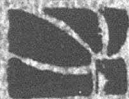


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# THE NORMAL POINTER

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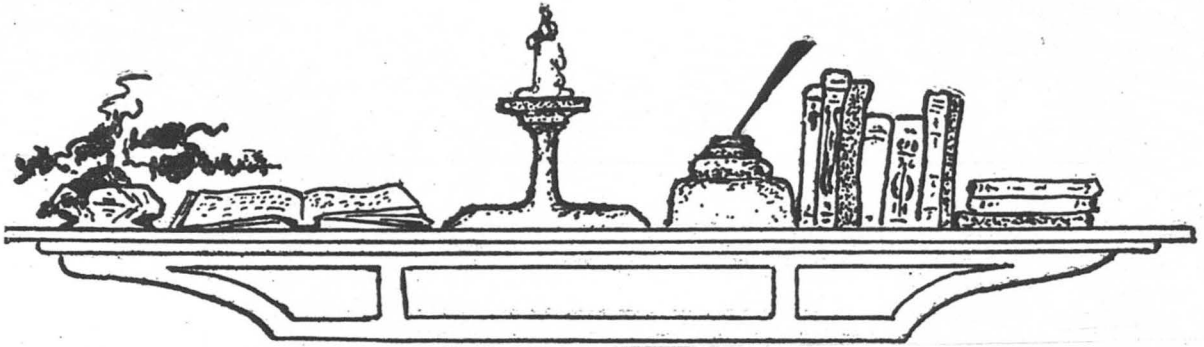
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# EDITORIAL

The Annual Oratorical Contest was held on Friday evening, February 16. The contest was an unqualified success from beginning to end, and was probably the most closely contested of any contest held for several years. The decision of the judges though difficult to render, met with the general approval of the audience. The contestants with the names of their Orations, follow in the order of their rank:

"Passing of Militarism," Harry Young  
 "Booker T. Washington," Ruth Hetzel  
 "The Duty of the Free Press,"  
 ----- Myron Williams  
 "Robert Burns," ----- Alma Stenger  
 "The Paramount Issue," Sidney Murat  
 "The denial of Justice," Henry Schellhouse

The judges for the occasion were Mr. W. E. Switzer, of Clintonville; Superintendent J. E. Roberts, city; and Professor Spencer, of Appleton.

The music for the occasion consisted of a selection by the Normal Orchestra, vocal solo, "Still as the Night," by Miss Menaul, and a selection, "The Sweetest Flower that Blows," by the Normal Mixed Quartette, composed of the Misses Deneen and Hetzel, and Messrs. Herrick and Woodworth.

It is with some feeling of pride and confidence that we look ahead to the State Oratorical Contest. We are proud to know that we have an Orator of unusual ability, and we are confident that he will bring home with him a goodly share of the laurels of victory.

We have all heard the expression, doubtless, "A stranger in a strange land." What words could be more gloomy and foreboding? What expression could be more remote from the idea of success? Shall we allow our warrior to go uninforced into the enemies country? Shall we allow our Orator to battle unassisted against a common enemy? We must all agree that we should not. We agree that our Orator should have the unqualified support of every individual under the sign of our Alma Mater. It is true that we cannot all go to Platteville; but it does not follow that we cannot lend our hand to help others.

Here is an opportunity for the classes and the organizations of the school to assist. If each class send one delegate, each Literary society one, and the Oratorical Association send the "alternative," these alone would make seven delegates with the Orator, the Faculty representative, and the president of the State League which is this year a member of our school, we would have a delegation of ten members. Although this would not be a large delegation, we believe that it would be a creditable one at least, and one capable of giving the Orator confidence, and later render assistance in bringing home the honors of the occasion.

THE POINTER urges each and every student to put his shoulder to the wheel and lend energy to an activity that is well worthy of your most earnest endeavor.



# LIBRARY

## TOMMY

Tommy came rushing home from school one Tuesday night, leaped over the gate, threw his cap up in the air, gave an Indian war-whoop, made his way across the lawn by turning cart wheels, and reached the piazza where his mother sat sewing.

"Don Lester's father is going to take all of us boys down the river in his launch, Saturday, to pay the taxes on his land down there, and we're going to take our dinner and cook our supper there, and sleep in a tent, and go fishing and swimming, and we'll come back Sunday morning! I'm going to the country, hooray! hooray! What do you know about that?"

He sank into a chair to regain his breath and watch the effect of this outburst upon his mother.

"Novel way of paying taxes!" commented Norah, Tommy's sister, and his senior by two years.

"Tommy, you mustn't allow yourself to get so excited. You're all heated up! You know that I don't like to have you go on the river, dear; but perhaps it will be all right if Mr. Lester is with you. Ask your father about it," said his mother.

His father's judgment upon this momentous question was, "Why, I guess Tommy can go if he's a good boy."

The boys talked of little else the next few days. It seemed as if Saturday would never come!

Friday morning, Tommy's mother called Tommy when she went down stairs, and was answered, as usual, by a sleepy "Yes'm." Fifteen minutes later she called him again, as usual, with the same response. Two more endeavors to arouse him were likewise of no avail. His father went to the stair door.

"Thomas, I want you to get up immediately. I want to hear that you are out of bed!"

"Yes, sir."

Thomas sleepily rolled over to the edge of the bed, reached under it, picked up one shoe, and let it fall with a dull thud. His father was satisfied.

"You must be more firm with that boy, my dear," he said to Tommy's mother.

At exactly half past eight Tommy made his appearance in the dining room where the rest of the family had just finished their breakfast. It was one of his cross mornings. He listened glumly to the comments caused by his appearance, while he ate his meal. His sister was preparing to go to school.

"You know what you get, Tommy, if you're late again, You'd better come along and not eat any more," she said in the most grown up manner.

"Nothing more to eat but cold flap-jacks," grumbled Tommy.

"Well, my dear, what can you expect, when you don't get up when you're called?" asked his mother gently.



"Tommy, I want you to finish mowing the lawn to-morrow morning," said his father, as he started to leave the house.

Then the flames of Tommy's wrath broke forth. He saw visions of the other boys floating merrily down the river, while he, hot and perspiring, was mowing the lawn.

"I won't," said Tommy. "Every other boy is going, and I always have to stay at home and never can go any place, and you're always nagging me—every body is—and I hate this place and I'm going to leave, and I'm never coming back!"

He flew into the hall, seized his cap and rushed out into the street. His parents looked at each other in stupefied amazement. His mother began to cry.

"Oh please go after him. He's so desperate, he might do anything. Oh Tommy! Tommy!" exclaimed the thoroughly frightened mother.

"I didn't mean that he couldn't go down the river," said the father. "I never thought of that. Don't cry, he'll be back; don't worry about that,"

The morning dragged miserably for Tommy's mother. In her imagination she saw Tommy drowning himself, being run over by an auto, and the victim of every kind of terrible accident. At dinner she was very silent, and when spoken to, her eyes filled with tears.

"There's no use of you're crying yourself sick over this," said Tommy's father. "That boy must not be allowed to give way to his temper so. He will come back home when he is hungry, and you must not make a fuss

over him. Make him see how foolish his actions are, and make him apologize."

When Norah was going home from school that night, she met Tommy. She implored and entreated him to come home. She pictured his mother weeping and herself sick; his father silently wasting away grieving for his child. How Tommy's heart leaped with joy! He was so affected that tears almost came to his eyes. He manfully swallowed the lump in his throat. "I'll see," he said indifferently, and walked away whistling.

He would walk by the house, his mother would beg him to come home, and for her sake he would!

About five o'clock, Tommy's mother saw her son trudging sturdily past the house. She restrained a desire to rush out and clasp him in her arms. Soon he went past again, this time more slowly. After an interval, he came back and hung on the gate. Soon he was sitting on the porch.

His father came out on the porch with his evening paper and began to read. Tommy's chin quivered, even if he was a big boy of thirteen. He couldn't think of a thing to say. At last he spoke:

"Dad, ain't you satisfied with me?"

"Why yes, my son." No further response. Tommy went into the house.

"Mother, I got a offer of a job in the pool-room, to-day—a dollar a week."

"Tommy in the pool-room!" What a world of reproach was in her voice! But that was all she said.

They didn't invite him to stay for supper; but Tommy stayed.

R. B.



## A LEAP YEAR DILEMMA

The classes had been dismissed for the after-noon, but still a number of the girls lingered in the Physics "Lab."

A Leap Year Party is just the greatest fun out," said Grace James. "The boys like it as well as the girls. Of course it is terribly jolly in Mr. Mitz to let us have the party at all; but why did he insist that we ask every teacher in this whole High School? It would have been much more fun for each girl to ask one boy, and then let it go at that."

"Oh, Mr. Mitz seems to think that the members of the faculty can enjoy fun just like anyone else," said Helen Clyde. I should think that he would be afraid that some of us would propose to Professor Russel or to some of the boys."

"At times, Mr. Russel isn't so bad, even if he does teach Physics." put in Margaret Coleman. "He can be quite nice. He would probably make someone a dandy good husband, but it would take something unusual to move him to the point of proposing."

"I wish that we didn't have to give verbal invitations," remarked Helen. "It's easy enough to write politely, but I'm always afraid that I will make a blunder in talking. Besides, it's the custom to write them, even if it is Leap Year and everything goes by contraries. If we could only write,"—

"Well, we can't; so let's go somewhere and think up something to say," said Grace energetically. "We've got to give those invitations to-night."

At that the girls filed out of the "Lab" without noticing that while they were talking, the door into the Physics recitation room had stood partly ajar.

Mr. Russel sat at his desk with a pile of Physics test papers before him. Suspended over them he held his pen freshly dipped in red ink. He took no notice, however, when a huge drop splashed down on the top-most paper making a round, solid, flat, red

zero where he had contemplated placing a forty. To say the least, Mr. Russel was greatly disturbed. Parts of that conversation which had taken place among the girls in the Physics Class had floated in to him. Such expressions as these still rankled in his memory: "Propose to Professor Russel," "Leap Year custom," "verbal invitations," "dandy good husband." He thought of other little instances, trivial enough at the time, but now fraught with suspicion. He recalled small groups of girls standing about and whispering of "proposals," "Leap Year," and once he heard his own name mentioned, while sly glances were cast at him. He remembered notes written in class and quickly torn up at his approach.

Mr. Russel put two and two together. All this could mean but one thing. There was no joke about it, because the voices just now had been perfectly serious, even anxious. One of those foolish, light-headed, silly, know-nothing High School Seniors was going to propose to him.

The Professor leaned back in his chair with a gasp. He had always hated women, had generally avoided them, and now to think that this in his life he was going to have his dignity lowered by having to undergo a proposal from a foolish girl in her teens. And the consequences! Mr. Russel was a thorough gentleman, and it never occurred to him that he might refuse when a young girl offered him her heart and hand.

"There is only one alternative," he groaned. "I'll have to interrupt her before she says it; or, I must pretend to misunderstand her. That last might be easy enough if she was explaining a problem in Physics; but girls are pretty clever at this other question. It will have to be the first, I guess. But, Great Isaac Newton, she is a girl in the Physics Class; but I don't know which one. I'll have to avoid each one of them; and if

the right one should get desperate, why she might speak right out in class, and before all those boys, too!"

He heard a footstep in the corridor, and looking up saw Grace James standing just outside of the door, and looking about as if to see if the coast was clear. Mr. Russel plunged his pen into the ink again, and when Grace entered he was dsshing the red fluid promiscuously over the paper. He did not look up.

"Mr. Russel," she began rather nervously, "You know that this is Leap Year, and the custom is for the girls—,"

"My dear Miss James," cut in Mr. Russel hurriedly, "I am very busy. Call again during my consultation hours, on Monday, when there are others present."

"But, Mr. Russel! I can't wait until—,"

"Nonsense, Miss James; of course you can wait. Really," and he jerked out his watch, "Really, you must excuse me. I must have these papers in at the office at nine o'clock Saturday morning," and once again the good man applied the red ink furiously.

Grace retreated, disconcerted. "I'll have to send Helen in," she thought. "She is so jolly that she can manage him."

"Archimedes himself couldn't have managed that better," thought Mr. Russel. "What a narrow escape!" He wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat thinking for some time.

The next thing he realized he thotugh that a cyclone had struck the room, Then he heard Helen Clyde saying, "Oh, dear Mr. Russel, I'm going to ask you an awfully important question, and you must say 'yes' whether you want to or not; will you please---?"

"Helen," said the professor, severely, "You are much too boisterous for a young lady --- er --- aw --- little girl of your years. You should be more decorous. You cannot get your standing now. No, no, do not

insist," for Helen had broken in eagerly, "If you do insist, I will have to take five off from your standing."

That was enough. In the cloak room, five minutes later, Helen informed the girls that it was of no use to try to speak to Mr. Russel that night.

"You know that he is usually so polite," she said. "Well, he was just horrid. Butted right in while I was talking."

"Just the way he used me," remarked Grace. "You'll have to do it, Margaret."

"Well, not now," said Margaret. "Any time to-night will do."

When the girls left the building a few moments later, they were astonished to see the teacher of Physics literally running down the street.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Grace. "He couldn't have acted worse if—if some one had proposed to him."

At his own door only, did Mr. Russel slow down into a respectable walk, and that was because he caught a fleeting glimpse of Miss Shletz, the High School Latin Teacher gazing at him in some wonder from her window directly across the street.

As he was about to enter, a social voice called to him from further up the street. He turned, half fearing to behold some love-sick High School girl pursuing him; but to his relief he saw instead Mr. Mitz.

"What's your hurry?" asked the principal. "I was just going to tell you not to forget that party that the students are going to give us Saturday night at the High School. You will come, won't you?"

"I'll see," said Mr. Russel shortly, as he closed the door, leaving Mr. Mitz standing on the walk, wondering what had come over the usually staid and dignified professor.

Mr. Russel had scarcely settled himself to his evening paper a couple of hours later, when the telephone rang. He answered it himself.

"Is this Mr. Russel?" asked a girl's voice. "This is Margaret Coleman. Mr. Russel, I was just about to propose to you that---"

The professor did not wait for that last word. He thought of a clever stratagem.

"Central! Central!" he called. "Is there some one on my line?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Russel, it is Margaret Coleman. Can't you hear me?"

"No, I can't hear you. Central, if there is anyone on this line tell them to call up later. There is something wrong with my phone. I can't hear," he said, as he hung up the receiver.

"I am getting to be a positive liar," he groaned. Walking across the room he looked at his reflection in the hall mirror. Mr. Russel was a modest man.

"Three in one night," he said. "Well, I can't see it; but I suppose handsome is as handsome does. This will never do, though. They will have me in twenty-four hours at this rate, I must do something.

He walked to the window. Across the street the light from Miss Shetz's window was casting a welcoming glow on the lawn.

He started. "I've got it!" he cried, and

grabbing his hat from the tree, he hurried out the front door. One moment later he rang the bell at the door of the house across the street.

"Isn't this just the best ever?" exclaimed Grace James at the party Saturday night. "I'm having the time of my life; and to all appearances, so did every one else."

"Just look at the faculty," said Margaret. "They are the jolliest of the lot, and to think that we didn't want to invite them. Doesn't Miss Shletz look to cute for anything?"

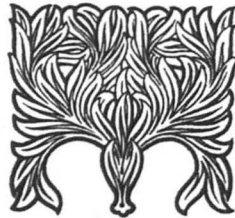
"Yes; and the happiest of them all seems to be Mr. Russel."

"Oh! that's his easy conscience. I heard them say up at the office, this morning, that he had passed every one in Physics."

"Well, I wonder what ailed him last night, and how ever did he find out about the party? Not from us surely. And I do wonder why he is laughing so much. He acts just as if he had gotten the best of some one."

"He has," laughed Helen Clyde, coming up to them. "The best of Miss Shletz. I've just heard that he has announced his engagement to her."

M. F. R. '13.





# SENIORS

After careful consideration, the Class Play committee under the able supervision of Professor Smith, have decided to present **Fanny and the Servant Problem**, as the Class Play for 1912. It is in all respects a modern drama with a theme that is new and interesting. Costume plays, melo dramas, and heavy plays, have been given by former classes; so this one will be novel and decidedly up-to-date. The parts are played by people who are very well adapted to their parts. Not all of the cast have been chosen, as twelve chorus girls are still to be selected. The cast is as follows:

FANNY ..... ALICE T. GARVIN  
 Vernon Wetherel; Lord Bantook,  
 her husband ..... Byron Carpenter  
 Martin Bennet, her Butler,  
 ..... J. C. Wilberscheid  
 Susannah Bennet, her Housekeeper,  
 ..... Janet Johnston  
 Jane Bennet, her Maid, ..... Georgia Beigler  
 Earnest Bennet, her Second Footman,  
 ..... Henry Welch  
 Honoria Bennet, her Still Room Maid,  
 ..... Alma Stenger  
 The Misses Wetherel, her Aunts by Marriage,  
 Irene Feely, Elsa Ringletaube.  
 Dr. Freemantle, her Local Medical Man,  
 ..... Charles Fulton  
 George P. Newte, her Former Business  
 Manager ..... R. B. Woodworth

**The Annual Senior Fair** will be given March 23d. It is hoped that it will outdo any of the previous years. It will consist of a Farce given in the assembly room. In the gymnasium will be found the usual Fair attractions.

Work has been begun on the Annual, **THE IRIS**. Every one is anxious to have the pictures exceptionally good. The following is **THE IRIS Staff**:

Editor-in-Chief ..... Henry Schellhouse  
 Assistant Editor ..... Irene Feely  
 Faculty ..... Dorothy Salter  
 Art ..... R. B. Woodworth  
 Organizations ..... Henry Schulz  
 Wit and Humor ..... Alice Garvin  
 Athletics ..... Carl Oden  
 Music ..... Nora Nyhus  
 Practice Department ..... Alma Stenger  
 Seniors ..... Mary Carroll  
 Arts and Sciences ..... Kate Pyatt  
 Business Manager ..... R. B. Woodworth  
 Assistant Business Manager, Georgia Biegler  
 Assistant Business Manager, Elsa Ringletaube

### What They Will Give Up During Lent.

Mae O'Malley admiring Junior boys.  
 Lila Blank and her standings.  
 Edythe Wallace, going to Plover.  
 Georgia Biegler, beginning to study.  
 Marguerite Harshaw, her gym. (Jim).  
 Reid McWithey, his "Cherry Top,"  
 Alma Stenger, studying "Byron."  
 Mildred Alexander, her new muff.  
 Bess Pankratz, her looking "Rosie."  
 Nora Nyhus, letting "George" do it.



# SOPHOMORES

Miss Ellenson was called home on account of the illness of her mother.

Marie Rogers, Elma Johnson, and John Shimick left the school at the end of the Second Quarter.

On Friday, February 2nd, a Business Meeting of the Sophomore Class was called for the purpose of sending delegates to the funeral of Helen Sager's father. Helen is a member of our class, and our sincere sympathy was in a measure expressed with a floral offering, a sheath of Easter lilies.

Prospects seem pretty bright for the girl's Basket-ball team. The Sophomores have showed themselves very competent in their practices with the other class teams. They feel that if it is in their power to they'll—well, they are going to put up a good fight for the cup.

The following students entered the class at the beginning of the Third Quarter: Glover Thompson, Richard Van Tassel, Chesney Gottschalk, and William Greening.

MR. S.----- —When you go to look up a word in the dictionary, what do you think of first?

STUDENT—A by word.

Words in a Grammar Class were being classified into their classes:

PAT----- —' In what class is professor?'

STUDENT—'Abstract.'

## In European History Class.

MR. SMITH—'James the Fourth is like the fellow who says he's got an automogress; but it don't.'

DIGNIFIED SENIOR—'You seem to be in in a hurry.'

FLUSTRATED STUDENT OF HAMLET—'Yes; I've got to look up some words in the—er—Lorimer edition.'

MR. PAT----- —'From where do we get molasses?'

C. M.—'Why, molasses grows on trees, Mr. Patterson.'

## YOUNG WOMENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

January 11, 1912, the Young Womens' Christian Association was addressed by MARY T. STANTON, of Chicago, a deaconess, who had been engaged in charitable work in this city for the Methodist Episcopal Church during the past six weeks. She spoke upon the subject of "Friendship," dwelling particularly upon the choice of friends.

The meeting of January 5th was conducted by Mrs. Hippensteel, who as usual gave an inspiring though practical talk which might well be applied to student life. In it she worked out that true happiness can be secured only thru the happiness of others.

The remaining meetings have been conducted by the following:

Edna Cook, Ruth Scribner, Kathryn King, and Kate Curtis.

# ATHENAEUM OHYESA

The Third Quarterly Program is to be given by the Athenaeum-Ohiyesa on March 15. Judging from the work that is being done by the Program Committee, and those who are to take part, an excellent program is assured.

Since this is the one uninterrupted Quarter of the year, it should be a banner quarter for the society. We have an excellent set of officers who are putting forth every effort to make this quarter's work a success. To assist them they need the co-operation of every member of the society, and it is to be hoped that the support that they receive will make up in a measure for the flagging interest of the past quarter.

## Presidential Convention Held at Stevens Point.

Most Notable Event Since the Election of Lincoln.

**JOSEPH V. COLLINS, of Wisconsin, Nominated.**

*Special Dispatch to The Pointer.*

On January 20th, delegates from all of the States of the Union met at Stevens Point Normal School to nominate a President for the People's Party for the next election. The notable feature of the convention was the first time that Women have been allowed to vote at the National Convention. This first occasion proved to the antagonists of Woman's Suffrage that their fears were groundless.

Mr. Patterson, the delegate from Pennsylvania, was elected permanent chairman of the convention. In an inspiring address he called attention to the needs of the Nation,

and urged reform; especially, that of the thermometer.

The reports of the various committees were read.

Roll call of the States was then taken, and the nominations were made.

Otto Schreiner, of New Jersey, in an able address, nominated Woodrow Wilson.

Three Wisconsin men were nominated:

LaFollette, who was supported by Reid McWithey, of Utah;

Lenroot, supported by Henry Schellhouse, of Wisconsin;

And Professor Collins, who was nominated by Mary Carroll, delegate from Texas.

Norman Knutzen, of Ohio, ably supported Taft.

Votes were then taken by States, the result being a veritable landslide for Professor Collins.

LaFollette was next in line. The votes received by the other nominees were so few that they are hardly worthy of mention.

On February 2nd, the Athenaeum-Ohiyesa gave an informal Dancing Party for the Forum-Arena, and the members of the Faculty. A Deaf and Dumb Party was the feature of the first part of the evening. Mr. Bowman gave the address of welcome; and the response was given by J. C. Wilberscheid.

Myrtle Cook, the celebrated Suffragette, addressed the company on Woman's Suffrage.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing.



# ARTS · SCIENCES

The work in **Cookery I** began with this quarter. The class is made up of girls taking the new Three Year Course, and those who are taking the old Four Year Course. There is a slight change in the work this year, making the practical work come on three days of the week; while on Monday and Friday the time is given to theoretical work.

**Millinery** has been added to the work in Domestic Science. It is also an elective in the other courses. The girls have done a great deal of work in designing, and have trimmed hats. The "Easter Bonnets" of each promises to be "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The following, which was recently published in the Beloit papers, may be of interest to the readers of **THE POINTER**:

"**MR. FREDERICK VON DER SUMP**, who graduated at Beloit College last year, has announced his engagement to **MISS LUCILE DAVENPORT**, of Berlin, Wisconsin. This word was received at the Delta Phi Upsilon house. Mr. von der Sump is at present attending Yale Divinity School, having received a Bacon fellowship. All who know him wish Mr. von der Sump a long and happy life and much success."

Miss Davenport finished the course in Domestic Science here in February 1911. She has been the supervisor of the Domestic Science Department of the High School for the present year, and has given excellent

satisfaction in this branch of the city schools.

The members of the Faculty and the students join in wishing her joy and happiness.

**The Farmers' and Home Makers' Conference**, which was held at this school on February 24, proved to be a very interesting and instructive affair. This was the first thing of the kind ever conducted here, and many came to gain an insight into the work done. The following program speaks for itself:

- 6:30 Music..... Normal School Orchestra
- 9:40 Introductory Address,  
President John F. Sims
- 10:00 (a) Importance in Selecting and Testing Seeds. Professor A. J. Herrick
- (b) Preparation, Demonstration, and Serving of Luncheon,  
Miss Flora C. Studley
- 10:45 The Value of Birds to Farmers,  
Professor G. E. Culver
- 1:30 Music ..... Treble Clef Club
- 1:40 (a) Exercise in the making of a plain dress in the stages of taking measure, drafting, cutting, basting, fitting, and finishing, with demonstration,  
Miss Katherine Hitchcock
- (b) The Farm Yard as a Source of Profit, Professor David Olson
- (c) Simple Appliances on the Farm,  
Professor C. A. Bowman

The young ladies who are students in the Domestic Science and Arts Department were seen at work in both cooking and sewing.



# GIRLS' ATHLETICS



THE TOURNAMENT, the big event of the girls' basket ball season, will soon be here. The different teams are practicing diligently, and at present the outlook is a promising one. It will be only after six close and exciting contests that the cup will fall unto the 1912 victors.

After witnessing a number of practice games, different people have ventured guesses as to whom will be the victor. The general sentiment seems to be that the toss-up will be between the Juniors and the Seniors. However, many prophesy for the Sophomores, and they stand a fair chance, to say the least. The Sub-freshmen are at a disadvantage in that their girls are much smaller than those of the other teams. However, if good, strong team work and much enthusiasm count for anything, the "Subs" will reflect no discredit on their class. There will probably be no team from the Freshmen Class.

The only class so far that has succeeded in picking out their regular team is the Junior. The line-up is as follows:

Forwards—Irene Wilhelm.

Alma Larson,

Guards—Meta Steffick.

Kathryn King.

Center—Adelaide Williams.

The girls from the different classes are preparing to give an out-door track meet as soon as the weather conditions are favorable. The meet will be organized according to

classes. They will compete in the high jump, broad jump, foot races, various relay races, and other things.

The Hiker's retired into their winter coats during the cold weather; but when the ground hog again shows himself they will be up and stirring.

The Girl's Athletic Department of the school is furnishing other amusements than the basket ball games. For some time past Mrs. Smith has been training the girls in the different gymnasium classes in aesthetic dancing. The aesthetic dancers made their first public appearance at the Forum-Arena Public Program, at which time one of the most pleasing features of the evening's entertainment was the Norwegian Folk Dance. The girls were obliged to reply to an enthusiastic encore.

A new student, after reading the Leap Year poem in the last number of THE POINTER, inquired if Gwendolyn was Mr. Wilberseid's first name.

MEMBER OF THE COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD (to Junior) — You are connected with the faculty, I believe? In what capacity, may I ask?

JUNIOR—Sure! Four studies, two laboratory periods, gym, library reading, current events, with stray fines at the library, excuse slips from the office, and a bill at the counter.





# MUSIC



The Thursday before Christmas, a very pleasing program was given under the supervision of Miss Menaul. It was as follows:

Music. Largo. ORCHESTRA.

Solo "Comfort Ye my People."

MR. MILLER.

Soprano and Alto Solo

"He shall feed his flock."

MISSSES BLANK AND HETZEL.

Solo "He was despised and rejected."

MRS. GREGORY.

Solo "Our rebuke has broken his heart."

"Behold and see if there be sorrow."

MR. MILLER.

Solo "How beautiful are the feet."

MISS MENAUL.

We are always pleased to hear of any of the former Stevens Point Normal students making a success in any line. Mr. Halverson, such a student, has gained some distinction along the musical line, and it was with great delight we listened to some of his solos, right after the holidays. He was accompanied by Miss Nina Coye another former student.

The orchestra, the treble clef, Miss Menaul, and a quartette consisting of Prof. Herrick, Miss Deneen, and Miss Hetzel, and Mr. Woodworth, furnished the music at the Oratorical Contest.

The Orchestra Dance given in the Normal gymnasium, February 18, was in every way a success. Surely, not too much credit can be given to the Orchestra which has worked so faithfully, and then furnished such a good time for the students. We understand that they expect to give another dance after Lent. All are looking forth to this with great expectations, and hope that it will be as great a success as this last dance.

The usual delicate people have joined the Music Class, all being affected with chronic colds; with the exception of one bright student who has developed a severe attack of headache every day at 11:00.

Imagine the consternation in Music I when it was remarked that Professor Olson was plugging the key-hole; and all he was doing was putting a sign on the door.

The front seats in the assembly room seem to be feared by the students; although Miss Menaul assures them that there isn't any danger.

MISS MENAUL—"Harold, do I hear whispering in this room?"

H. BRADY—"I don't know whether you hear it or not."

Mr. Fulton has succeeded Mr. Birdsall as trapper in the orchestra. We are sorry to lose Mr. Birdsall; but feel safe in saying that we have secured a competent successor.





Of late, we have not received the usual number of Exchanges, and would like to have all of our friends return. We also would enjoy making the acquaintance of as many new Exchanges as desire to know us.

We enjoy you all, and hope that you all enjoy us. In looking thru the various papers there seems to be several criticisms which may apply to many or few of our friends:

First, Cuts. When the paper has none, there is something lacking which makes a paper look lively and interesting. Don't you think so, HIGH SCHOOL NEWS, EXPONENT, ROYAL PURPLE, and KINNIKINNIK? While for you, NORMAL ADVANCE, it certainly is not because of crowded space that you have not cuts? Why not try having several?

Another suggestion to the many Exchanges which intermingle Exchanges and advertising matter: Is it not much more orderly to have each in its place? What do you think about it, STRANGER?

There are still several Exchanges which have no regular Exchange Column. This should be almost indispensable. Thru it you give and receive much aid. If once you try it you will soon know its value.

Perhaps some of THE POINTER Exchanges are not always acknowledged; but be assured that you are always welcome, and we anticipate with pleasure the arrival of each and every one of you.

THE EXPONENT, Platteville, Wisconsin: Your paper presents its usual neat appearance. Although in reading your February issue we begin with "A Grouch," yet the splendid article on Manual Training awakens our interest, it being especially well illustrated.

THE NORMAL ADVANCE, Terre Haute, Indiana: Your material is well chosen and well arranged. Your school alphabet is a very original idea. Would that every student knew those A B C's!

One person on every staff can appreciate the following:

A school paper is a great invention,  
The staff gets all the fame,  
The printer gets all the money,  
And the editor gets the blame. —Ex.

THE STRANGER, Vancouver, British Columbia: We enjoy you. Come often. Don't be a stranger to us.

TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT, Tempe, Arizona: Your Literary Department deserves a special word of praise.

CRITERION, Waupaca, Wisconsin: Congratulations on your new High School!

THE GALE PENNANT, Galesville, Wisconsin: What there is of you is fine.



# WIT HUMOR

HISTORY TEACHER—What do you know about the "Diet of Worms?"

BIG BLUFFER—It was some sort of nasty stuff to feed heretics on.

MABEL R. (in Physics)—I would rather have the city water raw than cooked up; because it sticks to the teeth so.

PHYSICS TEACHER—Did you try pushing the Normal School?

SOPH.—Yessir.

P. T.—Did you succeed?

SOPH.—No; but I made the windows rattle.

PROF. PAT—N—John, you may name some of the attributes of Andrew Jackson.

JOHN HAM—SKI—He was honest and brave; but he could not spell very well.

FRED. L—D (translating Latin)—"And Æneas went down in seven ships beneath the quiet waters."

PROF. COLLINS (in Current Events)—Who is the president of Harvard University?

MISS SEIF (who evidently is taking Literature)—I suppose it must be Barrett Wendell.

PROF. PAT—N—When was the "Declaration of Independence" signed?

STUDENT—On the fourth day of July, in the year of 1776.

PROF. P. (by force of habit)—Be more specific.

STUDENT—On the fourth day of July, in the year of 1776 A. D.

REID MC.—I would like to be advance man for Ringling Bros. Circus.

ARTHUR M.—But you must remember, Reid, that Ringling Bros. keep the monkeys in the menagerie.

PROF. P-----R--N—What is gelatine made out of?

MISS MCC.—It is made out of the bones and hoofs of the body.

The unexpected will sometimes happen. Don Waite was seen without a tooth-pick in his mouth.

## Information Bureau.

### Questions of all Kinds Answered Immediately.

I wish to propose to Norman K.; but he never lets me get near him. What would you advise me to do?  
RUTH P.

Get some swift man, like Reid McWithy, to run after him and catch him. If he does not succeed, go to the hardware store and buy about fifty feet of rope. Practice throwing the lasso till you are able to lasso him. Then lasso him, and tie the rope to a telephone pole, and approach him with a few lumps of sugar. After you have made friends with him, pop the question.

Would you please recommend some soothing preparation to use after I get "stung."  
GLADYS L.

We are unable to give a soothing remedy; but we have a formula for a good preventative.

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2 oz. of Common Sense,  
1 qt. of Consideration,  
1 tea spoon full of Bashfulness.

## THE NORMAL POINTER.

Dissolve the Common Sense and the Bashfulness in the Consideration, and rub some of it into the scalp every morning and evening.

What can I do to make my whiskers grow?  
EARL B. NEDRY.

Buy a bottle of Barlow's Hair Tonic, and rub the bottle over your face twice daily. Also shave yourself with the handle of your safety razor.

Please name some exercise that is good for the development of the muscles of the arm.  
HICKS.

Get the job of shoveling wind off the Court House roof.

How can I become a scientific bluffer?  
FREDERICK BARBAROSSA LEONARD.

Take a short course from John Hammerski.

What can I do to stop my growth?  
DOROTHEA SALTER.

Buy a ten pound wooden mallet, and have your room-mate tap you on the top of the head with it 5 times every morning and night.

I have recently cracked three mirrors. I do not know what the cause of this bad luck was. Have you any suggestions to offer?  
GRACE W.

Avoid looking in the mirror.

Would you please recommend a good carpenter? I wish to build a house in the Spring.  
A SUBSCRIBER.

Apply at Miss Alma Stenger, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Who are the "would be" candidates for the presidency of 1912?

PROF. PATTERSON.

Those leading in the race are Barret Wendall, J. C. Wilberscheid, Mabel Rice, Otto Schreiner, Theodore Roosevelt.

I would like to learn to dance. Would you please recommend some good teachers?

Try to get in the dancing classes conducted by Rechial and Brady.

Is Erwin Dabbert conceited? C. D.  
No; he has just fallen in love with himself.

Name some lotion that I can apply to my face so that I can make my freckles invisible.  
M. S. F.

Polish your face with Shinola Shoe Polish every morning.

The old clock strikes the hour of parting day,  
The Normal dance is done and o'er;  
Many a Normalite homeward trods her weary way;

Because her gentleman friend is sore.

If the Normal gave a picnic Uptagrove, would Myrtle Cook Rice and use Forsythe in serving it to our King and Queen?

Perhaps these "Daffys" are getting old; but is Harry Young?

We are living a life of joy,  
Our days of worry are o'er;  
For we passed in PROFESSIONAL HISTORY  
With a standing of EIGHTY-FOUR.

MR. SIMS (reading the Oratorical Program)—You will hear Sidney Murat, the sweet singer of Scotland, and Harry Young the famous Negro of the South.

PROF. PAT---N—Is that all of the naval campaign?

MISS CAULEY—Well, I know that we were victorious, until we put our first defeat in the Chesapeake.

PROF. CULVER—What is this a drawing of?  
H. E. GROVER—That is a drawing of a beaut. (butte).



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