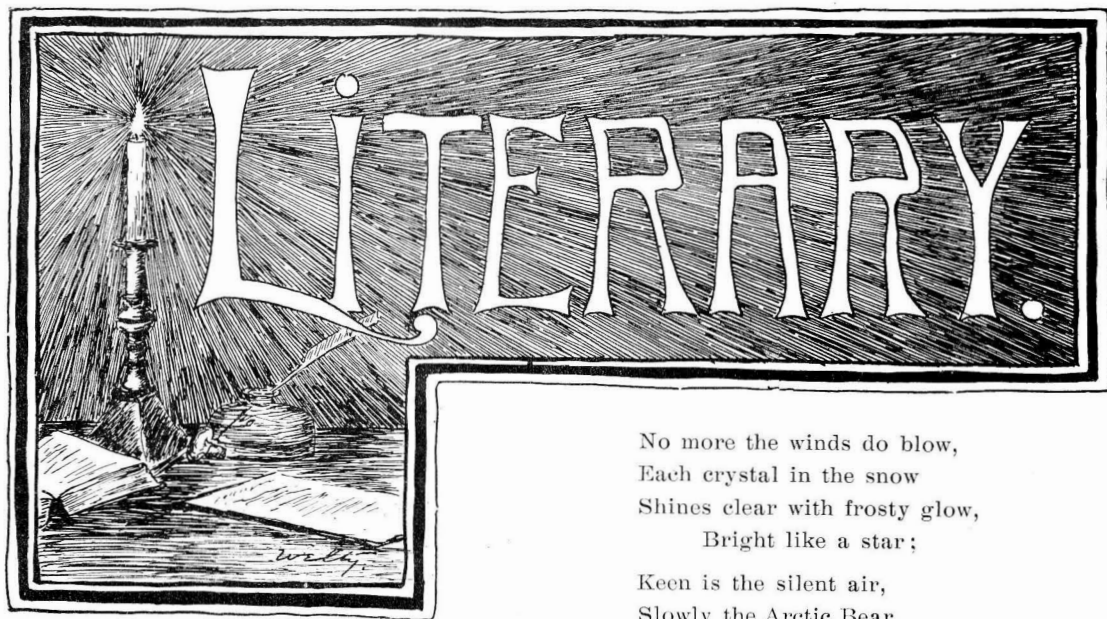


THE NORMAL POINTER.

Vol. XI.

Stevens Point, Wis., February 15, 1906.

No. 5.



WINTER.

Now the chains of Winter's cold
Fetter stream and prison wold ;
Now the gurgling giggling run
Glimmers not 'neath gaze of sun.
All the tenants of the land
Shiver in his icy hand.

Not a single note is heard ;
Chirp of insect, pipe of bird ;
Frost sprites flurry thru the air,
Biting blasts beat branches bare ;
Freezing mists flit o'er the sky,
Crystal snows clothe tower high.
For the spirit of the North
Sends his cruel legions forth !
Deep toned bell booms ; Day retreats ;
Silence cold the Frost King greets ;
Earth and fields and fairy flowers
Watch the weary wagging hours.

No more the winds do blow,
Each crystal in the snow
Shines clear with frosty glow,
Bright like a star ;

Keen is the silent air,
Slowly the Arctic Bear
Creeps round his frigid lair
To northward far.

Straight upward rolls the smoke ;
Warm from the fireside joke,
Rises a fleecy cloak
Round the chill moon.

Nature in garb of white,
Chained by the Winter night,
Beautiful is and bright—
E'en as in June.

Pride Goeth Before a Fall.

One morning very early, before any of the other bird families had awakened, Mr. Catbird began to hop around and tune his merry throat for his customary song. The weather might be grave or gay, it was all the same to him. He was so much in love with the sound of his own voice that sing he would in spite of wind or

weather. Then he wasn't like other birds, he congratulated himself, always singing the same tunes over and over—he never sang the same tune twice. That was another reason he revelled in his own song—it amused him and tickled his vanity to see the numberless variations of which his voice was capable. In the pride of his conceit he had even been known to mock some of his less talented brothers. Although he heartily enjoyed outdoing them all in a chorus, one reason he always got up so early was because he liked a little while every morning to hear his own voice, undisturbed by any discord.

This morning his temper wasn't quite so sweet as usual—he had been disturbed several times during the night—so when he was in the midst of one of his hilarious medleys he stopped short as his ear caught the first sleepy notes of another bird near by.

"It's a pity," said he to his meek little mate, who was contentedly, sitting on five beautiful bluish-green eggs, "that a fellow can't sing a single note without being disturbed!"

Mrs. Catbird was just as proud of her husband's musical ability as he was. She could scarcely hear a note all day long that she didn't compare it with his, and sometimes the contrast jarred upon her sensitive nerves so much that she felt like flying, so she said:

"I've been wondering if they couldn't be taught to sing. You have nothing to do for awhile now; why couldn't you get them all together, and give them lessons in singing?"

This scheme pleased Mr. Catbird immensely. It pleased him to know that his wife had so good an opinion of his singing; but the thought of showing off his skill before all the other birds pleased him still more.

"Just *the* thing!" he cried excitedly. "Strange I hadn't thought of it before! Now I'll hurry right away before they've left home, and present my plan."

So, forgetting that his wife might be tired and hungry, he flew right away to spread the joyful news. He told all the birds to meet at his home the next morning at nine o'clock sharp, giving them to understand that the lessons would be

absolutely free of cost; his only object being to help them improve their natural gifts. He selected his home tree because he wished Mrs Catbird to see what a really wonderful husband she had had the good fortune to secure.

He sat up late that night, drawing up the plan for his first lesson, and was up earlier than usual the next morning getting his voice in good trim.

Long before the appointed hour the birds began to arrive. They were so filled with curiosity their wives had had a hard time to get them to put on their collars and ties, and make themselves presentable. By nine o'clock Mr. Catbird's house was full to overflowing, and Messrs. Robin and Wren had graciously thrown open their houses next door for the occasion. You'll laugh, I'm sure, when I tell you that even Mr. Owl and Mrs. Crow were there, and the funniest part of it was that they hadn't come so much to be helped as they had to show Mr. Catbird that they already knew how to sing.

"Now," said Mr. Catbird, baton in hand, "Mr. Owl will you please sound *do* after me?"

Mr. Owl proud of the distinction of being called on first, removed his glasses, expanded his portly chest to its utmost limit and tried to sound *do*.

Of course it was very rude, but they just couldn't help it; every bird in the class, even to the crow and blue-jay, laughed right out loud.

Mr. Catbird never cracked a smile—he was the teacher, you know—but the effect was so ludicrous he laughed heartily in his sleeve. He had known all the time that there was no hope of ever making a singer of Mr. Owl, but he had a grudge against him, and thought this would afford a good opportunity to get even with him.

"Now," he resumed, "you may sing the scale after me."

This was too much: the rest of the birds just yelled, and it was sometime before Mr. Catbird could restore order.

"Well," he said with a sigh, "they say that while there's life left there's hope left, so I shall continue to do the best I can for you in these meetings."

Mr. Owl was terribly angry. He didn't dare

speak right out in meeting, but as soon as Mr. Catbird's back was turned he sidled up to Mr. Crow, held an old song book he'd brought open before their faces, and whispered that he didn't like Mr. Catbird's method of conducting a music class—it wasn't scientific—and he believed he'd go home.

"I don't like it either," readily assented Mr. Crow, "I'll go with you."

Mr. Catbird, filled with his own importance, never noticed their departure, but turned his attention to Mr. Jay whom he disliked even more than he did Mr. Owl.

"Mr. Jay," said he, "please sound *do* after me."

Now Mr. Jay really did much better than Mr. Owl had done, but Mr. Catbird made up an awful face, and held his ears with both hands, while all the other birds giggled. Mr. Jay wouldn't stand it to be made sport of for a minute, and he flew off into the forest as fast as his wings would carry him.

Mr. Thrush came next. Mr. Catbird knew he was a close second to himself when it came to singing, so he thought he'd ask him something about the theory of music.

"Mr. Thrush," he began, with a fine air of superiority, "can you tell me how many sharps there are in the key of C minor?"

Mr. Thrush wrinkled his brow, and thought vigorously for a minute.

"Well, no," he replied, "I can't."

He hated like everything to admit that he didn't know, because all the other birds thought he knew everything about music.

There was really nothing to laugh at in his answer, but the class had got into the notion of thinking it the proper thing to do, so they all tittered.

"You've studied music?" relentlessly continued Mr. Catbird.

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Thrush.

"Proud of your ability to sing, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Intend to teach singing sometime yourself?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Thrush, not a whit abashed.

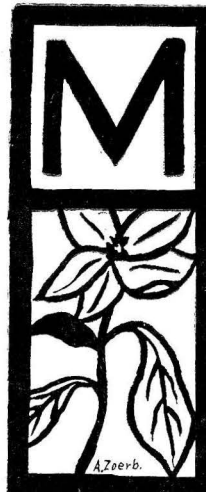
"Then I advise you to spend some time looking up minor scales. I hear that Mr. Nightengale is

coming over from England soon to hear some American singers. It certainly will be no credit to you if he should find out that you know so little of minor scales." saying which Mr. Catbird triumphantly turned his attention to the rest of the class.

He was much surprised, and a little disappointed to find that they didn't care to sing at all. He thought perhaps they were to bashful at their first meeting, so he said that instead of asking them to do any more that time he'd sing some for them, so they could see to about what standard he wished them to attain, and he poured forth strain after strain of matchless melody. Then shaking hands all round he told them he'd be all prepared for another meeting a week from that day.

Again he carefully prepared his lesson plan, and practiced several new songs which he meant to sing for them. Imagine his surprise and chagrin, after having staid at home till nearly noon, when not a solitary bird put in his appearance!

"ONE ON ME."



My friend from the city was visiting Sis—when she wasn't visiting me. Met her the 10th of June. Took her to theatre once, and out on the lake twice. Needless to say I loved her, altho I knew nothing about her save that she had golden hair and brown eyes. Thought I was sure of that, and I always liked brown eyes.

Our cottage was about ten miles from town on the east bank. Rising perpendicularly behind us were sandstone cliffs capped with evergreens. Before, murmured the river; and, beyond, stood the pale blue hills of the opposite shore. Environment was ideal. Nature was near to our hearts, and we were always near to each other. What power, short of an earthquake, could sunder

those bonds of association? Successful boating and unsuccessful fishing came to be important items of fine weather diversion; altho, as I told Xantha, we needed no diversion.

She was going soon. The few remaining hours were rushing toward that dread cataract of separation, where the dead past clings to the rock of remembrance until finally effaced by the eternal flow of experience. I felt poetic and romantic, but she seemed not to feel at all. I had never before dreamed that Xantha could be so prosaic and impassive.

The night would have been very dark had not the crescent moon flung forth those faint beams whose soft sheen has inspired the poetic and terrorized the superstitious. The stars, in silent adoration, retired coyly behind the canopy of semi-transparent mist. The breeze was insufficient to audibly disturb the leaves of the willows, but I was conscious of their slight vibration. Silence and mystery enveloped the objects about us with an atmosphere of fascination. An ideal night! and our last together for a month! Surely she didn't realize. I thought I did.

Suddenly a vagrant idea fluttered into my consciousness. It struggled momentarily for supremacy and won.

I bent far over my oars and whispered, "Put on my coat and hat. He'll never know either of us. This isn't our boat."

The dear girl obeyed. I knew she would. Xantha was always so sensible. I admired my judgment in choosing so dutiful a girl despite mother's protest.

I had already headed the boat toward the mouth of a broad black channel into which the water rushed with a sullen roar. Every pilot knew "Lost Channel," which two braves once entered and were borne to the land of shadows.

I felt a chill come over me. Xantha was game. I pulled the boat into the current which swept us rapidly into the dim silent alley stretching away into deeper darkness and deeper silence.

It was 10.00 p. m. By 11.00 we would be there. Everything being ready, it would be the work of a moment. "Young Tim." who said his father had fished twenty years without a license and

'lowed to keep on, would have to 'low for a new net.

I rowed steadily. The trees, spectre-like, approached and glided into the darkness. I was proud of Xantha. She was so brave. Of course she had no idea of my plan, and, like the sensible girl she was, asked no questions. I congratulated myself again.

"Only forty rods more," I whispered. A half dozen lusty strokes sent us around a heavily wooded point. Close to the shore were four dim shadows which my mind's eye saw as stakes. We glided alongside and I grappled the prize, for it was ours by right and confiscate by statute.

"Set *perfectly* still, Xantha."

But she did not obey. I was not surprised, for she no doubt had some plan of her own. She never did things in a second-hand way. She was so original and resourceful. Of course it made little real difference whether she sat still or not, only she had said that she loved to tease me. But I must find the trap to that net. She stood erect. I bent over the edge of the boat trying to raise the net. It was very heavy and the fish lashed the water into spray as I strained to pull the trap to the surface.

I couldn't account for it just then, but I became suddenly aware that I was no longer in the boat. Xantha, instead of extending her sympathy and a helping hand stood "*perfectly*" still. I was just about to suggest that I was not in my native element when my dear Xantha suddenly clapped her hand to her mouth and blew a shrill whistle.

I was never so startled in my life. The sound was bad enough, but those echoes! The owls all hooted and the frogs croaked in chorus, and just then I discovered that my right foot was hopelessly entangled in that infernal net. I looked imploringly at Xantha. A wild fear seized me as I heard the ominous chugging of a launch.

"Get my knife and cut this net, quick!" I cried. "That's the warden's launch!"

"Stay where you are!" was the cold incisive reply.

"But, my dear"—

"None of your sentiments, or I'll have you arrested on another charge!"

The launch! I could distinguish the forms of three men. In the agony of despair I made a frantic effort to extricate myself from among the other fishes. The net was slowly sinking. I felt it. I grasped the edge of the boat and pulled. My angry spirits began to rise, but the net and the other fishes were surely sinking. The net weighed a ton or so, too!

"Heavens and Earth! can't you give a fellow a show?" I yelled.

"You bet! We'll show you," growled a voice.

I felt myself being pulled out, and heard somebody say, "Tie him good and sit on his feet." I heard more, but knew there was no use trying to kick.

The launch plugged across to the main channel

and up to the station. The train was just pulling in.

The men tied the launch and assisted me to my feet. I felt pretty sore after being sat upon, I'll tell you. I didn't know any of the men. They were making their way to the train. I forgot everything—even Xantha.

"Hustle up there, Fishy," said the leader. "Want to see your Dad about fine? We've got to get on Number 2."

Dad and Xantha and Sis were at the train. My dear wouldn't look at me, because I didn't take her boat-riding. Then the Warden's sister explained.

Guess that was one on me. Ma says it was worth more than one.

TRAINING DEPARTMENT

Scenes in the Lives of the Early Cave-Men.

JENNIE REBECCA FADDIS.

Any one who has used dramatization as a means of securing the best expression from children will realize what a help it may be in calling the sense activities into play, in strengthening the qualities of self dependence, obedience, and sympathy; and above all, in fostering the spirit of ready co-operation.

In a class composed largely of boys who are faulty readers, but wide awake to catch that which may prove to be worth while from their view point, it was suggested that each one try in his reading to make the pictures so clear and good that they could be played by the hearers. This was the beginning of the preparation for the "Scenes in the Lives of the Early Cave-Men," given by the Third Grade at holiday time.

Early in the story, Strongarm, a leader among the fire clan, as these primitive people were first called, goes to watch the movements of Sabre-tooth, the fierce and much dreaded animal whose cave the people want to secure for a shelter during

the cold season. Different children tried to take the character of Strongarm, while the class gave generous criticism on each other's inability to perform the part, each rather favoring himself in these first attempts to be another person. When the time came to personate the old man who was Strongarm's helper, and various efforts were made by the different would-be old men, it was unanimously agreed that one of the girls did better in this guise than any of the others. "She was so careful not to make any noise in the bushes," "and stopped all the time to listen for the wild animals," and "she bent over just the way an old man looks." were comments on her acting.

Then followed suggestions as to materials that could be brought to make scenes more real.

"O say! I tell you, I could bring a big buffalo robe for Sabre-tooth and I could be Sabre-tooth," a quick lad said; while another one, who always uses his hands well, felt pretty sure he could make the tusks. One of the girls brought a whale's tooth that had belonged to her grand-father. This excited great admiration and a desire to follow her example with something equally great. Some one discovered that the pile of slate back of the building made fine points for weapons and

all kinds of knives. We soon had five gourds for the Cave men to drink and eat from, and the bones from various Thanksgiving turkeys, chickens and geese were promised.

Sharpeyes, the young man who must go on the long journey with the old man in quest of fire, was chosen quickly as having not only bright eyes but some degree of spirit for adventure. There were brave messengers to be chosen, leaders for the hunt, guards for the cave home, musicians for the feast dances, and protectors of the children; so that everybody felt that he had an important part to maintain.

In order that needed materials be kept in mind a list was placed in the room, like the following:

Stones for hammers,	Cat-tails for torches,
Gourds for dishes,	Bones of all kinds,
Shells for playthings,	Leather,
Furs,	Willow twigs,
Wood for sandals,	Branches of evergreen,
Birch bark,	Dry leaves, &c., &c.

The children affixed their names to the articles they supplied.

It was a great day for the Cave-men when they learned that they were to have the gymnasium for their play, and be able to invite their parents and friends. The several doors at the south end for entrance and exit, and the large open space made the room very desirable for this play. Then the apparatus of the gymnasium lent itself to various needs.

The story of the Cave-men is told in thirty-five chapters. From these the teacher made twelve scenes for dramatization. These were as follows according to the explanations given to the audience:

I. The first Scene of the play shows how the fire clan got a cave. It is late Fall. The animals are getting ready for Winter, and the fire clan watch for fierce Sabre-tooth to start south. They need his cave. At last one morning Strongarm, one of the leaders of the clan, sees him come out of his cave and start off toward the south. The people take possession of the cave.

SCENE II. The fire clan rise at day-break after the first night in the cave, and with their danger still in mind, send messengers off to the hills for help.

SCENE III. Sabre-tooth is dead. Great excitement fills the people, and a feast is planned in which all the "people of the hills" join.

SCENE IV. The cave is made ready for Winter.

SCENE V. This scene shows how the Cave-men bored holes through their trophies, made new weapons, and dressed the skins of animals.

SCENE VI. The long cold Winter was almost over. The air was getting mild. Along the river banks there were mountains of snow and ice that had begun to melt. Then came a disastrous flood that took every thing out of the cave,—and worse than all else,—left the cave-men without fire. They fled to the hills and climbed the trees to save themselves during the flood. There was sorrow every where. When they began to fear the return of the dangerous animals that were kept away only through fear of fire, they called all the clan together in a council to consider what should be done. The following scene shows the council in which the old man tells them he thinks he can find fire, if a young man will go with him.

SCENE VII. All the people help the old man and Sharpeyes to get ready for the long journey.

SCENE VIII. This shows the first kind of a door used, and the need of doors at that time.

SCENE IX. Many days passed, and each day the Cave-men missed the fire more and more. They missed the old man and Sharpeyes. They began to fear they would never return. At last one evening about sunset a stranger comes tottering to their door. It proves to be Sharpeyes, his strength nearly spent with hunger, sadness, and the hardships of a long, perilous journey.

SCENE X. This scene shows how Strongarm discovered fire, and the celebration of rejoicing in consequence.

SCENE XI. The women are at work weaving their baskets and vessels, and the children at play, while the men are off on a mammoth hunt.

SCENE XII. The men return from the hunt, victorious in destroying the mammoth by forcing it over a steep cliff. The women meet them and carry home the burdens. They come tired and foot sore, but happy, shouting the war song "Yo ho, oh ho."

LOCALS



MRS. HELEN B. BRIDGE.

Mrs. Helen Brown Bridge, our new Supervisor of Music, comes to us from the Crane Normal Institute of Music of Potsdam, New York, where she has been assisting Miss Crane during the past year and a half. She has further studied Voice Culture under the direction of Mrs. Bryant for four years, and with Mme. Cappianni of New York, during one summer. For seven years she was at the head of the Music Department in the Normal School at Oneonta, New York, where she was unusually successful. The interest and activity displayed in the work here foretells a continuance of her success, and also the maintaining of the high standard set by previous supervisors.

In the resignation of MISS ELLA FINK, who has been Director of Music here for the past two and a half years, the school feels the loss of one who was always willing to lend her aid in any undertaking, not only in her own department, but wherever it might be needed. Through her efforts the Choral and Treble Clef Clubs were re-organized, and under her direction gave several most successful concerts. Her work in the Normal proper and Practice Department has met with an

equal success—due to her personal charm and thorough understanding of her subject. Miss Fink carries with her the best wishes of both students and faculty wherever she may be.

On January 18th the Normal faculty gave a banquet in honor of Miss Fink, before her departure for her home in South Milwaukee. The banquet was served by Mrs. Kellar, assisted by some ladies of the Treble Clef Club. The color scheme of red and green was carried out in red candles and carnations and green smilax, making it one of the prettiest affairs ever given in the school.

On January 20th, President and Mrs. Pray entertained at their home the members of the Senior Class.

Among the students entering this quarter we recognize the familiar faces of Ellen Hoffman, Mary Berens, Isabelle Burns, and Miss Hasty.

During the week of January 22nd, Superintendent John Callahan, of Menasha, and Honorable S. M. Marsh, of Neillsville, members of the official board of visitors, inspected classes.

President Pray was called away Tuesday by a telegram announcing the death of his mother, Mrs. L. W. Pray, at the home of her daughter at Owosso, Michigan. THE POINTER wishes to extend the sympathy of the students.

At the close of the Second Quarter, J. E. Fults, a member of the Senior Class, left for Oshkosh, in order that he might pursue the course in Manual Training offered there, it being his intention to make manual training a specialty.

Professor G. A. Talbert appeared on the program at the Thirty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the Academy of Science, February 9th. He presented two papers; one, "The Variations of the Brachial and Sciatic Plexus of the Frog," of which he has made a special study for several years; and the other "Cerebral Localization from Clinical Study," based on observations made of William Shannon, who about three months was shot in the brain, but since then has experienced a remarkable recovery.

THE NORMAL POINTER

FEBRUARY 15, 1906.

Published monthly by the students of the sixth State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Terms of Subscription—Local delivery 75 cents per annum, payable in advance. Post Office delivery \$1.00 per annum. Single copies 10 cents.

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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.

POINTER TIPS.

ONE OFTEN hears things he can't see thru.

ALL MEN love themselves. They need no helpmeets.

THE carpenter who sees is not always the man who saws.

THE weight of an argument varies inversely as its length.

SCHOOL LIFE is the best end of life. The other end is yet to be found.

WE OFTEN hear of the Pedagogue's profession. We have *not* heard the *con* of it.

WE REJOICE in being able to laugh in private with the Jolly Columns outside. Cold weather you know.

"MIDNIGHT OIL" is far more expensive than "Standard Oil." We infer the reason to be lack of competition.

HUMAN NATURE is proverbially much the same the world over. We are all very much alike and yet very different, which accounts for all the difference between us.

YOUNG love's dream never disturbs the slumber of common sense. A noted philosopher declared, "A man in love is not in his right mind." He may believe he is "right" in *her* mind, but *his* mind can't be in two places at once.

THE line-up of our friends and comrades in life is constantly changing. Various causes combine to eliminate some and others fill the vacant places.

Such a re-adjustment recurs annually in every school owing to the yearly changes in the

personnel of the student body, but such changes are customary and anticipated, causing little necessity for conscious adjustment. However, a faculty change is always noticeable. Every teacher characterizes and individualizes his work, becoming a part of it. Consequently his absence is noted by all in any manner associated with his work.

Some four weeks ago we bade farewell to one of our faculty. Miss Ella L. Fink became a member of that body two and one-half years ago. Many of us have known her during her entire service with us and can testify to the enthusiasm and fidelity which characterized her work among us. She was ever ready to sacrifice for the general efficiency of her work, or for the progress of individual students. Her department was left thoroly organized, and has received faithful, untiring, disinterested attention. Her influence with the vast body of students remains unaffected by the change. We wish to express our sympathy for her invalid mother, and to extend our hearty good will to Miss Fink.

We greet our new Supervisor, Mrs. Bridge, and anticipate pleasurable and profitable acquaintance with her and her work.

MARCH 17th is approaching and we are already on the road to Milwaukee. The forces are mustering for the contest when all save one will be mustered out. Certain phrases might be used to describe the atmosphere pervading this preparation; but, because of our abhorrence of conventionalism in all forms, we refrain from saying that for several weeks "mighty rumblings have shaken the walls of this Good Old Institution," noble sentiments "echo and re-echo thru the halls," shrill denunciations "awaken the slumbering senses of the school to the fact that we are prepared to do or die," certain students "wear a troubled, anxious countenance," *et cetera, ad finitum*. All these, were they present, would certainly characterize the ordinary preparation for the Oratorical Contest. We are unable to state positively as to their presence, but we *suspect* they are with us. Therefore, let all our sister "Institutions" remember **1905**, and beware of **1906**! This is our year! Hurrah for Milwaukee!

FEBRUARY 8th the Lecture Committee presented to us a certain Captain RICHMOND P. HOBSON. The world knows Mr. Hobson as a sailor and a hero, as an orator and a true American. He is quite able to convince one that he *knows the world*. He believes that America's destiny is indeed "manifest," that her mission is to proclaim peace to the nations. Mr. Hobson cannot be characterized by the mere terms "eloquent" and "magnetic." We should rather say he is also convincing and profound. His utterances are not superficial or radical; they are not bombastic metaphors which soar on Eagle's wings over the sun-lit Sierras and across the expansive Pacific. As a speaker he is attractive, forceful, logical. We were much impressed by the fearless honesty with which he discussed the political, economic, and moral conditions of our time. Graft, corruption, machine rule, and industrial tyranny are products of political apathy and moral lethargy. The electorate must be purified, the public honor vindicated, the national conscience aroused. By whom? By Americans! Then will we be qualified to fulfill the mission for which our Nation was born! War is waning! The day of peace is breaking! America stands in a position to lay a hand on either ocean. She has already terminated the most terrible war of Modern History. She is by inheritance and by acquisition pre-eminently the arbitress of the World upon one condition—she must build a navy, a navy which will make the hand of Uncle Sam heavy indeed for the oppressor, a navy powerful and efficient, a navy which shall plough the waves not for glory, not for gold, but for Liberty and Peace!

We anticipated a rare pleasure in Mr. Hobson's visit. We have realized that pleasure and know him as *one of our* great orators.



The Marshfield Highs played a return game of basketball here on February 9th. It was one of the cleanest and fastest games thus far seen upon our floor. Marshfield can rightly boast of as good a High School team as ever donned basketball "togs."

Good team work on both sides characterized the game from start to finish.

The umpire, the boys say, is a "mighty fine man." His decisions were fair in every way, and elicited many complimentary remarks from the spectators during and after the game.

A large crowd went home that night satisfied that they saw a good game.

The gate receipts netted the Basket Ball Association a neat sum, for which they are thankful to the many outsiders present.

A Social Hop was tendered the Marshfield lads after the game.

Professor Gile, principal, accompanied the team.

Score at end of first half 12 to 3 in favor of Stevens Point. Final score—29 to 14 in our favor.

Line up :

MARSHFIELD.	STEVENS POINT.
Wharfield.....	Center.....Roberts
Patterson.....	Forward...Brasure
Witt.....	Forward...Bischoff
Fredericks.....	Guard....Wadleigh
Mills.....	Guard....Park.

Umpire—Mr. Tearman.

Referee—Everson.

In what was scheduled a basket ball game, but which was more of a melee than anything else, our team went down to defeat before the Oshkosh team by a score of 36 to 12.

At the end of the first half the score stood 8 to 5 in favor of the "Indians." This fact shows that the teams were quite evenly matched. It is a question how the game would have resulted had it not been for the generosity of the man they called "referee," who showed from the very start that his knowledge of the game of basket ball is sadly limited. A knowledge of the rules, verbatim, is of little account if the sense of right application of them is lacking.

We never grumble when beaten fairly, but we do protest against injustice and partiality, however true the motives of the perpetrators may have been. To give and get a "square deal" in basket ball depends upon the unbiased decisions of the arbiter in no less measure than in any other contest. The referee must be a *real* referee.

Line up :

OSHKOSH.	STEVENS POINT.
Keefe.....	Center.....Roberts.
Whitcomb.....	Forward...Bischoff.
Halsey.....	Forward...Brasure.
Moody.....	Guard....Park.
Buckley.....	Guard....Wadleigh.

Sorenson—Referee.

Everson—Umpire.

It is with great interest that we are following the discussions of leading educators, institutions, and prominent men on the football question.

We do not favor the abolition of this great game; nor do we favor its total preservation. Notwithstanding the fact that football is one of our most beloved and favorite games, we must all concede that it has some features which do not appeal to our ideal of a manly game. We must admit beyond the shadow of a doubt that football as played by American teams, large or small, possesses some glaring brutal aspects. But beyond this are greater evils still—the evils of professionalism; the schooling in dishonesty which it gives to American youth.

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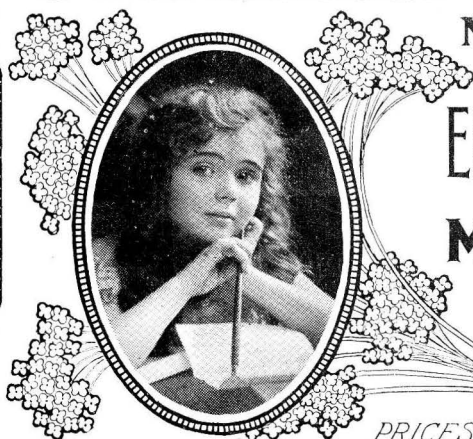
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