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Vol. X. No. 3

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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.
CHRISTMAS-TIDE.
The ground is white,
The snow is light,
The sun is bright,
Bells hail the night!
'Tis the Christmas-Tide!

Most beauteous feast of all the year,
Of life and light and all good cheer,
How filled with joy should all hearts be
For the Christ-Child born for you and me.

Born in a manger, sweet Savior Divine,
Destined to be Teacher of all mankind;
Dwelling among men, the poorest of poor,
His home but the valley, the hill, or the moor.

How great was the Gift of God up above,
This wonderful symbol of wisdom and love,
To save us poor mortals from the depths of our sin,
This world from its darkness and sorrow to win.
To God on high, all glory be.
The Gift of peace, a daily plea,
Good will to men, may we ever see,
'Tis Heaven's wish, 'tis God's decree:
On this Christmas-Tide!

EDWIN S. BILLINGS.

LITTLE JIM'S CHRISTMAS.
Little Jim was a philosopher and an optimist.
And he needed to be—poor little chap—for he was
one of the little, uncared for, unneeded, neglected
bits of humanity, deformed from birth, that wear
their short lives out in the dark, crowded tenements of our large cities.
Yet I should not say that Little Jim was unloved; for all that knew
him loved his cheery smile and bright, hopeful
eyes.
He was only eleven years old, and his past
history is brief and soon told. His mother abandoned
him one dark Christmas eve, and left him
to freeze on top of a frozen garbage heap in the
rear of a wretched tenement. Had not Mrs.
O'Flaherty's son, Tim, called lustily for a drink
in the middle of the night, and had there been
water in the house, this story might not have been
written. But Tim must be quieted; and so Mrs.
O'Flaherty stepped out doors to gather a cupful
of the recently fallen snow. She heard a low wail.
"Och! and what pore little kitten is freezin' this
night?"
She perceived that the cries came from the snowy
world outside. Soon they were located, and the
miserable, wailing little bundle was hugged close
to her motherly breast as it was carried to the
scare less dreary world inside.
"And it's a baby, Tim darlin'," said she
"See the poor little thing. Nearly frozen completely, he is. There, there, don't cry, swath-heart, don't."

And Jim had found a home, such as it was, and a mother as well. It was from Mrs. O'Flaherty that Jim learned his good humor and quiet gentleness. Worn out with her hard toil as washerwoman, she had died two years ago, leaving the two little waifs to shift for themselves. Tim, sturdy and aggressive, began to sell papers on a small scale, and made enough to keep Little Jim and himself from starving, tho comforts were few, and even necessaries, not plentiful. Of late, Little Jim, tho so frail and delicate, had been assisting in the family support—by making paper flowers, an art taught him by Clarinda Chubb, a mature young lady of twelve, who worked in the paper-flower shop. Clarindy was fond of Little Jim's company—he could tell such wonderful goblin tales, elaborations of those heard from Mrs. O'Flaherty. One evening, the week before Christmas, she came in to tell Little Jim the wonderful news.

"O little Jim, what do you think? I tell you, us kids what work at the flower shop is lucky. We're goin' to have a Chris'mas!"

She paused impressively for Little Jim to grasp the full magnitude of her assertion.

"What's a Chris'mas? I don't see how you can have a Chris'mas. Mrs. O'Flaherty said as how Chris'mas was the day when the Christ child was born; and—"

"O, you chump," said Clarindy, forcibly if not elegantly, "didn't you never hear of a Chris'mas tree, and candles, lights—stacks of 'em—and presents, and turkey and pies and things to eat? But, of course, I forgot," she said looking compassionately at Little Jim's misshapen form, "you ain't never been to a settlement Chris'mas."

"I'm awful glad," said he just a trifle wistfully, for he had never had a Christmas.

When Tim came home, tired and wet from the sleety snow outside, he was brimming over with the news that a gang of news-boys were to have a Christmas, given them by the ladies of a swell up-town church. Little Jim was not selfish enough to dampen Tim's ardor by undue appreciation. But Tim noticed that he was unusually silent, and Little Jim, said he was tired,—that was all. After Little Jim thought Tim was asleep, he began crying softly to himself. Tim was not asleep, however, and he could hardly believe his ears. Little Jim crying—why, it could not be possible. He stretched out his hand and touched Little Jim's cheek. It was wet.

"Why, Jimmie, kid, what ails ye? You ain't sick?" said he in alarm.

"No," said Little Jim, between the sobs, "I'm just a big baby, that's all. I ought a be'shamed of myself, but I can't help it. I can't never go nowhere, nor do nothin', and I'm no good to nobody. I ain't even got one good leg to walk on. Every body else is goin' to have a Chris'mas, and I ain't. Clarindy is, and so are you. I am just tired a bein' round in every body's way," and he broke into fresh sobs.

Tim was truly alarmed. To see Little Jim in such a state was extraordinary, and Tim knew not how to deal with this emergency. He comforted him as best he could; and long after Little Jim, tired by his unusual emotion, lay asleep, Tim lay trying to devise a plan to give Little Jim a Christmas.

It was Christmas eve, and Little Jim was all alone in his dingy little tumble down room. All the others had gone to their Christmas parties; and he had never felt so lonesome before. Little Jim was thinking perhaps he had better go to sleep and the dream children might give him a Christmas.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and rushed a gang of ragged, tattered news-boys.

"Merry Chris'mas! Merry Chris'mas!" they shouted at the top of their lungs.

Little Jim knew not what to make of it; but Tim whispered, "It's all right." And Joe McCarty stepped up and made a speech to the effect that they were going to give him a real Christmas.

Little Jim almost disgraced himself again, but he swallowed very hard to keep the tears back, and smiled bravely. The boys lifted him carefully into a seat formed with their hands, and carried him out into the passage.

"We've got a tree, an' a candle, an' gifts, an'
some apples, an' we se goin' to give ye a bully

time," said Shorty.

"Aw, don't tell him," said Snub, "let him see
for hisself." And thus, amid laughter and noise,
they brought him to Buster's room.

Buster was the most prosperous news-boy in the
gang, and the only one besides Tim who had a
room of his own. The rest slept on the streets,
in alleys, wherever they might lay their heads.
But Buster was fifteen, and had a good business.
The interior of the dingy room was trimmed with
bits of real live evergreen. Buster confided to
Little Jim that he had picked it up, bit by bit,
from behind Christmas tree vendors until he had
enough to trim his 'den,' as he called it, and truly
this was a fitting name. Then there was the tree—
and a wonder it was. It was an old dead ever-
green—the branches were dead and brown. Snub
had found it on a garbage heap. But then it was
a tree, and to Little Jim's untutored eyes, it was
simply beautiful. On it was one lone candle which
one of the boys had contributed, and a few of the
green sprigs had been tied onto the dead brown
limbs with red yarn by some one with more will-
ingness than taste. There were mysterious little
packages tied on to the tree by this same red yarn.
Little Jim's eyes were shining; he was too happy
to speak.

Then Buster, master of ceremonies, stepped up
to the tree and carefully lighted the candle. After
an impressive pause, he delivered himself of the
following speech:

"Most worthy guest, and most honorable mem-
ers of de 'gang': We have all come here to
give our worthy friend, Little Jim a Chris'mas,
and show him our esteem and appreciation of
his em-er-character and dispersion. I—I—I wish
—I hope that." It was evident he had more to
say. The boys waited in rapt attention for their
leader to proceed. After shifting his weight from
one foot to the other several times, he regained
his ideas and ended with a grand flourish of his
right hand toward the tree, "I take great pleasure
in presenting these gifts to our well-known friend,
Little Jim."

These are a few of the gifts: There was a broken
jack-knife from Joe; a dime novel, dirty and
dog-eared, from Snub, who could read and was of
a notably literary cast; a flaming red neck-tie,
from the prosperous Buster; ten cents in money
from Tim, to get what he chose; a 'chaw of ter-
backer from Swipes, who maintained that tho he
knew Little Jim didn't chew, yet he was certain it
was a sure cure for tooth-ache, just to hold it in
the mouth; a bottle of cheap perfume from Shorty,
who was beginning to cast a discriminating eye
on the young ladies of his acquaintance; a pack-
age of chewing gum and an apple, from Fatty,
who always saw to the refreshment side of any
deal; and what pleased Little Jim most, a gift
from quiet little Ben, a sprig of fresh green holly
with a cluster of brilliant red berries.

The merriment grew faster and more furious.
Little Jim was very quiet. He sat and watched
them with a happy, far-away look in his eyes.
At last Little Jim's chair was brought to the place
of honor, just in front of the tree. The boys all
went to the other side of the room to act out a
scene from a highly educating play, "Trapped
and Murdered," which they had all seen but Little
Jim. When the piece was rendered, laughter
ceased for an instant. Why didn't Little Jim
clap? Tim, rather mortified to think Little Jim
did not know the ways of the world, called out,
"Why don't ye clap, Jimmy, kid?"

There was no answer, and a hush fell upon the
boisterous crowd. There in his little chair, with
his lap heaped full with his incongruous gifts,
overshadowed by the shabby tree, Little Jim lay
back with a serene smile on his face. In his hand
was clasped tightly, the sprig of holly. The angels
had decided to give Little Jim another and a bet-
ter Christmas, for his frail little life of pain and
deformity was ended. Little Jim would have a
better Christmas than mere mortals can devise.

Alta M. Sherman.

Many Like Him.

"He says he has so many business troubles
they keep him awake nights."

"Yes; but they don't keep him wide awake
during business hours; and that's his principal
trouble."

—Ex.

Judge—What is your profession?
Witness—I'm a poet, your Honor.
Judge—That's not a profession; it's a disease.

—Ex.
The Censor feels constrained to be less censorious in this issue; but the material for the exercise of his censorship is so unlimited that it is difficult for him to restrain his feelings. However, Christmas greetings are in order by way of introduction; and, after they have been introduced, the Censor will endeavor to make his page as thoroughly out of harmony with the spirit of the number as possible. Presumably this issue will be devoted to the gift-giving spirit of the season; but fearing that his supply of material may be exhausted the Censor will not "give it to" any one—teachers, students, or friends—neither will he give up trying to donate something to The Christmas Pointer.

"Whosoever gives gifts to the Fair,
Remembers that gift without giver is bare."
—ANON.

That's what the boys have been heard to say—some of them. The Censor, out of his sage experience, is rather inclined to agree. It draws one's mind away from the sordid selfishness of the world, and creates an atmosphere of romance about the Fair to imagine that the girls feel the same about the matter. And this reminds the Censor of a quotation entirely apropos here; but the name of the author can not be recalled. It follows:

"Give quickly, boys, e'er 'tis too late;
Give thyself with thy gift as a bait,
Give to the Fair who only wait
To take——""

Alas! the chain of memory is too weak!

Christmas for the Oratorical Association has just begun. The small boy's Christmas endures for so short a time that he sometimes wishes the time would not come—after it has passed—but the Oratorical Association at the Stevens Point Normal is to have one continued Christmas from December to March, beginning with the Fair in the gymnasium, and ending only when we have shown the Inter-Normal Oratorical League that we have something to give by way of entertainment—and disappointment. The school at large must give the association support. We as individuals must give our time, our money, and our ideas, all of which are essential to making the matter go. Those who do not help fill the stocking—which has been publicly hung out—need not fancy that it is so full of holes there is no use trying. This year's contest is going to be made a "sockcess" in various ways, and each must disguise himself as a St. Nicholas whether he feels like one or not. There is no bill so small that it can not help to fill another very large bill which we know will be presented in due time. Be that as it may, there is no hole in any student's responsibility so large that it will permit his crawling out.

**Stop!**

The "stop" that sets the 1:30 classes moving seems to create something of a discord by stopping too long,—that is stopping the classes.

We are pleased to note the general interest evinced by the school in the work of the various musical organizations. All those who are members of these clubs may derive much benefit from the work; provided, they do their own work. Our director cannot add to our willingness to work. She can help us only when we show that we appreciate her efforts by working. The tendency in human nature is to "work" our fellow "worker;" but any amount of leaning on one's good looks, or on another's voice does not generally work very well before an audience—in public of course.

**Seasonable Hint.**

There was a young fellow named Bray,
Who always would give things away;
All the secrets he knew
Straight away from him flew,
So he had nothing left Christmas Day,
A certain young lady named Taket,
Told young Mr. Bray how to make it:
Said she, "Give to me
Your great secret and see
If I can't find some one to take it."
Beatitudes.

With the following beatitudes the Censor bids his critics farewell for the holidays, hoping that none of these sayings will be taken otherwise than seriously:

Blessed are the givers; for they shall receive.
Blessed are they that have great expectations; for they are apt to learn something.
Blessed are the fair; for they shall be called—upon.

---

Training Department

Manual Training.

Prof. Hyer has instituted a course in manual training. The object of the course is to give the students an opportunity to do something.

As manual training is coming to be more and more a requirement in the public schools of the state, it will be well for students to have some knowledge of what manual training really is.

Manual training is really a series of exercises so managed as to produce educational results. In this work a great deal is done and little said; words do not count; men of words are not great here, but those who can see what is to be done and prove that they have seen by doing are the successful ones.

Manual training gives children ability in several ways. In making an article, a boy is taught to make a working drawing of it. He is taught how to measure. He is taught how to proceed from his working drawing to the making of the thing. To do these things he must think clearly, because the order of his action depends upon his thought. If he does not think clearly he will cut the wood in the wrong place and have to begin over again. This is a more effectual means of correcting an error than is the blue pencil. He is taught to think clearly toward an end believed by him to be useful. This in itself is great gain. Manual training helps to carefulness, to accuracy, to persistence, and to self-control.

Manual training offers special opportunities for training those who are defective in perception, application and habits of thorough work. But whatever else may be said on this subject, a course which will train the child to form clear, precise ideas and then train him to carry them into some form is one to be recommended for every child.

There is some fear that manual training may be made a fad. But to those who know what education means and the value of manual training in a course of study, this danger will be at a minimum and more of our educators are coming to believe a course of manual training for all children with especial reference to those defective in some particular power or faculty, and carried on by an instructor competent to judge of its educational value, should be a part of the curriculum of every elementary school. The work given by Prof. Hyer is voluntary both on the part of the instructor and the pupils. Prof. Hyer, himself, has advanced about half the tools used in the work, and quite a large class of young men and women are taking the work. Room No. 3 has been fitted up as a training room. It has a very attractive appearance, the benches and especially the tools are of the best, and while no work has as yet been completed, the Pointer hopes to say something on this subject before the year is over. We all hope that manual training will become a permanent part of the school in the near future.

W. A. Auer.

“Now the last day of many days
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last is dead;
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!”

—Shelley.
ART WORK FOR CHRISTMAS.

The children in the Grades are all making gifts for Christmas. They do their own designing and constructing. These articles which they make are to be kept by the children and carried home as gifts for their fathers and mothers.

The First Grade are now making candy boxes of heavy paper, and are painting simple designs upon the covers. We have here a sketch of one of these boxes made by the First Grade. They are also making book-marks, and are mounting pictures.

The Second and Third Grades are making blotters at present. We have one of these designs shown in the sketch. The top is made of heavy paper of a desirable tint, and the design is drawn on this. The blotter is fastened to this by lacing as shown in the figure. These grades will also make little needle books. The cover will be of light colored cloth, and the design will be painted on by means of a stencil cut out of paper. Then pieces of flannel of the same size as the cover will be fastened to the top by a cross stitch in the center, and the needle book is complete.

In the Fourth Grade, a case for newspaper clippings will be made. As shown in the sketch, there will be an outside cover of stiff card board. This will have an appropriate design on the outside; and on the inside, a simple design in lines. Little envelopes will be made to hold the clippings. Each envelope is designed to hold some particular kind of clippings, and the purpose of the envelope will be printed on it; as "Cakes," "Pies," "Meats," etc.

The Fifth and Sixth Grades are making whisk broom holders. The fronts and backs of these are cut from stiff card board and covered with burlap. The design is stenciled on the front in color. The edges are laced together with raffia, and the holder is suspended by a cord of the same material.

The Seventh and Eighth Grades are illuminating Literary Sentiments. These literary gems are printed and ready to color, or illuminate as it is called. This work is similar to that done by the monks in olden days.

These Christmas gifts are all useful, and something the child will wish to keep. The most neatly constructed ones may be given to parents and friends as presents.
There are certain duties incident to elder brotherhood; and this fact, accentuated by propinquity, no doubt led Mr. Smith, our genial Alumni editor, to lavish one of his persuasive smiles upon me in a recent interview; and so "I take my pen in hand."

Men's minds run in cycles; hence the super abundant celebrations of the first, fifth, tenth, twenty-fifth, fiftieth, or one hundredth anniversary of most any event of human interest. So the recurrent figure 4 in our present dating leads me to recall the eventful year of 1894 when the Sixth State Normal was added to the flourishing institutions of Stevens Point and Wisconsin.

Stevens Point had tried so often and so hard and had failed so repeatedly to get a State institution located "in its midst" that the final announcement, late in 1893, that a Normal School had at last been safely landed was received with enthusiasm tempered with fear lest by some hook or crook, the plum then fairly in its grasp should be spirited away; and it was not until the ground had been broken and the foundations commenced, that the people began to really hope to see some day a flourishing institution in full operation. This hope grew with the building; and every project launched by the school from that day to this has received the cordial support of the Stevens Point people. The boomers in the surrounding cities who were also aspirants for the school, held up their hands in abject horror on learning that the school was coming to Stevens Point, and predicted all sorts of dire calamities; but the old Board of Regents builded better than they knew, and no other Normal School in the State can point to a more healthy and rapid development than the Sixth.

In September, 1894, the school was formally opened. It was not a very propitious opening. The building was still incomplete, but President Pray and his little handful of a faculty were on hand, and they were as good for the purpose as an army.

Not a spear of grass was growing on the campus; not a walk was in sight even. It was all an expanse of newly graded sand, which was later covered with soil and the foundation laid for the present handsome lawn.

The building has grown, been nearly doubled in size, and more than doubled in utility since then. The rapid advent of new pupils soon made expansion imperative, and the biology laboratory was the first of the third floor rooms to be finished off as a class room. Then the front towers were raised, and the physical and chemical laboratories were enlarged. Next the janitor was expelled from the original flat in the basement. More rooms were finished in the attic, and finally came the addition of the handsome new annex.

The board was extremely fortunate in the selection of a president for the new institution, in that they selected a man who had unusual success in surrounding himself with a competent and progressive faculty. The Stevens Point Normal faculty has contributed some very fine material for the upbuilding of the teaching force in many of the notable institutions of this country; and we are all proud of the records made by our teachers as well as of those made by our fellow students.

We trust the record made in the first ten years is only a sample of what is to be done in the next ten. We hope soon to see the building bulging out its sides again, so that the board will have to come to the rescue with another annex on the other end of the original nucleus.

The school has already had a wonderful influence in the development of general culture and education in central and northern Wisconsin; and we trust that every member of the Alumni will make himself a committee of one to sing the praises of Alma Mater, and use his rightful influence in the promotion of attendance from the district where his work now lies.

ART WORK FOR CHRISTMAS.

The children in the Grades are all making gifts for Christmas. They do their own designing and constructing. These articles which they make are to be kept by the children and carried home as gifts for their fathers and mothers.

The First Grade are now making candy boxes of heavy paper, and are painting simple designs upon the covers. We have here a sketch of one of these boxes made by the First Grade. They are also making book-marks, and are mounting pictures.

The Second and Third Grades are making blotters at present. We have one of these designs shown in the sketch. The top is made of heavy paper of a desirable tint, and the design is drawn on this. The blotter is fastened to this by lacings as shown in the figure. These grades will also make little needle books. The cover will be of light colored cloth, and the design will be painted on by means of a stencil cut out of paper. Then pieces of flannel of the same size as the cover will be fastened to the top by a cross stitch in the center, and the needle book is complete.

In the Fourth Grade, a case for newspaper clippings will be made. As shown in the sketch, there will be an outside cover of stiff card board. This will have an appropriate design on the outside; and on the inside, a simple design in lines. Little envelopes will be made to hold the clippings. Each envelope is designed to hold some particular kind of clippings, and the purpose of the envelope will be printed on it; as "Cakes," "Pies," "Meats," etc.

The Fifth and Sixth Grades are making whisk broom holders. The fronts and backs of these are cut from stiff card board and covered with burlap. The design is stenciled on the front in color. The edges are laced together with raffia, and the holder is suspended by a cord of the same material.

The Seventh and Eighth Grades are illuminating Literary Sentiments. These literary gems come printed and ready to color, or illuminate as it is called. This work is similar to that done by the monks in olden days.

These Christmas gifts are all useful, and something the child will wish to keep. The most neatly constructed ones may be given to parents and friends as presents.
There are certain duties incident to elder brother­
ership; and this fact, accentuated by propinquity,
no doubt led Mr. Smith, our genial Alumni editor,
to lavish one of his persuasive smiles upon me in
a recent interview; and so "I take my pen in
hand."

Men's minds run in cycles; hence the super
abundant celebrations of the first, fifth, tenth,
twenty-fifth, fiftieth, or one hundredth anniversary
of most any event of human interest. So the re­
current figure 4 in our present dating leads me to
recall the eventful year of 1894 when the Sixth
State Normal was added to the flourishing institu­	ions of Stevens Point and Wisconsin.

Stevens Point had tried so often and so hard
and had failed so repeatedly to get a State insti­
tution located "in its midst" that the final an­
nouncement, late in 1893, that a Normal School
had at last been safely landed was received with
enthusiasm: tempered with fear lest by some hook
or crook, the plum then fairly in its grasp should
be spirited away; and it was not until the ground
had been broken and the foundations commenced,
that the people began to really hope to see some
day a flourishing institution in full operation.
This hope grew with the building; and every pro­
ject launched by the school from that day to this
has received the cordial support of the Stevens
Point people. The boomers in the surrounding
cities who were also aspirants for the school,
held up their hands in abject horror on learning
that the school was coming to Stevens Point, and
predicted all sorts of dire calamities; but the old
Board of Regents builded better than they knew,
and no other Normal School in the State can point
to a more healthy and rapid development than
the Sixth.

In September, 1894, the school was formally
opened. It was not a very propitious opening.
The building was still incomplete, but President
Pray and his little handful of a faculty were on
hand, and they were as good for the purpose as
an army.

Not a spear of grass was growing on the campus;
not a walk was in sight even. It was all an ex­
pansible of newly graded sand, which was later cov­
ered with soil and the foundation laid for the
present handsome lawn.

The building has grown, been nearly doubled in
size, and more than doubled in utility since then.
The rapid advent of new pupils soon made expan­
sion imperative, and the biology laboratory was
the first of the third floor rooms to be finished off
as a class room. Then the front towers were
raised, and the physical and chemical laborato­ies were enlarged. Next the janitor was expelled
from the original flat in the basement. More
rooms were finished in the attic, and finally came
the addition of the handsome new annex.

The board was extremely fortunate in the selec­
tion of a president for the new institution, in that
they selected a man who had unusual success in
surrounding himself with a competent and pro­
gressive faculty. The Stevens Point Normal
faculty has contributed some very fine material
for the upbuilding of the teaching force in many
of the notable institutions of this country; and we
are all proud of the records made by our teachers
as well as of those made by our fellow students.

We trust the record made in the first ten years
is only a sample of what is to be done in the next
ten. We hope soon to see the building bulging
out its sides again, so that the board will have to
come to the rescue with another annex on the other
end of the original nucleus.

The school has already had a wonderful influ­
ence in the development of general culture, and
education in central and northern Wisconsin; and
we trust that every member of the Alumni will
make himself a committee of one to sing the
praises of Alma Mater, and use his rightful influ­
ence in the promotion of attendance from the
district where his work now lies.

The Normal Pointer

DECEMBER 15, 1904.

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Contributions solicited from alumni and students.
Address all literary material to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL

The Pointer wishes its patrons a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

At this time it is in order for everyone to express what he or she most wants for a Christmas present and, tho there may be no probability of getting the thing one wishes, the expression may afford some gratification. Therefore, be it known to all men and women that what The Pointer most wants is a room fitted up for it which shall be designated "Pointer Office," and in which may be kept the files and the accumulating cuts and other material belonging to it; and also where members of the staff may go to write when the inspiration seizes them.

The Christmas vacation is looked forward to with more pleasure probably by students and faculty than any of the other vacations or holidays of the school year. Especially is this true of those students who live out of town and who do not get home very often. The most of us are looking forward with keen enjoyment to the time, now only a few days away, when we will once more be among friends and relatives. Sleigh rides, parties, skating, and many other social inventions to drive dull care away, will be in order. Best of all will be the feeling of security and rest to be found in the family circle where is less felt the pulsations of the exacting, strenuous world. What a relief it will be to get back where formality can be laid upon the shelf, and you are once more Billy, or Susie, or Mary, as the case may be.

Much emphasis is being laid upon spelling at the present time, and rightly so, too. In the practical business world spelling is so often regarded as the index of the general ability of the spellers that if any of us have been made to feel that it is a weak spot in our educational armor, we should make haste to strengthen it. Back of all this bad spelling in the Normal grades lies a reason. It is a sign of the times—a vulnerable point in our educational system. We are pressing on to the higher branches of learning at the cost of the essentials, the fundamentals. Thoroness is being sacrificed in the hurry to get on to the advanced education.

To be sure, many of the rules in spelling have so many exceptions that they are practically valueless, except to lexicographers; but President Pray has shown us that there are some rules that are especially helpful.

Apropos of spelling, why hasn't the improvement in the spelling of the words in the English language kept pace with the wonderful advancement in other lines of science and art? All admit that there is a chance for improvement. Is it inordinate conservatism that has kept this incongruous representation of the sounds of our language
from the economic reform of modern times; and if so, why is that conservatism applied almost alone to so essential a thing as spelling? One would think that our spelling was the result of divine inspiration (heaven save the mark!) that we should hesitate for an instant to adopt a practical reform; yet, such is the case.

Some six or seven years ago, the National Educational Association, recognizing the need of spelling reform, adopted a small list of words with simplified spelling, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>program</th>
<th>thorofare</th>
<th>prolog</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>tho</td>
<td>thru</td>
<td>decalog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>altho</td>
<td>thruout</td>
<td>demagog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thoro</td>
<td>catalor</td>
<td>pedagog</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

As practical as this beginning seems it has only been taken up by educational journals and a few of the magazines. The newspapers have shown in some cases a general hostility toward the movement.

It remains for us as teachers to thoroughly inaugurate this reform by teaching it to the youth of our country. Let us assimilate these few words, and then some day there will be another list simplified until in a few years we will have a spelling so simple that when a child has once mastered phonics he can spell nearly every word in the English language. Hasten the day.

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**Societies**

**ARENA.**

Kixy ko-ex, ko-ex, ko-ex;

* Trixy tu-lix, tu-lix, tu-lix;

Kick-a-boo-bah, kick-a-boo-bah,

Normal Arena, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

The Arena is a society of the girls of the Stevens Point Normal School. It was organized, first, for the purpose of giving its members the ability to appear before an audience; second, to train its members in parliamentary practice; and third, to cultivate the social side of school life.

The programs of the Arena are composed of recitations, readings, debates, music, and contests. The society endeavors to have the recitations and readings selected from the writings of the best authors. A place is often given in the program to comic productions. The music rendered has been by the best musicians in school. The society has a debate every two weeks on some interesting and important topic. The advantages to be derived from being an active member of the Arena naturally follow from the purposes for which the society was organized. The active member has ample opportunity to train herself in both impromptu speaking and in rendering work which has been prepared. She also has opportunity here to meet an opponent in fair and open debate, thus broadening her views and strengthening her reasoning power. As a whole the Arena offers such supplementary training as is necessary to any well developed student.

GEORGIANA CLARK.

**ATHENAENUM.**

The Athenaeum, altho the youngest society in school, has a membership of over thirty in good standing. Its present strength is of comparatively recent growth; hence its past record is not as important as its present efficiency.

The programs do not differ materially from those of any literary society, consisting chiefly of prepared debates, extemporaneous debates, recitations, talks, readings and music; but each meeting is characterized by the business attitude of its members and a large attendance. The strict adherence to "Robert's Rules of Order" is especially commendable. The discussion of special points, and general parliamentary practice, has a regular place on each program. This naturally gives each member training in the practical working of the general Rules of Order; but it gives excellent training in extemporaneous argument.

The Athenaeum is very strict in its enforcement of the rules against delinquency in attendance and appearing on the program. And no one is allowed to take part in any program or intersociety function unless a member in good standing.

The formation of an Athenaeum Octette and Orchestra has added much to make the society programs attractive to members and visitors. The Athenaeum has done much to cause a unity of feeling among its members by the hearty co-
operation of the old and new members. There are many difficulties presented to the new student when he comes to the school in finding material for debates. These difficulties are lessened for the members of the Athenaeum because the older members are always ready and anxious to be of service.

The Athenaeum has a room of its own in which to hold its meetings. This is nicely furnished, and the wall is decorated with the society banner of blue and white. Each member wears a pin which is a miniature of the society banner.

The Athenaeum cap is a distinctive feature of the Normal. It is of the college type, dark blue in color with a white A. The cap is very unique and quite befitting the literary society.

**THE FORUM.**

The Forum, the oldest of the young men’s literary societies, was organized in 1896. The purpose of its founders was to give its members an opportunity to appear before their friends before attempting the more strenuous task of addressing the general public. That the Forum has been successful in training men to appear before the public is amply substantiated by the facts.

During the years of this school’s existence, the Forum has had occasion to furnish every one of the school orators that represented us at the Inter-Normal Oratorical Contests.

One of the chief features of the Forum year is the Forum-Athenaeum debate. Some years ago, the Athenaeum and Forum jointly purchased a bust of Wendell Phillips, that prince of orators, with the understanding that the society that should win three successive annual debates, should permanently retain possession of the bust. The Forum has won the debates as specified, and the bust now adorns the walls of the Forum room, which by the way, is one of the best furnished society rooms in the state. Debating has always been given much attention in the society work, and there is no lessening of interest this year.

Another noticeable feature of the society work is impromptu debating. Such momentous questions as: Resolved, that the Forum should construct, operate, and control, a street railway sys-

tem in the city of Stevens Point, and others of like nature, have been debated.

When the young men go forth from the Forum walls, they will not only be able to address a public meeting, but owing to the training received in parliamentary practice, they will have the requisite qualifications for presiding at public meetings.

The first meeting of every quarter is an open meeting to which the general public is invited to observe the work we are doing. The mighty deliberations and profound questions that concern the minds of the members of the Forum do not admit of visitors at any other time; except with the consent of the president, or, by vote of the society.

Roar 'em! Roar 'em!
For the Forum;
For we're surely going to show 'em
How to win the debatorum.
For the good old Normal Forum.

**WHAT THEY WANT.**

The Pointer reporter went to interview Santa Claus, but found him out. Hearing the telephone ring he took down the receiver and learned what the following persons most want for Christmas:

Miss A-d-r-on.—A hammer to crack jokes.
G. M. A-p-e-an.—A train of cars.
Miss A-l-r-on.—An automatic roll call.
G. J. B-k-r.—Another hammer.
Miss B-e-n-n.—A position at the counter.
J. H. C-i-n-s.—Some red pepper pickles.
Miss K. C-s-e-l-o.—A hin.
E. H. M-l-s.—Recipe for a winning football team.
G. G-s-l-l.—A compass to locate his affections.
E. M-t-e.—A steady girl.
R. O-m-by.—Don’t change my seat in history class.
J. E. G-a-s-o-le.—Same as Mathe.
J. H. B-o-ne.—A violin player.
J. F. M-r-e.—A Violet will do.
Wm. E-l-r.—A gold thimble.
Miss H-t-el.—Nothing; I’m satisfied.
E. B-l-i-gs.—A bed for rhetoricals.
W. A. A-er.—Song entitled “My Dear Louise.”
Miss McD-r-I-d.—A permanent position on the faculty.
Pres. Pray.—Recipe for getting quiet before you stop.
Prof. B-c-n.—Some self-returning books.
Mrs. B-a-f-r-d.—Two dozen bottles of red ink.
Prof. S-i-d-e-r.—A Daisy good time.
Prof. O-s-n.—I don’t want a mountain; but—
Just then the wires got crossed and the reporter came away.
SECOND QUARTER.

First Week.

Frances Clark, and Josephine and Frances Bannach have withdrawn from school to teach.

Friday morning we listened to an essay on Literature for Children, by Anna Hastings, who completed the Elementary course last quarter.

The following students entered at the beginning of the Second Quarter: Edward Lange, Daniel Hughes, LeRoy Wood, Walter Agnew, Albert Hamilton, and Ray Brasier.

Violet McGrath spent Saturday and Sunday at Green Bay.

Second Week.

Ernest Frost has been obliged to leave school; and has gone to Oklahoma in an attempt to better his health.

The different societies have elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter:

**Forum.**

President ................. William Auer.
Vice President .......... F. Jaastad.
Secretary .................. R. C. Olson
Treasurer .................. O. R. Weinandy
Sergeant-at-Arms .......... John Hughes.
Board of Councillors ...... Loron Sparks,
                         Gerhard Gesell.

**Athenaeum.**

President .................. John F. Morse.
Vice President .......... T. M. Risk
Secretary .................. Sidney Torkelson.
Treasurer .................. J. Peterson.
Marshall ................... George Everson.

**Arena.**

President ................. Dona Brownell.
Vice President .......... Julia B. Anderson.
Treasurer .................. Luella Taylor.
Recording Secretary ... Mary Robertson.
Corresponding Secretary .. Anna Nelson.
Marshall ................... Hattie Murphy.

**Die Gesellschafts Verein.**

President ................. E. J. Mathe.
Vice President .......... Ella Kuehnast.
Secretary .................. H. Martin.
Treasurer ................. Anna Charest.
Critic ..................... Flora Schwabach.

Wednesday the skating rink proposition was presented to the school by Professor Culver. The students were so heartily in favor of it that it was decided to begin work at once. The majority of the subscriptions were in by Friday night, about thirty dollars being raised between the faculty and students. On Saturday, a small "shovel brigade" was organized, and proceeded to mark out the east and west sides of the pond with a bank of earth about two feet high.

O. F. Weinandy entered school Monday.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibit, obtained thru the efforts of some of the more artistically inclined members of the faculty, was opened for visitors on Thursday and Friday. The display of embroideries, metal work, leather work, and pottery, was excellent and much enjoyed by the large number who were attracted. Much credit is due
to those who were instrumental in securing the exhibit.

Third Week.

John Morse spent Saturday and Sunday visiting at Stanley. He brought back an interesting report for last year students.

The Thanksgiving recess allowed us the pleasure of visiting with some of the former students of the school. Among those were Margaret Southwick, Frank Calkins from the University, and Clara Moeschler, Daisy Wakefield, Blanche Chamberlain, Matthew Wadleigh, and Conrad Olson.

The Poverty Party given in the gymnasium last Friday evening, for those who remained in town during the Thanksgiving recess, proved to be a perfect success in every way. Nearly all present

(Continued on last page)

Senior—I am afraid when I see you coming, Miss Dunnegan.

Miss D-n-eg-n—Yes, I notice. I suppose I look like an over-due book.

First Practice Teacher (looking over plan book)—“Why, Marie, did you write your plans with red ink?”

Marie—No. In between those red marks you will find my plans.

A bit of Geography from the Grades.—A river system is a picture something like a tree; but it is a river system.

Professor Culver to Miss Kimball—Your nitric acid seems bound to make “laughing gas,” no matter how you fix it.

Professor C-l-l-n-s (after a long and weary explanation in arithmetic)—“Do you see that, now, Miss Ph-le-r?”

Miss Ph-le-r—“No, sir, I do not.”

Professor C-l-l-n-s—“Well, then, copy it on your paper, and look at it.”

Professor C-l-l-n-s—How do you tell which number follows, Miss McNell?”

Miss McNell—“By the shadow.”

Mr. Pe-e-s-n (in biology, looking at specimen on table)—“Have we such ruffles on our brain, too?”

President Pray (talking of books)—“I can get you a two-dollar Longfellow.”

All the girls appeared with the required sum.

Mr. Hyer (in school management, reading letters of application)—“As recommendation I will send President T. B. Pray and Mrs. Bradford.”

Senior girl (to Mr. Hyer)—“Oh! Mr. Hyer, I’ve got a man!”

Mr. Hyer—“Well, you are to be congratulated.”

“Annie, is it proper to say this ’ere and that ’are?”

“Why, Kate, of course not.”

“Well, I don’t know whether it is proper or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air.”

Miss A-l-r-n, in gymnasium—You may do the arm circle, and then the shoulder-circle. Now, do it with the paws (pause.)

Miss Sh-m-ay (in charge of second music)—“That was pretty well done, Mr. E-l-r; but please try it again, and be sure to come back to ‘me’ (mi) ; and, also, get all your fees (fis).”

Teacher (to young lady, on rhetoricals)—“Now, don’t grow so enthusiastic over your subject that you will forget to stop.”

Young Lady—“If I don’t forget to start, I shall be happy.”
You may all come to the Xmas. tree to be held in the Forum room some time during the holidays, the date being as yet not fixed, if you will comply with the amendment, to the amendment, to the amendment, to the amendment to the original motion, and come in your stocking feet.

Miss—"Hurry up, can't you walk any faster than that?"

Girl—"No, I can't, my lips are so chapped."

Ham-It-on (in school management)—"Can one enter the Normal school without certifying his intention to teach in the state, if he will pay tuition?"

Mr. Hyer—"Certainly."

Ham-lt-n (quickly)—"Then he wouldn't have to take practice, would he?"

Can some one tell us what she meant?

Miss Nep-d (in manual training)—"Mr. Hyer, may I use the circus saw?"

Miss M-r-hy (in bacteriology laboratory)—Oh, Mr. Talbert, are these star fish alive? They look so pink and fresh.

Ag--s T-r-if—(studying grammar)—What did you do with "Old Blood and Thunder."

M-l-o-y—"I just left him there."

M--d S--rs—"Where can I go to find out the cost of enamel lined sinks?"

Et-l I M-r-r-l—"To the tailor shop, I should think."

Practice Teacher—"You may give the degrees of comparison of the adjective sick, George."

George (thoughtfully)—"Sick, sicker—dead."

Brewery man (to Bacteriology class)—"Where do you want to begin?"

Mr. T-i-t—"At the beginning."

Brewery man—"All right; we will begin by the water."

"The D. S. girls want but little here below:
They want that little Lange."

Who kept "Tally" for the D. S. girls on the way to the brewery?

Ask Miss W--d.

Senior Girl—"Don't do that, you'll muss my hair; and can't you see, I have a bow up there."

Second Senior—"Oh! that's it. You have a beau on the brain."

First Boy (in practice department)—"Write my name, too."

Second Boy—"I can't spell it."

Third Boy—"Just put "ski" on what you have already written."

Miss Vo-b-r—"What are you doing? writing a composition?"

Miss Mc-N-t—"Yes, it is for composition; but it is an autobiography."

Miss Vo-b-r—"Of whom?"

Miss M-r-h—(hearing the above)—"Whom did she really mean?"

Miss Pincomb—"At this place they had two arms for each individual."

E-l-r (in Music)—"I can't do that exercise."

Miss S-u-w-y—"Just a moment. Come back to me (ml.)"

Query—What is S-e-a-N-tick's one piece?

Miss W--d—"Did you make your waist, Lou.?"

L. T-y-or—No, my mother did. All my clothes are Taylor made.

Mr. Mc-C-r-l-k (in civics class)—I live in the 21 assembly district.

Miss D-r-b-c—Well, I live in that district, and I don't think he can.

May Her Wish be Granted.

Vi-l-t MeG-th—When I get married and have a home of my own, I want a Morse (Morris) chair.

Is She a Stevens Pointer?

Junior girl (to Senior girl)—"Say, where is Portage County?"

Heard in Domestic Science Kitchen.

A-d-r-on—"I just love to cook, girls."

M-r-p-y—"I would rather roast boys."

To the Boys.

You may have wondered often, boys, Why Senior girls so love to "tease;"

It is a science which they take In laboratory, if you please,
EXCHANGES

Why is a love letter like a lazy dog?
Answer.—A love letter is an ink-lined plane.
An inclined plane is a slope up. A slow pup is a lazy dog. —Ex.

Sunday School Teacher—"How many commandments are there, Willie?"
Willie—"Ten."
"Suppose you were to break one of them?"
"Then there'd only be nine." —Ex.

Why is a letter like a lazy dog?
Some "Good Resolutions" in the November number of THE STUDENT. Read them.
Wise Junior—"I guess I know a few things."
Proud Sophomore—"Well, I guess I know as few things as anybody." —Ex.
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Answer.—When God made woman from the ribs of man. —Ex.
"In what course does your son expect to graduate?"
"In the course of time, by the looks of things." —Ex.

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Quite matchless are her brown I I I,
She talks with utmost e e e,
And when I tell her she is y y y,
She says I am a t t t t,
So-To-Speak.
Professor in geometry—"Make your ares larger, much larger."
Jonathan, the learned—"Yes, make 'em big enough to get all the animals in."

MILTON COLLEGE REVIEW.
"Young man," said the Principal as he caught a frisky Freshman by the arm, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."
"I believe he has," was the reply. —Ex.
He who in his watch-lid wears
His sweet-heart's pretty face,
Is sure to have a time; for there's
A woman in the case. —Ex.

THE NORMAL POINTER, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, is better than ever. —KODAK.

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"In the course of time, by the looks of things." —Ex.

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were dressed in poverty costumes, some of which were very original, affording much pleasure for all. An entertaining feature of the evening was a farce taken from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," farceized by Howard Welty, and given under his direction. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Wiggs.... Julia B. Anderson
Asia. .......... Miss Reitler
Australia. ...... Ada Moen
Europena. ....... Isabelle Leonard
Billy. .......... Howard Welty
Mr. Robert Redding...... John Wysocki

The cast was assisted by a strolling Italian orchestra which played the overture and a selection between each of the four acts of the performance. After this, apples and doughnuts were served. Then, some of the old fashioned dances, such as "Old Dan Tucker," "Virginia Reel," concluded the evening's entertainment.

The work in preparation for the event of the year, the Oratorical Contest, is progressing rapidly. Committees, and sub-committees have been named and are already well advanced in the work. It is hoped and expected that the undertaking will be a great success. Meanwhile, there is much to be done, and those who are aiding in the work are deserving of great credit.

Hereafter, the chorus work for rhetoricals will be given by the chorus class. By this plan Miss Fink hopes to be able to get better results than heretofore.

Fourth Week.

Edwin S. Billings has returned after a short absence on account of illness.

Allan Patch, of Beloit, a former student, was a visitor on Monday and Tuesday. He was particularly interested in the basketball work of the school.

Elizabeth Wysocki has withdrawn to teach.

A fair is being planned which will be held just before Holy Day Recess. The proceeds will be used to help defray the expenses of the Oratorical Contest. The morning exercises, Friday, were devoted to the "fair affair." It is hoped that the co-operation of the members of the school will make this a success.

Those interested will be pleased to learn that Kenneth Pray, who underwent an operation for appendicitis recently, is much improved.

The girls of the Arena, feeling the need of observation of society work and parliamentary drill, decided to visit the Forum, its meetings being especially commendable in that line.

The Choral Club is preparing the cantata Barbara Fritchie, by Jules Jordan. This is a beautiful composition, and is especially well suited to the present needs of the organization.

A meeting was called Wednesday noon, to determine how many girls wished to play basketball. An enthusiastic gathering resulted, and there are prospects for at least ten teams. Much is expected from this showing, and it is to be hoped that even a larger number will take advantage of the opportunity offered.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS ADDED TO THE GENERAL LIBRARY.

Bell—Mrs. McLean.
Bigham—Stories of Mother Goose Village.
Birdsall—Jacks of All Trades.
Booth—Sleepy-time Stories.
Dickens—Little Nell.
Tale of Two Cities.
Irving—Six Girls.
Martin—Tillie; A Mennonite Maid.
Richards—More Five Minute Stories.
Scott—Kenilworth.
Tappan—in the Days of Alfred the Great.
Thompson—Two Little Savages.
Wesselhoeft—Troozle the Run-away,
Jerry the Blunderer.
White—Magic Forest.
Whittier—Child Life in Prose.
Dewey—Decimal Classification, abridged edition.
Library of Congress.
Granger—Index to Poetry and Recitations.
Index to Educational Review,
Vols. 1-25.
Proudfoot—Child's Christ Tales.
Elliot—Present College Questions.
Hames—Modern School.
Baldwin—Industrial-Social Education.
Shaw—School Hygiene.
Shaler—The Neighbor
McClure—Our Presidents, and How We Make Them.
Ingram—History of Slavery and Serfdom.
Topp—Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions.
Shaler—The Citizen.
Ribot—Psychology of the Emotions.
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