

THE NORMAL POINTER

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Literary

HOW THE GAME WAS WON.

MAY GREENING

OH Janet! May I take your big blue pillow just for tonight, and your burnt leather one, too? My cushions are all so old."

"Help yourself, Lou, help yourself."

A minute later two doors down the hall—"Lou wants to know if you will let us take your chafing dish, Eleanor; our blazer leaks."

At a third door—"May I take your Navajo blanket, Paula, and your Persian hanging? We'll be real careful of them and I'll see that they get back tonight."

Lou and Bess were fixing up their study for the annual senior basket ball spread.

That evening at eight o'clock the seven girls who had played the year before on the Junior team were gathered in Lou's battered study, splendid in its borrowed plumage. Silvia, Ruth, Alice, Sally, Alta and Bess sat watching as Lou stirred the egg into the "rabbit" mixture and holding their breath lest it turn out stringy instead of smooth.

The "rabbit" passed the critical stage and as Lou ladled it out smooth and creamy, she thus addressed her colleagues: "Girls, we've just got to win that cup this year. The Freshmen won't, the Elements daren't,

the Juniors mustn't, so it's up to the Seniors. To the Senior girls, and to our noble selves to win the game and the cup! Are you agreed, girls? Is the Senior team to win that cup this year?" As one girl they sprang from the couch, the floor and the armchair to pledge their allegiance to the cause and the captain in spoons of her heavenly "rabbit."

"Very well," and Lou settled herself on the rug beside the couch. After passing round the remainder of the eatables, she said, "It's like this, girls: we simply must win! We were beaten last year, its our last chance, and besides, I think we ought to. You are all strong players. All we need is a little more team spirit and a good tall forward and we're invincible."

"A good, tall forward;" that didn't mean Alta. The smiles gradually left the faces of the girls. That's what Lou was leading up to and she was about to propose that impossible— Oh, it was a shame, and they were all so sure that Alta would make the team again. The coach had praised her work that very afternoon. Alta was one of them, but Eliza— Oh, Lou, how could you think of her? But Lou not only thought of her, but she talked of her and her practice work so well that when the girls slipped down the

corridor to their rooms that night, all had agreed to sanction Eliza's appointment by the captain. The game was the thing, but it was hard.

"Hurry up in there!" the captain called, standing in the door of the dressing room. "Hurry, yourself," replied a player as she scrambled after her gym shoes. "It's too hot to hurry, anyway."

"Come, girls! practice is to be short tonight and we've got to win tomorrow." And as the team straggled out into the gym, Eliza tossed the ball to coach and took her place among her silent fellows. She had been practicing for baskets for the last ten minutes.

"Line up," cried the coach. She tossed up the ball, blew her whistle and the game began. Lou as center played her usual steady game. The rest of the team worked just hard enough to show what they might do. All except Eliza. Eliza, alert, quick and sure, made basket after basket, but the girls did not cheer her. Alta huddled up on the side lines, claimed their smiles. Alta was such a dear, while Eliza was Eliza, poor girl!

There was a great crowd in the gallery the night of the tournament. They all clapped and cheered and sang, but when the Junior and Senior teams walked out on the field to line up, they became silent. As one looked over the Junior team not one of the Senior players compared with them in size except Eliza. It was comforting to see her just below the Senior goal. The whistle blew and the game began. Lou got the ball and passed it to Bess, who caught it cleverly and then ran with it, the worst kind of a foul. A Junior forward took position for a free throw. Her arms looked almost long enough to reach the basket. She threw, the ball sailed slowly up, struck the rim, balanced on the edge, and dropped back. No goal! But

near enough to make the Seniors lose their heads. Sally threw wild, Ruth fumbled, the Juniors made a clever pass, a quick catch. Their forward had the ball. Alice jumped to block her, but the ball went into the basket. Two to nothing!

The rest of that inning was like a bad dream. It was a wonder the Juniors didn't score a hundred. The Seniors made every error known in the game—fumbles, wild throws, bad passes and fouls. But the Juniors didn't make another basket.

When the Seniors went into their dressing room, they were so tired out and discouraged that they didn't say a word. Then Eliza turned around and faced the team. "That ball hasn't been down by our goal once. Send it down just once and we'll win this game."

This gave the team some courage and when the second half began they managed to get the ball to their goal. Eliza was everywhere at once. When the Juniors threw the ball she was there to catch it. But she couldn't make a basket around her guard. Then the referee caught the guard knocking the ball from Eliza's hands. A foul! The Junior rooters hooted and called as Eliza walked to the line. Her chest went up in a big breath, she threw and it was done. Her team wasn't whitewashed anyway.

The inning was almost over. The time-keeper snapped her watch. Eliza saw her, she swung sideways, her arm went out over her head, and the ball went in. The Seniors had won two to three. It was luck of course, but only a player like Eliza could bring such luck. Alta scrambled from the side lines and got hold of Eliza a second before the rest of the team surrounded her. "You're the dearest girl that ever played, Eliza, and I'm glad, so glad." And then the team was upon her. The cup was won and Eliza was one of them.

A CRY FROM THE HILLS.

ELIZA MONTGOMERY.

NEAR one of the small villages of Wisconsin is a large tract of hilly country of over two hundred acres, which is covered mostly with shrubs. Some of the hills rise in a gradual slope, while others are rocky and have almost perpendicular sides, with many thin ledges projecting from them. The interior of this tract presents a very dreary and wild appearance, with no signs of civilization. It is, however, an excellent place for blueberries and they grow there in abundance. Mrs. Endner and her daughter Dora often came from the village to pick berries on these hills and sometimes Dora's sister, Kate, and her friend who lived on the opposite side of the tract, met them there, as they were accustomed to gather the berries from these hills also.

One warm afternoon as Dora and her mother were in one of the loneliest places on these bluffs, they were startled by a strange noise, which was at first indistinct. They listened and soon it could be heard more clearly and sounded as if it were the cry of some one in distress. As it grew plainer they could distinguish the words, "Oh Liza! Oh Liza!" repeated slowly and sadly, becoming more mournful each time. Mrs. Endner exclaimed almost in one breath, "Isn't that Kate's voice calling 'Liza?' I wonder if something has happened! Has she fallen over the steep rocks, or has Liza been hurt?"

Dora replied that it did sound somewhat like Kate, but tried to calm her mother's fears. Mrs. Endner wished to know the truth, so they hurried on to reach the place from which the cries came. They called as they went along, but received no reply except, "Oh Liza! Oh Liza!" They became very much frightened because the strange cry always seemed to be as far away as at

first. Dora said, "As I can run the faster, I will leave my berries here with you and then I can get there quicker." The mother set the pails down to rest, but she stopped only a moment, for that pitiful cry drew her onward. She must try to relieve her daughter. Imagine the mother's feelings as she thought of the dreadful accidents which might happen at that distance from human aid.

Dora ran as fast as she could, over hills and through ravines, stopping only to get her breath and to take the direction of the sound. She went on and on for miles, it seemed to her, when at last she reached a clearing in which stood a deserted farm house. Still the dreadful cry of "Oh Liza! Oh Liza!" continued, coming from the direction of the buildings. She hurried on towards the house, thinking that possibly she could be of some assistance to the one in distress. Suddenly she stopped as the cry seemed to come from above her head. She was terribly frightened, but was soon relieved, for she discovered that the wind, which came in sudden gusts, over the hills, slowly turned the wheel of an old, unused, wooden windmill, and owing to the lack of oil, it made the sound which had caused her so much alarm.

It took Dora some time to find her way back to her mother and tell her of her discovery, but a still longer time to reach the place where the pails of berries had been left, for in their haste they had neglected to mark the spot.

They were not the only ones who were alarmed, for that night some of the villagers were startled by a cry coming from the hills.

The more they heard it, the more firmly they believed that it was the call of a panther. As it was a moonlight night, several hunters started out together to follow and capture it. They tramped through the woods and over the hills until they, too, came to the deserted farm house and made the same discovery that Dora had made in the afternoon.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS

By M. F. G. '11

FAILURE and Success passed thru the portals of the Educational Institution and found themselves in the busy mart of Life. Success still wore her laurel wreath which she had won in the Educational Institution. There was a look of ease and confidence about her whole appearance, as though she had done well and had deserved her honors.

Failure's head was bowed, no laurel wreath encircled it. Her face was pinched and hopeless. She had once been beautiful and confident, but had long since lost both beauty and courage. They stood together, these two, waiting for an audience with Sovereign of the Mart. An old gray haired man came to them and asked their names.

"I am Success," said Success, stepping forward and touching her laurel crown. But he shook his head.

"Ah," he said, "do not be too confident. Very often things go by opposites in this land. What is called success beyond yonder portals we often name failure. What is ranked failure there, we often rank as success. Look at those two men yonder. The nearer was ranked as a signal success and the

farther a hopeless failure by the powers in yonder Institution. Yet we mark as a failure their success and elevate their failure to first place among our true successes. What we value as treasure, they do not value at all."

Then he turned to Failure, "And your name?" he asked, though he must have known it.

"I am called Failure," she said sadly. He took her by the hand.

"Come, Success, let me take you to our Captain."

Then she who had been called Failure lifted up her head, raised her tired shoulders and smiled; she regained her lost courage and her strength came back to her.

"But must we leave her?" she asked, pausing beside her companion.

"Yes! Yes!" said the old man, "She has much to learn. Come, we must hurry." So the new Success passed into the office of the Captain. And the Captain said, "Go forth, Success, with your new found strength. Go forth and spread true success among my people." And she went out among the people of the world taking with her hope and strength and the gracious knowledge of her real name.

THE FACULTY

The Strenuous Life and Happiness

By Prof. J. V. Collins

An acquaintance of mine, a soldier of the Civil War, once gave it as his opinion that the country boy who never got out of his school district lived the happiest life. Perhaps the man was right if he was comparing such a person with one who, in the thick of life's battle, allows himself to be worried by

petty jealousies and annoyances, or with one who sees mostly the seamy side of life, as a soldier does.

Probably the teachers, doctors and clergy in ordinary society get the most enjoyment out of life, though the experience of each has its strenuous features. The minister meets with the gay and the sad, the trivial and the highly intellectual, active effort and sedentary occupation all within the hours of a single day. But it is all stimulating and in-

teresting. Modern doctors and teachers are kept busy with the progress of their professions, and each class must feel he is conserving the best interests of society, and thus fulfilling a high mission.

The question arises for the student, will I get the most enjoyment out of my school life if I make it strenuous, or if I try to enjoy myself through "moderation" in all things. Most of us probably take the latter view. But are we right in so doing? Look at ex-President Roosevelt. He is the foremost exponent of the highly strenuous life, and he is always having, as he says, a "bully" time, or "the time of his life."

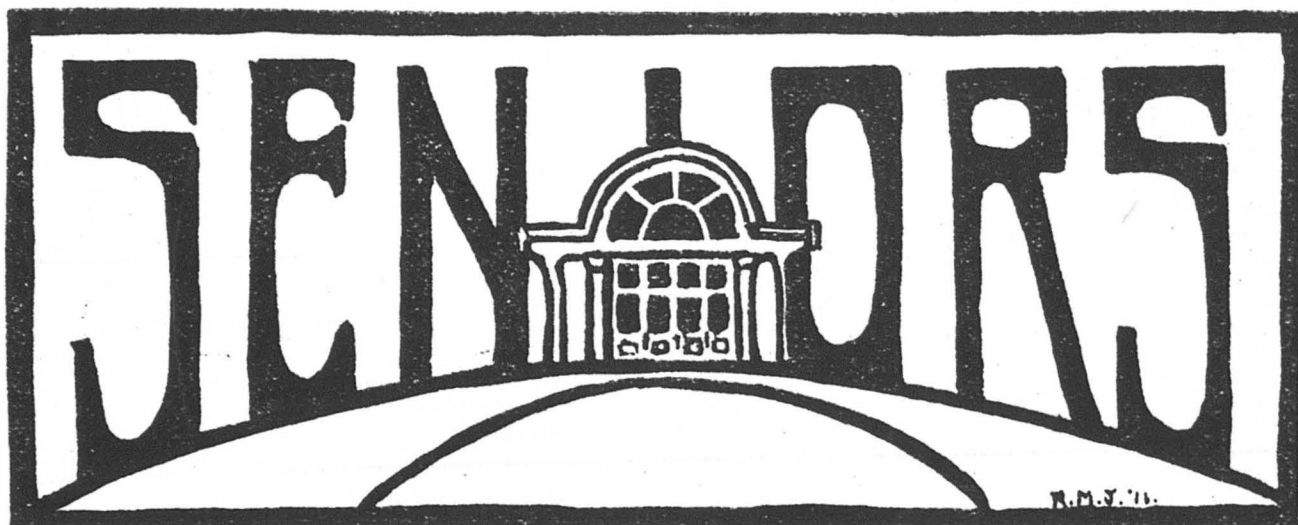
Shall I as a student study just as hard as ever I can, up to my limit, when I do study? Shall I study to get the lessons as I know the teacher wants them prepared, or shall I try merely to approximate to what he wants? Shall I then reserve time for attendance on and preparation for literary society work as regularly as for school work? Shall I put aside every day time for social conference, say a half hour after tea? Shall I make it a regular practice to read the newspaper every day for the cream of the news, take the paper myself, if necessary to get it? Shall I be sure to secure proper exercise every day, if possible in the open air? Shall I attend a reasonable number of social events as they occur? Shall I make it a regular practice to read every day a short selection from the best literature for a quarter of an hour? Shall I attend church regularly, or shall I allow this duty to be crowded out?

The answer easily is, "Yes, do all these things and you will enjoy life much more than most of yours fellows." But is it feasible for the average person to do all these things? Of course it is. Men all over the world have trained themselves to do ten times as much as the students of the Normal do in a day. The ability is a matter of training and will power. Have you seen the

article on the strenuous life by Professor James, which appeared in McClure's magazine two or three years ago? Have you read the statement made before the Interstate Commerce Commission by Attorney Brandeis, who told the railroads they could save a million dollars a day if they would adopt modern methods and get the work out of their men the latter were easily capable of doing? An explanation of this new idea in business methods is contained in an article by Mr. Taylor in the March American magazine. The trouble is that too many workmen and too many students, in the language of Dr. Watt's hymn, are "living along at a poor dying rate." Of course health is required to do such work. If one's health is affected, he must stop until the danger is over. When I went abroad I took the *Lucania*, the boat that held the record for the quickest passage for many years. All the way over the full pressure, 30,000 horse power, was applied, until we reached the Irish coast. There we struck a fog, and the steamer slowed down to half speed or less and the tremendous fog-horn whistle blew every three minutes. There is even more need of the human body slowing down when there is danger.

Who can really enjoy life? Evidently it is the man who can do things; the man who knows things; the man who feels things. If a man goes to Europe, what will he see? Evidently not so much what is there, as what he takes with him. If he goes to the great galleries, by what will he be profited? Clearly he will be profited in proportion to what he has seen and knows. If a man but takes up a modern newspaper, what will he find in it? Evidently the content in his mind when he lays it down will be in proportion to what he already knew, as also the enjoyment of the reading. Also the quantity of real knowledge added to his store will be in proportion to what he knew before. If a man is called to undertake a new project, what qualifies him for the work? Plainly his experience, training, and character as embodied in his capacity to do hard work.

Now that you have your life before you, which kind of life do you think you would prefer to live, the strenuous or the tame.



Rogues' Gallery of Senior Class.

No. 10450. Wanted, Frederick Ambrose, alias "Toady," alias "Business Manager," to return the \$18 spent for extra car fare, to the delegation sent to La Crosse. If this is not paid immediately, no bills will be settled at the "counter."

No. 51. Wanted, Henrietta Moehrke, accused of stealing a tin spoon from the domestic science kitchen. A reward of merit is offered by the "Spooners' Association" for the capture of "Henry."

No. 47623. All persons who skip chorus, except domestic science girls, are hereby summoned to appear before the High Court of Inquiry on or before April 1st.

No. 41632. Pauline Bohman is wanted to answer to charge of shouting in class. A new tin horn is offered to anyone capturing her while shouting.

Everyone take notice! Mattie Larson escaped on the night of M— with the entire funds of the Senior class. A reward of a seat among the "Cherry Tops" will be given to anyone returning the funds.

No. 6456. William C. Hansen is wanted to answer to the grave charge of having secured a monopoly on "Cotton" while in La Crosse. No reward is offered for his return.

The "Gold Dust Twins" are wanted for attempting to grow tall.

Alice McCoy is accused of handing out D. S. cookies which caused a general epidemic of dyspepsia.

Wanted, Renetta Kulaszewicz to answer to the awful crime of stealing all the red ink from the practice department. When last seen was going in the direction of "See Me."

No. 64761. Carlyle Whitney is accused of stealing three minutes in the Junior-Senior debate. A reward of two points is offered by the Juniors.

William Dineen is wanted by the "Flunkers Union" for breaking the rules of the Union.

Nugent Glennon is wanted to answer to the charge of getting away with a huge piece of pie at New Lisbon.

All students are hereby notified that if all ink spots are not removed from their desks immediately, it will be done by a competent person and charged to the person occupying the seat.

Leda Otto was convicted of the crime of cramming for exams.

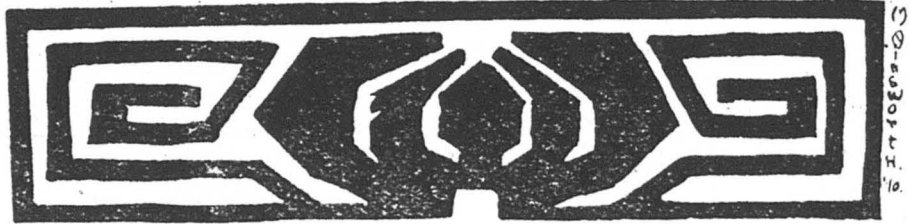
No. 6745. Lillie Kollath, a student at S. P. N., is wanted to answer to the crime of smashing the hearts of all the Senior boys. When last seen was flirting with Carlyle Whitney.

No. 647459. Mark Billings is wanted for the crime of attempting to be a whole basket ball game. When last seen was sitting in row 12, seat 2.

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Name	Age	Distinguishing Quality	Future Vocation	Where Seen Most
Henry Schellhouse	Will vote shortly	His wavy locks	Aiding Suffragettes	Talking with the girls
Edythe Wallace	Oh, so old!	Her swing	Teacher in chemistry	Bound for the rink
Meta Fluck	Might be older	Her mischeivous eyes	Seamstress	With George
Nell Kratz	Almost gray	Always busy	Designing furniture	With Rosenow
Bess Pankratz	Bachelor maid	Her smile	Posing for a picture	With Nora
Elsa Ringletaube	Promised not to tell	Sweet voice	Teaching German	On way to Marshfield
Irene Pflum	Oh, you'd better guess	Style of hair dressing	Keeping track of Elsa	Ditto
Augusta Quien	We wish we knew	Kinky hair	Doing good	Going to Scandinavia
Frances Donovan	Sweet 16 and then some	Her velvet shoes	Trying to help others	On the Plover road
Bessie Smith	29½ years	Her hair	Making sweet music	With her books
Anna Arnold	She never tells	Her stare	Studying D. S. at Stout	In the gym.
Lillian Zantow	Can't you guess	Sandy hair	Turning music	At the Normal
Kate Vomastick	Very deceiving	Her good nature	Instructress	After advice from teachers
Sarah Tovrog	Have one more guess	Her kindness	Rising to the occasion	Jollyng the fellows
Rose Weltman	A wee 'un	Her eyes	Selling ice cream cones	With Selma
Selma Kalisky	Another wee 'un	Her disposition	Running an air-ship	In the front seat
Tenia McCallin	No one knows	Her frown	A suffragette	Taking notes in Arena
Ruth McCullum	A wee maiden	Her size	Missionary to India	At the High school
Alvira Schulz	No longer frivolous	Her timidity	Frightening bachelors	At the roller rink
Rose Tovrog	Just a child	Her frizzes	German instructor	With Sarah
Emma Tompson	Might be younger	Red cheeks	Nurse in Philippines	With the boys
Maud McKenzie	Just a tot	Her lefthandedness	Making a bet	With "Bill"
Lela Potter	Quite grown up	Her hair	Boosting herself	In the office
Lucile Potter	At the giddy age	Her striped skirt	An aviator	With Lela
Mae Frawley	Most 16	Red spats	Prof. Olson's understudy	Talking with Isabel Nick
May O'Mally	Older than the hills	Her laugh	Someone's amanuensis	With Grace and Hazel
Emma Loverud	Old enuf to know better	Her robust look	A western teacher	Talking to someone
Elois Holum	Passable	Easily frightened	Writing classical music	With Fay
Mary Gleason	Guess	Willingnesss to recite	Teaching the young in Utah	In practice dep't.
Harry Lampman	Has cut his eye teeth	White hair	Horse jockey	Galloping up Main street
Miss Johnkopfski	Old, so old	Her D. S. aprons	Teaching history	Consulting Mrs. Flagler

SOPHOMORES



The boys of the class have organized a basket ball team in order to compete with the other classes. Two different games have been played, in which the opposing teams were badly defeated. The first game was played with the Seniors. The score was 29 to 20 in our favor. The second game was played with the Freshmen, in which the Freshmen gave us a harder rub than the Seniors. The final score was 23 to 13 in our favor.

The girls have been out practicing almost every night for the Tournament. Last year the Sophomores won the championship, which must be retained by us. We have fine prospects for the future, as our team has won the practice games between the Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen. When the girls come on the floor they will be dressed in white sweaters, which will be very becoming.

The Oratorical delegation was well sprinkled with Sophomores, as Miss Billings and Miss Montgomery represented our class. We showed up the Juniors in sending two delegates, while they sent only one or, none, whichever it was.

Lynn Grover, one of last year's graduates, returned here for a short visit to see those he knew and to see the dear old school. He is teaching at Chippewa Falls, where he is principal of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades.

Whenever you enter the Assembly, don't forget to stop and look over at Irene McF.'s desk. If you do, you will see sitting on or near it a number of boys and girls having a good time, but disturbing the peace and quiet of the rest of us.

Carl Nelson had a fine walk, I hear. Next time, Carl, that you view the landscape near Plover hills, please look out for the trees and bushes.

Every day at about noon you will find sitting on the bench back in the corner, two girls. This is their regular pastime, waiting for some one. I wonder who?

We have industrious students, we have industrious boys, we have industrious girls, but their looks beat all the toys.



Edwin Steiner was elected delegate to represent the Freshman class in the inter-Normal State Oratorical contest held at La Crosse, March 17th.

Leona Viertel has withdrawn from school for the remainder of this quarter. We all miss her smiling face, "specially" Willie, but we hope to have her with us again next quarter.

Mr. Sims gave the Freshmen class a short and encouraging talk Wednesday, March 15th. I believe he did not even mention the roller rink, which of course would have been clear out of the question.

Walter Schneider thinks that he can prove that it will increase a man's money to take it from one pocket and put it in another. Thus far we are unable to say as to whether he can or not; anyhow he has not done it yet.

Miss G-l-t-h, in oral reading, explaining the meaning of "associates," asks, "Are your associates the same?"

C-h-n-y B-y-n-t-n—"No, some are boys and some are girls."

Sophomore Girl—"Do you think that you would have heart trouble if you went out west?"

Freshman Boy—"No, not unless I left you here."

The basket ball game between the Freshmen and Sophomore boys Thursday evening, Mar. 16th, resulted in a victory for the latter, the score being 24 to 13. We would have beaten dead easy if they had played a fair game, but in the beginning of the first half when we began running up scores on them and had 7 points to their 2, they became so excited that they bursted the ball, thinking that by so doing the game would be stopped before we got clear out of sight; but another ball was fixed up and we were soon at it again. By this time they were so determined to win the game that they even had the Sophomores girls in the gallery catch the ball as it was thrown for their basket and drop it in. So it is plain to see by such tricks that our chances were slim. The consequences were that we were the losers.



Forum-Athenaeum

An indifferent attitude toward society work has seemed to prevail among the students during the past few months, and as a result the attendance in both young men's societies has been irregular. Both societies have been putting forth their best efforts to make their meetings interesting, as well as instructive, but there seems to be a lack of that spirit which is necessary to build up a good wide-awake society. Both societies have been striving to live up to their past reputation as centers for training along literary lines, especially debating, but the attendance has been so small that there was no incentive for the speakers to put forth their best efforts. To alleviate this condition the two societies have decided to hold joint meetings for the rest of the year, thus obtaining a large audience for the speaker. This will no doubt have good results in affording better experience to members of each society. However, though we have decided to hold joint meetings for the time being, there still exists that wholesome, intellectual rivalry between the two, which is evidenced by the interest shown in the annual Forum-Athenaeum debate. Both teams are thoroughly interested and are working hard to make a good showing for their respective societies.

It was the privilege of the Forum debators to submit the question this year and the Athenaeum has two weeks in which to choose the side they wish to defend. The following question has been submitted: "Resolved,

That it would be to the advantage of the United States to establish complete commercial reciprocity between the United States and Canada." The Athenaeum debators are Wm. Hansen, Henry Schellhouse, Alvin Anderson, and Leslie McCoy, alternate. The Forum debators are Thomas M. Olson, Walter Horne, Davis Kumm, and Mike Hanna as alternate. This debate will be open to the public and every effort will be made to make this an instructive and interesting debate. It is really a test of the society work and no doubt both teams will try to uphold the honors of the society which they represent.

Program for March 24

Roll call—Respond by naming some noted magazine writer.

Reading of minutes of last meeting.

Piano solo.....Leslie McCoy

Talk.....Prof. Hippensteel

Parliamentary Practice.....Walter Horne

Humorous Reading.....Fred Leonard

Geography Contest.....Society

Debate—Resolved, That Christianity has done more for civilization than the printing press. Affirmative, M. W. Hanna, Fred Ambrose; negative, Nugent Glennon, Mark Billings.

Business meeting

Critic's Report.....Prof. Hippensteel

Adjournment.



ARENA-OHIYESA

The basket ball game between the Arena and Ohiyesa girls resulted in a victory for the Arena team, the score being 3 to 9. The line-up was as follows: Ohiyesa team—Forwards, H. Moehrke, Iva Dewitt; center, Myrle Young; guards, Helen Loberg, Irene McPhail. Arena team—Forwards, Fay Holum, Idele Borgia; center, Ruth Bennett; guards, Rose Weltman, May Greening.

At the meeting of the society Feb. 24th, the following program was presented:

Talk.....Eleanor Koppa
 Debate—"Resolved, That women should have the right of suffrage in the United States." Affirmative, Lucile Potter, Ruth Bennett; negative, May Frawley, Edna Rezin.
 Parliamentary Praticce.....C. Dysland

On March 3d our second story contest was held. A number of very interesting stories were entered. Ruth Bennett won the Arena banner offered with a clever basket ball story. It related the trials of a boarding school senior who was forced to spend her last school year at the high school of her home town instead of at her beloved boarding school in an eastern town. It told how she rebelled for a time and how through watching and finally helping to win an exciting basket ball game between the juniors and seniors, she came to see high school life in a new light.

Mar. 10th. Meeting called to order at 7:15.
 Roll call

Reading.....Alvira Shulz
 Music, impromptu.....Bess Smith
 Reading.....Fay Holum
 Impromptu Talks

Talk on the East.....Hazel Sinclair
 "Past Experiences".....Mabel Rice
 "Why I like to talk".....Lucile Potter
 "Why I would rather have a Chinese than a Negro neighbor".....G. Goodhue
 Business Meeting

On March 17th the Ohiyesa and Arena held a joint meeting. It was opened by a piano duet by Lillian Zantow and Bess Smith. Then the Ohiyesa Chronicle was read by Miss Dolbier. It recounted the deeds and misdeeds of our red sisters. Next Fay Holum read for us from cover to cover, advertisements included, "The Arena Noos," a bright snappy little magazine edited by herself in the interests of her society. Prof. Patterson then talked to the meeting about a man whose life and work it seemed very appropriate to discuss on the 17th of March, Jas. W. Riley. He told of his boyhood home and life, how he left his home at an early age and acquired the fund of knowledge regarding the ways of plain folks which he later turned to such good account in his writings. In the course of his talk he gave several interesting readings. "Long about knee-deep in June" brought back to us all memories of the good old summer time. He gave us the settings for a great many of the poet's "Folk Lyrics" and "Child Poems." The whole talk was very interesting and we are looking forward to the time when Mr. Patterson will talk to us again. This was followed by a demonstration of country school life with the following taking part: Alice Keegan, teacher; A. Schwochert, M. Owens, school board; Eleanor Koppa, county superintendent; Myrle, Mertella, May, Mary, Dorothy, Raymond, scholars.



Exchanges



In looking over our exchanges we notice that a large number of them give an important place to Alumni notes. This unquestionably is a department which should find a place in every paper. There are several reasons for this. The principal one is that people who go out from our schools lose interest in their school paper if it does not have such a department, because they contain nothing with which their interests are linked. If, however, there are occasional news items about old friends, their desire to read the paper will continue. A very good example of a method of treating alumni notes may be found in the Ripon College Days of Feb. 7th.

Some of the new exchanges which we have received since our last issue are: The Gale Pennant, Gale College; Lutheran Normal School Mirror, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; Gi-Wa-Din, Rhinelander High school; Capaha Arrow, Girardeau, Mo. Our exchange table can now boast of a large number of papers from schools all over the United States.

"When you stepped on the gentleman's foot, Sammy, I hope you apologized."

"O, yes, I did," said Sammy, "and he gave me six pennies for being such a good boy."

"Did he? What did you do then?"

"I stepped on the other one and apologized and it didn't work."—Ex.

The March number of the Messenger contains a story entitled "How One Man Lived," which is well written and deserves comment. The cuts in this paper are artistic and suggestive of the departments which they head.

The Exponent, Platteville Normal: Your notes in general are good. Where are your cuts and your exchange column?

A paper which deserves high credit is one which is good one time and remains that way throughout its issues. This is exemplified by The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan High school.

There is a deficiency in The Capaha Arrow on account of the lack of humorous notes.

The Milton Review of February has a cover design which is very suggestive of the month.

For a neat, artistic, well composed paper, go to Snap Shots, Green Bay, Wis. The literary department in the Junior Number is especially good.

The Lutheran Normal School Mirror has one of the best exchange columns of any paper on our list. This would be a good place to go to for pointers by some exchange editors.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than to be married and be bossed.—Ex.



During Lent, I Have Decided to Give Up:

Staying home evenings.—Paul Collins.

Buying dates.—Nora Nyhus.

My school spirit.—Mildred Alexander.

Red hen molasses cake.—Mary Carroll.

My stand-in with the faculty.—Blanche Hill.

The skating rink.—Donna Downs.

Lemon pie for breakfast and supper.—Tom Olson.

“Memorization” work.—Davis Kumm.

Jollyng the girls.—Leslie McCoy.

Having my own way.—Clara Seidler.

My new tube skirt.—Margaret Tozier.

The “Gee Whiz” habit.—Georgia Biegler.

The habit of using parallel passages.—Mr. Cavins.

American kisses and breakable hearts, in other words, candy.—Irene Feeley.

Acting so vain, always trying to cut a figure.—Mr. Collins.

“Just a minute, please.”—Miss Menaul.

Bluffing in classes—Reid McWithey.

Trying to be assistant instructor in Junior cookery.—Eleanor Koppa.

’Twas in a restaurant they met,
Romeo and Juliet.

’Twas there he first got into debt,
Romeowed for what Juliet.—Ex.

Mr. Olson—“If you take money out of one pocket and put it into the other, are you any richer?”

Walter S-hn - - d - r—“Yes, sir.”

Speaking of the battle between the Frolic and the Wasp, Mr. Patterson said, “England came out on the sea for a frolic and got stung.”

Ethel Whittaker suggests “round corners” on inside of refrigerators as a means of doing away with bacteria infected crevices.

Mr. Cavins—“Miss Rausch, did you write those names on this window pane?”

Ruth R.—“No, Mr. Cavins, I haven’t a diamond—yet.”

Celia Burr, on passing the jail, inquired, “Is this where Patterson and Cavins take their meals?”

Mr. Spin.—“Miss Kulaszewicz, get up anyhow, try it, make a noise like (a) Horne does.”

Mr. Smith (in economics)—“Bacteria multiply so rapidly in milk that they serve as a check by killing each other.”

Miss Loverud—“Yes, but the milk should be used before it reaches that stage, shouldn’t it?”

Mr. Smith—“I see, Emma, you think the milk should serve as an aquarium, rather than a graveyard?”

Psalm of Normal Life.

Tell me not in cheerful accents
 That this Normal life's a dream,
 That there's no such thing as Flunkers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 School is real, school is earnest,
 And the sheepskin is its goal,
 Work and grind from morn till midnight
 Means salvation for the soul.
 Let us then arise and study,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Learn some German, music, grammar,
 And still get to school by eight.
 Go from classroom into classroom,
 Vainly try to get a ten,
 Take your book home, cram till midnight,
 And tomorrow try again.
 Oh, this brand of education
 That we get at S. P. N.
 Is a fine thing in the long run.
 If you flunk, just try again.

"Favorite Songs."

"Whistle and I'll wait for you."—Lulu Her-
 rick.
 "After the ball."—Athenaeum B. B. Team.
 "Roses bring dreams of you."—Mr. Patter-
 son.
 "He's a college kid."—Leslie McCoy.
 "Lovers may come and lovers may go."—Mr.
 Cavins.
 "I'll make a ring around Rosie."—Mark
 Billings.
 "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."—
 Myrle Young.
 "All I want is a brand new moon."—Nell
 Pan Kratz.
 "Any little girl who's a nice little girl, is the
 right little girl for me."—Bill O'Connell.
 "I would if I could, but I can't, Why? —
 —."—Edward O'Shea.

"Do you think you'd like me better?"—Henry
 Schellhouse.

"Could you be true to eyes of blue
 If you looked into eyes of brown?"
 —Eleanor Benson.

"We two."—Hoffman & Welch.

"Sweet Marie."—Wilbur Whitney.

We Don't Believe it, But They Say

That the bells are on the strike (for being
 over-worked.)

That the chemistry class is exceedingly
 bright.

That the Ohiyesa B. B. team thot they
 would win that game they [played with the
 Arena team.

That Tom Olson was promoted to row 12,
 seat 17, on account of his curly hair.

That Miss Garwick "sits right down on the
 girls" in a basket ball game.

Alma S.—"What is so attractive about you?"

Dot S.—"Don't know unless it's the elec-
 tricity in my hair."

Mr. Cavins—"What is a crescent moon?"

Miss Tufte—"A half moon."

Mr. C.—"Going or coming?"

Miss T.—"Gone."

"Bill" For Reform Spelling.

Mr. Sims—"What are the three r's?"

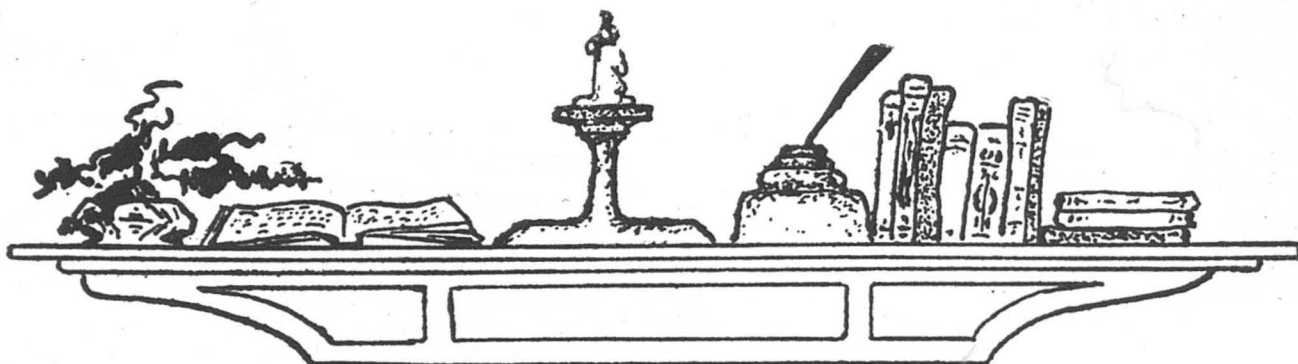
Wm. O'Connell—"Reading, 'riting and 'rith-
 metic."

Mr. Sims—"How many really begin with r?"

Wm. O'C.—"All of them."

Miss Gray—"It seems to me you ought to be
 able to settle down in five minutes".

Student (in back of room)—"I am afraid I
 will have spent most of my life, before
 I can settle down."



EDITORIAL

La Crosse! Many pleasant memories are associated with that name in the minds of the delegates who attended the Oratorical contest. Due largely to unfortunate opinions of oratory held by the misguided judges, our orator, William C. Hansen, received only sixth place. This, however, did not materially detract from our enjoyment of the trip, and when we rolled into the home depot at three o'clock in the morning, we were just as light of heart as when we started from home, (and considerably lighter of pocket-book.)

Looking back on the kaleidoscopic series of events thru which we passed, the thing which stands out sharply and clearly is the spirit shown by the faculty and students of the La Crosse Normal. The greatest compliment to this spirit is the fact that each visiting delegation went away firmly convinced that, next to their own, La Crosse was the best school in the state. Such is our own opinion, emphatically stated.

Every member of every delegation was

personally looked after by some one of the La Crosse students or faculty. Each school had a rest room for its use, decorated with its own colors and made gay with pennants. Each visitor was made to feel that the La Crosse Normal was at his service.

This fine hospitality did not in the least interfere with the spirit of La Crosse. Her rooters were splendidly organized. Under the direction of an excellent cheer leader, they made the roof ring with cheers for their school. Such spirit as that shown by La Crosse would mean the rejuvenation of S. P. N. Shall we not profit by a good example?

One more issue of the Pointer, and the present staff will cease its labors. The next number, be it resolved, shall be a "corker." Everybody chip in mentally. We want two or three good stories. Also some jokes and near jokes. Above all, however, we would be pleased to shake hands with a rattling good story or two. Who will be guilty?

