

# THE NORMAL PINTER

1903-4.  
DECEMBER.

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Vol. IX.

No. 3.

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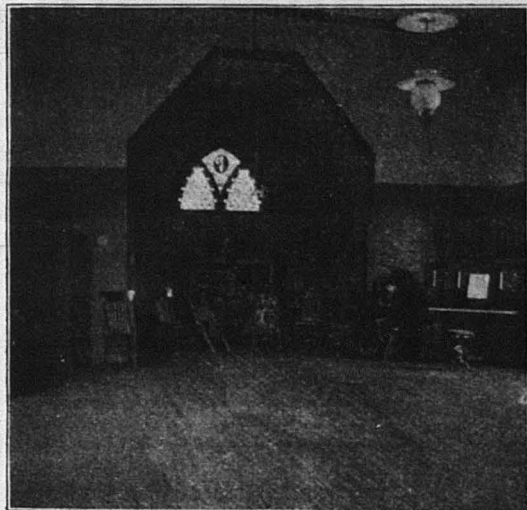


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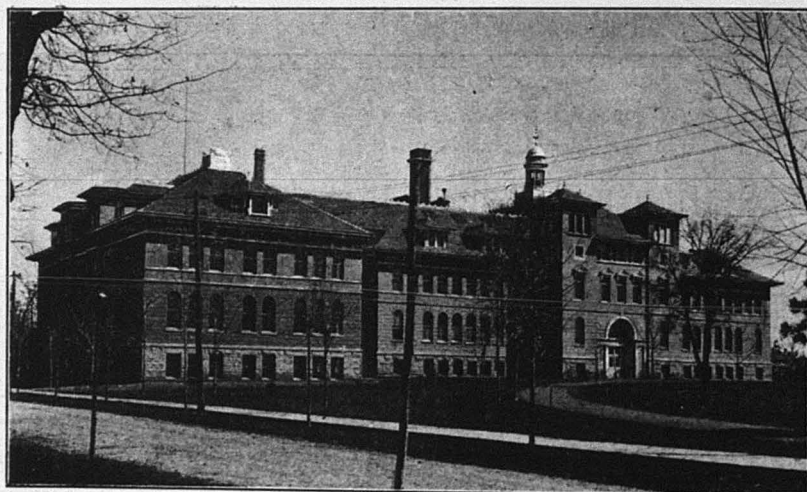
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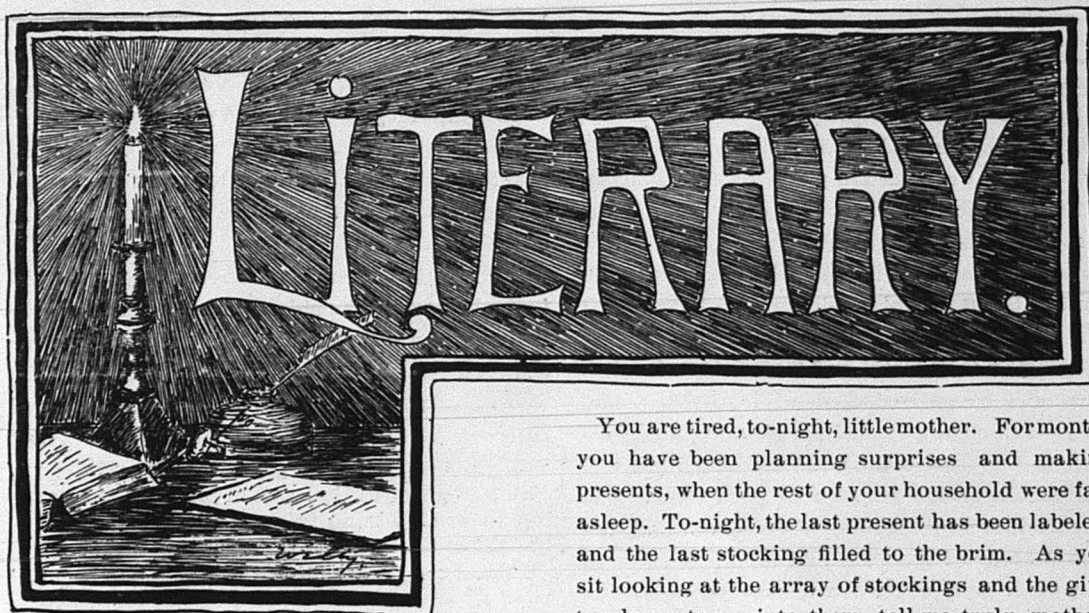
Theron B. Pray,  
Stevens Point, Wis.

# THE NORMAL POINTER.

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## THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

What does CHRISTMAS mean to you, little boy?

It means presents, and hang up your stocking, and Santa Claus. And to you, little girl? It means Christmas tree, and a new dolly, and wishing everybody Merry Christmas! Nothing else, little boy, little girl? It means, too, that JESUS was born then; and if there had been no JESUS, there would have been no Christmas, no presents, nor nothing.

Older brother, tell me what it means to you? It means getting presents, and giving them, and preparing surprises for those you love. I guess we give presents just because the wise men brought gifts to JESUS when he was a baby. What is it, little woman? I guess it's because we are glad JESUS came. The angels sang when CHRIST was born, "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men." My mother says it's the love of Christ in men's hearts that makes them glad to give, and makes them want to make men happy.

You are tired, to-night, little mother. For months you have been planning surprises and making presents, when the rest of your household were fast asleep. To-night, the last present has been labeled, and the last stocking filled to the brim. As you sit looking at the array of stockings and the gifts too large to go into them, tell me truly, mother, what Christmas means to you.

It means a time of joy for each one of my boys and girls. I shall be glad tomorrow morning to watch for the children's waking, and to share their pleasure when they find their presents and empty their stockings.

Tell me, good father, your frank opinion of all this fun and merry-making. Does it begin to pay for all it costs?

Surely, it pays to make glad the hearts of the children. All through life they will rejoice at memory of this glad day; just as I rejoice to recall the Christmas of boyhood in the old home.

Grandmother sits alone in her room tonight, reading letters from her far-away children, and her children's children. Grandma, what does Christmas mean to your old heart?

My child, it means to me a time of hallowed memories. It seems but yesterday since my children were little ones about my knee, looking forward with delight to the coming of Christmas.



To-night, I am reading their children's letters telling grandma of their joys, and wishing her a merry, merry Christmas. Grandma's eyes fill with tears of mingled joy and sorrow. She bows her silvered head, looks into the fire, and dreams of the past and of the dear ones scattered and gone.

Everywhere on this big earth as the sun brings morning light, there will go up a chorus of glad voices fulfilling the prophecy of the angels "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men." The little children of Russian plain, Swiss mountain, and German forest will waken early to find the store of toys left by the good Kriss Kringle. The Christmas trees of all Europe will, under the magic wand of Saint Nicholas, blossom and bear fruit in a single night. In old England the Yule log will glow on the hearth, and the humblest English home will be gaily decked with mistletoe and holly. In our own land, from New England westward to the Golden Gate, the morning light will bear the Christmas message of good cheer. The little darkies in the cabins of the south-land, the little Indians of the west, and the white children everywhere will swell the chorus of Christmas cheer. Hawaii and the islands of the sea will join the jubilee. Australia, Japan, China, India, and Africa will hear the "Merry Christmas!" shouted in tongues unknown to you and me.

All lands have heard the Gospel story, and Christmas brings new meaning to every one. "Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord!" The whole earth has, indeed, heard the song of the angelic host, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Shall not Christmas bring to each one of us anew the message of Him who taught the Gospel of loving and giving? There may come to you, young people, regret because you can carry home this Christmas no costly gift for the loved ones. The gift of yourself will bring new light to father's eye, and give added joy to mother's heart. Your life here has meant to you opportunity and inspiration; for the home it has meant self-denial and

generous giving. During vacation time you may make it your privilege to lift the burdens from shoulders that bear them always for you. Your loving hands may smooth out the wrinkles coming in the dear old faces. At Yule-tide you may kindle on the hearth-stone a fire that will give forth warmth and cheer in the home when you are again far away. To the brothers and sisters, too, you may bring a bit of good cheer, grant a glimpse of the glad life you enjoy, and give them an uplift toward the high ideals you seek to attain. Be assured that no gift that gold might buy could ever give the joy that comes of simply giving ourselves.

Born at Bethlehem, in a manger; boyhood spent in the home of an humble artisan; a life of unselfish service among and for the lowly; an ignoble death on Calvary; that is the simple story of Him who gave humanity the hope of immortality and Heaven. With heart and voice and life let us "Sing the song of great joy that the angels began, Sing of glory to God and of good will to man:

Hark! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us!

The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun."

J. W. LIVINGSTON.

### PUSHEY JANE.

The sun shone brightly on the clear white snow which had fallen the night before, and was streaming through the large hole in the roof of the attic where Pushey Jane and her small brother were sleeping. Presently Pushey Jane awoke, and raising her head looked down at the drift of light snow which lay across the ragged covers of the bed.

"We've got a snowy bed, this morning; but that's common," Pushey was saying cheerfully, "We always have one when the wind blows in the right direction t' drive it through that hole in the roof. I'm glad I'm livin'; and, glory! I don't have to work t'day, either! How glad I am that CHRIST got borned and give us all a hollerday! I wonder why they call it a holler day, anyway?"

For awhile Jane was quietly gazing at the beams of the attic roof. Suddenly a change came over her young face, and she said "I know why it's called a hollerday; it's because it *is* a holler-day;

people just open the bottom and let all kinds of work and care drop clean out of it, an' lets it be empty of everything but happiness; and that's why everybody says 'Merry Christmas!'"

Pushey Jane reached over to where her small brother was sleeping and taking hold of his "fore-lock" gave it a jerk and called out "Merry Christmas, Joe! Wake up! Don't ye know it's Christmas morning? I ain't goin' to sell any papers t'day, 'cause there ain't goin' t' be none printed; so you and me will have a jolly good time all day."

Jane and her brother climbed down the small ladder which led to the room below. She proceeded to get a scant breakfast for them. Their mother had gone to one of the large hotels to help that day with the kitchen work, and Jane was left to do as she pleased. Jane was twelve; and her brother, Joe, was five. Since the death of their father, Jane had helped her mother support them by selling papers; and at times singing on the street corners.

When they had finished their breakfast, she cleaned Joe up as well as she could and tied his old scarf around him. She made herself look as presentable as her ragged garments would allow; and finished by braiding her hair in a tight little "pig-tail" which projected almost straight out behind her small head. After locking the door, Jane took her brother by the hand and they started down the long street of one of our largest Eastern cities.

Jane was a very cheerful child. From being on the street continually she was very well known by a large portion of the city. The best thing about her was she possessed a great deal of energy which made the appellation of "Pushy" exceedingly appropriate to her. It is interesting to know about the way in which Jane earned her title. It happened in this way: One day, when she was walking down Fourth Street, she came upon a crowd of boot-blacks who were arranged in a circle around two small dogs that were fighting. Getting nearer, she saw a little fellow who was crying. Jane went to him and putting her arms around him asked what the matter was. She learned that the black and white dog in the ring was his, and

he wanted it. "Don't ye cry any more," said Jane, "I'll git yer cur fer ye." She made her way through the crowd and up to the enraged dogs. She stood a minute looking at them. Stooping down she caught a dog in each arm and held them firmly. She looked straight into the eyes of the black and white one for a time, then began petting both. This calmed each; and picking up the dog she had gone into the ring to get, made her way back to the crying urchin.

"Here's yer pup," said Jane, "Now, ye just trot along an' be joyful."

He acted on her suggestion. However, before he had gone far, he turned and called back, "Thank ye, Jane! you have got more push in ye than the hull gang of 'em big over-grown shoe-shiners."

The word "push" was the one which seemed to lodge in the minds of "the gang" more than any other; for at once they began to yell "Pushy," "Pushy,"—"Pushy Jane!" From that day Jane was known throughout the town by this peculiar cognomen.

We will now go back to this Christmas morning when Jane and her brother are walking down the street. As they had walked along, they had wished everyone whom they met a very Merry Christmas. Sometimes the greeting was returned; sometimes ignored. When they reached a large dry goods store they went in, and Jane boldly asked one of the floor walkers if Mr. Brown, "the boss," was there? The man pointed with his thumb towards the office. Without waiting for anything further, Jane proceeded with her brother in the direction indicated. When they were inside the office, she began:

"Merry Christmas! Mr. Brown."

Mr. Brown arose from his chair and offered a hand to each of the children, saying as he did so,

"A Merry Christmas! to you both; and what is it I can do for you to-day, Pushey?"

"I knowed you'd wish us A Happy Christmas," Pushy Jane responded cheerily, "an' the thing ye can do fer us t'day is to help us *have* a happy time; an' the best way ye can do it is this: Ma ain't had a new dress for some years, and I want ye to give me some cloth so she can make a hull new one: an' if it ain't asking too much, I do wish



from the sole of my ragged old shoes up, that you would give Joe a brand new suit of clothes that would fit. He ain't never had no hull suit of clothes, all alike, in his whole life."

Mr. Brown was smiling, and very much pleased at the determination and unselfishness with which Jane spoke. Telling the children to be seated; and, that he would be back in a short time, he left the office. When he returned he had two bundles, the larger of which he gave to Jane and the other to Joe, saying as he did so—"You'er a bright little girl, Jane, and some day I hope to hear great things of you."

Jane thanked him for his kindness, then left the store. When they had reached the street again, Jane said to her brother, "Joe, now I am t' get a dinner fer us some way; ma won't be hum, an' if I don't we won't have any Christmas dinner, this day." They had gone some squares when they came to a brown stone front dwelling. Jane helped her small brother up the steps, then gave the bell a vigorous ring. When the maid had opened the door, she asked if Mrs. Radford was at home. They were asked to come into the hall, and the maid went to call her mistress. Mrs. Radford was one of Jane's best customers and had rendered her a number of little kindnesses. As the lady came down the hall, Jane wished her a very Merry Christmas. Mrs. Radford smilingly answered her and asked if she could in any way be of service to her that day. Jane did not hesitate to make reply:

"Yes, Miss Radford, you see me and Joe wasn't goin' to have any dinner, t'day, at home, so I knowd if we'd jest come here you'd giye us some, an' that's why me and Joe come."

Mrs. Radford patted her on the head, saying, "Of course I will, dear; and while cook is getting it ready, I want you to come in here and sing a little song for us, the one I heard you sing on Tenth Street last night."

Jane and her brother were taken into a very handsomely furnished room where six or seven people sat. In a few minutes her sweet little voice filled the room. When she had finished, Mrs. Radford took them into the dining room where they had a real Christmas dinner. When they were left alone, Jane became very talkative, and

wound up by saying, "Ain't this all fine, Joe? an' them is really, truly silver spoons and forks; an' I jest think its all plumb elegant." But Joe was thinking more of what he was eating than what he was eating it with, so made no reply. When they had finished their dinner, they thanked Mrs. Radford; and with a kind invitation to come and sing for her again, left and went slowly home together. When they arrived home they opened the packages which Mr. Brown had given them. They were delighted; for they contained more than had been asked for.

That night found Pushy Jane and her brother arrayed in their best, in the balcony of Castle Hall where the large Christmas Ball was being held. They gazed, unnoticed, in silent wonder for hours at the most gorgeous scene they had ever witnessed.

That night when they were in bed, Jane said to her brother, "Ain't this the best Christmas Day we ever had, Joe?" But Joe did not answer; he was sound asleep. However, she went on talking to herself: "Yes, we had a good time t'day; but we wouldn't have had if I hadn't pushed all day; and it is jest so with everything, some people have things, and some people don't; and those who don't have are them who don't push."

With a firm resolution to "push" in the future, and pulling the ragged quilt over her shoulders, she followed her brother over the bridge to the beautiful land of nod.

Twenty years have elapsed since Pushy Jane's Happy Christmas Day; and it is again Christmas night. In one of the largest theatres of New York City is gathered a very eager audience anxiously awaiting to hear one of our famous singers of Grand Opera. She has won fame throughout Europe and the British Isles; and on this night was to make her debut in America.

The curtain has arisen; and the singer has taken her audience as if by enchantment. They were delighted, and encored her again and again. No one in that vast audience dreamed that she used to sell papers in the streets of that city; but you and I have recognized our old time friend, Pushy Jane.

HOWARD VANWERT WELTY.

# ALUMNI.

No doubt the students, as well as the Alumni, are aware that before many weeks have passed the Fifty-first Annual Convention of the Teaching body of this State will be in progress. But how many of us have a very complete idea of the importance of the deliberations of this convention? That is, do we feel personally interested in the objects of its deliberations? Are we even sure we know what those objects are? If student or alumnus is sincere in his vocation and wide awake to the efforts being made for the betterment of the teaching profession, he will hie him to Milwaukee at the close of the month and put in three or four days of strenuous ear work and energetic thinking. We may be sure that the subjects worthy of discussion at such a gathering will be broad enough to interest all of us, and interest us vitally. If we want broader ideas (with which none of us are overloaded); and, if we expect betterments in what is to be, if it is not already our professional field, we must take our part in the campaign for them. We cannot with fairness expect a few enthusiastic workers to bear all of the burdens, and we share the larger part of the fruits. "Be interested," should be our watch-words. If we are all interested, we are united. If we are united, we are strong. Indifferentism is the curse of a good movement and the worst enemy of its promoters.

Without exception the most vital question that comes to the mind of a teacher about to enter his field of work is: What's the pay? To that one who has been initiated in the field of scanty compensation this question means much more than to one who is yet to face the financial short-comings of a notoriously underpaid profession. While we should not let our salary become the commanding object of our profession, nevertheless we should demand what is fair and sufficient remuneration for our labor, and campaign earnestly and unitedly that we may secure it.

Besides this vital question to be discussed at the convention, we shall hear talks on live pedagogical topics of the day by many noted and well known speakers, among whom are William McAn-

draws, George R. Peck, Margaret A. Heeley, Charles A. Bennett. Also several members of our faculty will give talks and lead discussions in the department meetings; and as we note the name of our President, T. B. Pray, on the "Committee on Amelioration of our Spelling," we shud expect sumthing rel gud in that lin.

We note in a recent daily paper that Brother Jenkins has risen in his might and dignity and presumed to attack the previous policy of the august Board of Control of the Wisconsin Athletic Association, aud fearlessly asserts that "High Schools should not be allowed to employ coaches for their foot ball teams," other than their teachers. We are not advised of what inspiring muse Brother Jenkins invoked strength and courage to wield his nonesopowerful weapon, or whether to attribute the outbreak to an attempt to allay some long annoying irritation by scratching; however we believe he is on the right track.

Some bright sunny day, Mr. President of the School Board will walk into the sanctum sanctorum of one of our beloved brethren, and the "man" will all pass out of him, and the day will become sad and dismal. For "Mr. President" will peremptorily demand that the teacher sing "America," and "Yankee Doodle," to the scholars. This may somewhat douche the teacher's conceit of his own patriotism; but if it doesn't, it will be because he had heard of the impromptu raid of the "Mr. Pres." of the Milne School Board on his Sixth Grade teacher, and had taken the moral to bed with him every wakeful night for a month. In that case he will cheerfully chide the muse of harmony with a few well timed scores, and the day will become bright and sunny again. If he also has "Mr. Dooley" on his repertoire, he may, in addition to having temporarily prostrated "Mr. Pres." by the unexpectedness and brilliancy of his rendering, merit the hearty congratulation of his departing visitor on being abreast of the times. After this, he may, without fear of interruption, continue *drilling his pupils* in "Die Wacht um Rhine," to his heart's content.



# TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

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## Sixth Grade. Language.

### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Long years ago, in the Civil War time, an old woman whose name was BARBARA FRIETCHIE, lived in Fredericton, Maryland. She was a quaint old lady, and lived in a large old house. The house was weather beaten and hadn't had paint on it for a number of years.

It was a mild September morn. The sun was just coming above the hills that surrounded the country about Fredericton. The trees were gold, scarlet, brown and green; for Jack Frost had been about the country with his brush and paint. There were large meadows and fields of corn ready to be cut. There were orchards with delicious fruit hanging from the branches of trees and vines.

The frost was still on the ground when a troop of men were seen coming over the hills. For a moment they halted to survey the country, and then started on their trip thru the town.

They were a tired looking set of men. Both men and horses were covered with dust; for they had come quite a distance. The horses' mouths were foaming. These men were rebels.

The town of Fredericton lay on a slight rise of the ground. Out of most every window a flag swayed in the breeze. The buildings were old fashioned with gable roofs.

The house I am going to tell you about was especially old fashioned. It was quite large and had a gable roof on it. It wasn't nicely furnished; but was plain, neat and clean. Out of the garret window was a large flag waving in the cool, refreshing breeze. This was BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S home.

She was a kind hearted old lady of over ninety years of age. Her face was wrinkled. She was rather stooped. What little hair she had was

snow white and was covered with a little white cap with a frill around it. She wore a plain dark dress with an apron. She always kept a plaid kerchief about her neck and shoulders. Many times she would sit before a fire and spin; or else think of the things gone by.

About in the middle of the morning, her attention was called by hearing a fife and drum. It was the troop that had been over on the hills in the morning. They had come to shoot every flag down. At last they came to BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S peaceful home. The leader, "Stonewall" Jackson, commanded them to halt and then to fire. Each one fired; but the flag did not come down. It was torn to pieces when Barbara Frietchie showed her head in the window and said,

"You may shoot this old gray head; but save your country's flag!"

This moved Jackson's heart, and he said,

"One who shoots yon gray head will die like a dog! March on!"

The troops obeyed their leader; and during all that day not one shot of a gun was heard. That old torn flag waved out of the little garret window all the rest of that day.

Some old historians claim this story is true; while others think not. But, anyway, let us pay our tributes to the true, honorable BARBARA FRIETCHIE who saved our country's flag.

To this day, where the supposed grave of BARBARA FRIETCHIE is, a flag is kept in memory of her noble deed.

ROSETTA JOHNSON.

STATUE.—A statue out of place looses some of its influence in awakening the highest sense of beauty. We sometimes wonder who is responsible for leaving pieces of statuary in place where they do not harmonize, and for neglecting to replace pieces that have had to be moved temporarily.

# CENSOR.

QUERY—What should be the physical attitude of the teacher in the class room?

BROKEN—The lock in the door to the Art Annex. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at when we remember what a strain it is given by the Rhetorical rehearsals.

WANTED—Another ink can; and a definite abiding place for the same.

COMPARE—Which teacher has the pleasantest room? the tidiest room? the room with the most genial atmosphere?

HAZING—We are not allowed to believe in hazing; but it might stand some persons in hand to themselves remove some of their conceit of knowledge or of wit, lest on a dark night they tempt some people beyond remembrance of rules.

CORRECT.—For the stranger's benefit, may we have the lettering on some of our doors corrected. A white strip of card-board neatly lettered in ink would answer the purpose.

VISIT.—Now and then, and perhaps most often in examination week, there comes a half day when students feel quite free from the usual routine of study. This may mean an opportunity to visit in the city schools. As observation work makes a foundation for several of our studies it is important that we do as much of it as we can. The city schools offer many opportunities.

AGITATE.—Some of the students have been contemplating the organization of a spelling board for the faculty. On comparing notes it was found that there would be material in pronunciation, grammar and spelling. As the most kindly attitude exists between the students and teachers, some feel that it is unfair that the students do not try to return the kindness which the faculty extends in alphabetic order each Monday. A little encouragement from the faculty is all that is needed to start this new co-operation machine. In the meantime students should hold material in readiness.

MISSING—Some of the numbers over the book-stacks in the library. If these could be put on and the ones out of place righted, it would be a great convenience; at least to those who are not wholly familiar with the arrangement.

THANKSGIVING.—Analyze your visit at home this Thanksgiving time and then see if there is room for improvement at Christmas. Did you enlarge on the trials and tribulations of school life, or did you speak at length on the good times and the privileges you have enjoyed? Did you show a thankfulness for the sacrifice that has been made to send you? Did you show most interest in the family? or in your friends? Did you leave a question among any of your acquaintances as to whether or no it had been a good thing to send you "away to school?"

ADVISORS.—Just what is expected of the girls and what they may expect of their faculty Advisor is not well defined in the minds of many. Perhaps the *personnel* of each group will determine many details in regard to work in that group, but following are a few suggestions that will apply in general to this scheme of helpfulness:

As soon as a girl finds out who her Advisor is to be she should take the first opportunity to call on her either in her recitation room or at her home. The scheme of work imposes no social functions on any one; especially on the teachers who are so busy. If they do entertain, it should be much appreciated. Now and then, when you flit in for a moment's visit, speak of some of the things you have done, are doing, and are planning to do. Thus you will reveal yourself. Then when questions of health, propriety, or etiquette perplex you, your advisor will have some basis for her advice. Confidence, sympathy, respect and gratitude should make this plan accomplish noble ends. The girls who come in through the year should go to the office and ask to whom they are assigned.



# The NORMAL POINTER

DECEMBER 15, 1903.

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The committee in charge of the Lecture Course is somewhat disappointed with the ticket sale up to date. Unless there is more interest shown in the remaining numbers resulting in a large ticket sale, the committee will find themselves at the

close of the season with a deficit on their hands. This state of affairs is greatly to be deplored. Especially is this true when we stop to consider the character of entertainment offered in this course, and the price at which it may be obtained.

Eugene V. Debs, Durno "the mysterious," and Company, Thomas Dixon Jr., and Henry Lawrence Southwick are still in store for us, any one of which is worth the price of admission to the entire course.

We should feel highly honored when we consider the time and energy expended by the Lecture Course Committee in making it possible for us to have such a series of entertainments to relieve the monotony of our work, and bring to us thoughts and influences from the outside world.

Let us, at least, appreciate the fact that we are getting this excellent course at a bargain. If we have not already provided ourselves with tickets, and feel that we are unable to do so, let us earn enough during the coming vacation so that we may before January 6th.

One of the finest pieces of work done in school this year is the burnt wood map of South America made by Miss Josephine Rach. It is burned upon a piece of bass wood the dimensions of which are two and a half by three feet. The map shows all the products of the continent by having a burnt picture or a sample of the product in the area from which each is secured.

We are well pleased with the result of the write-up given the museum in our last issue. It has brought forth a liberal response on the part of the students. About 250 additions have been loaned and donated, E. H. Miles, alone, loaning enough to fill a case. F. Stratton and others have donated a number of valuable specimens.

The loans and donations consist chiefly of Indian relics, and paper curredey of the "wild-cat" banking period, and Civil War time, and a collection of old guns and pistols which are very interesting.

The school appreciates the liberality of these gentlemen, and hopes that others will follow their example.

**SECOND QUARTER.****First Week.**

Bert Cassels, a former student, visited his sister Thursday.

Frederick Somers, who has been attending school here during the last quarter, left last Friday morning, for Sayner, Vilas county, intending to teach a district school near that place.

We are pleased to see that the following old students have returned: John Morse, John Laughlin, Mamie Huff, Alta Caves, Mary Moen, Miss Coffman, and Miss La Rue.

The following new students have enrolled for the coming quarter: Mabel Shelburn, Keene; Claude Precourt, Plover; William Ryan, Buena Vista; Charles Dineen, Plover; Miss Helen Sherman, Stevens Point; Annie Parmeter, Stevens Point; Alice Scott, Hancock; Catherine O'Keefe, Arnott; John Conant, Hancock; Elizabeth Tenney, Retreat; and Matilda Torbjornson, Iola.

The following officers were elected by the Literary Societies to represent them the coming quarter:

**ARENA.**—President, Ellida Moen; vice president, Nellie Phillips; recording secretary, Genevieve Miller; corresponding secretary, Nellie Frost; marshal, Anna Rosenberg; treasurer, Nellie Brennan; program committee, Grace Vaughn, Anna French, Viola Wood.

**FORUM.**—President, J. S. Clark; vice president, A. P. Bronstad; secretary, G. J. Baker; treasurer, G. M. Appleman; sergeant-at-arms, F. D. Strader; executive committee, E. D. Widmer, Frank Calkins.

**ATHENÆUM.**—President, Edward Mathe; vice president, L. Nelson; secretary, George Everson, treasurer, Roger Bigford; sergeant-at-arms, John Peterson.

**THE CLIONIAN** has elected the following officers for the coming quarter: President, Miss Packard; vice president, Miss Grams; treasurer, Miss Emons; secretary, Miss Dorney.

Miss Lois Hancock went to her home in Tomah on Friday, to spend a few days with her parents, who expect to spend the Winter in the South.

**Second Week.**

Professor Livingston left Friday morning for Racine, intending to conduct a two days Institute at that place.

Miss Fink gave us a very interesting talk, Friday, about the instruments used by the Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra.

Friday evening, the Young Women's Christian Association gave a reception to Miss Moxcey, State Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, and to the lady students of the Normal.



Mr. W. H. Schultz, superintendent of the public schools of Merrill and one of the three official visitors, visited us Monday, and at the Tuesday morning exercises gave us a valuable and interesting talk, being chiefly on the importance of music, drawing, writing, and spelling to the school teacher.

#### Third Week.

In the preliminary Oratorical Contest, Monday evening, the following contestants took part: Misses Hall, Allen, Flora Wood, Clark, Hetzel, and Messrs. Welty, Glasspoole, Brown, and LeRoy Wood. The judges, consisting of the Mesdames Bradford, Sanford, and Collins, and Messrs. Bacon and Sechrist, decided that the best six orators, without regard to order, were Misses Hall, Allen, and Wood, and James Glasspoole, Howard Welty, and Howard Brown.

The Rhetoricals of the week began at 1:15 on Wednesday, so that the students desiring to go home for Thanksgiving were free to leave on the afternoon train.

Among the old students who are spending their Thanksgiving here are W. W. Brown, M. E. Brown, A. E. Dawes, Amelia Pope, Hannah Conway, Daisy Wakefield, Wilma Gesell, Fred. Henke.

Wednesday evening, the Elementary Class had a reception in the gymnasium. A very pleasant time is reported.

From 3 to 7:30, Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston entertained the Senior Class at their home. The time was spent very pleasantly playing games, acting charades, deciphering anagrams, and partaking of a lunch served in a novel manner.

On Friday afternoon from 3 to 5, the Faculty gave an informal reception in the Gymnasium for those students who remained over. A very pleasant time was enjoyed playing the old fashioned games.

#### Fourth Week.

The Elementary Party, Wednesday evening, although not largely attended, was pronounced a success by all present. Games, dancing, refreshments, and a good time were the distinguishing features.

Miss Fink is endeavoring to start an orchestra in the school. We hope that she succeeds, as we

certainly have some good material. Many of the old students remember how much they enjoyed the Mandolin Club a few years ago.

Mrs. Jay Sechler, with her little son Harold, visited her sister, Mrs. Thrasher, Tuesday.

Iva Bronson, who has been out for a number of weeks on account of sickness, returned to school Monday.

The Grammar Grade boys who have been taking lessons in camp cookery, have decided that for the next two weeks they will spend their time making Christmas candies.

#### A FEW HINTS ABOUT THE LIBRARY.

1. Every student in the Normal Department may have two books at one time, providing only one is a story book.

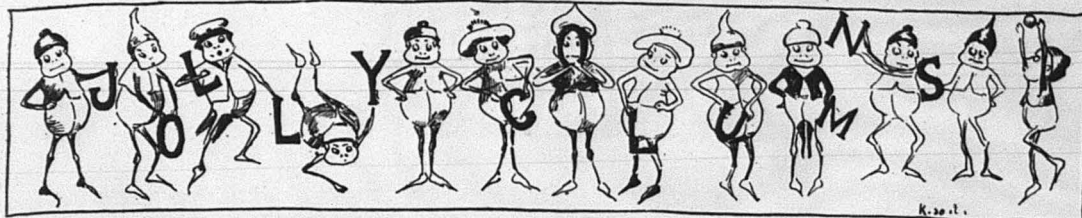
2. All books, except reserved books and bound magazines, may be kept one week; and may then be renewed. But if kept over time, a fine of five cents is charged. These nickels are put into a fund which helps to buy some of our pictures and statues, and so you are doing some good for the school even when violating rules,

3. The card catalog, arranged exactly like a dictionary, directs you to the books. The Poole and Cumulative Indexes do a like service in assisting you to periodical literature.

4. The librarians are here to help you. It is their business to find you what you want; but if you only realized how much good it will do you if you learn to find your own material, you will ask them to teach you how rather than to give you particular articles.

5. In order that you may get the best material on your subject begin in good season to look around. Mention your subject to the librarian, she may have references all ready to use. Do not wait until half an hour before you want to begin work. Often, then, so many want help that we cannot do for each what we could if given more time. This means, especially, those who take part in debates or appear on the Rhetorical programs.

6. Fifteen minutes a day spent in the library, just looking around and getting acquainted, will be of invaluable aid to you while you are in school and after you leave your Alma Mater.



J-h- M-r-e—Say, fellows, I have figured out that the reason the Ancients did not make more use of their libraries was that they were afraid of smashing their figures between the stone leaves.

Mr. St-a-er, just after Thanksgiving vacation—  
“Miss—can you tell me how to cure cold sores?”

Junior Girl—“Yes. Return them where you got them.”

Mr. S— —“I can’t. (Aside) “She isn’t here.”

She sat deep in thought, then suddenly said—  
“Say, Mr. Zen- -r wouldn’t look very bad if he did get to be bald-headed.”

J. S. C-a-k wishes us to say that he would be glad to have some one offer to spend an hour or so each evening to play “Tiddle-de-winks” with him.

Professors Culver and Collins, looking at the snow dam for the skating rink:

Professor Culver—“Isn’t that dammed nicely?”

Professor Collins—Yes, indeed, it is dammed nice.”

Query—Which swore? the elder or the deacon?

Now that darkness falls so quickly, the assembly room makes an excellent place to sit and chat with your best friends. But don’t you feel terribly queer when the President comes in and turns on the light.

**Review Grammar.**—Sentence: “In that calm Syrian afternoon, Ruth went forth, etc.”

Professor Livingston—“To what Ruth does this refer?”

Class—“Ruth of the Bible.”

Professor L.—“Where did she come from?”

Mr. Ze-t-er—“Massachusetts.”

**QUESTION.**—Why is C. O-s-n appearing so wan and thin?

**Answer.**—Keeping his boy friends from getting Frost bitten.

**LOST.**—My chew of Pepsin Gum; only been used a few days.

F. C-L- -NS.

If the gentleman will apply to A. H-l-o-s-n he may find some clue as to the whereabouts of his property.

Professor C-l-e- —“Mr. M-th-, what are the physical properties of H.?”

Mr. M-th- (scratching his head)—Ah-um-er—wasn’t that the last bell?”

Two young ladies were discussing the weather prophecy.

First—“Is Mr. Hicks dead?”

Second—“Yes.”

First—“Well, then, who makes the weather, now?”

President Pray, discussing the list of spelling words—“To how many is the word ‘Silesia’ familiar?”

Several young ladies raise their hands.

President—“Well, I knew that the young ladies were familiar with it; and I thought the young men might as well make its acquaintance first as last.”

**THE POINTER** announced that all school children should make their wants for Xmas known to Kriss Kringle—care of Pointer. The following were received:

**DERE SANTA:**—Pleas bring me a mustash like papa’s.  
Your friend, **GENIE SMITH.**

**MY DEAR SANTA CLAUS:**—I do not wish any thing this year. I only want to be good.  
Your friend, **JOHNNIE MORSE.**

**MR. SANTA, Dear Sur:**—i wish a set of building blocks, i want to build a Cassel, they are so romantic.  
Yours respectfully,  
**MR. J. H. BROWNE.**

**MY DERE OLD SANTA:**—Pleis bring me a sled, they are so many nice Hills around hear.  
Your little friend, **GUY.**

**DERE OLD SANTIE:**—Pleas bring me a nice little bottle of antie fat.  
Yours, **WILLIE Z.**





# EXCHANGES.



Now, Edward, the best portions of the fowl are for the guests; so what are you going to say when I ask you what you will have?"

"Just a few of the feathers, please." —Ex.

"When I get to Heaven," said a woman to her Baconian husband, "I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote those plays."

"Maybe he won't be there," was the reply.

"Then you ask him," said the wife. —Ex.

The editorials in **THE BLACK AND RED** are good.

Paula—How much are you worth, anyway?

Delia—My face is my fortune.

Paula—Never mind; it's no disgrace to be poor.  
—SPHINX.

"The Thrilling Experience of the Hobbsses," in **HIGH SCHOOL SENTIMENT**, is very interesting; as anything mysterious always is.

## Foot Ball Maxims.

"It is not good for man to be alone."

Stick to your interference. —SPHINX.

## Before:

There are meters of accent,  
And meters of tone;  
But best of all meters  
Is meet her alone.

## After:

There are letters of accent,  
And letters of tone;  
But the best of all letters  
Is let her alone.

—Ex.

Do you hear the ocean groaning?  
Ever moaning soft and low?  
'Tis because a fat old bather  
Stepped upon its undertow. —Ex.

A green little apple-boy, in a green little way,  
A green little apple devoured one day,  
The green little grasses now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.  
—Ex.

Senior—"I don't want you to make a large picture."

Photographer—"All right; please close your mouth."  
—Ex.

Billy looked at Mary—  
Oh! what a pretty Miss!  
He stole a little nearer;  
Then bashful stole away.

—YALE RECORD.

"Now, here's a piece of goods," said the voluble drummer, "that speaks for itself. I—"

"Very well!" interrupted the weary buyer, "suppose you keep quiet for five minutes, and give it a chance."

What was Adam's favorite song?

"There's only one girl in this world for me."  
—Ex.

You may find a balm for a lover crossed;  
Or a candidate defeated;  
But the only balm for a ball game lost,  
Is to say the umpire cheated. —Ex.

"Since cigarettes seem less provoking  
Unto the one who does the smoking,  
Oh! won't some power please compel 'em  
To smell themselves as others smell 'em?"  
—NORMAL PENNANT.

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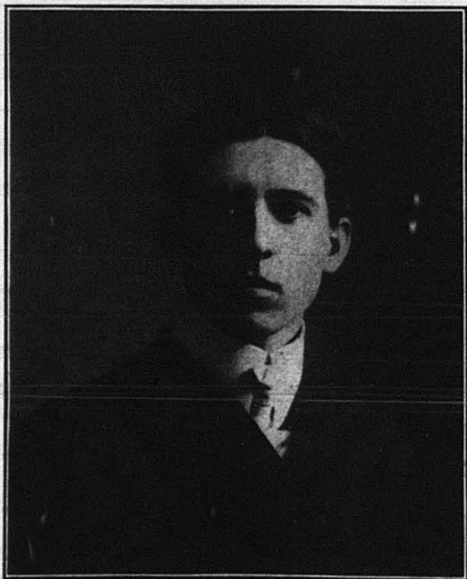
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