsy, and contains the picture of their foot ball team, a strong looking squad.

Our Marian Jones is missing !

 Shipped into the Silent Hence;

 Lit the kitchen fire with naptha—

 And she hasn't benzine since,

A Young Man being asked to lead in prayer meeting, said in part: "Dear Lord, get us pure hearts, clean hearts, sweet hearts."

"Amen !" responded several young men in chorus-Ex.,

The Gitchee Gumee prints a picture of Prof. McCaskill, but credits it to THE NORMAL REPORT-ER. A slight mistake. We also notice that Prof. McCaskill has been appointed General Manager of Athletics. The Pointer wishes him success in his efforts.

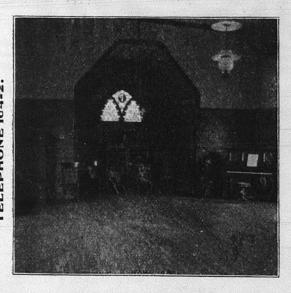
The College Days of November 7, contains several articles on Oratory and Debating that are well worth the perusal and consideration of every student of the Normal. It calls attention to benefits to be gained in those lines of effort, and tells of the opportunity afforded in almost every school for their cultivation.

> We will never buy your dry goods, We don't like you any more, You'll be sorry when you see us Going to some other store.

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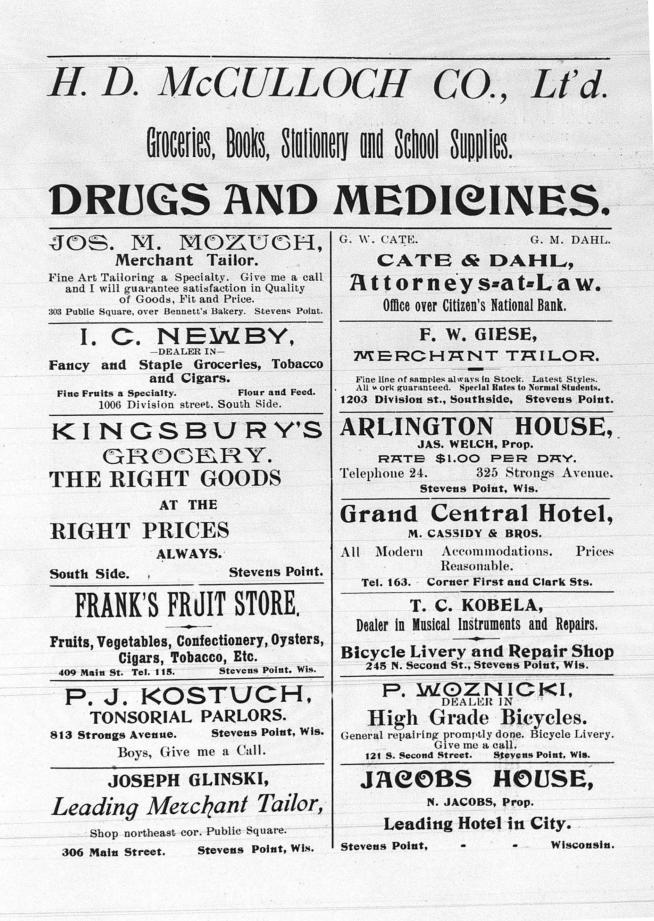
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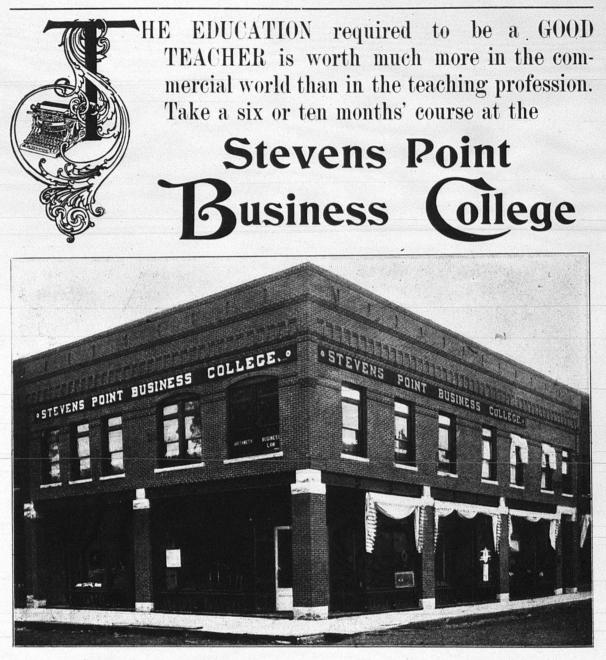
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