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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.



AN INCIDENT IN NO. 11.

Bud was the acknowledged terror of No. 11. His sullen and ungovernable temper, his almost superhuman strength and wild pranks made him at once an ogre to the children and a source of continual worry to his teachers. I had tried sympathy, reason and punishment all in vain. There seemed to be no chord in his wayward nature which would respond to my efforts in his behalf and I dispaired of ever winning him. But "there is in every human heart some not completely barren part," and the Divine Teacher, viewing with pity the work my unskilled fingers had wrought, sent His messenger to take up the tangled web of Bud's uneven life and fashion it into beautiful symmetry.

It was Friday afternoon in No. 11. Books, slates and pencils had been somewhat hastily consigned to desks and in response to the bell fifty eager young faces looked up in joyful anticipation of the weekly recital. Big Charles was duly elected chairman, and after considerable shuffling of feet and clearing of throat, delivered the regulation address with praiseworthy correctness and then with a sigh of reliet, announced the first number on the program. At this intimation a little girl slipped quietly from one of the front seats and commenced her recitation, Little Boy Blue,"—totally unconscious of the pretty picture she made, one chubby hand holding her white pinafore and her dark blue eyes opened wide in wonder as if she felt but did not quite understand the meaning of the beautiful words she lisped. Dear baby Margaret, during the short period of her school life she had become the unspoiled favorite of us all. Even Bud could not find it in his heart to be unkind to her, although his sullen nature would permit of only a negative attitude.

The rest of the afternoon's exercise failed to arouse my interest. Even the prospect of two days' seclusion did not serve to soothe my aching heart and brain, and there seemed no escape from the one great trial of my life--Bud. School dismissed and I wended my way homeward. little dreaming that the hour of deliverance was so near at hand.

The next Friday, just one week later, Bud was in his accustomed place but oh, how changed. His old-time air of deviltry and insolence was gone.' With downcast eyes and tear-stained face he took his seat in silence, pausing only to hang up little Jim's cap for him--an act of kindiness unprecedented in the boy's history. All the children were there. All, did I say? Ah, no, one was missing. Away over the daisied fields in the quiet little churchyard the sun shone warm on our baby Margaret's grave. Two days before she had fallen asleep forever. Almost her last words were—"Give my pretty book to poor Bud." The "cunning harp" was broken but not before the great Master Musician had touched the delicate strings and awakened the melody that was to transform the darkness of a slumbering soul into light, strength and beauty.

Two years have passed. Bud's reformation is complete. Standing by little Margaret's coffin he found the peace that comes to a soul set free. Today his future promises fair and his sincerity cannot be doubted. He has learned the lesson that "He who ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city."

MY FRIEND AND I.

Jim was a very dear friend of mine and the love in my heart for him was so deep I would have given up my life for him. We were neighbors, and scarcely an evening passed. rain or shine, that we were not together, either at my house or his.

Many were our hunting expeditions, and we had passed thru so many thrilling adventures that we vowed we were afraid of nothing, either in the day time or at night.

One night we were to meet at the four corners to go for a walk to a small village a nile and a half from there. The hour agreed upon came, and we were within a foot of each other at a place called "Death's Arms," when behold, from one of the roads appeared something white. It frightened us, many people believed this was the ghosts' corner.

We had never believed it, yet when we saw this white object we seemed to feel that we were nearly convinced. Neither of us spoke but drew closer toward each other. "John," Jim whispered, "what is that." "I'm sure I don't know; guess its a ghost," I replied shaking terribly. The object drew nearer, and at last Jim gave a scream and fell over in a faint. At this time I seemed to rally and at last the object gave fourth a whinny, which I recognized as belonging to Fanny, our old mare.

Jim soon recovered and how we lay down and rolled over, laughing at our bravery.

Instead of going to town we jumped on Fanny's back and away she galloped toward home. We each promised the other our fright should be kept a secret We separated as all friends must. He went west for the sake of adventure. We corresponded for some time, but as we strayed still farther apart we dropped our correspondence.

I was employed as bookkeeper in one of the groceries of Wisconsin. The Spanish-American war had begun and I was anxious to go. As I was unmarried and had no parents I felt at liberty to do so. I enlisted and went to the Philippines. We were having a hard struggle one day when I heard a groan near me. I turned and discovered from where it came. The surgeon was busy so could not come and I went to the injured one's assistance, for I had studied medicine a short time. I bent over the boy and raised his head from the ground. He was not dead but shot thru the breast. As I turned his countenance toward me the tho't came to me, "Where have I seen that face?" Then this low whisper reached my ear, "John, it isn't ghosts this time, but angels!"--B R.

EROS AND THE GIANT.

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived on the shores of the Bosporus a huge giant named Goo Goo, who was wont to devour all those that might come into his domain. However, on young Circassian maidens he had mercy, for their beauty effected a softening of his heart. One day a Circassian maiden by the name of Kureka sought out this giant knowing from hearsay that with him she would be free from harm. She was a poor orphan whom no one in her native land would harbor, so she fled hither for a place of protection. She found the giant to be quite fatherly and he, the same as fathers everywhere else, became very indulgent, not denying her the least desire she might have. Kureka busied herself with that part of the household which she could manage. Of course, she could not do all the work; washing the huge dishes, making the immense beds, and doing the giant's mending were not comportable with her size.

One bright day there chanced to stroll within the forbidden precincts of this man-eating monster, Hai Kai, a beautiful youth. In his meanderings about the garden of the castle he came upon Kureka sleeping under the branches of a spreading chestnut tree. Struck by the loveliness of the maid, he lingered to gaze on this fair vision. Hai Kai was still engaged in this pleasing pastime when the girl awoke and on beholding him was enamored of the manliness of the youth. A mutual admiration was formed between the two, which, as things ripen quickly in the Orient, soon ripened into undying love.

Kureka fearing for the safety of her lover if Goo Goo should happen to return told Hai Kai to go to the farther end of the garden, there to lie hidden until she could find an occasion to bring about his escape. Hai Kai did as he was bidden and sought a place of refuge.

That evening when Goo Goo returned he noticed by the disarrangement of the gate fastenings that a stranger had been near, so he went about in search of the intruder for, may hap, he is still here and would make a satisfactory meal for a hungry giant. After looking around for some time he found his victim behind some shrubbery and hauled him out with many a grunt of satisfaction.

Hai Kai was very much frightened by the actions of the giant. They tended very much towards a cannibalistic feast. But a good angel in the form of the one whose love he had won that day came to his assistance.

Having great influence over the heart of Goo Goo Kureka pleaded passionately for the life of Hai Kai for it he were killed her happiness would certainly be destroyed. Therefore when Goo Goo beheld the pleading face of his adopted daughter his hea t melted within him. He spared Hai Kai, making him one of the family by giving him the hand of of Kureka in marriage, after which "all was merry as a marriage bell."—T.

A POET'S FATE.

A little bird sat on a hazel bush Singing the hours away: He sang to his mate a lyric of love All thru the livelong day.

An elderly cat heard his song so sweet.

And marked him for her prey.

She smiled as she purred to her hungry child,

"Poet on toast today."

THE SENIOR CLASS BANQUET.

In arranging for their banquet, the class of '02 followed out their policy of establishing, instead of following, a precedent. They abandoned the time honored custom of using the gymnasium and, on the evening of Jan. 18, met at the Grand Central hotel, where the event so eagerly anticipated by the Seniors, (and Juniors as well,) passed off in the satisfactory manner characteristic of all efforts of the class. But one thing was overlooked in the arrangements. No one remembered until too late, to inform the anxious Juniors of the coming festivities.

The banquet was served in the large dining room of the hotel, where the two long tables, set in the form of a letter L and tastefully decorated with smilax and carnations, presented a charming picture to the eyes of the thirty young people entering the room, a picture whose charm was in no wise diminished when those same young people were seated at the tables. The hour which followed was enjoyed by all. No guard had been set to watch the many dainties that had been provided, yet all appeared in due season. There was nothing to mar a Senior's pleasure, except the feeling of pity caused by the thought of those outside the enchanted circle.

The last course of the banquet having been finished, the class president, J. H. Ames, acting as toast-master, arose to announce a toast to "Our School." Chas. Houseworth responded in his usual interesting manner. Alfred Herrick responded to the toast, "Our Class." He told of the achievements of the class, their victories as juniors, their conquests as Seniors. His remarks were full of wit and enthusiasm and were heartily applauded by the class. Other toasts responded to were, "The Faculty," by Theda Carter, "The Senior Girls," Merle Ames; "The Senior Boys," Daisy Doolittle; "The January Graduates," by Edith Scott and "The Juniors," by Carl Ogden.

After the banquet, the Seniors returned to the parlors, where music and a social time were enjoyed till the party broke up.

The Senior banquet is now a thing of the past, but it will not be soon forgotten by those who participated in its pleasures.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

JAN. 15, 1902.

A monthly periodical, representative of the Sixth State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, published by the students.

Entered at	local	Post-office as	second	class	matter.
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Terms of subscription-50 cents per year in advance. 75 cents if not paid before Jan. 1, 1902.

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Articles solicited from former students and teachers.

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Leland T. Powers has come and gone and has again left behind him a most favorable impression. Last year, in "David Copperfield" he took his Stevens Point audience by storm, and so when it was learned that he was to appear before us again this year everyone was pleased. In "David Garrick" Mr. Powers again demonstrated the greatness of his histrionic powers and again his audience was carried away with enthusiasm. There are two numbers yet remaining on the lecture course: The Ernest Gamble Concert company, Feb. 17, and Maud Ballington Booth. March 25.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association it was voted to put out a track team next spring. Men, do you know what that means? It means that everyone of you have got to get to work and do some hard, systematic training. A track team can't be made between the middle of April and the last of May. Months of steady work are required to fit men for the mighty tests of skill and endurance which are a part of field-day. For this purpose the gymnasium must be utilized. Although many field and track events cannot be directly practiced there, yet a training and strengthening of the muscles may be gained by all, which will be invaluable in the more direct training for particular events later on. So, you high-hurdlers, speedy sprinters, burly bicyclists, lean long-distancers, husky hammerthrowers, jaunty jumpers, etc., to come, betake yourselves to the gymnasium, Now, and by good hard work prepare to make some glorious records for yourselves and the school.

Some fine French lithographs have recently been added to our already splendid collection of pictures. Their names with the names of the artists, are as as follows:

"Twilight"-Henri Riviere.

- "Midnight"- "
- "Womanhood"-Mucha.
- "Girl with Violin"-Cossard.

At the recent semi-annual meeting of the Board of Regents, several things were done that are of interest and importance to Normal students of the state. The courses of study for High school graduates were revised with some definite purposes in view: one to make better preparation for teaching the common branches; another, to afford better preparation for High school assistants who wish to specialize in Language; another, to more effectually meet the demand for principals and teachers for the graded To accomplish these purposes, more time schools. is to be devoted to the common branches, and students may, if they wish, do more advanced work in Languages. Further, all elective branches are to be arranged in groups and additional courses in History and Economics will be offered, thus placing them on an equality with Science and the Languages in the amount of elective work offered. The professional work will be varied somwhat, practice teaching becoming more important at the expense of Theory and Methods.

The transaction that interests us Stevens Pointers most, however, is the ample provison that has been made by the Board of Regents for furnishing the new building throughout.



Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye. We, the great the mighty, have in the joy of our hearts a banquet held. Listen ye unto our instructions and folye in our footsteps. Numerous and auspicious meetings did we hold and therein discussed those topics whose mighty import ye saw reflected on our couptenances for many a day.

Be it known unto you, thirty wise and stately dames do we possess in our august body and fifteen stalwart and daring youths. For many a day did anxiety weigh heavy upon our hearts, for to each youth must two dames be set apart and to all must the instruction of law be imparted.

Many and anxious queries did we answer of which the following will serve to show the greatness of our task.

To the one among us, who in the greatness of his standings has forgotten the language of the chivalrous gallant, we did instruct to say in imparting to the pair apportioned to him that momentus fact, "It has been decreed that I should take you." Who could question such a decree?

To another slender youth with raven locks, worn in the simplicity of their original straightness and parted after the fashion of a lassie of the last century, did we say; "Pace my boy, pace, pace in front of her residence, until the heart within you beat^{\$\$\$} high with the courage of desperation, then in the moment of your supreme excitement ask her. If necessary beseech your brother to accompany you, that in the extreme tension of your feeling you do yourself no violence."

Fellows, do you now behold the momentousness of our labor? For thus unto every youth were given his mates.

But the supreme trial lay in the silence which must reign in deathlike stillness, lest our bold, daring enemies, the Juniors, should in the superiority of their strength and wisdom annihilate us.

Mid tremblings of fear with agony and sore trial did we prepare for the momentuous night. Down side streets—yea even through dark alleys did we glide through fear of our enemies, the Juniors, and with many a startled glance and stifled scream did we reach our destination, down among deserted shops and shanties near the river bank.

There did we eat and toasts did we have which in the flights of oratory were marvels of wonder. Merry, light hearted Junior girls were, in the imaginations of a toaster, transformed into sedate senior matrons, and wrinkled old women. "Last year," did he remark, "my subject was empty, now it is full."

Then to hide the great terror which reigned in our hearts lest our terrible adversary appear, we must toast them. But fear ye not, merry Juniors, it was only a bluff.

And so ended our spread, and we breathe again. Great it is in the annuls of our class, and all do wisely who follow us.

Books and their readers-

Sentimental ThomasB-l-e L-rk-n.
Norse LegendsH-l-en Bch.
Gifts and BequestsJ-ni-rs.
Growing Old Gracefully
Hours with Bird(s)M-r- As.
Reign of King John M-y C-ny.
Lives of the HuntedGirls.
Knight of the 19th Century
When a Man's SingleH-u-e-or
Pen and BrushM-tt-e W-ee-oc
Belles and BeauxS-n-u
The Judge's DaughterGe-rg- An-e-so. Reveries of a BachelorF·ll-r.



"Have you seen it ?" "What ?" "Why, Cherry's ring."

W. N. Parker, assistant state superintendent, spent a day inspecting our work.

Mr. Andrew Larson, tackle on the '00 second eleven, has reentered school.

S-i-d-er.—Man is the only animal that has the thumb opposed to the fingers. All other apes have them on the same side.

S-c-r-st.--"Do you know what a love knot is ?"

B-u-s-e-d.--"Yes, it is an intricately tied knot."

J. Warren Stinson, of New Lisbon, a former member of the Senior class, has been visiting friends for a few days.

The time for having "Morning Exercises" has been changed to 1:30 in the afternoon. The former 1:30 classes recite at 8:45.

Inquiring Young Man.—"Say, what did Miss De Reimer talk to you about the other day ?"

Young Lady .-- "Spring styles, of course."

In Literature Class. — "How many know this poem, "The Courting ?" "

W-d-er .-- "I don't know it by name."

January 23 President McKenney, of the Milwaukee Normal school, addressed us. He is a pleasing speaker and discussed teaching as a profession in a talk full of wit and good, hard sense.

Miss Bessie Erickson will succed Miss Jessie Barry as the school's representative on the Rhetorical committee. Miss Helen Busch will succeed William Healy as representative of the Junior class.

The school was treated to a very entertaining talk

by Prof. Spindler on "Harvard College" one day last week. The subject under any circumstances would be interesting to a body of students, but as Prof. Spindler told of the history, character and life of the great college, and related short stories of student life, every one gave closest attention and felt that they had indeed enjoyed a treat.

The examining committee of the Board of Regents interviewed candidates for certificates and diplomas just before the end of the last quarter. The full-course graduates were: Wm. D. Fuller, Rudolph Jackish and Mabel Sustins. Those completing the elementery course were: Iva Jefferson, Berdine Hamilton, Albert Shimek and William Healy. The exercises, which were very good, were held in the Normal Assembly, Friday evening, January 26.

During President Pray's absence from school last week, at a meeting of the Board of Regents, Prof. Livingston had charge of the general exercises. He gave two interesting talks. On Wednesday, he talked about the influence of the teacher and the importance and nobility of the teacher's work. On Thursday, he discussed the rural schools, and showed that they were not keeping step with the progress in other lines. The remedy he proposed was the centralization of country schools, which would give the country boy and girl the educational advantages of their city cousins and at but slight or no increase in cost. The system has been tried and found to be successful. Where adopted it will give better housed schools, better paid and more efficient teachers, and will secure increased attendance and lengthen the school life of the farmer boy and girl.

THE CONTEST.

The annual oratorical contest was held on Friday evening, Feb. 14. It was a battle royal with enthusiasm running high among the ranks of the Forumites and the Athenaeumites, the two societies represented. It was pronounced one of the most successful contests ever held here. At the end the announcement of the verdict of the judges showed that Merl Ames had won first place and Fred Oleson second. The orations and contestants were as follows:

Paul.....Fred Oleson The Rise of the New Power....Claude Shumway King Alfred the Great....James Christenson The Sanctity of Law....Merl Ames

"The Sleeping Car,"

On Saturday evening, February 8, the farce, "The Sleeping Car," was presented in the Normal Assembly to an audience of about 500 people. The stage was ingeniously fitted up to show the interior of a sleeping car. The talkative women, the mislaid baby, and the curious misfortunes of Abram Sawyer, the Californian, together with the pertinent remarks made by the tired but sleepless occupants of the car, kept the audience in a continual fit of laughter.

The cast follows:

Mrs. Roberts, Maybelle Little; Aunt Mary, Hannah Conway; Mr. Roberts, Carl F. Ogden; The Californian, Chas. Lange; Willis Campbell, Alfred Herrick; Conductor, Orin Patch; Porter, Merl M. Ames; Passengers, Messrs. Houseworth, Ed. Lange, Tyler, Sansum.

Prof. Taylor, under whose direction the play was given, deserves much credit for the success of the evening.

The music consisted of a piano duet by the Mandolin club. Miss Edith Scott's reading of "Tommy's Baptism" seemed to put the audience in the proper mood to appreciate the fun that was to follow.

Changes About the Normal.

Old students returning to Stevens Point would have difficulty in knowing the Normal now. The large and much needed addition is nearing completion, and parts are already being used. The art department has a large and pleasant room on the second floor of the new annex.

Prof. Sechrist and Mrs Mustard also have pleas-

ant rooms on the second floor. The south room in this wing is called the "Normal Study," and is used as a study by the 9th grade and a large portion of the First Year class. Miss Gray's classes also recite in this room. It is cozy and well lighted and by its use the crowding of the Normal Assembly is relieved.

On the Third floor are located the Latin and Psychology departments. Here we also have the "Art Annex," which will hold the exhibits of the work of the drawing classes and any other art collections which may come to us.

The first exhibit consisted of a selection of Copley pritns, which remained with us for several days. The room is lighted with special reference to its use and supplies a long-felt want.

The literary societies are to be given two rooms on the same floor. Here they will hold their meetings, and can plan, practice and discuss their debates, or do any other society work. These rooms when taken possession of will be greatly appreciated. The clubs will then feel that they too have a home.

The first floor will give the Model departments larger quarters. Mrs Bradford's office is now where the Primary department used to be, and that has been moved into the new wing.

The partitions between the old art room, No. 23, and the old text-book library have been removed and these are now used for the reference library room. The room now occupied by the reference library is almost twice as large as the former and relieves the close crowding of tables and chairs so necessary before.

The basement is not yet completed, but will contain bath rooms, rooms for the janitor's family and a large room which we hope may soon be used for a manual training department, but which in the meantime will be used for bicycles.

Stevens Point now has a Normal building which is large, commodious, pleasant and admirably fitted for its work. Being made of the same kind of brick and finished in the same style throughout, it does not offer the patched-up appearance of so many schools which have been enlarged, but preserves a unity which would lead the uninitiated to believe that "it was all built at one time."



The school basket-ball tournament was opened Jan. 13 by an interesting game between the "Little Giants" and "Bantams." The two teams were evenly matched, the score being tied several times during the game: by excellent team work the "Bantams" won out however with a small margin.

That much interest in the tournament is taken by the school is indicated by the large number of spectators that gather in the gym gallery at 4 o'clock The following is a record of the tournament games played so far:

FIRST SERIES.

Jan. 13, "Bantams," 19: "Little Giants," 13.
Jan. 14, "Cardinals," 94; "White's Winners," 8.
Jan. 17, "Olson's Terrors," 30; Sansum, 5.
Jan. 18, "A. L. S." 47; "Fast Folks," 18.
SECOND SERIES.

Jan. 20, "White's Winners," 22; "Little Giants" 13.
Jan. 22, "Cardinals," 117; "Bantams," 30.
Jan. 24, "A. L. S." 70; "Olson's Terrors, 2.
Jan. 25, "Fast Folks,"69; Sansum, 13.
THIRD SERIES.
Jan. 27, "Little Giants," 16; Sansum, 15.

Jan. 29, "Cardinals," 77; "A. L. S." 27.

Jan. 31, "White's Winners," 24; "Bantams," 23.

Feb. 5, "Fast Folks," 37: "Olson's Terrors," 6. YOUNG LADIES' GAMES.

Jan. 14, Miss Berto's, 24; Miss Ewer's, 6. Jan. 21, Miss A. Moen's, 18; Miss Rigg's, 8. Jan. 23, Miss E. Moen's, 25; Miss Hamilton's, 1.

Jan. 27, Miss E. Moen's, 67; Miss Ada Moen's, 2.

On Friday evening, Jan. 31, a large crowd witnessed the basket-ball games in the gym. The first game was between the young women's school team and a picked team captained by Miss Gerrish. Altho the regulars won by a score of 25 to 2 it was apparent that they had to play much harder than usual for their score. The young women have an exceptionally strong team this year, and we hope a number of games will be arranged with young women's team's of other schools.

The second game was between the "Bantams" and the Amherst High School team. The playing was fast from beginning to end; the superior height and age of the Amherst boys proved too much for their lighter opponents, however, and the game ended by a score of 20 to 16 in favor of the visitors.

The young men's team goes to Wausau Feb. 28 to play the Y. M. C. A. team of that place.

The boys who have once worn the spiked shoès are rejoicing heartily over the fact that we will have a track team this year.

Recently a mass meeting of all the young men was held in "The Normal Study," for the purpose of considering what athletic work should be taken up this spring. Prof. McCaskill presided and opened the meeting by a short speech. Other speeches on athletics in general and track work in particular were made by Prof. Spindler, Mr. Ogden, Prof. Livingston, Chas. A. H. Lange and M. Ames. The opinions of the young men were expressed freely and all were in favor of supporting a track team.

This year for once, the base-ball and track team cranks seem to have buried the hatchet, and all will push the track work. Accordingly, we expect much better results in this springs outdoor athletics than we have had for a number of years. Judging from the past we have every reason to believe that the young women will do their share of the track work by cheering the boys on to victory when the proper time comes. Boys! Let us all get out and make things go!

At a recent meeting of the A. A. Carl Ogden was elected track team manager. Mr. Ogden will do all in his power to maker this season's work a success, and we hope that every student in school will do his part in furthering the good work.



My Dear Alumni :- 'Tis with mingled feelngs of joy and doubt that I take up my goose-quill and dip it in the Stygian pool to pen these lines to you. Of joy, because it always gives me pleasure to talk to Alumni-Stevens Point Alumni; of doubt, because I am a member of that class which seems to have figured so conspicuously on the Alumni page during this year, and I wonder if I ought not yield this place and privilege to some one whose class pin suggests an earlier retirement from the scene of action than mine. But lay not the fault to this class, eager as it may be to talk and divulge its little fund of learning; lay it not to the Alumni Representative who so ably conducts this page, for she seeks as no other seeks to bring out these pedagogical hermits who love their Alma Mater but are so back. ward about stepping forward to add their little paragraph to the Alumni page.

Then come, tell us what you know and what you have seen. I plead for all other Alumni as well as the Alumni Editor.

Hear me then, for I will speak a little more.

Scene, Warkworth, before the Castle, enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which

of you will stop

The vent of hearing when

loud Rumour speaks ?

I, from the orient to the

drooping west

Making the wind my posthorse,

still unfold

The acts commenced on this

ball of earth;

Upon my tongue continual

slanders ride,

The which in every language

I pronounce

Stuffing the ears of men with

false reports.

With this quotation as a proper background, I feel I may safely offer some clippings, from various local newspapers, which, however "Rumourous" must have at least a grain of truth in them. The High School Teachers Convention which met here Jan. 17 and 18 had in attendance about one hundred fifty teachers. Most of our Normal Schools and State Colleges were well represented. Among those from Stevens Point were Ed. O'Brien, John Sager, Jerome Wheelock, Emma Skatvold and Jesse P. Soper. At the reception in the evening Mr Soper who is a teacher in one of our High Schools made merry by his presence and, judging by the bevy of young ladies about Mr. Sager, we know he must be the ladies' man he always aspired to be.— Appleton Post.

New Year's eve was celebrated in various ways by the young people of the city.

Among the visitors from out of town over New Year's was Mr. Guy Hamilton of Downing, Wisconsin.

Miss Flora Earle who has been teaching at West Salem, came home for the holidays.—Tomah Telegram.

(Continued from page 59,

paper-knife. After that we shall try to whittle out baskets, picture-frames, chairs, and such things. We use cigar boxes and thin boards of pine and bass-wood because it is easy to cut. I like the lesson in carving better than any other lesson, and when it is over I am sorry that I must put up my materials and return my new jack-knife to my pocket. ALF. ANDERSON, Third Grade.

Something We Did.

We made some napkin rings. We cut strips of cardboard about an inch and a half wide and eight inches long. We pasted these together. Then we put raffia around it. I thought the napkin rings were very pretty. I took mine home and keep my napkin in it. Next we made picture frames. They were round and six inches across and made of card board. We put raffia around them. Miss. Carter took them home and put some gold paint on the edges. That made them very pretty indeed. I took mine home and put a picture in it.

We made trays eight inches long. You can put pins or anything you want to in them.

We braided raffia and sewed it together and tied some sand paper on with baby ribbon.

This quarter we made boxes of very pretty yellow cardboard Our teacher Miss Marshall gave us the card board and the ribbon to tie them up.

Next Monday we all are going to bring half of a tablet cover and a piece of a stocking to cover it. Miss Marshall is going to show us how to darn and then I am going to darn my stockings. We are going to hem-stitch handkerchiefs, make warp rugs and opera shawls. I am going to have mine white and pink. IRENE MCPHAIL, Third Grade.



The College Days for January is exceptionally good thruout. "The Watchman" is very well written.

Why did the fly fly ?

Because the spider spied'er.-Ex.

A new exchange that has made a very good impression is The Spectator from the New Lisbon High School. All departments show able management.

The Seminary Monthly Chronicle, from the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y. is a new exchange that we are glad to welcome to our desk.

The January "Spectrum" makes a good beginning. The Literary department is exceptionally strong. "Education and Life" is very ably written and well worth reading.

"We shall make mistakes, and if we let those mistakes frighten us from our work, we shall show ourselves weaklings."-Theodore Roosevelt.

The Progress has a very good Literary department. "Conversation" is worth reading and thinking about.

The Raglan coat covers a multitude of forms.—

Teacher: "How would you punctuate this sentence: 'The girl went around the corner.'"

Boy: "I'd make a dash after 'The girl.'-Ex.

True Blue is a bright, interesting paper that is always welcome. Class spirit is carried into the school paper, but is kept within proper limits.

The following note was received by a teacher :

"Deer teecher—plees excuse johnnie for staying ut—he had the meesles—to oblige his mother.—Mrs. Smith." Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam—Milton.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth ; but the plain single vow, that is vow'd true—Shakespeare.

To love truth for truth's sake, is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.—Locke,

The January Spartan is exceptionally good, even for the Spartan. It contains a fine cut of the football team, and, noting the material shown there, we do not wonder at the energy and push which characterize their school paper.

Judge—"Do you accuse this man of taking your property ?"

Judge-"Took you by surprise, eh ?"

Band Master—"Yah ! he stole a march on me."— Ex.

The Owl for January not only has a very neat and appropriate cover design but its contents are firstclass in every respect.

The Owl has long had a reputation among High School papers for publishing the best original short stories and we see no indications that this reputation is not being upheld.

Don:-"Our cook is always hard-up."

Hal:—"I guess its because she kneads the dough." —Ex.

The Messenger for January comes out with a fine new cover, that is not only appropriate but also artistic. The Messenger is one of the "standard" High School papers. We consider its Local and Exchange departments the best among our January exchanges.

Teacher:—"A fool can ask a question which a wise man can't answer."

Pupil:---'I suppose that is why so many of us flunk.''-Ex.

The Black and Red is an exchange that is always welcome. It is characterized by the true college spirit.

An exchange gives this consolation (?) to the Juniors: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, --- I've flunked again.""



We are pleased to replace the time worn cut at the head of this sheet with the one you see there now.

Miss Fitzgerald's section of the Training Department has furnished the material presented this month, all the stories and descriptions being written by pupils in her grades. The following is a description of a picture presented to the Second grade by the Progress Club.

Our Picture.

We have a new picture in our room Some ladies gave it to us. Its name is A Helping Hand. There is a little girl and a man in the picture. They are in a boat. The little girl is trying to help her father row the boat. I think that is why the picture is called A Helping Hand. I think they have been out fishing.

I like the picture very much. It is in the front of the room where we all can see it.

LOIS POTTER, (Age seven.)

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Cranes.

Mr. McKenny President of the Normal school in Milwaukee made us a visit last week. He told us a story about the Cranes.

The Crane is grayish brown. It has long, long legs and a long neck. They have very small bodies. We find them near swampy places. In summer they go north and in winter they go south again.

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The Cranes have very rude nests.

First they take long twigs about a foot long to lay the foundations. Then they take smaller twigs and smaller until their nest is done. They do not line it with down or anything soft like most birds do for they do not care to have a soft nest. In these nests the mother lays her eggs. While she is sitting on hem the father goes and gets them food.

They live on fish, frogs, snakes and turtles. One thing about the cranes is very large and that is their appetites.

Pretty soon a faint Peep! Peep! comes from the nest and something comes out that looks like all neck and legs. After they get too large for the nest one has to get out. They are afraid to, but some time the mother will push them off and then they will have to fly. The next thing to do is to teachthem to get their own food.

Some fine morning she will take them to a pond. She tells them to stand up straight and hold their heads back. Then when they see a fish they dart at it and Mr. Fish walks down its throat.

But there comes a time when they find the water all frozen then the mother bird says it is time to go and they go south.

Mr. McKenny said these eranes had their nest near Lost Lake in Michigan and that he had seen the very place,

I enjoyed the way he told the story because he acted it out. ETHEL WALTERS, Fourth Grade.

Whittling.

The third grade boys of the third ward school are now learning how to use a knife. Of course every boy in the third grade knows how to whittle but our teacher will show us how to whittle right so that we may learn how to carve some useful things. The first thing we tried to make was a match scratcher. A match scratcher is a very thin piece of wood that has a thin piece of sandpaper pasted on it near one end. The other end is shaped into a handle. Our next lesson in whittling will be how to make a

(Continued on page 57)



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