

## CHRISTMAS.



ark drops the curtain of the desert  
night--

*The world was desert ruled by  
Greed and Might:*

*A slumbrous silence steals from plain to height--*

*Thus Doubt had stolen man's immortal sight;*

*God's candles shine, the deeps are dimly bright--*

*Great lives had thus shone forth for truth and right.*

*But lo! The brightest stars gleam pale and white!*

*A Sovereign Star, in silent glory dight,*

*Illumes the world with love! Hence War and Fight!*

*And, without struggle, Strength is put to flight:*

*For chill Despair, nor Death's dread power to smite,*

*For Sin that sears the soul with baleful blight,*

*Can boast of power; 'tis broken, shattered quite.*

*Our Savior binds them all--for He is Light!*

# IN MEMORIAM

## MAX S. GOWELL.

Max Gowell entered the Normal School in the fall of 1899 and remained two full years, taking his elementary certificate in June 1901. His previous preparation had been made in the common schools, from which he held a diploma; but that which fitted him best for his work in the Normal, and for his work as teacher was his earnest student-spirit combined with a certain maturity of thought and action. His was the clean, cheerful, courteous demeanor which marked the gentleman in every relation of life.

After graduation, Mr. Gowell taught for two years; and then for the last two years of his life was forced to give up his chosen work to engage in the battle with that enemy of mankind—tuberculosis. One who knew Mr. Gowell can easily imagine his patient, self-contained spirit in this grim struggle; and his friends know, better than any eulogy can tell, how much of well-directed energy and telling influence for good the world lost when at last he succumbed to his fate. His memory is an influence which we should sorely miss if that too should be lost.

## MRS. MABEL SHAFFER.

From amid our school circle one has fallen at the Reaper's approach and been gathered into the sheaves needed for the Lord of Paradise.

In the early home training of Mrs. Shaffer were implanted those sterling qualities, which later in life, enabled her to endure with fortitude the stress and strain of sickness and bereavement.

Shortly after marriage her husband was threatened with consumption, and with her baby and mother they sought a Western climate, hoping to avert the tragedy seemingly so near. Human skill, however, availed not, and with a heavy heart life was faced anew.

Seeking to fit herself for future usefulness, she entered the Normal taking up the Domestic Science Course, and worked with zeal and faithfulness till the Spring quarter of 1905. Then the dread

disease which had proved fatal to her husband, claimed her also as its victim. After several months of patient suffering, her heart crushed at the thought of leaving her child, she too passed through the shadowy gates.

Mrs. Shaffer was a woman of quiet, unassuming manners, and the subtle influence of her gracious life is still with us, pervading our lives like the fragrance of some sweet flower.

The home she left lost a devoted mother, a faithful, loving daughter, a devoted, affectionate sister; the church a co-worker and friend; the city a womanly woman; and we a comrade tried and true.

One morning in August 1903, a few days before the term opened, a young man walked into the President's office to make arrangements to enter the Normal School at Stevens Point. His definite statement of what he wished to do, his modesty in estimating his attainments, and his evident willingness and even earnest desire to enter the classes he was prepared for without reference to their grade or his age, his frank but very brief statement of previous occupation, all combined to make a favorable impression that was never changed. MR. LARS NELSON came to the school with a serious purpose and high ideals, from which he never wavered. His strong desire for an education was the outgrowth of his own experience as a boy on the farm, a soldier, a guard in the service of the State at Waupun. His was a fine character; earnest, manly, courageous loyal, and despising anything low or mean. His influence in the school was always on the side of right and worthy conduct. When in the Spring of 1905 he was unable to shake off the disease that seemed to be making rapid progress, he went home to the farm with the hope of recovery. But this was not to be, and in August last that dread disease, tuberculosis, claimed as one more victim, our high-minded, sincere, noble friend and fellow-student, Lars Nelson.

# THE NORMAL POINTER.

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## L \* I \* T \* E \* R \* A \* R \* Y

### CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCES.

It was late in the December afternoon and the room had been very quiet except for the ticking of the clock. A low fire burned in the grate, and everything glowed with the dull red that the afternoon sun sent in at the west windows.

Suddenly, Halbert's mandolin lying on the sofa tittered softly to itself then loudly whispered to the old melodian in the next corner:

"I am almost dead from laughing at that foolish clock. There the sun has been gazing right in its face so earnestly the whole afternoon, and the silly thing has been trying to hide its big face behind those two black hands."

"Well, it seems to me there is no call for many remarks from you," rattled the old melodian.

"By the time you have lived in this house as long as the clock and I have you will learn to know when your opinion is wanted."

"There, there," calmly ticked the clock.

"The sun and I were merely talking over the old times. You were not here when I came," continued the clock as it glanced at the melodian.

"I can remember the day well although it was nearly forty years ago. Grandmother, who was young and pretty then, was so pleased when grandfather brought me home. For, when I stood in the window down at the clocksmith's, she would gently pull grandfather up to the window whenever they passed, and she would point out all my good qualities while grandfather stood by and smiled. You may be sure I was not surprised when a few days before Christmas grandfather came into the shop and I was put in a long box and carried up here. And I have stood here ever since."

"Well I remember the first time I ever saw you," said the melodian.

"I came at Christmas, too. They sent me down from the city. I couldn't stand such a journey now. My poor back would surely give out. But I was young then and that you were dreadfully superior, and I was often frightened at the glances you would sometimes cast at me."

"Yes, yes," replied the clock.

"And little did I like you at first. Such terrible noises as you used to make when Miss Ruth first began to practice. I could not hear myself talk, sometimes. But you improved."

At this point the old arm chair spoke up creaking:

"Yes, and I can remember how quickly you two became friends. When grandmother would send Ruth in to practice she always kept one eye on the clock. And the melodian would beg the clock to hurry up and get to that last half hour. Of course the clock knew it would be to his advantage to hurry and was never sorry to reach the last few minutes."

"I always thought I got my rheumatism at that time," replied the melodian. "My right pedal never did well after that second year."

"Christmas was always an eventful day in our family," calmly continued the clock who had not heard the last bit of conversation.

"It was on Christmas day that Mistress Ruth was married and went to the city to live. For years she came home every Christmas bringing Halbert and Hazel with her."

"O yes, and it wasn't long before Hazel was large enough to thump my poor keys worse than her mother ever did. But, dear child, if it is any comfort to her, let her thump away," replied the melodian.

"But last Christmas was the saddest of all," continued the clock. "I will never forget the look

on grandfather's face when they got word that Mistress Ruth would never spend another Christmas here. But he and grandmother both tried to be brave for the childrens' sake, and it was a real comfort to them when their father sent them here to live. I was glad, too, for it gave me new courage, but I often feel it going from me. I suppose we must all give up sooner or later."

The room was quite dark now. The clock ticked softer and the fire burned lower, while the mandolin felt the solemnity of the occasion.

### **"HOW I MISSED IT."**

#### **A Christmas Story.**

"It" was a sumptuous Christmas Dinner and all its appurtenances; therefore my emotions as a fifteen year old representative of the stronger sex, with a disgracefully large appetite, may better be imagined than described. I was always hungry. Am yet. I was hungry six days in the week and absolutely voracious on Sunday. But about Christmas is where I used to get in my fancy work at the table. I began to stint myself about December 20 in order to have a presentable appetite on the 25th. I used to cut out my dessert in order to be able to contract for more plum pudding on the day of the great feasting.

I had pastry reveries by day and distracting dreams by night.

Used to dream about a plump pair of plum puddings dancing a cake-walk on the foot of my bed to music furnished by a brace of turkey drumsticks which operated on my collar box as an orchestral platform, while the turkey, minus the drumsticks, with a cranberry tart under each wing, and a huge piece of delicious celery in his beak, beat time with his tail. All interludes in the performance were filled by races between mince and pumpkin pies which used a dish of macaroni and cheese as a starting point and a platter of turkey dressing for the home stretch. The track was wet by Java coffee and sweet cider and fenced in by cream cake with posts of red and white candy drops. The mince pie invariably got two of every three heats.

Often in my slumbers would a dish of oyster stew trot nimbly up and down the head board of

my bed, stopped at each end by a bowl of roasted crackers.

One night twenty dozen doughnuts had a sham battle, and used rapid fire guns constructed of Christmas candies and using red sugar for priming powder. These guns hurled seventeen thousand of kernels of popcorn per minute, and in my excited imagination they were all trained on my gaping organ of mastication, yet in my avidity I prayed that they might increase their fire.

The same night after the battle, twenty-two blackberry dumplings played a game of Rugby football with a hard boiled egg. I thot they had time out too often and called for too much cream, so I ate both teams and made the egg touch-down.

I merely mention a modest feature or two of my dreams in order to convey some slight idea as to the extent of my appetite.

As fate would have it, we lived just ten miles from the line between New York and Vermont. My Uncle Hiram lived about the same distance on the Vermont side. Just before Christmas I went to visit Uncle Hiram. He always eulogized my appetite whenever he could. He told all his neighbors that that "Neffy o' his'n would eat stewed carpet tacks, with shingle nail puddin fer desert if he wuz hungry," When Uncle Hiram saw how I was saving my appetite he was rendered speechless.

At last, finally, eventually the great day came, but with it came an intense, insatiable longing for home and mother and that turkey gobbler I had fed eight times per day for ten months. About nine o'clock I couldn't stand it any longer. I to'd my aunt so. She stopped in the preparation of her Christmas dinner and gazed at me in unfeigned astonishment. But I meant business. That awful clamoring of heart and stomach must be stilled, and the essence of home was the only cure. There was no train; no wagons were passing at that hour; so I got out in the middle of the road, braced my feet and started for New York.

Visions of sugar plums and turkey gobblers warmed the heart within me. Manfully I struggled on. About an hour after I started a snow storm started, and the snow storm got there first. It snowed so hard that I couldn't even see turkey

drumsticks. Cranberry tarts and apple jelly faded away in my troubled vision, usurped by the unsaintly snow storm. I was angry enough to consign the whole outfit to a climate where snow never falls; but it was Christmas, so I didn't. I lost all recollection of the time of day, but plunged on knowing that a big Christmas dinner awaited me at the other end—if I ever got there!

Ah! at last!! How dear to my heart was the glint of the familiar weather cock thru the snow flakes! It was my pa's barn!! I was nearing home. Oh! how my heart throbbed as I thot of that dinner for which I had starved for a week. Dinner! Such a flood of Christmas memories about edibles surged over my excited brain that I nearly succumbed. My breath came in short gasps as my mind dwelt on plum pudding, and when I thot of oyster stew my knees trembled. But collectin' myself in order to be able to do justice to the enormous dinner my good mother had prepared, I dashed up to the house at an awful burst of speed, threw open the dining room door and emitted one unprecedented yell of pure joy at the sight of the lengthened table and its burden of dishes. But the yell died on my lips as I took in the awfulness of the situation.

As I stood there wet, tired and hungry,—starved for a week that I might do justice to that very dinner, the builder of many joyous air castles of appetite on that one event, the most enthusiastic devotee of a Christmas dinner that ever crossed the line between New York and Vermont, imagine my grief and sorrow as I witnessed the last of that turkey dressing vanish down the capacious throat of my well fed sire.

I saw it,—I staggered,—I fell.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last I had a dream where the turkey, the tarts and the pudding were absent, and in my vague consciousness I beheld an enormous stomach, yards and yards in length and nearly twenty feet high and I knew, instinctively, that it belonged to me. Then I saw myself trying to fill it with a meager spoon full of turkey dressing, all that remained to me of my Christmas dinner.

#### A MODERN CHRISTMAS.

Parson was as knowin' a mortal as I ever see.

It was the second Sunday after 'Thanksgivin' an' the parson had stopped fer dinner. While Mary Ann was clearin' the "festal board," Parson Knower an' me got to discussin' the perminence of Chrismus as an Institooshun.

"'Pears to me like them Perfessors an' wise folks what does all the thinkin' an' inventin' that makes this old world go, would do somethin' about Chrismus," sez I. "It certainly is a remarkable fact that in this here age o' discoverin' an' change an varyation an' irrelevance fer the things our fathers worshiped, an' the chasin' after somethin' new until we git old a huntin', that sech a frekwent anniversary as Chrismus should jes be allowed to keep on comin' an' goin' as regulated like as if it was run by the meetin'-house clock. Aint it?"

"That's on 'count of the immortability of Christian idees," says Parson Knower, lookin' up at Mary Ann's Canary Island bird. "Men may come an' go, an' times may change, an' things may like as not be aneyelated by divine jedgment, but the bastic idees of Christianity must keep on a goin' until they've been preached to every soul on earth from Chiney to Cuby, an' from Dan to Beersheby. Jes so with Chrismus. It's an eternal thing," sez he. "Why, Brother Gorsuch, you couldn't no more create a modern Chrismus than you could be an angel without wings!"

"Yes," sez I; "but every thing else changes—even the Good Book. Ain't you seen the revised versification?"

"Yer crazy!" sez he, gettin' up an' pacin' towards the winder. "Don't yer know the Bible didn't have nothin' to do with makin' Chrismus—no more'n the Declamation of Independence had to do with makin' the 4th o' July?"

I see he was gettin' sorter het up like as he'd set the air on fire with his elegance. Parson Knower allus had the rep of bein' a verified Dan Webster when he gets warmed up.

"Parson," sez I, openin' the kitchen door to sorter neuterlize things like, "I don't wan'ter throw no cold water into the fireplace of yer imagynashun, but let me ask a question. Do you reely believe that anything as is existin' to-day is as good as it *kin* be? Fer my part, I doubt it."

Well, Parson seen the queery had a point, but

I guess he didn't wan'ter see it, fer he looked at me awful hard an' scornful like, an' he sez,

"Lem. Gorsuch, yer goin' strait to perdishun if you don't quit yer speclatin'! Yer jes like Thomas—allus doubtin'. Fer *yer* part, the best thing is to keep thy heart with all diligence, as The Book sez."

Course I knowed he coted wrong, but I was pop sartin he didn't want no infimation along his own line, an' I wasn't goin to give him any even tho a fact or two would uv made a good Chrismus present fer him. I tried to change the subject fer a minnit by askin' him how much Job's Turkey weighed, but I seen that he was gettin' hotter an' hotter. I figgered that he'd keep on risin' in his temperature until he'd clumb clear to the climax. I knew he was allus awful conservatory like an' couldn't be made ter see any new idees—an', Seein' is believin'."

"See here, Brother Knower," I sez, (I allus called him "brother" when he began gettin' childish like), "I ain't after changin' yer notions. The whole of Snakeskin Township knows it can't be done. I jes wanted to ask ye if ye didn't think some new novelty scheme fer Chrismus ud make folks take more interest in the principal of the thing. I've hearn said that there wouldn't be no principal if there wasn't no interest."

Ye see, I knew him mighty well, an' was sure the "sun would not set on his wrath," to use a figger, for the sun allus sets over agin Allen's clearin'. I never did believe in the literate translatin' of the Bible.

But you orter seen the Parson. He turned around an' took two quick, 'pulsive step towards me. Then he wiped the perspiration off his face, an' held out his hand an' sez, "Fergive me, Brother Gorsuch. My mem'ry's failin' considerably lately, an' ye see I hated not to know about Job's Turkey."

I put up my left hand as if ter check the tears, an' winked at Mary Ann out in the kitchen. We shook hands, an' then the parson sat down agin'. Purty soon he said he'd hev to go over to the meetin' house fer somethin'.

After he'd gone, Mary Ann sez, "I wonder what'll be his text fer Chrismus Sunday. He surely is

not very progressive. Bein' a bachelor makes him that way, I 'spose."

We went to meetin' the followin' Sunday with Sam and Cornelia. Sam's our boy what graduated from the Academy, an' them Perfessers there knows quite a bit. On our way we passed Parson Knower and the Widder Banks meanderin' peacefully up the hill towards the meetin'-house, him carryin' his Bible, an' her with her riticule. He looked quite cool an' collected, but fergot to say good mornin'.

"Same old story," sez Cornelia, lookin' at Sam sorter tender like.

"There's nothin new under the sun," sez Sam. That boy allus was pious.

Well, the quire sang a carrol, an' the widder broke down an' 'peared dreadful broke up, too; but I seen she wasn't. We was all gettin' sorter fidgeted like waitin' fer the text. Finally, the parson announced that, owin' to bizness, he would be unable to preach the comin' Sunday. We all looked at the widder, but she looked perfectly serene.

"This bein' Chrismus Sunday," sez he very solemn like, the text is Ecclesiastes 1:9."

An' then he read—"The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

I never heerd a better sermon than Parson Knower preached that Chrismus Sunday. It surely was somethin' new fer him, but as Mary Ann said goin' home, the widder was makin him quite "progressive."

O'Lafferty—"Hooligan be sufferin' with a horrible toothache."

O'Leary—"Phwy dun't he git it pooled?"

O'Lafferty—"Hooligan sez that if the tooth kin stand it, so kin he, begob." —STORY.

Teacher—"What happened to Lot's wife when she looked back?"

Small pupil—"She was turned into a pillar of salt."

Teacher—"And what did Lot do?"

Pupil—"Looked around for a fresh wife."

C. NEWS.



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## EDITORIAL



THIS is a fast age. The mechanism of society is complicated. The wheels of evolution whirr incessantly with constant acceleration. Time has always borne the reputation of being swift in flight, but the excessive speed with which the modern spirit advances well nigh leaves him in the rear of the march of events. Records are made one day and broken the next. Time himself has surely made **1905** a record breaker. The record of the year is graved upon the tablet of history. Another month, a few more sweeping strokes, the yearly Christmas greeting, the ecstasy of home, vacation's whirl, the parting, the midnight knell, and '05 is no more! The race is almost done. The relay stands all girded for the dash! We'll catch the forward swing and gallop off with 1906! No time for remembrance! Vacation is ahead! We cannot pause!

And yet, the old year lives. Review the fleetest year that we have known. Consider, re-consider, and reflect; but fail not at the Christmas Feast. Mingle *all* with the genuine Christmas spirit. The greatest gift that Christmas can bestow is not the gift of man. It abides within, and cannot be presented—the spirit of remembrance.

**W**E have striven to imbibe the spirit of the time, and herewith present the Christmas Issue of THE POINTER. As usual, we are hard up for cash. We have striven to hide this fact under a new cover, but have not been able to find room for the Alumni or the Exchanges.

**S**ARCASM has squelched its thousands, criticism has slain its tens of thousands, but love has won its millions. Patriotism? swells the head July 4th, gratitude? distends the stomach Thanksgiving Day, but *love* enlarges the heart Christmas Day—and the greatest of these is LOVE.



LIFE is a game—a far greater game than foot ball. Now that the season is over and men have come back to look life squarely in the face instead of from the side-lines, we venture a few words as to the relative merits of the two games without disparaging either.

College seeks to prepare for life. Men are brought face to face in battle on the gridiron of competition. The “old man’s” coaching, the suggestions of Ma, the counsel of friends can aid, but can not bring success in the struggle. The poor boy, who is to be a self-made man, who is indigent save for grey matter and perseverance, must take his place in the line—not the football line but the working line. He must call his own signals and play the star game of self-reliance. Such is *actual* life in college. Life means the possession of energy: energy is capacity for work: success is work accomplished.

Football, as a means for creating work for those who cannot find it elsewhere, as a substitute for life, as a receptacle for superfluous energy is a good thing, a *great* thing; but football is not life as we find it. The ability to kick,

to plunge, to charge and counter charge, to buck the line, run with the ball, or smash interference on the gridiron, tho analagous to LIFE in the minds of some, is quite a different matter. The foot ball hero is fondled and feted at “the U,” lionized by society, photographed by the ubiquitous camera, nourished at the training table—all against his will understand—is not trained for life—unless, with emphasis on the last word, he sticks to football as a profession. He may be a Yost, but the chances are overwhelmingly against him. Football is mechanical, life is quite otherwise; the former requires “team work,” the latter calls for individual effort. Life demands self-reliance, foot ball insists upon dependence.

Foot ball is not a miniature of life produced and reproduced by the work of a trainer or the call of a coach. It is at best a substitute. Take away the glamour and admiration of the side lines, remove the echoing bleachers, the snap shots from the Sunday press; leave the band and the rooters at home, and PLAY BALL. Where? Oh! anywhere on a vacant lot surrounded by sky scrapers, or on a backwoods clearing! Where would Eekie, and Vandy, and Shevlin, and young Teddy be then? In the game? Not much! The stars would all send subs. But this subbing scheme won’t work in life. It is self-evident that the good old game, altho beneficial and laudable in many respects, has not quite supplanted that other game wherein the *scores* are made not by might nor by chance, but by persistent effort and by right.

WE are often reminded of the brevities of genius when reading the editorial columns of our Exchanges. Some very potent power must sway the pen of the editor who succeeds in “reeling off” prolix editorials ranging from three words to all of six lines. A long editorial department is the besetting sin of some papers, even as long lectures are of some people.

THE world is a giant Interrogation in the eyes of some—one can’t help noticing the eyes of those people. And we need not trouble ourselves for the opportunity since those eyes are always every where. “I wonder” is the antecedent of some knowledge, but not necessarily of all knowledge. Nature does not divulge her secrets to the man who merely wonders. He must observe and investigate. The habit of asking questions may or may not lead to knowledge. This latter fact has been repeatedly so well demonstrated before the entire school that it needs no elaboration. We must, we *do* confess, however, that the repeated demonstration, while it has staying powers for some, often makes *us* wish to “skip.” The total population of Wisconsin is ———?





AFTER all, genuine, true-hearted Christmas is not purely a holiday affair. It is not temporary but continual. Christmas marks the rehabilitation of the *Christian* spirit even as New Years Day marks the reformation of ideals. The good old-fashioned, we trust not antiquated, spirit which pervades the Christmas ingle-side lives in the heart. Too many transfer it to the pocket book and thence to the stocking. Of course it is a trite idea, in this, *our* era of free giving, that the Christmas spirit is sometimes corrupted by the commercialism of our age. Have we ever heard of "gifts" being made to *pay* for what some one "gave" last year? Have we ever seen the person who "gives" with the faint hope that he may thereby deserve something in return? And we surely never heard of people who actually suggest that a "gift" would be appreciated?! We cannot answer these queries. Each can decide from his own experience.

THE person who meets his obligations often meets a lion in the way. He may toil and struggle and sweat to "get around" his obligations, but they confront him at every turn—so does the lion. The "lion" may exist because of one's own weakness; it may be the natural result of adverse conditions; it may be the creation of certain solicitous friends whose Christmas instinct limits their very serviceable gifts to advice instead of service; but the fact remains that Difficulty sits enthroned before the goal of ambition, that barriers of opposition obstruct the path of effort, that privations, and even want, persist in bestowing their company upon us. The "lion" in the way is *self*. Especially at Christmas time does he become aggressive. The only *real* enemy of any man is himself. But at various times this *self* becomes a real enemy to the man's friends. It is then incumbent upon the good man to slay the lion—not for his own sake of course.

## TRAINING DEPARTMENT

### CHRISTMAS IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

Of all holidays celebrated in the kindergarten Christmas is the one most appreciated by the children. While the day seems to them a remote occasion and before their thoughts are centered on Santa Claus, toys, and trees, it is well to present the more serious side of Christmas and tell the story of Jesus, his birth and childhood, avoiding the purely religious aspect of the story.

The jollier side follows, the delightful story of Santa Claus and his wonderful reindeer, of which the children never tire.

Preparations for Christmas begin soon after Thanksgiving, and for a few weeks we all become helpers in Santa Claus's work shop. We buy and

trim our own tree, decorate our room with evergreens and holly, and work every day on gifts for the home people, for whom we are planning this greatest event of the year, our Christmas party. To decorate our tree we string pop corn and cranberries, straws and rings of gold paper. We make gold and silver chains, baskets, and tiny lanterns of all colors. Our gifts are simple, such as can be easily made by the children. We take time to prepare gifts for the sick child who cannot come to Kindergarten and work with us. A scrap book, perhaps, made from pictures contributed by the children. The day before our celebration we trim the tree. This is a great occasion. Every child must share in the work of decoration, and when all the presents have been hung, it is truly

a gift tree, laden with the work of the children which has been done carefully and joyously, for parents and friends. After our Christmas program of songs and stories, the gifts are taken from the tree, but the decorations are left, to be sent later with the tree to some one who is apt to be overlooked by Santa Claus.

During all this preparation, the children show the true Christmas spirit, there is little thought of self, but of what they can contribute toward the happiness of others.

### Simple Christmas Gifts for Kindergarten or First Grade.

#### I. BRUSH BROOM.

Cut strands of raffia 12 inches long.

Wind with raffia a ring of No. 3 reed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter. Put the strands thru the ring and fasten by winding raffia around the strands one inch below ring. Flatten the strands and hold in place by sewing thru and thru 3 inches below ring, The number of strands used depends on thickness of raffia.

#### MATCH SCRATCHER.

Disk of water color paper 4 inches in diameter tinted red or green and decorated with spray of holly. Paste a circle of sand paper at the back and tie with red or green raffia. A blotter can be made in much the same way using water color paper or card-board 4 x 8 with two thicknesses of blotting paper at the back.

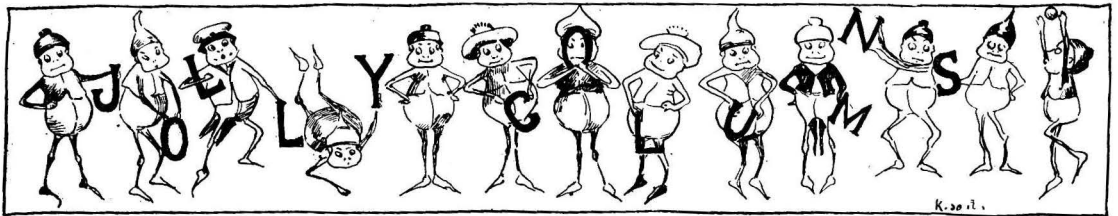
#### HOLDER.

Use a 6 inch square cut from heavy cloth. Broadcloth from an old coat is excellent for the purpose. Cut this similar to a paper weaving mat, with an inch border. Weave with bright red felting cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch strips, and line with red outing flannel.

#### PICTURE FRAME.

Cut a card board disk 5 inches in diameter with a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch opening in center. Wind the edge with colored raffia, and hang by a cord of raffia fastened to the frame.

MARGARET E. LEE.



Verily, verily, we say this is so—

Be good in Rhetoricals

Or out you must go!

(Signed) RHETORICAL COMMITTEE.

Pray heaven they keep their word.

Mr. Vanderbilt in Geometry Class—"This is the loci of a point."

Mr. Collins—"Lo-CUS."

Vanderbilt's mental query—"Is the gentleman trying to call me names?"

Excited Junior in the hall—"Isn't that the fire alarm whistle which I hear?"

Calm Senior—"Oh—m. That's only the second music class practicing its lesson."

Mr. Weinandy in the Universal Geography Class—"The area of Wisconsin is 85,000 square miles."

Mr. Pray—"Mr. Weinandy has the wrong idea in his head, Miss Martin. What should he have there?"

Miss Martin, blandly—"56,000 square miles!!" Will Weinandy ever get that much there?"

George Everson, on knees at blackboard.

Mr. Collins, piously—"I believe Brother Everson is at his devotions."

C. Olson (aside)—"I believe he's 'roaring after false gods.'"

Second Psychology—"Whosoever will can do anything he wills to do, but will he will it?"

Mr. Bacon, wearily — "I have so much to do that I haven't as much time as I would have if I didn't have so much to do."

Strange, isn't it?"

Professor—"Mr. Judd, you seem to have lost your ability to hit the mark!"

Judd, despairingly — "Ever since the Junior spread I've missed my Ames!"

Miss Wood still relates how *a fellow actually went home with her* one night at the Y. W. C. A. convention in Appleton.

Wasn't he a hero?

Chemistry Girl, to Ormsby on night that Dona left — "Mr. Ormsby, will you have Nitrogen again to-morrow?"

Ormsby, dubiously — "I don't know; but I'm afraid it'll be all-night-again."

#### Things We would Like to See.

Miss Pray on time to her eight o'clock class.

Mr. Spindler be good in morning exercises.

The members of Ohiyesa learn to spell their name.

"Those who sit in 215" rise LESS quietly.

The girls be more cognizant of Sir Oliver's good qualities.

Wisconsin Geography become a matter of history.

The stars have labels, and report movements weekly.

Less things and more boys.

Many, many people sent out of Rhetoricals.

The Ancient History Class on time.

More duets in opening exercises by Misses Fink and Parker.

Mr. Vanderbilt's marriage certificate.

A certain Junior girl of the school who sits ahead of a couple of basses in chorus every morning was heard to mutter "Oh dear! I have such a tendency to go with the boys!"

Junior boy—"Why, Miss Freeman, where have you been? I missed you yesterday?"

Miss Freeman, dreamily—"I've been at Boston." Then she blushed.

An elegant translation, given by one of the brilliant Cicero Class, reading orations against Cataline:

"It's up to you, oh Senators, to be Johnny-on-the-spot and get next to what's doing."

Morse—"What is reasoning?"

Risk—"The missing link in the chain of thot."

Morse—"That's why Tally hasn't found it."

Park—"Why is Reid an athlete?"

Barber—"Because he always takes part in morning exercises."

Come, let them say

What'er they may

Of higher Education;

The Normal Guy

Can't get so high

That we fear gravitation!

Smart Ninth Grader—"Mr. Osterbrink, what is the difference between a loud necktie and a soft necktie?"

Mr. Osterbrink, feeling of his tie—"The difference between your tie and mine."

"At any rate," gasped the Russian soldier as he dashed thru Manchuria a few miles ahead of the pursuing Japs, "this long run will cause us to be well seasoned."

"Yes," laughed the army buffoon, "especially if we continue to get peppered every few miles."

—CHICAGO NEWS.

Pat cut the hen's head off and put the chicken upon the floor. It commenced to flop around. Pat explained the matter by saying,

"It's dead. But it don't realize it."

—STORY.

"Spell ferment and give its definition," required the school teacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t-, ferment, to work," responded the diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence, so that I may see that you really understand its meaning."

"In summer I would rather play out of doors, than ferment in the school room," returned the maiden.



# FOOT BALL

1905

0

LISTEN TO OUR FOOT BALL STORY !

GROGGY, GRIM, MID GRIDIRON GLORY,

"STARS" THAT SHONE WITH BRILLIANT LUSTRE

MINGLED IN A SPLENDID CLUSTER.

WITH KICKING AND TRICKING AND STICKING AND LICKING ;

AND HUGGING AND PLUGGING AND TUGGING AND SLUGGING,

AND BLOCKING AND ROCKING AND SHOCKING AND KNOCKING,

AND FUMBLING AND GRUMBLING AND TUMBLING AND  
STUMBLING ;

THEN SMASHING AND DASHING AND CRASHING,

INTERFERING AND JEERING AND CHEERING,

AND STARRING AND JARRING AND BARRING,

AND FALLING AND SPRAWLING AND CRAWLING ;

MID BUCKING AND DUCKING,

AND HOLDING AND SCOLDING,

AND STRAINING AND GAINING,

AND MASSING AND PASSING ;

WHEN PUNTING,

AND GRUNTING,

AND ROARING

MADE SCORING !

## LOCALS

Professor Sanford spent Friday November 24, in Madison attending the convention of History teachers.

Henry Jaastad of Iola, spent several days with his brother Ferdinand, returning home Monday November 15.

Hannah Brunstad is now secretary of the school Oratorical Association. She occupies the office formerly held by Dona Brownell.

Miss Densmore spent Thanksgiving week with Miss Reitler in St. Louis, Miss Grady was in Superior, and Miss Fink visited at her home in Milwaukee.

Ethel Coye visited during the week of November 16, in Chicago and Council Bluffs.

Miss Ellen Hammond has been elected secretary of the State Oratorical Association to fill the vacancy created by the withdrawal of Ellen Hoffman.

Mr. Talbert took the Bacteriology Class to the brewery November 24, for the purpose of seeing the action of yeast in the making of beer.

On Thursday and Friday, November 23 and 24, John Karnopp, County Superintendent of Schools, visited the school. He was in town preparing for the County Convention which took place Saturday.

Former students re-entering the school this quarter are: John Morse, Leslie Bennett, J. Geimer, John Moffitt, Marjorie Bailey, and Florence Pfleuger.

Ex-Superintendent Emery, State Dairy and Food Commissioner, lectured before the school about Food Adulteration, November 22. He brought with him and showed us his Exhibit of adulterated foods. The interest which he takes in this subject promises to have the desired effect on food manufacturers.

Miss Pray read us a very interesting article November 7, which set forth what the Chinese think of us. We had always thought that they looked up to us for new ideas, but we found we were very much mistaken.

The Ohiyesa had a Pow Wow, Friday evening November 10, in the gymnasium. All came in Indian costume and the customary paint and feathers. The evening was spent in giving yells and songs. The most pleasing feature was the song, "My Little Kickapoo," by Miss Serven which was acted out by six girls.

Professor Talbert took us with him on a journey to sunny Italy. The chief cities thru which we passed were Venice, Florence and Rome. In Venice we saw some of the romantic old palaces. We rode upon the canal by moonlight where the stillness was broken only by the dip of the oar and the song of the gondolier. At Florence we were attracted by the famous art galleries. We explored the ruins at Rome, and visited old St. Peters. The vastness and grandeur of the cathedral was never so strongly impressed upon us before.

The following are the officers elected by the literary societies for this quarter:—

ARENA—President, Margaret Morse; Vice-President, Hannah Brunstad; Treasurer, Nellie Moeschler; Corresponding Secretary, Mamie Ames.

OHIYESA—President, Edith Burr; Vice-President, Blanche Means; Secretary, Jessie Engle; Treasurer, Katherine Potts; Pianist, Claudine Halverson; Director of Music, Edith Serven.

ATHENAEUM—President, Marion Risk; Vice-President, Clarence Mortell; Secretary, Leslie Bennett; Treasurer, Willis Boston; Sergeant-at-arms, John Wysocki.

FORUM—President, Harold Culver; Vice-President, Guy Pierce; Secretary, L. Davis; Treasurer, A. Vanderbilt; Sergeant-at-arms, R. Iackisch.

The children of the Kindergarten gave a Thanksgiving party to their parents. After singing songs appropriate to the season, and playing games, pop corn, apple sauce and wafers prepared by the children, were served. A large gathering was present.

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