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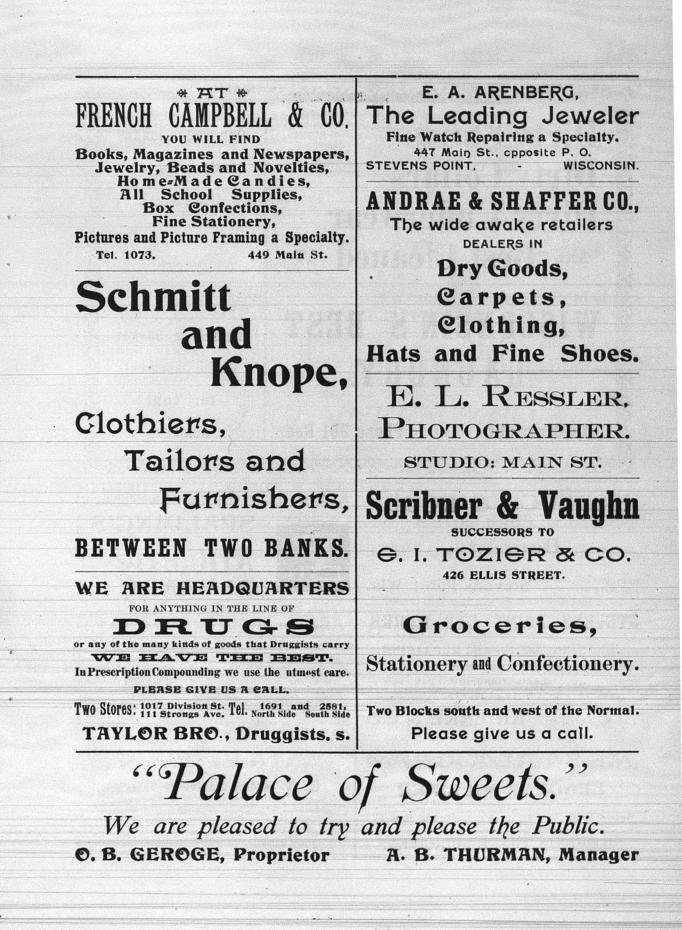
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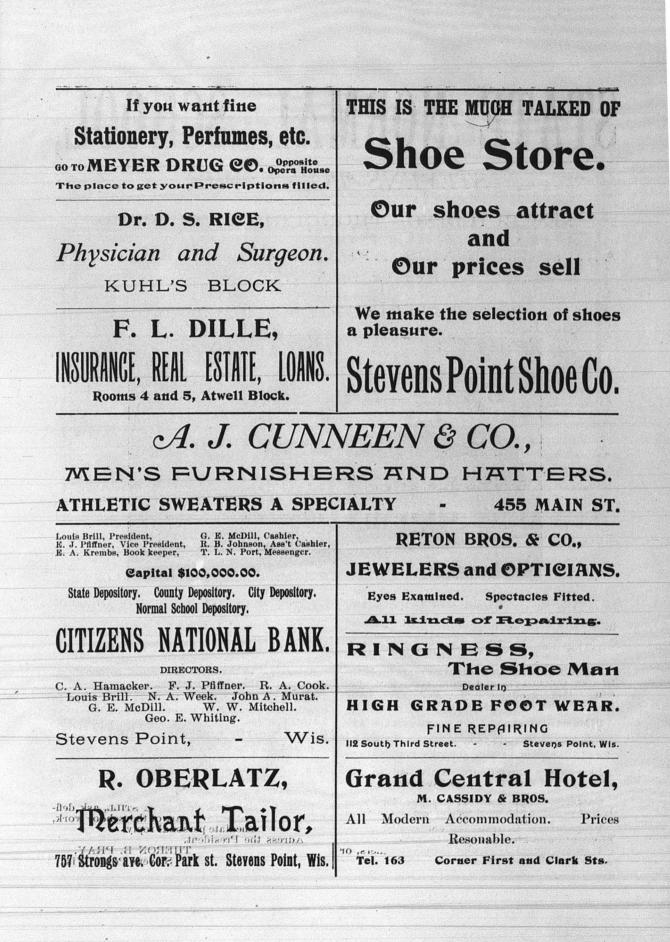
Vol. X.

No. 8

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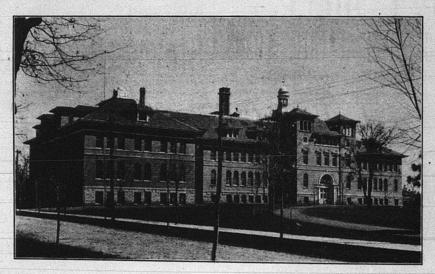
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

STEVENS POINT, WIS.

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Vol. X.

Stevens Point, Wis., May 15, 1905.

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ECCENTRICITY.

EMELINE V. KNOTHE.

It was a sultry July afternoon when Miss Jamima Clarissa Welton, dressed in a stiff blue gingham gown, a large black hat with red poppies and purple violets, and carrying a small blue parasol, plodded down the dirty road to the village post office for the third time that day.

As she entered, the postmaster looked up somewhat surprised, from his task of reading postal cards and the addresses on letters and surmising as to the contents of them, but he greeted her with his usual "How dye do, Miss Jamima?"

"And how d'ye s'pose," she snapped back, "has my letter come ?"

"Oh! so yer lookin fer a letter, are ye ?"

She shook her head which set her curls bobbing, and wilting him with one glance, she replied,

"And do ye s'pose for a minut I'd come down in this heat three times a day to see you?" He was somewhat taken aback, but calmly said, "Waal, I s'pose I hain't as handsome as some of them city chaps that likes to write nice flowery letters and make laughing stocks of our lassies, but"-

No. 8.

Jamima was fairly burning with indignation, and *snijjed* ? back,

"I hain't here to be insulted by an ignorant fool of a postmaster, and if ye don't hand over my letter this minut I'll have the law on ye."

The postmaster knew that Miss Jamima's threats were threats, so he handed her the letter, and Miss Jamima Clarissa Welton with head high, flushed cheeks and curls and poppies bobbing in unison, swept majestically out of the room, while the post master with staring eyes and open mouth watched her disappear, and then turned and said,

"Waal, I never!"

How His Pride Fell.

ETHEL GEE.

Mr. Peacock strode up and down on the railing of the porch, then stopped before the large, clear plate glass window and calmly spreading out his tail, surveyed himself.

"Well I think I am looking unusually well this morning. My feathers are brighter than ever. I believe I shall make Miss Swan a call.

She can't help being impressed by my good looks," said Mr. Peacock, as he turned this way and that. Then after strutting back and forth in the warm sun a little longer, never failing tho' to look at himself as he passed the window, he hopped off the railing and started for the pond. "There is Mrs. Duck and her family, but I don't see Miss Swan," thought Mr. Peacock as he strutted on the little bridge.

"Why good morning Mr. Peacock," said Mrs. Duck, as she swam toward the bridge.

"Fine morning for a sail. You really can't imagine what you are missing and what pleasure . it is. I suppose you are looking for Miss Swan? She just went down to the other end of the pond for a little ride. I know she will regret that she did not see you."

"Well that is indeed too bad," replied Mr. Peacock.

"After all my pluming and fussing to make an impression, and then to find her gone. But now really Mrs. Duck, don't you think I am looking fine to-day. Do you think Miss Swan admires me?"

"Yes, indeed, you are looking fine, there is not a bird on the place that can compare with you in more ways than one. Of course Miss Swan admirs you," replied Mrs. Duck.

"But I know of a plan if you are really anxious to see Miss Swan. We can just sail down and meet her. I know she will be perfectly delighted to see you.

"But my dear Mrs. Duck, I couldn't sail to save my life," interrupted Mr. Peacock.

"O yes you could if you tried," wickedly replied Mrs. Duck.

"And as for a mirror, what could be more perfect than the pond this morning. You can admive yourself all the way down there. You can keep your feathers spread out to balance yourself."

Mr. Peacock did some hard thinking for a few minutes, imagining what a beautiful sight it would be and how impressive, to sail down the pond with his tail all spread. And the delightful rides he could have with Miss Swan! How did it happen he had never thought of that before.

Surely if that homely duck could glide along so well, he could. How Mrs. Duck chuckled when she saw he was willing to do as she proposed.

"All you need to do is to light gracefully on the water and the rest will be perfectly easy," pleasantly ventured Mrs. Duck.

So Mr. Peacock balanced himself on the edge of the bridge, with tail spread and head up. Then he flew down. But poor Mr. Peacock did not glide along. His heavy tail dragged him down under the water, with his feet, O, those horrid feet, right up in the air.

Mrs. Duck nearly died laughing, as she told Miss Swan afterward, to see the foolish fellow.

How he begged Mrs. Duck to help him and how he splashed the water trying to get up. But what worse thing could have happened at this minute, than that Miss Swan herself should appear around the bend in the pond, and to hear her horrid laugh was worse than all.

Finally taking pity on the foolish peacock, they did what they could to help him to the edge of the pond, where he stood almost all day drying out his feathers and mildly blinking at what passed on about him, and assuring himself over and over that he would never venture out of his own sphere again.

· ANNUAL DEBATE.

On Friday evening, May 5, the long anticipated debate with Milwaukee was held at the Normal. The result was a splendid victory for our team, again emphasizing the familiar fact that the Pointers can debate.

The cream city people arrived on the preceding Thursday, and were accompanied by Prof. Miller of the Milwaukee Normal faculty. As our school had never before tried conclusions with Milwaukee debaters, much interest was taken in the outcome of this initial event.

The program began shortly after eight. Prof. Miller of the Milwaukee Normal presiding at the meeting. The judges were: Hon. Timothy Ryan of Waukesha, Supt. H. S. Youker of Grand Rapids, and Supt. M. N. McIver of Eau Claire. The Stevens Point debaters were L. D. Sparks, E. H. Miles, and G. A. Gesell. Milwaukee was

represented by D. Corcoran, H. A. Francis, and E. Randall.

The music of the evening was given by the C. E. Octette and the Treble Clef Club.

The question for debate was:

RESOLVED, That the general effect of labor unions for the past twenty years has been detrimental to the best interests of the nation.

The affirmative was upheld by Milwaukee; the negative by Stevens Point.

Mr. Francis opened the debate for Milwaukee. The greater part of his time was given to the consideration of typical strikes, violence, disrespect for law, socialistic tendencies, and the bad influence of the walking delegate.

The negative was opened by Mr. Sparks. His main arguments were upon the evils existing in the non-union sweat shops and mines, and upon the great advantages gained by the unions in wages and hours. His rebuttal on the detrimental effect of the walking delegate was effective.

Mr. Corcoran, the second speaker for the affirmative, gave much of his time to a discussion of the closed shop, limiting output, and limiting apprentices. Mr. Corcoran's excellent voice and delivery were very pleasing to the audience. His argument upon the closed shop was particularly well framed,

Mr. Miles very cleverly answered the argument upon limiting the number of apprentices and limiting output. He then took up the following points regarding strikes. That most strikes are for justifiable ends, that losses in strikes are more apparent than real. Mr. Miles also showed that most laws regarding labor are secured thru unions.

Mr. Edw. Randall, the third speaker for the affirmative, reviewed the arguments on their side. He spoke on violence, closed shop, attitude toward machinery, and checking of education. The socialistic tendencies of organized labor were again emphasized and pointed out as pending dangers.

Mr. Gesell closed the debate for the negative, He first attacked the affirmative's closed shop argument, and then proceeded to weaken other affirmative propositions. He dwelt upon the decrease in violence thru unionism, and emphasized the fact that the unions are the greatest Americanizing forces for the ignorant foreigner. Mr. Gesell summed up the points for the negative by reviewing all the charts presented by their side.

The affirmative was closed by Mr. Randall, who gave a skillful rebuttal. The decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of Stevens Point.

After the program an informal reception was tendered the Milwaukee people and visitors in the Normal gymnasium.—E. G. L.

THE ARENA RECEPTION.

One of the pleasant events of the year was the reception given the Forum and Atheneum societies by the Arena on Saturday evening, May 6.

As the gentlemen arrived they were immediately segregated in the kindergarten room, from which they were escorted to the lower regions. After passing the reception committee at the door of the "gym" they were seized upon and blind-folded, and, after passing thru an intricate net-work of they knew not what, they were led up to a shrine where they were made to swear eternal fealty to the Arenaites. They were then stuffed with ambrosial saw-dust and given a ride upon a headless creation that answered for a goat. The victim was then conducted thru the nether world, and finally brought up at a place where the marble heart and the icy mitt were extended to him by a past master at the art. Just as the victim was beginning to envy the life of a socially inclined saw-dust doll the bandage was removed and he was permitted to join the "gladsome throng."

After all had been initiated and the net-work had been solved, the orchestra struck up a two-step and dancing made the time pass all too quickly. The ladies served ice cream and wafers which proved more satisfactory (to the boys at least) than the ambrosial decoction. While enjoyment was still rife, the lights winked and the party was ended. For once the Forumites and Atheneumites agreed—in voting it an enjoyable occasion.

-IKEY.

A question for the Review Geography Class to think about.—"Explain why the streets of Stevens Point are laid out as they are".

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Careful management has enabled THE POINTER to make a May appearance this year.

THE SUMMUM, which is now being prepared for publication by the Senior Class, promises to eclipse all our previous school annuals. With this issue, the last of the school year, THE POINTER staff concludes its efforts to please the many readers of the Pointer and retires from the field of journalism, bequeathing the best of good will to its successors.

We have tried to make THE POINTER in fact what it is in theory, a journal published by the students for the students. Its columns have not been used to further the cause of any faction or individual, but they have been administered without fear or favor. If we have thought that a thing was right we have unhesitatingly given credit; and if we have thought that it was wrong, we have as unhesitatingly made known our position.

In short we have striven persistently to make the Pointer entertaining and newsy; to make Volume X. record the doings and mirror the life of the school. Whether we have succeeded or not is for you to judge.

To those students and members of the faculty who have contributed material, given kindly suggestions, or otherwise rendered assistance, we acknowledge our appreciation.

We are often told what an advantage it is to attend a normal school that is located in a larger city. But is it so? Theoretically, yes ; practically, no. What's the point? Just this-students do not as a body take advantage of their opportunities. They are bound up in the interests that the normal has to offer and they do not take advantage of what the large or small city has to offer, be it much or little. It is not necessary to go to Milwaukee or Oshkosh to visit places of interest. We have in Stevens Point many manufacturing plants that would profit many of us to visit. Some of us have never seen molten iron, logs sawed into lumber, lumber made into boxes and furniture, rags and wood made into paper,. or the 4% brewed; yet opportunity is at hand.

Some of the places that might be visited with profit are the iron foundries, paper mills, saw mills, furniture factory, box factory, wall paper factory, brewery, printing offices, electric light and power plant, central telephone station, graphite plant, automatic cradle factory, etc.

Why not form visiting clubs or go on "personally conducted tours" and thus exercise our powers of observation?

CENSOR

It is indeed with a curious commingling of emotions that the censor essays for the last time to commune with his critical nature. Such communion has ever been conducive to the development of the powers of unbiased criticising—in season or out of season. To be in season is to be in style, but be the criticisms in season or out, the censor hopes there will at least be something in them and that you can get something out.

> There once was a jolly young censor Who attempted to be a dispenser of humor and wit . That occasions would fit ; But he found that his wit was soon spent, sir. He inquired of his friends what to do, sir ; And they said, '' Well if we were like you, sir, We would not lend our wit But we *would* censor it And make our jokes good but

> > quite few, sir.

Spring is the time when all natural growths begin to bud—love and genius and inspiration. Young love's sweet dream has transported a number of our most staid friends. We had thought them too firmly grounded in the art of dreaming to be thus affected by somnambulism. 'Tis sweet to dream but somewhat fatiguing if one persists in walking while doing it !

Pockets:

Some one (the name is forgotten) has been quoted as saying that a young man should never thrust his hands into his pockets unless he is cold or philanthropic. All the members of our faculty are not old, and surely they are not cold when they address the school. We therefore infer that they are very philanthropic.

"Now whether it be Philanthropy, or frigid

fingers, or thinking too precisely what to say," in sooth we can not tell. We might prove which is the motive but will let the speculative decide.

The man who studies with his eyes is naturally subject to mind wandering—especially in May !

To go forward relative to the things about us we must progress faster than they; to go backward in the same relation we need but stand still.

There are various ways of telling a story. The method with which we must all expect to become acquainted is the method of telling it "over and over."

Seniors :

Farewell! Remember that ours is an age of individualism in thought and action. Therefore, young men, be not solicitous to bear the burden of two individualities. Some are light and others have much weight in their social spheres. Girls, do not be too anxious to allow your responsibility thru your individuality to be assumed by another. To think deeply we must feel deeply. Hence, think first and feel afterward. Allow your friend and mentor to exhort you that you give thinking precedence. To feel deeply leads to deeds, consequence profound.

Success is a personal matter. A man's success becomes a part of his nature, an element of his character. That which has the greatest and most important effect upon the individual's mind $li \in s$ in his own power to determine.

The struggle measures what we have achieved As is the effort, so the victory.

Hope.

When deepest gloom enshrouds thy bark in misty light

And faintly, far away flickers our guiding light, When Tempest's surging seas around thy haven roar,

White winged Hope fears not but speeds before.

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FOURTH QUARTER. First Week.

Henry Halverson who is teaching at Milladore, was a visitor on Thursday.

Prof. Sanford went to Grand Rapids on Friday to act as judge in a debate that evening.

A quartette composed of A. J. Miller, Fred. Walker, Morton Edwards and Henry Halverson favored the school with three well rendered numbers on Thursday morning.

The game of basket ball played in the gymnasium Friday evening between the S. P. N. and the Athletics resulted in a decided victory for the latter.

It has been some time since anything has been given at the school which was so thoroughly enjoyed and generally appreciated as was the recital given by Edward Baxter Perry. All who heard him are congratulating themselves on being present, and all who did not are sorry they did not come to hear him.

Fred. Walker has returned to complete his course in June.

Second Week.

Miss Helen Hein was a visitor Thursday morning.

A few of the boys are out this week after school for track work.

Pres. Pray gave the school a very interesting talk Thursday morning on the "History of the Postal Service in the U. S."

On Wednesday morning Prof. Bacon gave the students a talk on his trip across the continent from Seattle, Washington, to the eastern coast of Maine. His descriptions were very vivid and pleasing. The students appreciated this talk thoroughly.

A glorious victory for the S. P. N. Junior debators. A unanimous decision of the judges in favor of the S. P. N. Juniors 1906.

Third Week.

The Tennis association met this week and elected the following officers: President, Prof. Culver; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Morton Edwards; Executive committee, Prof. Olson, Harold Culver and Edith M. Hill.

About twenty-five seed beds have been made and planted on the back campus to be used by the class in agriculture.

Many students are interested in the number and variety of the birds this season. Some have the pleasure of being able to recognize as many as seventy-five classes.

The Choral Club gave a reception for Miss Fink Friday evening. The musical numbers by the Treble Clef Club, Boys' Octette and C. E. Octette were very pleasing. Miss Fink was presented with a handsome signet ring from the Choral Club in appreciation of her efforts for them.

Fourth Week.

A number of students are out of school on account of mumps.

Harold Culver is out of school on account of an attack of typhoid fever.

John Griffith, the actor, gave the students a short talk on the plays of Shakespeare and some of the great actors of them, Monday, He played in Macbeth that evening.

The Seniors are going to give the play "Between the Acts" for their class play. The members of the cast have been assigned parts by Howard Welty.

Prof. R. W. Pringle of the Appleton public schools was at the school on Tuesday, and gave a short talk to the students at morning exercises. Mr. Pringle is one of the board of official visitors to Normal schools.

A number of new trees and shrubs have been set out on the campus, and vines have been planted near the building, all of which will help to beautify the building and grounds in a few more years. The large beds of purple and gold crocus are doing nicely this year.

Edward G. Lange delivered his final oration before the school, Wednesday morning. His subject was the "Rise of Workingmen."

Mr. Garrity, of Oshkosh, who was a classmate of Mrs. Bradford while attending the Oshkosh Normal, was a guest at the school on Tuesday.



Mr. O-s-n (in Rev. geography)—What do we study geography for?

Miss P-r--r-To live more completely.

Mr. O-s-n-Y-e-s. Is that what Mr. Bigelow said?

Miss P-r--r-No sir. We learned that in school management.

Prof. S--n-l-r (in theory)—At the age of eighteen or nineteen a man either falls in love or else gets deeply interested in religion.

Student—"What happened to you at that age?" Prof. S--n-l-r—Well—er—r-r-r I'm an exception.

Miss D-r-b-c- (in physics class)—The stream goes at the rate of three miles an hour.

Mr. O-s-n-In what direction ?

Miss D-r-b-c-Why, down stream, I think.

Mr. C-ll-ns (in second algebra) — What is a complex fraction?

W-ll-am T-y-or — A complex fraction is one that is all mixed up.

Mr.C-ll-ns—Evidently, then, this class is a complex fraction.

H-r-ld M-r-in (giving an oral composition)— Even at that early age we had girl friends. Miss E-m-nd—Sisters.

Miss F--k--What do we call science which is put in books?

Mr. St-a-t-Scripture.

Prof. X.—What would you call a man who pretends to know every thing?

Freshman-A professor.

"No bird is actually on the wing. Wings are on the bird." A doctor, attending a wit who was very ill, apologized for being late one day, by saying he had to stop to see a man that had fallen down a well.

"Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the incorrigible wit.

Mr. O-s-n-What is magnitude?

G-o-g- E-l-s-n-Magnitude is the size of motion.

Senior, in manual training department to student who has just finished designing basket—"Are you a natural artist?"

Elementary-"No, I am an artificial one."

Tom—"I don't know whether she sings or not." Jack—"She doesn't. I heard her."

Heard in the Hall.

"Oh cumerdoan."

"Wacha wanta me?"

"Wanta askesumpin. Warsoo Sunnynite ?"

"Iws writin letters."

"Aw kamoff. Inobettern that. Isaayah."

"Awquitcherfoolin."

"Aintafoolin. Isaayunwillie."

"Ooze willie?"

"Auer Willie."

"Warchazeeus ?"

"Asklange."

"Id'no watchertakin bout."

"Askmiles."

"Hezbinastuffin yuh."

"Haint binastuffinme. Ino wattimatawkin bout.

'Sawl overschool.''

"Wotsawlloverschool ?"

"Bouchooanwillie."

Greatness.

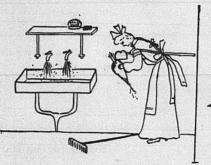
Rightly to be great Is not to stir without great argument, But greatly to find quarrel in a straw. When honor's at the stake.—HAMLET.



DEAR POINTER FRIENDS :-- I suppose you all know I'm inclined to laziness so I need hardly try to excuse myself for merely borrowing an article when I was asked to fill the Alumni page. The request was for an article about my work here which you will all acknowledge would have been somewhat dry reading. Instead I have sent you this poem (?) written and illusutrated by members of the two Cooking Classes and I am sure you will all recognize at once the "Dignified Pedagog."

Only one cut needs any explanation—that of myself and the flood—and I'm sure Miss Florence Pray will be happy to talk on that subject. The stanza which accompanied it was so "wiggly and polly woggy"—to quote the authors—that it was cut out.—I. H. FENWICK.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE REALMS BELOW.

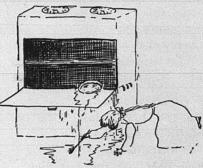


Stranger dost thou hear them Thro' the closed door,² Dost thou hear their voices Thro' the din and roar?³ Stranger ope and enter! Scan the motley throng!⁴ Seek each comely maiden As she trips along.

Stranger, dost thou see them As they delve and dab, Striving, drudging, mixing On each marble slab? Mixing strange concoctions, Pungent odors rise, Through the very ceiling ⁵ E'en unto the skies.

Stranger, count the damsels, Ten in number they ⁶ With their arms akimbo Chewing wisps of hay— Wisps to test the cookies, Wisps to test the cake, Or any luscious morsel They may please to bake.

> Stranger, cans't thou bear it These wild scenes below? Ellen scraping turnips With a rake and hoe; Scrubbing them with soap suds— [Palm] Olive she prefers— Scouring off the peeling, Till Fennie dear ⁷ demurs.

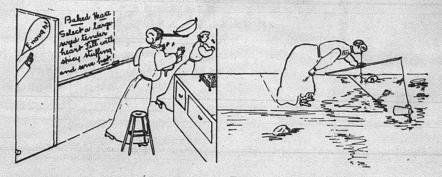


Stranger, dost thou taste it ? Rather sour and strong, 'Tis lemon in the pie crust— Virginia made it wrong ! Of the pie, Oh Stranger, Speak in accents low, Its contents on the oven floor Did make a gruesome show.

Stranger, dost thou smell it ? The luscious pudding burns Ere neglectful Olive From Louise returns. She's taken her some baked heart Of what is this the sign ??? 'Tis but a way of asking, "Heart's dearest ! wilt be mine ?"

Stranger, wouldst thou think it? 'Tis sad indeed to tell Of many cakes of Bessie's That in the middle fell. Hazel can make good ones But none can these behold, They all go up to Charlotte,— So secretly it's told.

> Stranger, dost thou feel it? 'Tis a dab of dough Brush it off thine eyebrow, It in the bread must go. Eethel needs to learn yet How to knead good bread Dodge again, Oh Stranger, Ere it smite thine head.



Stranger list in wonder To the deeds of Beth. Under Fennie's guidance She would work till death. ⁸ Mabel, trim and starchy In her apron white Lest she should be tardy Comes with morning's light.⁹

> Stranger, make thine exit Ere the dish-pans fly, Flora's wrath and Hazel's Now are waxing high. Lo, upon the threshold Stands a spectre grim ¹⁰ "Enough, O Shades unruly, Begone!" quothe he with vim.

Stranger, woe betide thee, Dinner now is served, Sit thee at the table In thy seat reserved. Rest thee on thine elbows, Tho' Miss Fenwick glowers, View the snowy linen And the borrowed flowers.

> Stranger, sip the cocktail Sip it through a straw, Nibble at a cracker, Chew with dread and awe. Gnash upon the French chops Pluck a parsnip brown, Sieze upon a pickle Heinze's of renown.

Stranger, do not falter. Close thine eyelids tight, For a dish approacheth, 'Tis a tempting sight. Rags and bones and bottles Mixed with Mayonnaise, 'Tis a toothsome morsel Which now is quite the craze.11

> Stranger, to the basement ! Seize a battle-axe, Cleave the pie asunder, Ah ! at last it cracks. Grind thy teeth to powder, Thou cans't not grind the pie. Conceal it in thy pocket, Ere the hostess spy.

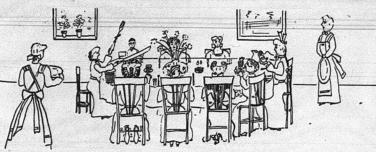
Stranger, what is ailing, Why that ghashtly glare ? A Limburger approacheth Walking down the stair. ¹² While yet 'tis at a distance, Thou keelest in a swoon-**Domestic Science dinners** Have killed thee off to soon. R. W.-V. D.-E. M.-O. C. VATES. -Illustrated by O. C.

Key to Unlettered Minds.

Rey to Unlettered Minds. 1 This is called in ancient manuscripts Hades—see Virgil's Aeneid and Dante's Inferno. 2 Gate guarded by Cerberus. 3 Roar caused by the Styx (Sticks.) 4 This is thought by most editors to mean the shades of the departed. 5 Celling.—i. e., the earth. 6 Certain shades who were wont to prepare scanty refresh-ments for such of their companions as were still mindful of human wants.

ments for such of their companions as were can analyze human wants. 7 Supposed to be a strict and ancient shade. 8 This thought that death is here used figuratively to mean separation or else fatigue, shades are not wont to die. 9 Some who have been there say that Aurora's rays may be discerned in the lower world. 10 This may be Pluto. 11 This striking description of the salad course is very

famons. 12 Probably mentioned as a sign of supernatural strength.



-Ex.

-Ex.

-Ex.



Girls born with red hair always have red hair -Ex. until they dye.

Freshman-"Where is the basement ?" Senior-"Up on the third floor."

Professor-"Don't mention such a trifle."

Physics Teacher-"What answer did you get as to the water pressure upon the dam?" Pupil-"I have not done the dam problem."

-Ex. Student- "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"I fear," said the postage stamp on the student's

letter to his father, "I am not sticking to facts."

Father-"Get away from the fire, Tommy, the weather isn't cold."

Tommy-"I'm not warming the weather; I'm cold." -Ex.

A Syllogism.

A baby is a crier.

A crier is a messenger.

A messenger is one sent.

A cent is not worth two cents.

A baby is not worth two cents.

Practice Teacher's Favorite Sentiment.

Life is real, Life is earnest, And we hope the grave's its goal, For, if we have to teach in heaven, Lord have mercy on our soul.

-ROYAL PURPLE.

-Ex.

A Question.

I. Little Lucy Locket She hasn't any pocket-No place to carry any thing at all; While Lucy's brother Benny He has so very many, In which to put his marbles, top, or ball, That when he's in a hurry 'Tis sometimes quite a worry To find the one he wants among them all. II.

Now why should Lucy Locket Not have a little pocket-A handy little pocket in her dress? And why should brother Benny, Who doesn't need so many, Be favored with a dozen more or less? The reason, if you know it, Be kind enough to show it, For really 'tis a puzzle, I confess! -Ex.

Prof.-What are you doing-learning anything? Student-No, sir, I'm listening to you. -THE SCHOOL BELL ECHOES.

'Twixt optimist and pessimist The difference is droll:

The optimist the doughnut sees,

The pessimist the hole.

He--- "I am rather more in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling."

"She-Yes, indeed! Take parlour, for instance; having u in it makes all the difference in the world." -Ex.

"Please hand me Review of Reviews " he said, The landlady's eyes did flash,

For another young boarder looked absently up, And solemnly passed the hash.

-THE ADVANCE.

A fly and a flea In a flue were imprisoned. Now what could they do? Said the fly, "Let us flee." "Let us fly," said the flea. So they flew through A flaw in the flue. -Ex.

Hegen -- "I think Miss DeBlank is very rude." Jones-"What causes you to think that? I never thot her so."

Hegen-"I met her out for a walk, this afternoon, and asked if I might see her home. She said yes, I could see it from the top of the high school building; and that it wasn't necessary to go any farther." -Ex.

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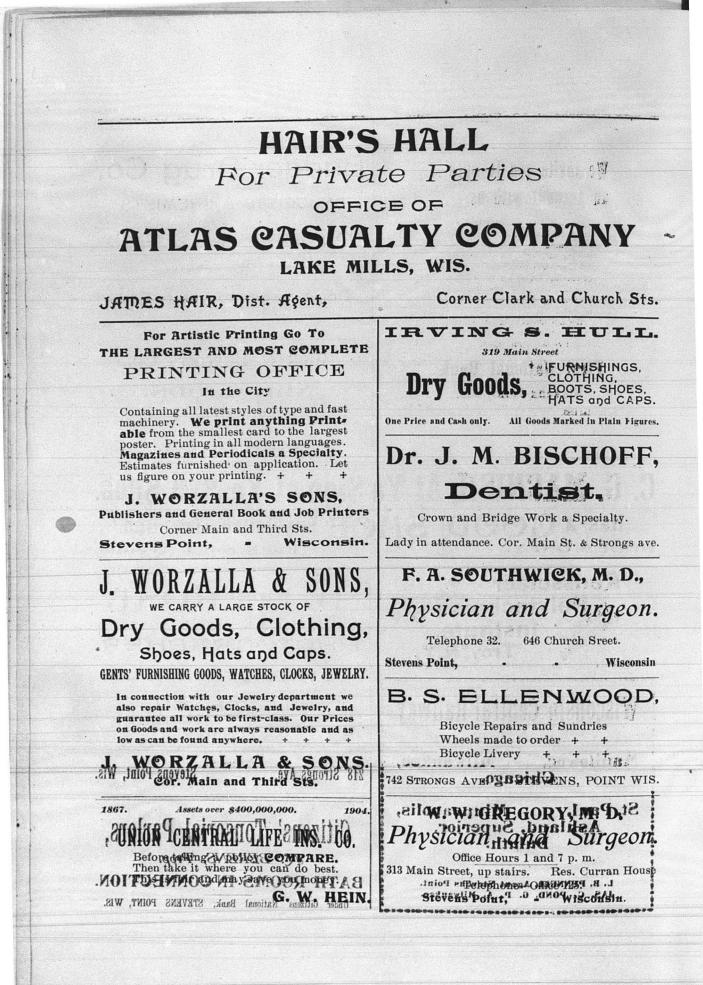
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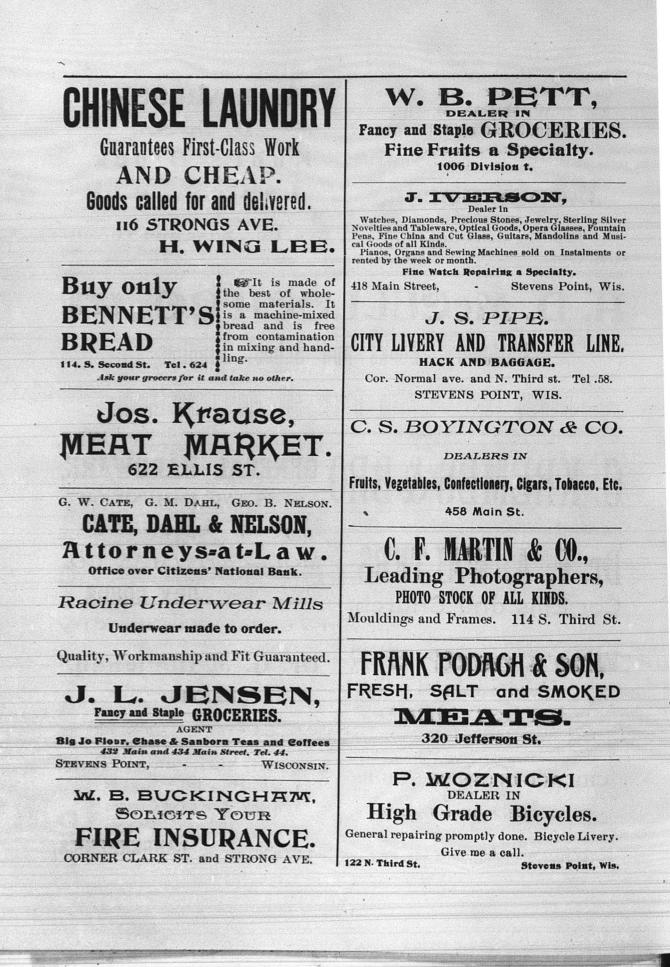
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