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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Literary.....	8	Arena.....	24
In Memoriam	15	Athenaeum.....	25
Faculty.....	16	Ohiyesa.....	26
Arts and Sciences.....	18	Forum.....	27
Exchanges.....	19	Editorial.....	28
Seniors.....	20	Athletics.....	29
Juniors.....	21	Looking Backward.....	30
Sophomores.....	22	Wit and Humor.....	32
Freshmen.....	23		

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FOLLOWING PRESCRIPTIONS.

THIRD PRIZE STORY—ROSE TOVROG

SEVERAL miles from any other house, on the summit of a steep wooded hill, stood an old-fashioned weatherbeaten farmhouse, its once bright color toned down by the hand of Time. Its only inhabitants were Mr. and Mrs. Kirk, who kept boarders in the summer, and whose nearest neighbors lived in the little village of Queens-town, far below in the valley.

It was a lovely evening and the moon and stars shone brightly. Everything was weirdly still and there was no sound except for the wind whispering through the bare trees; but presently the sounds of a horse's hoofs could be heard, as he slowly clattered along the road. Within the house all was quiet but for the ticking of the old stairway clock.

"John," said Mrs. Kirk to her husband, who had been dozing in his easy chair, "someone has ridden into the yard. Who can it be?"

Her inquiry was soon to be answered for there came a low knock upon the kitchen door. Taking the lamp in his hand Mr. Kirk went to the door. In the moonlight he saw a tall, slim, closely muffled man, holding his horse by the bridle.

"Is this Herr Kirk," inquired the man in a voice with a strong foreign accent. Being answered in the affirmative he handed a bit of paper to him.

This was a note from the owner of the hotel in the village begging Mr. Kirk to favor him by accommodating Mr. Ehrental, the bearer, with lodgings for several days, as all of his rooms were taken. He took this liberty, he said, because knowing that Mr. Kirk kept boarders in summer he thought it would be no inconvenience.

It was decided that Mr. Ehrental should be kept for a week. After seeing that his horse was comfortable the stranger was shown to his room, upstairs, towards the front of the house. As he went up the stairs he looked intently at the clock which lacked a few minutes to eight. His appearance made a doubtful impression upon the Kirk's, for although he had a frank face, still his foreign air gave him a certain disadvantage.

During this time the night had been growing stormy, but they sat by the fireside. As the clock struck eight the stranger could be heard walking back and forth excitedly.

"Jennie, what ails him anyway?" exclaimed Mr. Kirk. "I should think he would be tired and like to go to sleep."

When the walking broke into running they looked at each other in bewilderment. Mrs. Kirk said that perhaps he was ill at ease in strange surroundings.

"Mighty strange he acts," muttered Mr. Kirk, who disliked being disturbed. But talk as they would the noise still kept on. It was not very loud for they were sitting in the kitchen and Mr. Ehrental's room was upstairs, at the other end of the house. It was a low, muffled sound, but enough to be distinctly mysterious. For two hours the noise continued almost incessantly, at times stopping for a few minutes but recommencing. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk were bewildered at first, but when the noise showed no signs of ceasing they became frightened.

"How queer it sounds," said Mrs. Kirk, "John, I do believe he is crazy! Oh! what shall we do?"

To increase their fright the trees now rocked in the high wind and the sleet beat ceaselessly against the windows as the darkness of the stormy March night deepened. Mr. Kirk silently walked into the bedroom and from a lower chest drawer carefully drew out a shining revolver, which he always kept loaded in case of necessity. "Just let that crazy foreigner get funny and show himself down here," he growled. It was impossible to get assistance from the village, as it was too far away, and they did not like to leave the house to the madman while they went for help. Mrs. Kirk took a broom, a poker and a rolling pin before she sat down to await further developments. Very savage she looked indeed, being a woman who weighed a little more than a hundred pounds. At last the suspense became intolerable.

"Jennie, if you aren't afraid, I'm going

after him."

"Indeed I am not," was the reply. "Anything is better than this."

"Well, let's go then."

After helping his wife collect her dreadful implements of war, they took off their shoes and stealthily ascended the steps. Just as the stairway clock was striking ten they reached his door. But the noise had suddenly ceased! Thinking that perhaps they had imagined it all they descended the steps, rather glad.

Late the next morning Mr. Ehrental appeared at the breakfast table looking somewhat tired. But he talked quite frankly and pleasantly, although at times he was silent and seemed ill at ease. After breakfast he said, "I shall not be here for dinner or supper, as I have business at Mayville." So he saddled his horse and rode away.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when he returned and his horse seemed exhausted. He spoke very little and immediately retired to his room.

The clock struck eight. Almost immediately the strange noise of the night before commenced. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk sitting quietly in the kitchen looked at each other in amazement, but neither spoke a word. The noise continued in the same way, being broken at intervals of a few minutes. They endured the suspense and time never seemed so long as they heard the clock slowly strike quarter past eight, half-past eight, quarter to nine, nine, quarter past nine, half-past nine, quarter to ten. Then after a council of war they again started upstairs—Mr. Kirk with revolver in hand and Mrs. Kirk with her broom, stove poker and rolling pin. Just as they reached the head of the stairs the clock struck ten and that mysterious noise ceased immediately. Amazement and even some fear was written on their faces; there was nothing left for them to do but turn back. For under what pretext could they enter?

It was late the next morning when Ehrental came down to breakfast. He looked ex-

ceedingly tired and had large dark circles under his eyes. He spoke little and immediately after breakfast, telling them that he would again be absent for the day, mounted his horse and rode away. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk thought this very strange behavior on his part and were quite bewildered at his manner. But they resolved to wait a little longer before they acted. In the evening Ehrental returned, declined any food and immediately retired. Just as the clock struck eight a noise could be heard in his room. But it was not the same kind as on the preceding nights; it was a strange noise with a regular rythm to it. Half an hour of it was all that Mrs. Kirk could endure.

"John," she said, "I am going to find out tonight what that is or I don't know what I shall do."

"That is just what I intend doing. I am going to find out once for all what it is." With his revolver and a determined manner he marched along, followed by Mrs. Kirk again resolutely brandishing her broom and tucking a rolling pin under her arm. They came to Ehrental's door and although Mrs. Kirk thought it would be unjust to enter without rapping, her husband decided that they would be fully justified in not warning the madman.

"Are you ready, Jennie?" he whispered.

"Perfectly," was the reply, with a flourish of the broom.

He opened the door swiftly, but noiselessly and then both stood helplessly upon the threshold. There, all unconscious of his amazed spectators, was the staid Mr. Ehrental skipping around the room, swinging his hands slowly and regularly, as if keeping time. "You crazy foreigner what are you doing?" cried Mr. Kirk. "Yes, you crazy foreigner, what are you doing?" echoed Mrs. Kirk, brandishing her broom.

At this unexpected interruption Ehrental looked around him in fright. What did this mean? Were they about to murder him? He seemed beside himself with fear and started a torrent of explanation, gesticulating tiercely all the while.

"Gnadige Herr und Frau, ich bitte um verzeihung, aber der Herr Doktor hatte mich strenge Befehlen geben—"

He did not have time to finish his sentence, although perhaps he was speaking as fast as any human being could, for Mr. Kirk shouted, "What in the world are you jabbering? Can't you talk plain English?"

Mr. Ehrental stopped helplessly. In truth it seemed as if he had forgotten everything he ever knew of that language. At last a bright thought seemed to come to him, for he put his hand into his vest pocket and drew out a doctor's prescription slip. This he handed to Mr. Kirk who read aloud the rather ambiguous statement: "Continue your daily exercise in the fresh air by riding to Mayville every day. Take your medicine from eight to ten o'clock two nights running and skipping one night, at the same time taking the arm movements for chest expansion."

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk laughed so heartily when the mystery of the different noises and why they had always started at eight and ended at ten o'clock had been explained, that Mr. Ehrental in turn thought that they had gone insane. Slapping his knees and nearly bending double as he laughed, Mr. Kirk at last managed to explain to Ehrental how different the doctor's orders really were from what he took them to be.

At last peace and quiet were restored and happiness reigned supreme. Mr. Ehrental thanked God that his strenuous exercise was at an end and Mr. and Mrs. Kirk thanked Him that their peace was regained.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

FIRST PRIZE STORY—R. B. WOODWORTH

(Continued from January number)

I was too terrified to move, but was finally brought to my senses when I heard Barney utter a yell of fright, open the door and race through the house at break neck speed. I followed with all swiftness and got to the door just in time to prevent Barney from slamming it and locking it in my face. There he stood, his face white with fright and his mouth working as if it held a coal of fire, while in his hand he still held the lamp which he had somehow saved from destruction and contrived to light. I don't know which of us was the more frightened; anyway it spoiled our night's rest for we talked almost until daylight, at which time we made a careful search of the whole house. We discovered nothing of value as evidence, however, not even the slightest clue on which to base an explanation. We decided then by way of precaution to lock every door in the house, making it impossible for anyone to go from room to room. The basement we excluded, it having only an outside entrance—like many of the old fashioned houses—being sure that the sound we heard did not come from below.

The ghost, as Barney chose to call it, did not walk the next night and we concluded that we were rid of it, but we were sadly disappointed in this. On the third night the ghost arose and made so much noise during the small hours of the morning that we determined to have another search. The sound as usual led us to the kitchen, but ceased as soon as we were in the room, only to begin again when we were back in bed. "Well, it's easy to see," said Barney, "that there's human intellect behind all this. It is no chance business about these noises. It's storming hard outside, the doors are all locked and no one could get in except through

the keyhole, so you know what it must be then."

"Come now, Barney," I taunted, "you don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

"No," he ventured slowly, "but if there are ghosts, I believe in letting them alone."

He couldn't leave them alone though any more than I could, for a week never passed but what we were visited several times and had made our several attempts at finding satisfaction. The story, naturally, was too good to keep and I occasionally told some of my classmates about it. Of course they were inquisitive and being also endowed with that most kindly quality of helpfulness toward their fellowmen, waited on me with a committee and asked to be of aid in solving the mystery, which was such a sore grievance to their beloved brother. I assented, there being nothing else to do, and they accordingly came and from their appearances were prepared to meet anything. Some carried stout sticks, some knives, some revolvers, there were several rifles and one fellow carried a shotgun on the half-cock. I immediately saw that they had missed the point of my yarn and had come to have a little sport with us, which idea was carried out further when they demanded that a light lunch be served. This we did as best we could, after which we all lit up our pipes and told stories. No one expected the ghost to walk that night, least of all myself, because I had already concluded that no saintly ghost would care to walk near a crowd of revellers like us. You see we all had a surprise in store, for only a few minutes after our alarm clock—a new luxury which made me poorer to the extent of one dollar and twenty-five cents—had struck eleven, we heard the rap-rap-rap.

It was very plain tonight, plainer than I had ever heard it before. Everyone jumped up, grabbed his weapon and with mock precision filed out of the room in strict military order toward the field of battle. Barney unlocked the kitchen door and led the way,

holding the light high above his head. When all were in the room Barney commanded them to halt and was trying to think of the next order when suddenly one loud tap was heard. It seemed to come from the midst of us somehow and we each looked at the other in blank amazement. The sound seemed to come from neither above nor below, it was simply a repetition of that same mysterious tapping. We stayed and stayed in the room that night, but we heard no more and thus ended the first night's vigil of what I chose to call the "Gum Shoe Club," detectors of mystery.

I called it "club" because these same fellows visited us often, organized themselves as a matter of form and did everything in their power to solve the mystery; it was, however, of no avail. No organization of this kind can exist long around college without being talked about more or less and it was not long before the story leaked out and we came to be looked upon as some sort of dare-devils and everyone spoke of the house as "haunted all right." I got to thinking it was haunted myself, which led me to make certain inquiries concerning it. I got several likely tales, but the closest I came to getting the truth was from our next door neighbor. He said that the house had been vacant for two years and previous to this time had been occupied by a strange family. He could not tell where they had come from or anything about them, only that their name was Van Austrand. The old man had bought the house at a very high figure and had lived with his wife and only daughter. The story goes that they were, one by one, afflicted with a strange malady, which finally resulted in their death. The old lady was the last of them to die and previous to her death was said to have bewitched things. She never came outside of her door, but had a peculiar way of attracting people's attention to her needs by tapping on the floor or window with her cane. She always paid in cash for what she bought and paid liberally for all favors but

never came out of the house. At her death the house was sold at public auction, there being no heirs, and the property fell into Mr. Smart's hands.

"Sir," the neighbor concluded, "it must be her cane you hear tapping like that, for her spirit probably carries that same cane."

"Well, it certainly sounded like it," said I and the idea rang only too true to suit me.

This closed our interview, but before the day was over I was again sought out, this time by Mr. Smart, who wanted us to understand that the house wasn't haunted and that we shouldn't say so; that if we didn't like it, we should get out, that he wanted the house now anyway—seeing he had a chance to rent it, and several other things which I do not remember. To all his threatening, cautioning and arguments I told him that we would do as we pleased and that we wouldn't get out until our lease expired. This angered him to the boiling point, but he finally calmed down, left and we saw no more of him for weeks.

The ghost had rested for several days now when all of a sudden it took on a new ceremony. Something woke us up in the middle of the night that sounded more like an earthquake than anything else. The noise seemed to come from everywhere at once. Being awakened out of a sound sleep so suddenly, it was difficult to conjecture where the sound came from. Barney claimed it to sound like a bunch of cannon crackers being shot off under our bed, which was as near as he could describe it, although we heard it every night for a month or more. I got to thinking one day that this new ceremony never came when we were awake. It was always an hour or two after we had blown out the light and gone to bed. It seemed strange, but no matter how late we stayed up, it was always the same. Barney and I had gotten to consider these noises as a matter of course and decided to succumb to the inevitable without complaint, when we accidentally got some

light on the mystery in a most extraordinary manner.

It was one of those cold, windy nights in March; one of those nights when the wind seems to be trying to tear your dwelling from its foundations and the timbers and boards seem to groan and creak in complaint. It had thawed early that year and when the cold spell came on again it left the ground covered with a complete sheet of ice.

Barney was stooping over filling the lamp at the time and I was reading poetry aloud. Well all of a sudden that ghost of ours began that drumming, only louder than ever before, and with such rapidity as to be beyond all of my conceptions of the powers of his majesty, "The ghost." It startled me so that I nearly fell over backward in my chair, although I am positive that I was not leaning back at the time. Barney took it even worse than I did for with a yell of fright he jerked his head up to listen and unconsciously permitted the lamp to slip from his fingers and crash into a thousand pieces on the floor.

"You fool!" I shouted. "You butter-fingers! Have you lost your head entirely?"

Barney didn't answer but his brain must have been working for he said—"We ain't got no light now—But say, did you hear voices outside? I'll swear I did. I believe this business is someone's joke on us after all."

"Nonsense, you chump," I fired back at him, "You only heard the boards creaking. I heard them, too; that wasn't anyone talking."

"Oh, now, don't you be too sure," he began in his drawling voice. "My ears ain't so bad and I'll bring in the wood for a week if there ain't someone prowling around outside."

"Agreed, Barney," I exclaimed, glad to consider a wager like this. "Come on then. We'll sneak all the way around the house and see what's doing."

The rapping had only ceased momentarily since they had begun and I proposed to steal

out of the front door and come up cautiously to the back wing of the house where the kitchen was located. We bundled up warmly; Barney got out ahead of me and led the way with remarkable courage—at least for him—his courage being, I presume, due to the fact that he had made up his mind that he was dealing with human beings and not ghosts. The rappings had ceased now save for only a lonely tap now and then, which was sufficient to convince Barney that the ghost had not flown.

"Now it's just around the corner here," Barney whispered; "crouch low and we'll grab him together and cuss him if he will ever get away."

I had no doubt as to that, for whatever fears and superstitions may have been in the mind of Barney Hughes before, he had none now, and his enormous frame quivered with excitement through the expectancy of laying hands on something material on which to wreck his vengeance. We stood close behind the corner; Barney in front and I pressed close behind him. Barney peeped cautiously around the corner. There was a thud. Barney wheeled square about and faced me with an oath on his lips.

"What hit me?" he exclaimed. "Something did I know, for it got me right on the mouth." I pulled him away and took the front rank myself. I crouched down and took a cautious peep. I saw no one about and was just about to tell Barney that our bird had flown when I heard something whistle over my head and resound with the familiar rap against—what? The side of the house to be sure, and what? What was it? What was it that struck Barney in the face and kept us up so many nights?

Nothing but a blooming piece of clothes line with a large knot on the end of it. It was nothing but a piece of cheap rope, swinging in the wind and hanging just where I had tied it to the corner of the house on that memorable first wash day. To say that I was thoroughly and most horribly disgusted

is putting it mildly; words cannot be found to express my feeling of disgust and words could never be coined to tell my intensified disgust when Barney suddenly came forward and wanted to know if I had seen anything. Of course I had to explain in the end; which if I had done it in the first place would have saved his being obliged to listen to my entire vocabulary of abusive epithets. I cannot remember just what I did say now; anyway it doesn't matter because he never took anything to heart that I said.

"Well, Mr. Hughes, Esquire," I said, "do you not think it time to retire to our drawing room instead of standing out under the heavens talking in such weather as this?"

"Yes," he replied, "but let's cut this knot off, just for instance, and see if we can't get a night's rest for once. He took out his knife and suited the action to the word, remarking that he'd keep the knot as a souvenir. As we were turning to go I heard a strange sound, somewhere near, too, like someone walking. I pulled Barney into the shadow quickly and listened. Yes, it was a person walking for I could hear him slipping now and then and the tiny particles of ice grind under foot. The footfalls came nearer, paused and went on again. By the sound I could tell that they were on the side of the wing exactly opposite from us. Not fearing to be discovered now, I went around the corner and crept cautiously along the wall, past the kitchen door and to the corner where I could command a view of the whole north side of the house. I peeped around just in time to see a man at our out-of-door cellar way. He fumbled at the latch, then lifted the trap door slowly. It made considerable noise, but he seemed to take no heed. He laid the door back gently and walked silently and with all graciousness into our cellar

"What's he up to?" whispered Barney, who had been taking in the events from over my shoulder.

"That's what I'm waiting to see," I said. "Just keep still until he comes out." Almost before I had finished we heard an unearthly noise from the basement. I can hardly describe how it sounded better than saying it sounded a great deal like a small boy beating a rat-tat-ta-tat on a picket fence as he runs along, only this was on a much larger scale.

"Yes, that must be it" I thought. "He's giving us a solo by running along and beating a stick onto the joist right under our very bed."

I had no sooner thought this than the noise ceased and out walks mister ghost with a heavy cane in his hand, closes the trap door and starts off rapidly across the lot. I was too surprised to move much but I did have presence of mind enough to throw mister ghost's figure into profile against the corner street light.

"Yes," I said thoughtfully, "it is all solved now except the 'why.' Why should he do this?" I thought and as I pondered I moved on toward the front of the house, resolved to let the matter drop for that night.

"Well, it's all plain enough," I was thinking to myself when I was undressing all alone there in the dark, "I see it all now. He heard that we believed the house to be haunted and tried to get us so scared that we wouldn't stay. He certainly is a crafty one, and I'll bet he thinks that he's having all kinds of sport with us."

This is as far as I progressed in my soliloquy before Barney burst into the room. "I tagged him," he shouted. "I shadowed him to his very door. It's he, old Smart. It's old Smart himself and no mistake. He did it to scare us so we'd move. Do you hear? Thought he could scare us out and rent the house to someone else."

"Yes, Barney," said I modestly, "you are just as far behind the times as ever. I could have told you that half an hour ago."

IN MEMORIAM

Miss Rena R. Sargent was born May 29, 1890. In her early childhood the parents moved to Chippewa Falls, and she graduated from the High school of that city with the class of 1910. During her short life she grew to be the affectionate companion of her mother. She was active in church and social circles. In the Sunday School in which she was a teacher, she became the friend of the boys of the restless age. At her funeral these boys were present in a body to pay their sincere respects to the memory of the one they loved and honored.

Miss Sargent entered the Stevens Point Normal Sept. 7, 1910, and continued her work until a few days before her death.

Were life measured by external standards, such might be the brief account of this career, but student friends know this would be an inadequate statement. Life is measured by the thoughts we think, the associations we make, the cheer and comfort we give, the aspirations we form, and the devotion we manifest to lofty ideals. We pause in wonder at the brevity of the lives of many of our friends, but we are reminded that life is not measured by the figures on the dial, but by sympathetic heart beats and by intense thought power.

This friend of ours has spent her life in an atmosphere of research, of idealism, of warm and buoyant friendships. To some may come the thought that her striving was futile, but a life so devoted is truly successful. Her cheer and companionable disposition has left its impression. It seems as if the thread of life were severed too soon, but the texture and the quality of the weaving has made a life to be remembered by each person who knew her.

It was with a genial spirit that she greeted each, and it was with intense interest that she entered upon each new relation in school affairs. Her early departure casts its gloom over the school, but her life of effort leaves its lesson to inspire and to cause each to consecrate himself to more thoughtful and nobler effort.

THE FACULTY

The Life-Principle of the Kindergarten.

[By Miss Amanda Zellar.]

Each department of our school system must satisfy the present need of the child. One needs only to observe the little second grader chuckling over the story of Tom Thumb or objecting to read an explanation of London Bridge is Falling Down—"Because we know how to play that"—to appreciate the fact that although preparing for future reading the communication of the printed page of the second reader is assuredly supplying a present need. As each department of our school system attempts to satisfy this present need, so does the kindergarten provide that environment which takes care of the child in the present stage of his growth and development which pre-eminently finds expression in play.

The normal healthy little four year old takes a trip to the corner. Somebody sees him and drags him back. He tries again and again and again. Moral suasion takes no effect and he is soundly spanked. Still smarting under the injustice and the spank, the little fellow, who has no responsibility for the act as a bit of naughtiness, vaguely lays other plans in obedience to the demands of a developing self to enlarge his circle of interests and activities. He has outgrown the seclusion of the family relation. Something within—Froebel calls it *ahnen*, others call it presentiment and still others like foreboding—is striving for conscious recognition of self.

He must needs go to the corner. He must needs get into the larger life of society

where he finds himself reflected not as a mere individual, but an institutional being, a one of many. Immediately he begins to adjust himself to his new environment and establish his relation to the institutional whole through the three great factors which enter into his development, heredity, environment and self-activity.

What this relation shall be is determined by his attitude toward life. His attitude depends upon his understanding and interpretation of things in their proper relation. The school as an educative factor is the institution which interprets life, helps the individual to see things in continuity, as related, an organic whole itself an organized unit providing an environment which calls forth the chief operative force, self-activity, and enables the child to consciously establish his place in the great institutional whole where each for all and all for each is the test for all human activity. If this be true, then self-activity triumphs over heredity and environment and in the image of his Creator does he work out his own salvation and make of himself what he will.

The kindergarten is an institution which places the child in an environment peculiarly his own; where things are in proportion, within his reach and easily comprehended through play, which is recognized as his legitimate self-activity. He comes to us full of this play activity—playing the things he is trying to understand—with a natural craving for opportunity, counsel, direction, encouragement and sympathy which must be satisfied. Here is he provided a means for expression through material whose plasticity invites attack upon itself and demands his self-activity.

Naturally, instinctively and spontaneously the child manifests his inner life, at first through individual play, but capable of development in a germinating environment of social play; he grows into an artistic expression of sympathy, the basis of all social life and the germ of all moral responsibility.

Kindergartening is a serious business. The guiding of this play activity is a vital problem. Although a wholesome attitude toward life, a native love for and sympathy with child life are great assets in kindergartening, a knowledge of the natural growth and development of the child physically, mentally and morally in various stages are of infinite value and importance. Froebel gave to the educative whole a leaven in the life-principle of the kindergarten which makes of it a stage in the evolution of life whose chief operative force is self-activity, whose aim and purpose is to consciously make of the individual a universal being. He did more; he provided materials in the play-song, play-gift and play-ring which take care of the child in the growth and development of his threefold nature. Be ye radical or conservative, "Personal following separates," says Froebel. "Principle alone invites. Follow the principle I have indicated, but not me. I am but a weak exponent of the dawn of insight into that principle, and you who do the work must see to it more clearly than I have done."

Through the various activities of the kindergarten, the child is consciously led into a sympathetic attitude toward the home society, the state and the church through which he understands—according to his capacity—his relation to nature, God and man.

In the play-song we include all activities which usually come in the morning circle, the song, the story, the object, the picture and the talk which appeal more largely to the emotions out of which grows the physical activity which is the expression of an idea and feeling—wherein the child represents the activities of other things, as flying birds,

galloping horses, the tic-tac, etc. Here, too, he represents the activities of other people, through which plays he understands and sympathizes with other workers and gets a glimpse of the dignity of labor. In the play-gift Froebel provided a material of universal characteristics which satisfies the natural tendencies of the child to investigate and construct—a material easily sense perceived arousing the powers to observe materials elsewhere of similar characteristics and forming a basis for future organization and classification of form in the material world. This material, because of its simplicity and plastic nature, enables the child to master it, to overcome it, to use it as a means for expression—stimulating his imagination and making demands upon his creative powers. In his undirected plays, opportunity is given for experiment, for testing material and his power to overcome that material. In the self-directed, which is the highest type of play, we have a more conscious expression of the child after a few principles have been grasped and applied through directed play. Here children express themselves more easily and spontaneously in the community plays, wherein they play in groups, and such illustrations as one child passing his engine or boat under the bridge of another, one child making the front and another the main body of the woodman's cabin, one the sled, another the logs, or several children solicited in making a boat with the large sized building bricks and taking turns to ride, are common occurrences which take place without direction, but co-operation and sympathy from the teacher.

In the play-ring play becomes organized; and certain rules and laws govern and control in games where more physical activity takes place. The ball, bean bag and other materials are brought in to aid in developing skill with self control and kindness. Here gayety and spontaneity reign supreme under proper respect and obedience to the law of the game. Here the Italian, Norwegian, German and

Swede come in contact and, in combination or competition, learn to assert themselves for or yield themselves to the right. More important than mental attainment which comes through this physical activity, are the high ideals and social duty which mean

amalgamated citizenship.

"To teach by play," says Froebel, "is not to spare the child exertion or to relieve him from it, but to awaken in him a passion which forces on him and renders easy the strongest effort."



The Senior D. S. girls have completed their year's work in cookery, to be superseded by the Juniors, who have donned caps and aprons and seem to be thoroughly enjoying their elementary lessons in cookery. On account of the large number in the class, there are two divisions, one in the morning under the supervision of Miss Studley, the other in the afternoon with Miss Hitchcock.

Miss Studley, the domestic science teacher, has been very ill the past few days. However, she is fast recovering and we hope to have her with us before long.

Owing to Miss Studley's illness the Senior D. S. girls were enjoying a short rest from dietetics, when suddenly was heard from the platform, "Regular dietetics class today." All were curious to know who was to teach that mixture of physics, chemistry, physiology, etc., "dietetics," and were pleasantly surprised to find Mr. Smith occupying the teacher's chair.

The Junior D. S. girls received many compliments on the fine supper that they served at the Normal Fair. Those who could afford

to partake pronounced it delicious and served delightfully, while the others looked on with longing eyes.

Mr. Culver was painfully detained from taking charge of his classes several days on account of a driving toothache, which permitted him to neither sleep nor eat, leaving him in a weakened condition. The chemistry class was conducted by Mr. Olson during Mr. Culver's absence.

It would be well for those taking advanced physiology to keep up in drawing practice. Daily diagrams, such as the structure of the skin, circulation of the blood, etc., are required to be placed on the board, "just to help fix them in the mind."

The course in manual training has been lengthened to twenty weeks. The work done by sixth, seventh and eighth grades is taken up here and a greater share of the practical work is accomplished. The boys are now working on a table and the girls on various smaller articles. Records show that there is an increasing number of students taking this work.

EXCHANGES

One of our new exchanges comes from the Berlin High school. It is a neat little paper, but could be greatly improved by a few cuts. This criticism also holds true for a number of other papers.

When we received our old friend, The Lawrentian, we hardly knew it, so great had been the change since our last meeting. It now appears in a fine new coat which is very attractive.

As a person always takes more pleasure in reading a school paper put up in neat booklet form than one presenting the common newspaper appearance, would it not be wise for some of our exchanges to shake the latter and adopt the former?

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a hypocrite?"

Johnny—"A boy wot comes to Normal wid a smile on his face." —Ex.

The material in The Oracle is good, but the work looks crowded. The same is true of College Chips. ♪

My bonnet spreads over the ocean,
My bonnet spreads over the sea,
For a bonnet that spreads over the sidewalk
Isn't half enough bonnet for me.—Ex.


A mistake which is made by many of the exchanges columns is that they merely acknowledge the receipt of exchanges instead of justly criticising them.

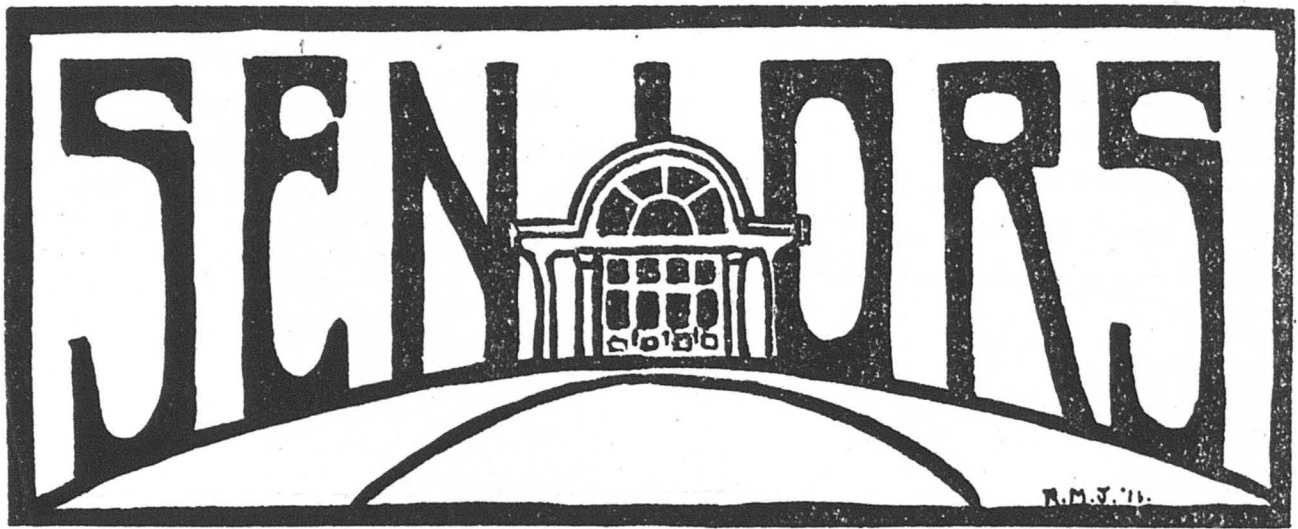
The article entitled "A Comparative Sketch of the Schools of Indiana and Wisconsin," which appears in The Normal Advance of the Terre Haute Normal school, gives a fair description of the schools of Wisconsin. It is well written and interesting.

The College Chronicle says: "The Normal Pointer, Stevens Point, Wis., contains an article entitled 'Humor as an Aid to Teaching,' which is not only helpful to a prospective teacher, but of sufficient interest to anyone else, since it defines humor, gives examples of it and recommends it as an aid to a higher and better life."

The Normal Oracle has this: "The Normal Pointer gives a good summary of 'My Lord in Livery,' which was given at their school."

The cover design on The Lake Breeze is indeed appropriate. This, however, is not the only point which deserves mention. The entire paper shows thought and ability. The cuts are especially good and suggestive.





Of those who finished their course last quarter, the following are now teaching: Lucile Davenport, Viola; Minnie Ammundson, Grand Rapids; Hillie Toering, Lodi; True Hyland, Janesville; Anna Virum, Menomonie.

Miss May Wiric of Loyal resumed her school work at the beginning of the third quarter.

Mr. George Batty substituted at the Pittsville High school while the principal, Milo Wood, was suffering from an attack of the measles.

The following Lincoln rhetorical program was given Feb. 10th:

Piano Solo.....	Leslie McCoy
Lincoln, lawyer and politician....	Louise Diver
Lincoln's Nomination.....	Jennie Johnson
Mixed Quartette, American hymn....	Lila Blank, Rosetta Johnson, Thomas Olson, R. B. Woodworth.
Lincoln's Humor.....	Eloise Quimby
Lincoln's Assassination.....	Edna Rezin
Reading, The Last Tribute.....	Clara Maurer
Song, To America.....	School

Miss Jennie Wadleigh has been obliged to withdraw from school on account of illness.

Miss Vivian Hainer, '10, visited school one day.

On Friday, Feb. 10, Prof. Spindler announced that he had heard indirectly thru Davis Kumm that the fair would be held the next day. "But," says Mr. Spindler, "you can hear anything indirectly thru Davis."

As the result of the wide advertisement, a large crowd of people came to the Normal

on Saturday from 4:30 till late at night. From 5 to 8 p. m. the Junior domestic science girls served a chicken pie supper in the lower corridor. The Sophomore exhibit was displayed in a room on the first floor. Here many of the students and faculty found themselves accurately, characteristically and skillfully portrayed in many original ways.

The gymnasium was the center of attraction. Here could be seen the goose pond, magician, fortune tellers, popcorn stand, floral exhibit and many other attractions usually found at a fair. In the center of the gym. was an attractive booth where the "candy kids" sold their wares. It is needless to say that this was one of the most popular attractions.

The farce, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse," was played twice to large and appreciative audiences. Cast of characters:
 Richard Butler.....Nugent Glennon
 Florence Butler, his wife.....Blanche Hill
 Delvin Blake, friend of Butlers.....

.....Fred Ambrose
 Anne Fisher, friend of the Butlers.....

.....Alice Garvin
 Marietta Williams.....Myrle Young
 Katie, the maid.....Alice Keegan

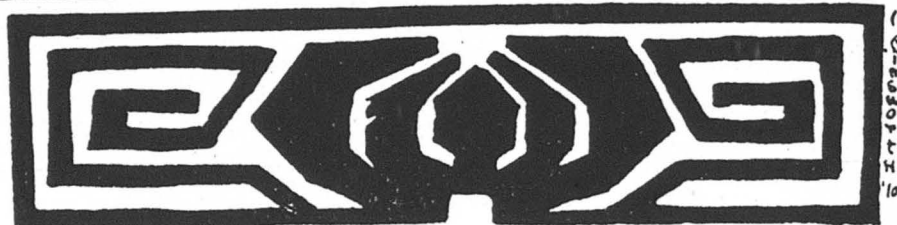
Everyone agreed that Myrle Young appeared at her best in the role of the old fashioned aunt who did such artistic painting, which became the source of much anxiety to the Butlers. The troubles which ensued were made more complicated by the witty Irish maid.

The minstrel show was given in 215. The manner in which it was presented reflected much credit upon the performers, especially Herr Conrad Winninger Schmittenbauer, alias R. B. Woodworth, who was the soloist. All the latest songs and hits were given.

JUNIOR NOTES

Name	Age	Distinguishing Quality	Future Vocation	Where Seen Most
R. B. Woodworth	Very young	His voice	President U. S. A.	Arenberg's jewelry store
Alice Garvin	Marriageable	Love for faculty	Giving advice	In the library
Isabel Nick	Past 30	Her beaux	German teacher	Out of school
Fay Holum	Older than Methusala	Shooting baskets	Humorist	Practicing basket ball
Janet Johnston	Sweet 16	Her scowl	Elocutionist (excelsior)	At the dentist's
Ruth Bennett	Young	Her whistle	Gym. teacher	In the gym.
Lila Blank	Exceedingly old	Looking coy (McCoy)	Music teacher	Music room
Georgia Biegler	Ancient	Helping others	Dressmaker	At home
Petra Brunstad	Can vote	Her rosy cheeks	Keeping in style	With Minnie Moore
Henry Schulz	Very old	Blushing	Politician	With the girls
Dorris Murray	Past infancy	Praising her friends	Lecturer	Talking to someone
Grace Dolbier	Forty, more or less	Her length	Growing	In the rest room
Grace Welsh	23	Her giggle	"Teacher"	5 & 10 cent store
Janet McCreedy	Not more than —	Her complexion	Homemaker	Fudge making
Michael Hanna	Not grey yet	His pompadour	Lawyer	At the typewriter
Eleanora Koppa	Terribly old	Her timidity	Making someone happy	At the roller rink
Eleanora Benson	Older than we think	Rolling her eyes	Housewife	In the corridors
Mary Carroll	Paid not to tell	Her dignity	Schoolmarm	At church
Hazel Hoffman	Just 35	Studiosness	Another "teacher"	In her seat studying
Anna Mazanec	Deceiving	Unprepared lessons	Instructor	Assembly room studying
Elizabeth Walterbach	Hard to tell	Her "specs"	Doin' things	Talking to the professors
Alma Stenger	Awfully old	Always in a hurry	Lecturer on women's rights	On ice pond
Donna Downs	Hair turning gray	Very tall	Looking for excitement	At the Ideal
Florence Forsythe	We won't tell	Her brown eyes	Famous cook	On paper mill road
Lulu Herrick	Past old maid limit	She is care-free	Taming parrots	Eating mince pie on the public square
Mae Tibbits	We don't really know	Her sweet disposition	D. S. teacher	Taking gym. exercises on roof of Normal
Nora Nyhus	Almost 30	Her mischievous eyes	Instructor in blushing	Forming one of the bread line on Division street
Esther Gunderson	Just a kid	She is so tiny	Gym. teacher	6 feet above floor
Mildred Alexander	Her looks deceive	Her kindness	Taming a kitten	At the roller rink
Sidney Murat	Won't tell	His stunt	Professor	At the smoke shop
Florence Lincoln	Just a wee lassie	Blue eyes	A "butcher"	With "Micky"
Dorothy Salter	She has forgotten	Wicked eyes	Manual training teacher	Talking with Don Waite
Myrtle Peterson	A mere infant	Cherry mouth	Making round squares	Bound for Scandinavia
Betty Garner	Younger we'd imagine	Naughty eyes	Prima donna	In class meetings
Wilbur Whitney	A bachelor	Laziness	Floorwalker, 10 cent store	With "Sweet Marie"
Reid McWithey	Age=weight	Untiring "yip"	Missionary to China	At Sunday School
Irene Feeley	Past what you think	Love for opposite sex	An agricultural career	Among her friends

SOPHOMORES



Examinations for the second quarter have come and gone. With them a step has been made by the Sophomores which has placed them nearer the Junior goal and in sight of the honored "red-tops." Two quarters more and a step each quarter (Sophomores really take at least four steps each quarter), then we shall find ourselves leaving far behind us the terrors of 215 and entering the guarded assembly room. Hurrah! only a short time, friends, and we are on equal terms with any High school graduate.

"Rowing, not drifting," is the motto which Sophomores live up to. By it forward they are going and success is their reward.

Did you see the Sophomore exhibit? Why is it that some of our prominent people cannot come to school on certain good natured days? You could find this out and various other things in the exhibit. Among some of the things the exhibit consisted of was photographs of our class neighbors and professors. Their poses revealed to us that a few are enjoying themselves at the expense of time—time which could better be used, as Mr. Spindler would say. Queer looking objects made of cloth by D. S. girls and for—The Missing Link, were skillfully displayed on the exhibition tables. Samples of bread made by a Hill, following the latest time-saving processes were secured at a great expense for the interest of the busy house-

wives. On the whole, the exhibit was good from start to finish.

Miss Lulu Alexander of Fond du Lac has entered the class this quarter.

The following people withdrew from the class last quarter: Marie Laughlin, Eva Gee, Mary Bourn, Mildred Kelsey and Mae Schumacher.

It was reported that Leone Carley had heart trouble. We believe it now and so does Miss Paulson.

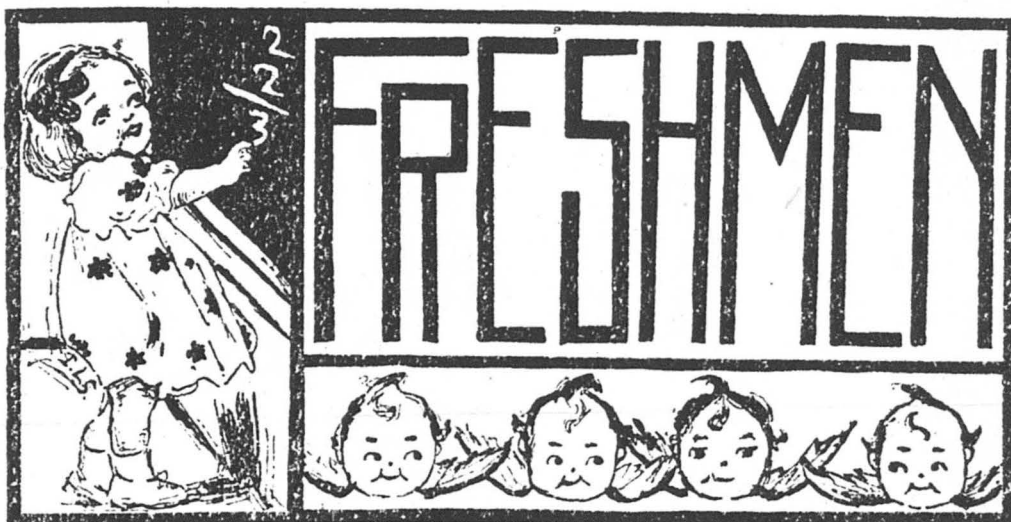
There was a young fellow named Waite.
He had a most wonderful gait.

Like Jehu he goes
And nobody knows
Whatever will be his fate.

A few things the Sophomores would like to know: What was the matter with the Juniors in the geographical test given by Mr. Sims? Why are they considered next to the Freshmen in geographical knowledge? Why the other classes don't have a Professional Waite? How Greening is effected by the Westerlies? Why some Seniors flunk?

HEARD IN MUSIC.

Come to me.
Sing to your soul.
That isn't the dough you want.
You don't get that tea right.



Resolved:

Not to flunk again until the end of the quarter—John Shimek.

Not to say "I don't know" again in review geography—until the next time Mr. Olson calls on me.—I. Butcher.

Never to take geography again.—Ruth Frank.

Never to try and win a Senior again.—Schneider.

That red hair beats all other colors.—Will Greening.

Never to miss the train again.—L. Gordon.

To stay out of 215 between two (2:00) and two-forty-five (2:45.)—C. Boyington.

There is a bunch of Freshmen that won't fit in,
A bunch that can't keep still,
So they break the rule of the Normal school
And roam the halls at will.

The Freshmen have again been reminded that 215 is not to be used as a study room. It is not to be inferred that it has been used for studying in the past.

Lost—At the head of the staircase on second floor by A. H. and G. B., one golden hour set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered to finder, for it is lost forever and can never be returned.

Seen by a Freshman—A Sophomore boy walking with a girl and when her "old man" put in his appearance, the Soph. was a minus quantity. How about it, Carl?

Blume has a hard time making Mr. Olson believe that "Russia in the spring has a short wet season and then when the dry season comes on the plants all evaporate."

Heard in history—"The battle of Lexington and Bunker Hill was a direct cause of the Revolutionary war." This was given by a Senior.

The Seniors think they know it,
The Sophomores are a fake,
The Juniors are not quite so bad,
But the Freshmen take the cake.
If at first you don't succeed, flunk and flunk again.

ARENA

January 20th the society met to elect its officers for the third quarter. As a result of the election the new Arena officers are:

President—Alice Garvin.
 Vice President—Eva Schutt.
 Secretary—Tena McCallin.
 Sergeant—Fay Holum.
 Chm. Poster Com.—Selma Kalisky.

On the same evening the stories entered in the Arena story contest were read before the society.

DO YOU LIKE BLUE RIBBON CHOCOLATES?

A box for the member who reads the best original short story with any of the following titles, at the meeting of the society on Jan. 20, 1911: "Ten Days in a Classroom," "What Happened to Brown," "After the Ball," "The Freshman's Innocence."

Our members responded with a number of excellent stories and while "A Freshman's Innocence" won the chocolates for Alice Garvin, it was really difficult for the judges to decide upon the winner.

On January 27th the meeting was called to order early on account of the Normal-Carroll basket ball game. At this meeting the newly elected officers pledged themselves to faithfully perform the duties laid upon them, took the oath of office and were duly installed as directors of the affairs of the society.

February 3d the first program given under the direction of the new officers was presented. It was of a general character, was interesting and well rendered.

Music.....Norma Jauch
 Current Events.....Gertrude Goodhue
 Recitation.....Alma Stenger
 Talk, "The East".....Hazel Sinclair

Character Sketch.....Eleanor Benson
 Music.....Ruth Frank
 Business Meeting

February 10th. The poster announcing this program is worthy of special mention. It was a delicate water color sketch, mounted on a light brown card. The lettering was done in India ink. Members of our committees are not idle.

Roll Call

Piano Duet....Lillian Zantow, Bessie Smith
 Education.....Florence Schutt
 Arena News.....Fay Holum
 Recitation.....Alvina Schulz
 Impromptu Talks.....Members
 Music.....Lois Holum
 Critic's Report.....Alice Keegan

Especially For Our Members.

You have looked over our new staff and you see that we have placed at our head members who can and will do a great deal for our society in the next ten weeks if they only have the co-operation of their fellow members. Be the officers of a society ever so competent, they can accomplish little without the real help of every other member. That means YOU, and YOU, and YOU. It is not enough that we appear in the society room when scheduled to do so on the program. Let every one see to it that she is ready to answer when roll is called at Arena meetings for the rest of the year; for your presence will stimulate the members appearing before the society to their best efforts, and our literary society will be a real success.

At our business meeting held on February 4th the society voted to cancel from the roll names of members who are absent from three successive meetings without being excused by the president. All dues (the society dues are ten cents per quarter) must be paid to the treasurer before March 1st. Pay it now!

ATHENAEUM

At the meeting of the society held on Friday, January 27, the following officers were elected for the third quarter:

President—Leslie McCoy.

Vice President—Henry Shellhouse.

Secretary—John Shimek.

Treasurer—Carl Nelson.

Sergeant—Louis Dingledein.

At some of our recent meetings there has been manifest a great deal of talent on the part of our members. Fred Ambrose has become the great advocate of co-education. Oh, if the young ladies of the school but knew what a champion they have in Fritz! We are so fortunate as to have a Lampman to throw light on dark subjects. We pride ourselves that we have no Les(s) McCoy than any other society. Our Batty has just left, which, of course, improves the society greatly. We have Wood, a source of fuel for our musical desires. Paul, son of Carl, is still among us, and favors us with many elucidating talks on sanitary kissing-sieves and other novelties with which he is equally familiar. Alvin never misses his opportunity to crack a joke, and usually makes his point, too. He is at present making a special study of a new device just invented to protect consumers against purchasing ancient eggs. This device, he explains, is fitted upon the hen and stamps the date on each egg as it is laid. When we desire something in the nature of a comical recitation, Otto delivers the goods. Carl is another of our wonderful musicians.

With such members as these and many others equally efficient we cannot but help Blume.

If Professor Olson were present at some of our geography contests he would be amazed at the many new geographical names placed upon the map, and also at the many geographical names in new places on the map. In our spelling contests it taxes even Webster's ability to the utmost to devise words which we cannot spell.

The two young men's societies are beginning to look forward to the inter-society debate to be held during the fourth quarter. Some preparations are already made. The societies seem to have the right spirit regarding this debate. It should be regarded not as a cause for antagonism between the societies but as an opportunity for each society to give its members practice in debating. It may be regarded as the culminating effort of the society for the year.

The Athenaeum regrets the departure from school of one of its leading members, George Batty. Mr. Batty was a leader in almost everything which he undertook. Not only did he rank high as a student but also as an athlete, and as a debator. He completed his course at the close of the second quarter and left to take up work at the University.

OHIYESA

On Friday evening, February 3, 1911, a mock trial was held in the grammar room, when Lila Blank was tried for forging Louise Divers' name to a letter written to Lord Mercey. Following is the summons:

State of Wisconsin vs. Lila Blank. You are hereby summoned to appear before Judge Dunegan on Feb. 3, 1911, at 7:15 p. m. at the Ohiyesa court room. Fail not at your peril.

Plaintiff, Louise Diver; defendant, Lila Blank. Lawyers—Plaintiff, Mary Carroll, Neva Adams; defendant, Mabel Darms, Myrtle Peterson. Witnesses—For plaintiff, Lily Kollath, Esther Gunderson, May O'Malley, May Tibbits; for defendant, Elizabeth Walterbach, Estella Wells, Iva Dewitt, Miss Mazanec. Clerk of court, Bessie Omet; sheriff, Alice Glenn. A jury of twelve was selected from members of the society.

After thorough examination and cross-examination of the witnesses, interrupted by objections from opposing lawyers, pleas were given by the attorneys for the complaint and for the defense, respectively. The jury withdrew to an adjoining room to confer and returned a verdict of "guilty." The judge pronounced the sentence, of three years in the reformatory, after which the court adjourned.

The following officers were elected for the third quarter:

President—Clara Maurer.
Vice President—Alice Glenn.
Secretary—Lila Blank.
Treasurer—Margaret Owens.
Sergeant—Rena Sargent.
Members program com.—Mary Carroll, Myrtle Metcalf.

On Feb. 10th a Valentine social was held in the society room. Games appropriate to the occasion were played, such as Mending the Broken Heart. In this contest Lottie Shean won first place, Iva Dewitt second, Eliza Montgomery third. Paper hearts with fortunes written on them were distributed among the members and each person had to read her fortune before the society. The valentine box was opened and the contents distributed among those present, after which the society adjourned and everyone went skating.

The Indians were represented in the oratorical contest by Florence Billings.



FORUM

This quarter promises to be one of the best in the year for society work. The members are attending more regularly and a working spirit prevails in all our meetings. We are especially glad to see so many of our newer members taking such active part, but feel assured that they will be well remunerated for the time spent.

On January 27, 1911, we elected the following officers for the third quarter:

President—Walter Horne.

Vice President—Henry Schulz.

Secretary—Isaiah Butcher.

Treasurer—Fred Leonard.

Sergeant—Walter Schneider.

Program Com.—Nugent Glennon, M. W. Hanna.

In his inaugural address the president spoke on the "Past, Present and Future of the Forum." The subject was aptly chosen and well handled. In the course of his address he refreshed our memories with the past history of the Forum and in passing brought to our attention what we are doing at the present along literary lines. He closed by bringing out very emphatically what we, as members, ought to strive to do to keep the society up to its past standard. We feel sure that our newly elected president is a man of deeds, as well as words, and have no doubt that we shall have a quarter of interesting and valuable society work.

From the following program you will notice that our program committee is striving to get out programs that will create an

interest, as well as to give valuable literary work:

Roll call—Respond with a humorous anecdote
Funny Talk.....Joseph Beck

Sermon..Rev. Nugent Glennon, Ph. P. D. Q.

Parliamentary Practice.....

.....Davis Watermelon Kumm

History Class.....Mr. Boomlesburghorfen-
dorfenstein (alias Mike Hanna)

Debate: Resolved, That the Irish beat the
Dutch. Affirmative, "Pat" Leonard,
"Mike" Dineen; negative, "Hans"
Schneider, "Fritz" Schulz.

Business Meeting

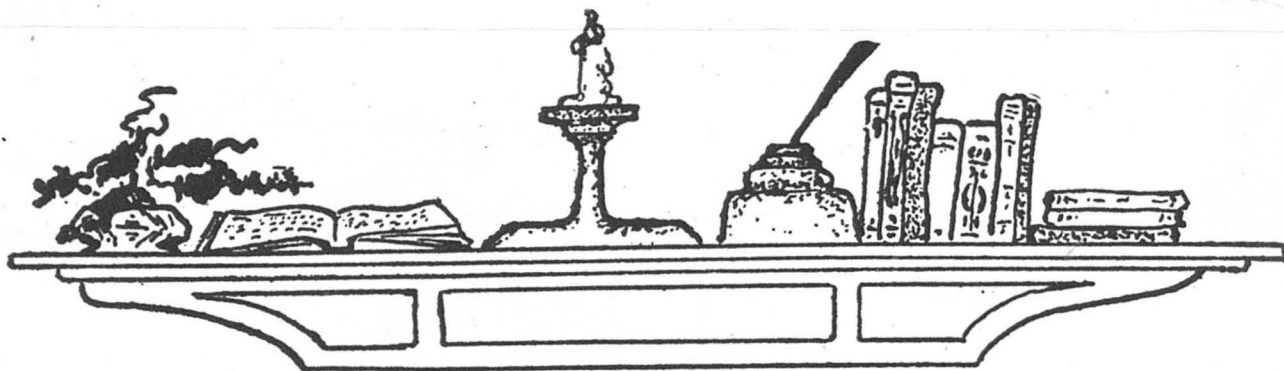
Critic's Report.....Isaiah Butcher

Adjournment—Amen

The two men's societies are preparing to give their annual party to the two ladies' societies. This has been a custom with the men's societies with the exception of the last two years. Committees to act on the matter have been chosen from the two societies.

The annual Forum-Athenaeum debate is being discussed and both societies are preparing for the struggle, which promises to be a heated one this year. This is one of the school events which calls forth more of the school spirit than any event of the year. We hope to listen to as well prepared and well presented a debate as was given last year. It certainly is a credit to any society to develop such debators as took part in last year's debate.





EDITORIAL

With a feeling of shame the admission must be made that the students of this school do not know a good thing when they see it. Ever since the first week of the new year we have had on the back campus a rejuvenator of youth, a guaranteed beauty restorer beside which Pompeian massage cream fades into insignificance; a remedy for poor health better than all the drugs of the doctor. For the sum of twenty-five cents this panacea for all ills has been offered to each student. Were the responses directly proportional to the benefit to be derived, the skating pond should have been thronged every night. As it is, two dozen people constitute a banner crowd. Various excuses are offered: "I'm too tired." "I'm too busy." "I have to study." Consequently this admirable enterprise limps painfully along, the management "goes in the hole," and the student body persist in cheerfully ignoring their own welfare. We repeat: They do not know a good thing when they see it.

The Oratorical contest has come and gone and one more school orator is added to the list of those who, with varying success, have upheld the honors of Stevens Point in the state contests of past years. Let us hope that our present orator will equal and surpass

the efforts of those who have tried before him. The contest this year will be held at La Crosse, the new addition to the state league. It is hoped that Stevens Point will send a delegation to the contest fully as numerous and enthusiastic as the crowd which cheered at Oshkosh last year.

Stevens Point has the privilege of choosing the president of the state league this year, his term of office to consist of the year 1911-12. The fact that this desirable office is to come to us next year should be an important factor in reviving the interest in oratory which seems to be dying out. S. P. N. has been noted for her interest in this work. Formerly each class and organization sent one or more representatives to the contests. Altho this custom has died a natural and quiet death, there is no reason why Stevens Point should not continue to be adequately represented at these contests in the future. Anyway, here's good luck to "Bill" Hanson.

The Pointer management has invested in a new rug, which now adorns our luxurious apartments on the third floor. We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of two artistic pillows, presented to us by Mr. Albert Landowski, the genial janitor.

ATHLETICS

APPLETON GAME.

The basket ball season began in earnest when the team went to Appleton to meet the strong High school team of that city. The game proved fast and hard from beginning to end. It took our boys most of the first half to accustom themselves to the small floor and the half ended with Appleton far in the lead. Our boys came back strong in the second half and scored five more points than their opponents, but were unable to overcome Appleton's advantage gained in the first half. The final count stood 36 to 25 in Appleton's favor.

APPLETON RETURN GAME.

The return game with Appleton was played on the home floor before the largest crowd of the season. Before the game and between halves the audience was given a pleasing exhibition of gymnastic exercises by about 50 young ladies under the direction of Miss Garwick. The game was by far the fastest game played here for several seasons. The team work of Appleton was perfect, but our players seemed to excel them at basket throwing. By the end of the first half we had piled up twenty points to Appleton's eleven. In spite of the lead which we had obtained, the Appleton team came back strong and fought with a spirit that knows no defeat. In this half skillful coaching and endurance were found to be the two things that our team lacked and that our opponents were especially provided with. Our boys played well and hard, but were unable to guard Appleton's system plays and their spurts of team work. The Appleton forwards displayed team work that our guards found impossible to unravel. The score was tied a few moments before the close of the

game, but the Appleton team secured two baskets before the whistle blew. The game ended 33 to 37 in Appleton's favor. Appleton is by far the best team we have met this season and we believe that their work surpasses that of most of the college teams of the state.

CARROLL COLLEGE GAME.

When we lined up against the Carroll five we were compelled to adopt the Inter-collegiate outside rules. These rulings greatly handicapped our team, while the collegians seemed to have a way of getting the decision every time the ball was out of bounds. The game was an even struggle from beginning to end. The score, however, was slightly in our favor up to the close of the game. The first half ended 9 to 7 in our favor. The second half was even harder fought than the first. Carroll managed to secure the lead by a few cleverly executed plays. Score 20 to 22. Considering the fact that Carroll eventually defeated all the secondary colleges of the state, we feel fairly well satisfied with our showing against them. We find the Inter-collegiate game since revised, even less rough than the A. A. U. rules and believe that if the out of bounds rules were changed the collegians would have an ideal set of rules.

WAUSAU Y. M. C. A. GAME.

On February 10th the team went to Wausau where they met the Y. M. C. A. team of that city. Owing to the illness of three of our players, our substitutes were used during most of the contest. Consequently we could not begin to play our usual game and as a result the game proved to be a rather one-sided affair. It seems that the only thing we can do to square ourselves is to meet them with our regular team on the home floor. We are confident that under such conditions we could give them a close game. Such a contest will undoubtedly be arranged if possible.

Looking Backward

Items of interest clipped from Pointers of former years, dating as far back as December, 1895.

December, 1895.

Frank Salter, the first subscriber to the Normal Pointer, is now teaching near Chipewa Falls.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 11, Miss Ethel Kirwan was united in marriage to Dr. Robert D. Rood at the home of her grandfather, M. Wadleigh, in this city. Miss Kirwan has the distinction of being the first Normal student to enter the state of matrimony.

Prof. Culver has been engaged by the Stevens Point University Extension society to deliver a course of six lectures on geology. He gave the first lecture Saturday evening, Nov. 30, at the Presbyterian church. Friday evening, Dec. 13, the professor gave a single lecture on geology at Phillips.

February, 1896

Tuesday evening, January 21, a new Steinway concert-grand piano was placed in the assembly room and was immediately dedicated by a number of vocal and instrumental solos by Miss Linton and Miss Frances Kuhl.

March, 1896.

A human skeleton, a very much enlarged model of the exterior and interior ear, and a plaster cast of the brain are among the new curios in the biological laboratory.

The bi-weekly rhetorical given on Wednesday afternoons are a pleasant and profitable interruption to the week's hard work that many of the students thoroughly appreciate.

October, 1896.

The psychology classes now are studying Morgan instead of Sully, as formerly.

Morgan goes very deep into the subject, as many of the class can testify.

November, 1896.

I am a seed, I am small and I am flat. There are friends with me. I am inside of a house. It is green or yellow. My house is dark inside. My house is long. It is white inside. It is about as large as a large potato. It is in the shape of a cylinder. It rounds on the ends. It grows on a vine in the garden. It has prickles on it. What am I? Conover McDill.

December, 1896.

Some Interesting Letters. (4th and 5th Grades.)

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a harness and a whip and collar and a sled for my dog. And I want some books, and I want a rocking chair.
Willie Clifford.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want you to bring me a stocking of candy and a ball with it, and I want you to bring me a jumping-jack, too, and a boat with it. The corner of Clark and Division street.
Lawrence Park.

Dear friend:—I spent a very nice Thanksgiving. In the morning I did up my chores and played. After I had eaten my dinner my brother and I went out riding and we did not get home until late in the afternoon. Then I did up my work and ate my supper. After supper I read a story and then I went to bed. In a few weeks I will write and tell you how I spent my Christmas vacation. Yours lovingly,
Fred Somers.

October, 1898.

Chlorine is the material manifestation of the Evil One.

Chlorine is a substance for the gods to play with, but not for humans.

December, 1897.

Dear Miss Faddis:—I went over to my auntie's and we had pumpkin pie and turkey for dinner. I went out skating on the slough. Goodbye.

With love,

Norma Jauch.

Dear Miss Faddis:—I had a very good Thanksgiving and I had a big turkey for dinner. Lyman came over and we played horse and that we were bears.

Winifred Nelson.

May, 1898.

The spark of military patriotism has not failed to glow at Normal. The organization of a company of Normalites was actually on foot, but was not carried out because of an effort to organize a company by the citizens of Stevens Point. Among those who have signed the petition to organize such a company, we find the following: W. H. Dignum, Geo. E. Leonard, C. A. Bremmer, Anton Krembs, Walter Thoms, Elson H. Whitney, A. W. Tikfer, Walter Flannery, H. O. Manz, Philip Koller, E. U. F. Loether, Chas. King, Edwin Killen, W. J. Holman, A. E. Dawes and Geo. Zimmer.

Lawrence University has cancelled both of the base ball games that it was scheduled to play with us. The reason given is that its team has been forced to disband because so many of the students have gone to war.

December, 1898.

We note with pleasure the organization of the new debating club, "The Athenaeum," and the reorganization of the "Geography Lyceum." The latter was a pronounced success last year; the former promises well. As for the "Arena" there seems to be improvement; the standard of the "Forum" has not fallen. This makes four literary societies, a greater number than we have ever had before, but four is none too many for a school of this size.

December, 1899.

Someone must have remarked that our

boys could not raise a mustache, for a few weeks ago we found a band of Juniors and Seniors solemnly promising each other that no razor or any other edged tool should come in contact with their upper lip for a whole month. We soon noticed that a few dropped from the ranks. Those who stayed by their promise were rewarded by finding mustache curlers in their desks one bright morning. They feel so amply rewarded that some of them are still keeping what they call a mustache, in hope of still greater reward.

The following Thanksgiving program was given by the primary department:

October's Party.....School
The First Thanksgiving..Leora Reton
The Selfish Turkey.....Blanche Hill
Thanksgiving Story..Will Livingston
Thanksgiving Signs..Rosetta Johnson
In Clover.....Margaret Mason
November.....Esther Boston

March, 1900.

Prof. Culver, who is going to lead a party of young geologists thru the most interesting parts of the northwest during the summer vacation, told us about one of his experiences in mountain climbing. We should all enjoy seeing our tall Prof. upon a mountain burro and do not see how there could be any danger for the Prof. even though the animal should slip and fall.

January, 1902.

I spent Xmas as well as I could wish to. Xmas eve I went to church to hear the exercises. Santa Claus was there and he showed us his work shop and he let us watch him make a sled. After he had nailed the boards together he painted it red. After a while he filled some little childrens' stockings. * * * * When I got home I hung up my stocking and went to bed. In the morning I found it full of mixed nuts. Papa and Mamma and all my little friends remembered me with lovely and useful presents. Xmas I had a tree of my own, which I trimmed myself. * * * * The best part of my vacation was that it was so long and I am rested and all ready for school work again. Rosetta Johnson, Fourth Grade.



Mr. Patterson—"I don't like to hear that word 'can't,' but it seems as tho I can't help it."

After Walter H. gave a seemingly plausible definition of intuition:

Mr. Spin.—"Well, now what is woman's intuition?"

Walter—"I thot that's what I had."

Janet M.—(In physics)—"If the air is saturated, the clothes won't get dry."

Mr. Lusk—"What other condition?"

Janet—"If it rains the clothes won't get dry."

Mr. Cavins—"Miss Lincoln, give one good guess at it before you leave it."

Miss L.—"No, I can't."

Mr. C.—"Well, Mr. Kumm, you can guess at it, can't you?"

Mr. K.—"No, I can't not."

Mr. C.—"Good for you, Mr. Kumm."

Mr. Spin. (In current events)—"If a man gets hurt on a street car, there will be a dozen lawyers around him to take his damage suit case."

Mr. Pat.—"Will you please answer this all important question in one word?"

S-r-h T-vr-g.—"Yes."

Mr. Spin. (When Mattie Larson came late to class.)—"Miss Larson, who is out there in the hall?"

Miss L.—"The janitor."

Student—"Well, Reid, how do you like yourself?"

Reid Mc.—"I haven't found anyone I like any better."

M-r- G.—"Margaret Tosier is, generally speaking—"

R-s- T.—"What?"

M-r- G.—"Yes, Margaret is generally speaking."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Why is David Kumm vain? Because he is always trying to cut a figure (on the ice.)

Why would Tom Olson make a good physician? Because he has lots of patience—(waiting for the skating rink dues.)

Why is the Junior class so royal? Because they have a Queen.

Why do we all like Ruth? Because she is Frank.

Why does Nibs have to get his watch fixed so often? Because there is a woman in the case.

Will this school every grow old? Not while we keep Young.

Does Eleda O. take gym? No, Jim takes Eleda.

"Do you like to teach music, Merle?"
"Oh, yes, I just give the children a measure and tell them to beat it."

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

Carlyle W.—“Are you studying ethics?”

Leslie M.—“Can’t you see, I am buying pompadour wax by means of which my hair will stand up with all due grace and vigor?”

Myrtle M.—“Are you writing a letter?”

Dot S.—“No, I am fixing a pair of glasses that our blind cat wore to ward off rheumatism.

Adeline G.—“Are you sharpening your pencil?”

Mary G.—“No, I am making a spedometer which will regulate my speed in accordance with my stored up energy.”

Mr. Spin.—“If you all knew what I was talking about, I couldn’t hold my job. It’s part of my business to keep you in ignorance. The teacher never gets you up on anything, but just enough to make you think you’re up.”

THE QUESTION BOX.

All questions answered by the members of the Pointer Information Bureau. No responsibility assumed for any reply.

Q. How can I get my lessons without studying them?—Leone Carley.

A. Donald Hay being the only student who has the privilege of a “buzz-wagon,” we suggest his giving you a little “auto” suggestion.

Q. What can we do to make us grow so Nugent Glennon won’t call us “sawed-offs?”—The Gold Dust Twins.

A. Hang pictures of Alice Keegan, Jennie Wadleigh, Myrtle Metcalf and Bessie Burdick in your rooms and do your best.

Q. How do you account for the fact that Mr. Olson flunked twenty-two out of a class of thirty-two?—Flunker.

A. Birds of a feather flunk together.

Q. If you wanted to get rid of a faculty member what would you do?—A Freshman.

A. My child, after you have been here in school a few years more, you will learn that the faculty must be accepted as a necessary evil.

Q. Is Prosper Kluck bashful?

A. No, gentle reader, he is merely girlishy.

Q. How can I escape current events class?—Fred Leonard.

A. Either get a 1:30 practice class or do your afternoon studying in the coal hole. If these devices fail, take chloroform.

Q. Why does Miss Hitchcock compel the members of her sewing classes to rip the articles after they are almost made?—M - - - e P - - - r.

A. Because she believes in the doctrine, “As ye sew, so shall ye also rip.”

Q. How can I tell if a girl loves me?—Reid McWithey.

A. You don’t need to tell, Reid, but if you think you must, write an article giving all the particulars and send it to be published in the Pointer.

Q. Why is Fred Ambrose so popular?—Jealous.

A. It is the nature of the beast.

Q. What is love?—W - l - r S - - n - - - r.

A. It is an outward expression of inward alloverishness.

Q. Why does Paul Collins’s taste range from blonde to brunette?

A. Because, don’t you see, circumstances alter cases.

Q. I have not very much hair. How can I obtain more?—L - s - - e M - - - y.

A. Purchase a bottle of orange cider, drink the cider and rub the bottle on your head. You will be surprised at the results.

Q. What brings Happy Houlehan to the Normal so often?—Admirer.

A. Dear reader, we think it must be his feet.

Q. How can I make Fred Ambrose quit winking at me?—E - - a B - - - r.

A. We advise you to wear black glasses.

Q. How can I induce Carlyle Whitney to pop the question?—M - r - e K - t - s.

A. Meet him some dark night and threaten to take his life with an air gun.

Q. How can I win the love of Leslie McCoy?—L. B.

A. This is easily done. All you will have to do is, first, to learn how to dance; second, tell him how cute he looks with his new pompadour, and third, be extremely ladylike.

Q. Please prescribe a recipe for face powder.—Junior Girl.

A. Get a chunk of lime. Soak it over night in a half quart of spring water. Add to this the juice of two tearful bulbs. Let it boil fifteen minutes, then stand in the sun to harden. Take it out by pieces, put into a meat grinder and grind to a fine powder. (We know you to be a good grinder, so this will be done easily). Rub the face well with sand paper and then apply with a nail brush.

Q. Where does Salvin Paulson spend his evenings?—Reader.

A. Upon investigation we are glad to inform you that most of his evenings are spent at the roller rink, smoothing out dents in the floor and serving as a mat for fat ladies to fall upon.

Q. How can I attract the attention of Carl Odin?—Bashful.

A. Wear a plaid hobble, a floppy bow and learn to skate by moonlight.

Q. How can I make my cheeks rosy?—D. W. K.

A. Bathe the face every night with boiling hot soap suds. Apply a mustard plaster. Every morning rub well with sand paper. For further information on this subject we refer you to Mr. Greening.

Q. How can I become graceful?—W - - - r H - - - e.

A. Knock five people every day. Grind six hours each day and kick all of the time. We guarantee that you will acquire perfect grace inside of twenty-three days.

Q. How can I overcome my bashfulness?—H - - - y S - h - - z.

A. Upon diligent inquiry we find that the girls consider you hopeless.

Q. Why don't some of the faculty members get married?—Eligible Senior.

A. It is because the gentlemen of the faculty do not want to become financially embarrassed and the ladies do not care to become mentally unbalanced.

Q. Where can I purchase the kind of kid curlers used by Bill Dineen?—Lloyd Garthwaite.

A. We are glad to tell you that you may purchase the above mentioned articles at Peickert's meat market. He uses a special kind called by the Germans "wienerwurst."

Q. What punishment is inflicted on those who laugh in Y. W. C. A. meetings?—L - - a C - - l - y.

A. This has long been considered a state prison offense, but we are pleased to inform you that now the offenders are greeted only by an icy stare from the president on cold days.