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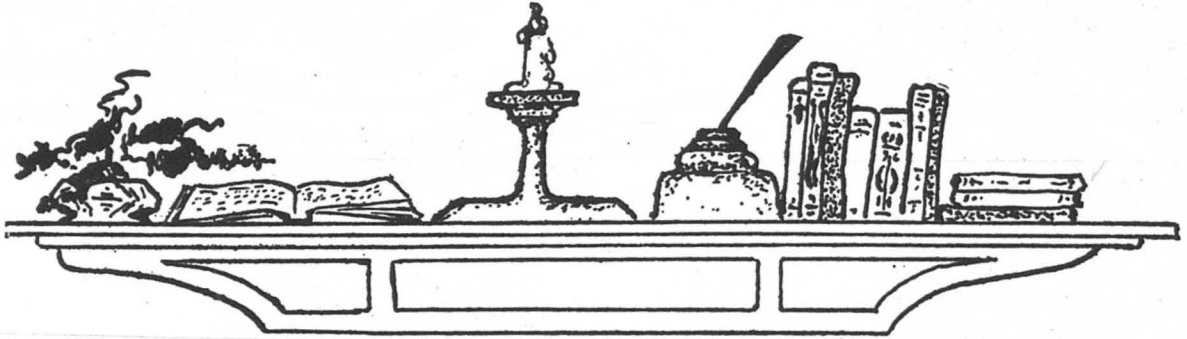
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EDITORIAL

Gentle reader, please do not scoff at nor overlook the Editorial in this issue. Its purpose is not to beg you to financially aid some school activity (as is often the case in these columns). Instead, it offers you a rare chance, a piece of good fortune. There is one more chance offered you, students, to prove that you are loyal and willing to help the school and anything it undertakes.

This chance—to buy the Senior Annual publication, *THE IRIS*. Of course, it is to be the best ever published. Its material will be the best, its illustrations the most beautiful, and its jokes the funniest. The color scheme chosen is brown, the cover of brown leather lettered in gold, the paper tinted and a rich brown ink will be used. Many of the illustrations will be strictly new, and all of the events and scenes of Normal life portrayed. The many novel features of this publication will make it so tasty and attractive that you will be proud to own it and say—"This is our School Annual."

Of course, every Senior will buy one as a last memento of their school days. It is their publication; and besides it contains their photograph. Every Junior, too, must buy one to leave a good impression of themselves with the departing Seniors, and to begin their illustrious career as next year's Seniors aright. Every Sophomore, Freshmen, and Sub-Freshmen ought to buy one to prove that they have more good sense

and wisdom than they are credited for having. So any one, who wants to leave a good impression, or to redeem ones-self for not boosting in the past, any one who wants good Literature to better himself, or a pleasant reminder of his school life, he should buy an *IRIS*.

The chance to thus confer so many benefits on yourself, and at the same time to help your Alma Mater, is indeed rare. It may be your last chance to materially aid our school. You may never earn another cent; or you may be robbed of your present fortune.

Delays are dangerous; so sieze the present opportunity afforded you to boost a worthy enterprise.

Then, let no student say the price is too exorbitant; it is only One Dollar. If not an *IRIS*—10 Ice Cream Sundaes, or 10 moving picture shows. An *IRIS* will afford both—perpetual refreshment and entertainment.

THE IRIS will be done up brown.

Don't be yellow for fear of the price; or for fear of a slam, (no doubt you deserve it.)

Wit and Humor Column is a sure cure for the blues. Don't be green and show your lack of appreciation for a good thing.

Lastly, we guarantee that if it is once bought, it will be "red" clear through.

Buy one.



LIBRARY

Her Knight Errant.

"Yes, Miss Ellen, you've got to go. There is no use talking."

"But—mamma—"

"You hadn't better 'mamma' me. I won't have your marrying that Jack Israel, no matter what happens; so prepare to leave to-morrow morning for St. Catherines," said Mrs. Smith as she turned on her heel and left the room.

Ellen burst into tears, but soon became quiet; for she heard some one rapping at the door. The door opened and there stood her chum Milly.

"Why Ellie," she cried, "you've been crying! What is the matter?"

"Oh, it is all decided," sobbed Ellen. I have to go to the convent to-morrow. I suppose I'll have to stay—goodness knows how long. I know I'll be terribly lonesome, and how I hate to leave you! Yes, and all this on account of mamma's foolish notion about the kind of man I ought to marry."

"Say, I'll tell you what," exclaimed Milly. I'll run home and ask mamma if I can't go too. I have to go to some convent this Spring, anyway. I haven't decided what one to go to yet, and mamma will be pleased to have me go to St. Catherine's, I'm sure."

"Oh, that'll be great," cried Ellen. It won't be so bad after all. Ask her right away!"

Milly ran home, and returned in a few minutes with her mother's consent.

The next morning, bright and early, the

two girls started out from Madison for St. Catherines, North Dakota. They arrived safely after a long, dreary ride, and were at once made to feel at home. All was very well for a few weeks, for the novelty of the experience and the strangeness of the country, entertained the girls remarkably.

One evening after a three months stay at the convent, Ellen said, "Say, girls, isn't it a shame that we can't go home Easter? Oh, I'm so lonesome in this dreary country, and I want to go home so badly. I am going, too, come what will"—

The speaker stopped here, for she heard a Sister approaching in the hallway. She dared say no more then. The rest of the girls looked at Ellen with their fingers on their lips, showing that they were afraid she had been overheard. The girls soon scattered to their various rooms; and Ellen tried to study, but it was impossible, for she kept on thinking of her home and what she would do if she were there. She thot of all the good times she had at home, and of the good times she would like to have now. These thots were suddenly interrupted by the ringing of the gong which meant "bed time," and Ellen reluctantly retired.

The next morning Ellen felt still more like going home, and still less like staying there and obeying the strict rules. Nevertheless, she had to go thru the daily ordeal and walk with the rest. When the girls of St. Catherines, dressed in their plain blue Cashmere dresses and heavy coarse shoes,

left that morning for their customary daily walk, under the guidance of several nuns, Ellen was at the end of the line with Milly as her partner. It was a calm, beautiful morning, so beautiful in fact, that it seemed to charm the birds, for they only chirped now and then. The long line of girls, however, seemed over happy, for they all chattered like monkeys; except the last two girls of the line. They appeared to be having a secretive, confidential chat. They whispered quietly and glanced searchingly and interestedly around and about them. They seemed to be planning an escape, and so they were, for just then they slipped quietly behind a clump of bushes near the bank of a running stream, while the chattering line of blue marched on. Soon the line turned a corner and were lost from view. The girls were now alone, and without a moment's hesitation ran along the bank of the stream, away from the convent, farther and farther, until they were quite tired. Then they sat down to rest. They had been there only a few minutes when they heard the galloping of approaching horses. Upon looking up they saw outlined in the distance two figures on horseback, coming nearer and nearer. Both girls sprang to their feet. All the stories they had ever heard of highwaymen and robbers came to their minds. These stories fit only too well to this part of North Dakota, because there were no towns for miles. They must act quickly. As if thinking the same thots, the girls' eyes wandered to the bushes, and then to the trees near by. It was of no use to seek hiding places in those bushes and trees, for it was early Spring and they were leafless.

"Oh. what *shall* we do!" said Milly. Ellen did not speak for a moment, but simply pointed to a broken old house across the stream, and then ran down the little bank towards an old raft which was drawn up near the shore. Without a word or sign of protest, Milly followed and quickly stepped upon the raft which Ellen was already push-

ing out into the water. With the old boards which served as paddles, the girls slowly made their way across the stream, always hearing the thud, thud, thud of the horses hoofs as they came nearer. When they reached the farther shore the girls with one bound landed on the bank and ran around to the other side of the old house. Just then they caught a glimpse of the horsemen drawing up on the opposite side of the stream. The men noticed the girls casually, never thinking who they might be. Instead of halting, the men spurred their horses and galloped off in the direction of the convent. When the men were out of sight, the girls crept from their hiding places and ran on as fast as they could for fear the men should come back and see them.

But no. Jack Israel and his western friend, Clark Westfield, (for that is who the men were), were not coming back right away; because they were bent on carrying out a plan which, as we soon shall see, was destined to fail. After galloping for an hour or more, the men pulled up before the convent and boldly asked to see a girl by the name of Ellen Smith. They were bluntly refused; and were told that under no circumstances could they gain admittance to the convent, or see her, even if she were there. They realized they had made a big mistake, and slowly and sadly mounted their horses to depart. Then it seemed to them that one of the girls they had seen on the opposite side of the stream might be Ellen. Perhaps, if they hurried, they might yet be able to overtake the girls. The horsemen started.

In the meantime, the girls had been walking briskly. It was nearing evening, and they were becoming anxious, when suddenly they came upon two paths, one led straight ahead, and the other turned sharply to the right. Upon looking up the right hand road, they saw a faint light. They hesitated but a moment, then both stepped quickly to the right and continued on their way, all the

while no word spoken. Their eyes were fixed on the dim light which grew brighter as they neared it. At last they arrived at the door-step of a little log hut from which streamed that dim candle-light. Ellen knocked loudly upon the rickety door. The door opened very slowly. An old woman, bent with age, and hawk like of visage, appeared.

"What yer want?" she asked roughly.

"Please may we come in and rest. We're so tired, and oh! so hungry!" pleaded Ellen.

"I haven't any room for tramps; and besides, my man is asleep, and if ye waked him up, he'd threw ye in the river. So ye'd better go on!"

"Can't we have even a bite?" pleaded Nellie.

"Wal-l, come in," exclaimed the old woman. But ye'll hev to take what ye get"

They followed her into the house and sat down on a couple of boxes. She gave them a crust of black bread and a cup of coffee which they gulped down greedily. When she saw they had finished their meal, she led them into a back room, using a flickering candle to light the way. She nodded toward a bedding of old rags on the floor, and tottered out. They were very glad to get this bed, even tho it was not as wholesome nor as home-like as those they were used to. As they were very tired, they immediately dozed off to sleep, and did not wake up until the old woman called them at about five o'clock in the morning. She gave them another piece of bread and sent them off.

They were very glad she did; for they hadn't been on their way long when they saw those very same horsemen going up towards the hut. They hurried on, and took the first turning so that the men would not see them. They kept going on the same road for two or three hours before they saw anybody. Then, coming from a farm house on the left hand side of the road they saw a man in a buggy driving two horses. As he

was going in the same direction, they asked him how far it was to the next village or town, and he told them it was about six or seven miles.

"If you want to ride with me," he continued, "you may, because I am going to the next village."

So, into the buggy they jumped, and he drove on. Then he questioned them about their blue suits, and when they told him, he laughed.

"This isn't a bit funny," Milly said angrily. "We haven't a cent of money with which to get home."

"Wel-l," he said slowly, "who are you, anyway, and where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm Ellen Smith, and this is my chum Milly Stevens. We are both going to Madison, Wisconsin, for that is our home."

"Madison!! Whew!!! That is a long way from here. But—what did you say your last name was? Smith, was it? That sounds mighty familiar to me! Let's see, Is your father a lawyer?"

"Yes!" chorused the girls.

"Are his initials M. J.?"

"Yes!!"

"Then I know him well. I used to live in Madison years ago, and I went to the University with him. While at school he did me many a good turn. So, seeing that I know your father so well, and you are pretty nice girls, I'll take you to the next village and lend you enough money to take you home. How's that?"

"Fine!!"

"Grand!!"

The man drove them to the depot, gave them the money; then he left them, as he had some important business to transact. The girls waited fully an hour for the train. When it finally arrived, they boarded it quickly, glad to feel safe for once but; — just at that moment, up the street and toward the depot, galloped the men they had seen following them. They shivered with fear. The train started, and steamed away,

and they were happy to think that they got away from those dreadful men, and were on their way home once more. Several days later they reached home, much to the dismay of their mothers. Mrs. Smith was especially angry, and immediately decided that Ellen must go to another convent the very next day.—So, the next morning, much to her sorrow, Ellen found herself on her way to St. Sisomias, with her brother Frank as an escort to see that she arrived there safely, and without even getting a glimpse of Jack. She arrived at her destination, and everybody was very kind to her. She was enjoying herself there very much, and was just becoming accustomed to her surroundings, when a Sister, one day, announced to her some very sad news; namely, that her mother was very ill, and that her brother was waiting down stairs, to take her home. She got her things ready at once, and then descended the stairs to the waiting room below. She tried to conceal her surprise when she discovered that it was *not* her brother Frank; but the stranger she had

seen three times before. Because it was dusk, the Sisters did not notice the sudden pallor that spread over her face; for fear seized her very heart. She couldn't speak, she dared not retreat; so she walked slowly and hesitatingly towards the door, the stranger following close in the rear. She stepped out on the porch. He quickly followed and closed the door behind them. He stepped up beside her and said,

"My! you have given me a merry chase; but I've got you at last!"

She looked up and there before her stood—Jack!

A few days later, the door-bell at Mrs. Smith's home rang loudly, and in stepped Ellen and Jack. Upon hearing the bell, Mrs. Smith had run quickly to the door. On her way she met the couple in the hallway, and before she could speak, Jack said,

"Here, mother, I've brot your daughter back."

"W-h-y! if you can even go into a convent and get her, I've nothing to say, nothing to say."

F. H., '12.

Editorial.

"In the Spring, a young man's fancy
Ever turns to thoughts of base ball."

Likewise, the thoughts of you, students, should turn in this channel. You should say and believe that your school has the best team in the United States; that you can hardly wait for the first game of the season, when you may display your enthusiasm and loyalty; that your players are stars—every one of them; that you are not doing your duty; unless you are boosting the team in every way. At least, there will be nine girls

at every game, and if they do their duty and each bring twenty girls, what an encouraging crowd there will be. Show interest in this national game! Boost it! How proud you will be when the team of the Stevens Point Normal have become a prominent league team, the "Immortal Nine" base ball champions of the world. Then you can say in your later life "That team originally was the team of S. P. N. I gave that team the first boost it ever had, and I'm proud to say so."

FACTORY

MR. SMITH in Greek History, talking about the Spartans :—I should not imagine that a modern man would want a Spartan wife. On account of their training they are very robust. But then it did not make much difference, for the men were seldom at home.

WILLIAM A. PIERSON has been selected to teach Dietetics, Advanced Physiology, Bacteriology, and Domestic Science Physics. The work in Science had been too heavy for the teachers; so it was that advisable to engage another instructor.

He is a graduate of the Grand Rapids, Michigan, High School, and of the University of Michigan. For three years he was a teacher of Science in the Marquette High School. He taught one Summer in the Marquette Normal, and for the past few years has been working in a High School in Memphis, Tennessee.

PROFESSOR HYER spent January 29 at Weyauwega, where he attended the County School Board Convention of that county. During the day he gave two addresses to the members of the Convention; namely, "The School as a Civic Center," and "The School Play Ground."

NOTICE. New Edition to Subjects at the Normal.—Mr. Patterson is giving Physical torture in Expressive Reading. The piano

is being used to illustrate pitch, and the drum for emphasis.

Mr. Patterson has charge of the class in Literature. The class was reading "The bride had consented, the gallant came late," when the door opens and in walks Mr. Cavins.

Result—All laugh, Mr. Cavins embarrassed.

We have read enough of this poem.

Question—Wonders why all this confusion?

First Person—Mr. Cavins, what poet would you think of if you were standing over the grave of Bob Ingersoll.

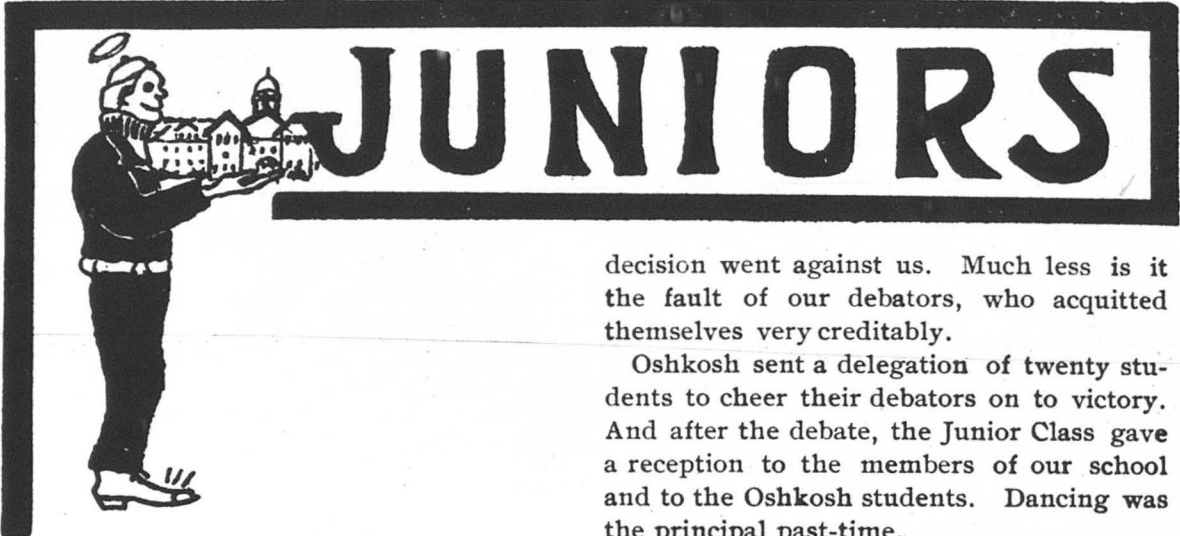
Mr. Cavins—I give up.

First Person—Robert Burns.

Mr. Cavins—I don't see the point. What is there to it?

Conclusion.—Evidently Mr. Cavins is English; for they say people of that nationality have difficulty in seeing the point.

On February 8 and 9, Messrs. Sims, Hippensteel, and Spindler visited Oshkosh on account of the Convention which was held there. During their absence we succeeded in not allowing ourselves to be lonesome. The faculty, who are always so kind and considerate, showered tests upon us from every direction. Now that they are over, we thank them for taking one burden from us.



The Debate between the Juniors of Oshkosh and of our school is an event of the past. It was held in the local Assembly Room on Friday evening March 10, and was one of the very best Literary events of the season. This was evident, as the audience in attendance was the largest and most appreciative of any which has gathered at the school for any event this year.

The question debated was :

RESOLVED, That the dissolution of the large Trusts endangers the best Economic Interests of the United States.

The affirmative was supported by Otto Schreiner, Arthur Murphy, and Alvin Peterson, of Stevens Point; while the Negative was upheld by Charles Meyer, Robert Fischer and Marvin Wallach, of Oshkosh.

The Judges were Professor A. D. S. Gillette of Superior Normal, Professor Fling of Neenah, and Superintendent C. W. Otto of Marshfield.

President Keith of Oshkosh, presided.

The debators on both sides were well trained and showed marked ability. Altho Oshkosh did a little better in delivery than we, our debators had the facts and the arguments to win the debate.

The debate was very closely contested thruout. The decision was given to Oshkosh by a vote of 2 to 1.

Much credit is due to Professor Patterson for his ceaseless efforts to have a winning team. It certainly is no fault of his that the

decision went against us. Much less is it the fault of our debators, who acquitted themselves very creditably.

Oshkosh sent a delegation of twenty students to cheer their debators on to victory. And after the debate, the Junior Class gave a reception to the members of our school and to the Oshkosh students. Dancing was the principal past-time.

One thing of especial interest to be noted was the unusual amount of enthusiasm that was displayed by our students. Cheers and songs were learned for the occasion, and everyone joined in the spirit of the occasion.

The Juniors have decided to have five pages in **THE IRIS**. They will contain the pictures of the Class Officers, the Stevens Point-Oshkosh Debating Team, the Junior Girls Basket Ball Team, and two pages of Literary material.

Mabel Rice has been elected treasurer to fill the vacancy left by William O'Connel who withdrew from school at the close of last quarter.

Norman Knutzen was chosen to represent the class at the State Oratorical Contest, and we had the distinction of being the only class in school who sent a representative.

Three members of the Junior Class took part in the Local Oratorical Contest. Ruth Hetzel, who was chosen as alternate, Myron Williams, and Sydney Murat. This is the largest representation that the Juniors have had in the contest for several years.

The Junior Boys have the honor of holding the Basket Ball Championship of the school for this year, they having defeated the boys of all the other classes combined.

SOPHOMORES

A meeting of the Sophomore Class was called on March 4, for the purpose of deciding whether or not the Class should send one or more of its members to represent them at the State Oratorical Contest at Platteville. If delegates were sent, it would place the Class in an indebted position, which fact furnished the main argument for those who opposed the measure.

Several members took the other view of the question. They maintained that to send delegates was the only way the Class could show its loyalty to the school.

After a prolonged discussion, the motion to send a delegate was voted down.

Just before the Annual Basket Ball Contest there was considerable doubt as to who would receive the honorary first and second places. The team securing the former place would take possession of the trophy cup; the team securing second place, a five pound box of bon bons. The first place looked good to us all, and the enthusiasm of every "Soph." was thoroughly aroused when the "Sophs" beat the big Seniors by a score of twenty-three to twenty-six. A fight for the cup was now on between the "Sophs" and

the Juniors. Although the cup was the envy of both teams, the "Sophs" were obliged to be contented with the second best trophy; namely, a five pound box of bon bons.

Henry Welch has withdrawn from school.

Junior to Sophomore:—Aren't Madge Crandall's tan shoes great?

Sophomore:—Oh, I certainly think they are—great!

Professor S---:—How did it happen that you missed the train?

Catherine:—The train pulled out before I got there.

In Music Class.

MISS MENAUL—Harold, that was the question you missed, was it not?

HAROLD—No; I fell down jumping from the whole to the divided beat.

In Physics Class.

MR. HERRICK—Now James, how would you go at to measure the moisture present in this room?

JAMES—By getting the Relative Stupidity of the air in it.





ARTS · SCIENCES

The share of the work allotted to the Domestic Science girls at the time of the Fair was the preparation and serving of the supper. Each one was given some special work, and the girls are to be congratulated on their success.

The following menu was served:

Mashed potatoes,	Roast pork,
Apple sauce,	Cabbage salad,
Brown bread,	White bread,
Pickles,	Jelly,
	Coffee,
Ice cream,	Cake.

At a recent session of the Board of Regents, matters of special interest to our school were considered and adopted. Those dealing especially with the Arts and Science work are:

Two Years' and Three Years' Courses in Domestic Science and Art have been established, the Two Years' Course giving special training in Domestic Science and Art; while the Three Years' Course is planned to give advanced training in either Domestic Science or Domestic Art, and additional work in the so-called cultural subjects, enabling graduates to fit more admirably into the larger High Schools in which these lines are taught and to teach one or two more Academic lines in the smaller High Schools.

Also, provision has been made for a One Year and a Two Years' Course for students whose purpose is not to teach, but to secure

that advanced training which will enable them to meet the responsibilities imposed by the care of a home in its largest significance; that training which qualifies them to make the home comfortable, sanitary, and beautiful. In the One Year Course for Home Makers, opportunity is offered to take enough Science to give a definite basis for practice; while in the Two Years' Course for Home Makers opportunity for more advanced work along these lines is offered. All High School graduates may enter these courses, the tuition of which will be fixed at a later meeting of the board.

These New Courses become operative and effective at the beginning of the next school year, September, 1912,

It is expected that the addition to the east end of the building will be begun by September 1, 1912. This addition, which will make our beautiful building more symmetrical, comfortable, and adequate, will have the first floor arranged for the housing of the Domestic Science and Art Department, including laboratories, sewing rooms, laundry, kitchens, dining room, and emergency room.

It is certainly very evident that great things are being done to strengthen our Course in Domestic Science and Art.



The long anticipated Tournament is all over. With very little exertion on their part, the valiant JUNIORS have claimed the Dr. Bischoff cup. The Sophomores were content to receive the five pound box of candy.

Since it is customary for only four classes to compete in the Tournament, on Friday, March 8, the Freshman and Sub-Freshman teams contended for the honor of representing their class in the big event. The "Subs" carried off an easy victory, the score being 17 to 5.

On the following Monday, March 11, the Juniors defeated the Sub-Freshmen 42 to 2. The Juniors had the game decidedly in their own hands. Irene Wilhelm made 34 of the total number of points for the Juniors. Had it not been for the illness of Alma Larson, the score might have been still higher in their favor; but even the Juniors owned that it was quite high enough. Mary Miller put up an extra good game for the Sub-Freshmen.

Tuesday evening, the grand old Seniors met defeat at the hands of the Sophomores. Beyond a doubt, this was the most exciting game of the Tournament. The Seniors were confident of victory, and would probably have won, had not Ruth Bennett, their best player, injured her ankle. She finished out the game; but owing to this accident, the Sophomores won by a close call of 26 to 23.

Hazel Whitney did splendid work as forward for the Sophomores. They, too, were at a disadvantage in that one of their best

players, Edna Warner, was absent. Lottie Sheehan substituted.

Wednesday night, the losing teams of the two previous nights, the Seniors and Sub-Freshmen, played for third place. Nettie Welsh substituted for Ruth Bennett on the Senior team. The Sub-Freshmen won the day by a score of 29 to 19.

The final game was played Thursday evening at eight o'clock, between the Sophomores and the Juniors. The Juniors easily defeated their opponents, 33 to 5. After which Dr. Bischoff presented the cup to the Juniors, and the "eats" to the Sophomores.

Following are the line-ups for the different classes in order of their rank:

JUNIORS,

Adelaide Williams, Center.
Irene Wilhelm, Alma Larson, Forwards.
Meta Steffek, Kitty King, Guards.

SOPHOMORES,

Clara Doolan, Center.
Hazel Whitney, Marie Carver, Forwards.
Edna Warner, Grace Polebitski,
Lottie Sheehan, Guards.

SUB-FRESHMEN,

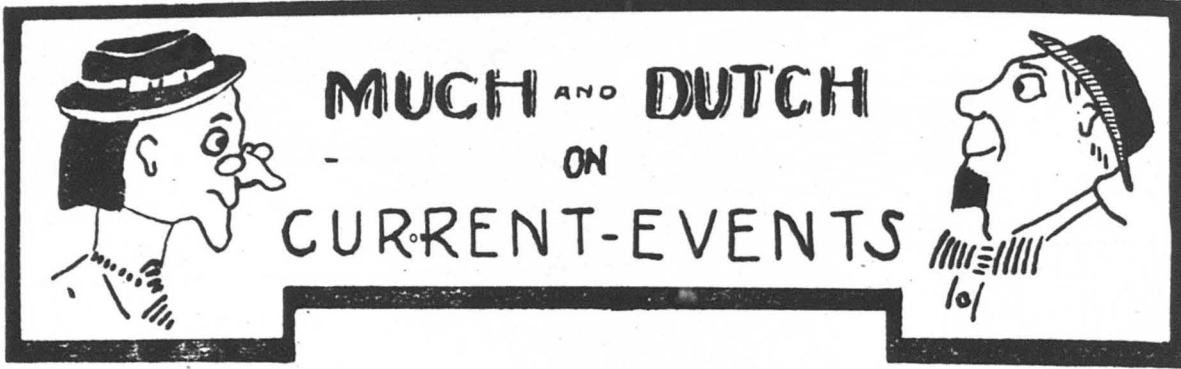
Evelyn Kluck, Center.
Mary Miller, Ada Warner, Forwards.
Helen Collins, Marie Gochy, Guards

SENIORS,

Ruth Bennett, Nettie Welsh, Center.
Fay Holum, Rose Weltman, Forwards.
Lela Potter, Anna Arnold, Guards.

FRESHMEN,

Margery Warner, Center.
Orpha Erickson, Iva Barager, Forwards.
Pearl Skalitzky, Marion Weltman, Guards.



D. Good morning professor. How you vas by dis morning on?

M. Pretty well, sir. And how does the world use you?

D. Dey use me for a door mat already. Say, you got nails in your shoes, too?

M. I? certainly not. I would never oppress man or beast, no never. I have been brought up as a man should be. I am a descendant of men of a lost age.

D. Vat you vas, descendant of a sausage?

M. Nonsense. I am a descendant of the high livers of a lost age.

D. Oh, you descend from a liver-sausage?

M. Yes. That is—"Liver sausage!" Did you say that. If you don't stop that I'll pound your face to a jelly.

D. You do dot. I buy a loaf of bread and we have some lunch. Vot do you said?

M. Stop; or I will be tempted to give you a sound thrashing.

D. All right; I quit already if you answer me one question?

M. Very well; what is it?

D. Is dot Jacobs Wilberslides a Chinese man?

M. A Chinaman? I don't believe so. Why?

D. I just vonder vy he vas so fond of Rice.

M. Say, Dutchy, come up to my house to-day. My horse needs shoeing badly, and I want you to take him to the smith. Do you know where to find a smith?

D. A Smith? Sure; find Schulz.

Say, Professor, here is some poelty I made

up in Manual Training to-day. It isn't planed up very smooth, but it is on the square, anyhow. Here it is:

Dot Salter vas a joker,
Full vay to de brim,
Karl K. he want to see her
Oft; but dot she elude him.
De angry Karl, mit violent thumps,
Swears, "Ho, revenge," and uphe jumbs
"Proclaim it wide to studes and lunks,
Proclaim it wide, I've got the mumps."
In honor to the (sick?) young man,
Came sorrowing "Dot" to hold his
hand,
A week of this undying bliss
Grew fat on Karl, I tell you dis.

M. Very good, Dutchy. Pardon me, I mean Mr. Dinklespeaglebust. You are doing nicely with that sort of thing. I can see that your Literature is doing you an ocean of good.

D. Goot? Yah. I nearly drowned every day. Vat I going to do when it comes dog days?

M. Surely, you can't swim then; you'll have to sink.

D. Vot does dot mean den if I sink into de sink?

M. It means, sir, that you fail. Now, listen: you must work first for a "standing in" with the Professors, then you will stand out above the rest.

D. I must work for a "standing in" to stand out? Say, how can I be in two places at vonce already.



WIT HUMOR

Jokes, jokes, jokes,
In the same old form I write,
And I wish that something new
Would come to my mind to-night.

The Beauty of Our Job.

'Tis great to write Wit and Humor,
'Tis great, my friends, I say,
To see all honor and glory
A coming along your way.
Oft at night we sit
A burning the mid-night oil
Digging up some rusty jokes—
'Tis a laborious toil.
But soon the work is done,
And THE POINTER is published and read.
Then along comes some friendly student
And says, "Your dope is dead."
Still we pretend to be game,
And go at it with a will;
Write something a little more snappy,
And again two pages do fill.
THE POINTER is published and read,
The slams of old we've forgotten,
When along comes a brilliant student
And says the jokes are "rotten."
And so the things go on.
We make an attempt once more,
The results, my worthy friend,
Are like those received before.
THE POINTER is published and read,
And we are called a "Bloke,"
Because we used the name
Of a student in a joke.
'Tis great to Write Wit and Humor;
'Tis great, my friends, I say,
To garner a swarm of enemies,
And have slams coming your way.

IN GEOGRAPHY. Clara T.—In the southern part of Asia we find several kinds of fur bearing trees.

SPIN.—You can generally tell a persons occupation by their appearance and talk.

LOTTIE S.—Well, I do not think that you can do that in all cases. You could not do so in the case of the Normal Faculty.

SPIN.—Well, the teachers are not old enough yet.

There has been a current rumor that the "Dumas" bunch says grace before, after, and during meal time. We never thot that the bunch was so pious, and upon closer investigation we found out that this Grace they say happens to be Grace Lambert.

PROFESSOR PATTERSON says that he could easily divide his Junior History Class into two divisions; namely, Bluffers and Grinders.

There was a young man named Gerdes,
Whom all the girls did adore,
His special point of attraction
Was his polypetalous pompadour.

Questions from the Class Rooms.

GEOGRAPHY.—What is the importance of the transference of heat by affection?

PHYSICS.—Who was A. Molecule?

GRAMMAR.—Does Gender always show whether a man is masculine, feminine, or neuter?

HISTORY.—Did Wilmot Proviso agree with the other politicians of his time?

LITERATURE.—How old was "Thanotopsis" when he met "Annabel Lee?"

Did the "Ancient Mariner" get married to the "Lady of Shalott?"

Or, did she choose one of the "Gentlemen of Verona?"

ALGEBRA.—If you went minus in a plus direction, where would you arrive?

GEOMETRY.—What is the difference between a Triangle and a Three-sided Equation?

MUSIC.—Who wrote the music for the "Declaration of Independence?"

MISS B.—I have taken Professional History.

MISS O.—Under whom did you take it?

MISS B.—I took it under difficulties.

PROF. PATTERSON—Why was Hull's victory important, seeing that he was a nephew of the Hull that surrendered in Detroit?

MISS CAULEY—It gave the Hull (whole) family something to be proud of.

MISS WALTERS—Anything may be spoken of as being saturated.

PROF. O.—What do you mean?

MISS W.—For instance, I am saturated with knowledge.

PROF. O.—Is my hand warmer than the surrounding air?

MISS C.—I don't know; I never held it.

In Junior History Class.

PROF. PAT.—Explain the conditions in New York at the time of the election of 1844.

STUDENT—I can't.

PROF. P.—Now don't pretend that you are a member of the faculty.

BYRON G.—The Grecians gathered at funerals, and all other social gatherings.

PROF. SMITH—Were their funerals social events?

BYRON—They were something like a Polish wedding.

IN GEOGRAPHY. ROSE W. (somewhat frustrated)—The rivers in China are the Yellow Sorrow.

PROF. O.—Well, they may have sorrow, but I don't know of what color it is. I am inclined to think that it's blue.

Revised Edition of the Immortal Soliloquy.

"To flunk, or not to flunk—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the end to suffer
The slurs and zeros of outrageous teachers,—
Or to take arms against a sea of studies
And grind until we get them. 'Tis a consumation
Devoutly to be wished; Arise! recite—
Our grade—perchance a hundred But the rub
Comes when we wish to sleep and dream at
night,
When we are burning bright the mid-night
oil.
It makes us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who can bear to grind, and grind, and
grind,
To burn the gas until your landlady
Is forced to raise your rent, which cuts your
extra cash
Down to a pile which plainly says that you
Must forego candy, roller rink, and shows,
And stick at home like an 'old maid' school
marm,
For a mere hundred? Who would study here,
And grunt and sweat under this weary life,
When gayer activities are going on,
But that the dread that something if he skips
Might take place in the office, to whose
bourne
Some students ne'er return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience makes us study our Hamlet."





TRUE BLUE, Hudson, Wisconsin: We like the spirit shown by your school in your lively little paper.

THE LAKE BREEZE, Sheboygan: Your paper presents a fine appearance. Your Literary Department is excellent. Your cover is very artistic. Congratulations, Sophomores!

PROFESSOR—Your answer is almost as clear as mud.

STUDENT—Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?

LOOK OUT, Derby, Connecticut: Too few cuts. "Look Out" for us; we're worthy of your notice.

To the "Point:":

Cram.

Exam.

Flunk.

Trunk.

—Ex.

STUDE—Yes, she has a diamond.

MORE STUDE—Where did she get it?

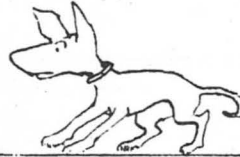
STUDE—At the fruit store.

MORE STUDE—How's that?

STUDE—'Twas a carat.

For several months past we've considered it our duty to embellish this department with something not bearing the "Ex." label. The above is the result of profound thot. Laugh!

EXCHANGE



J.M. CARTHY.

Listen to the blare(ny) of THE TRUMPET, Scandinavia, Wisconsin:

Every department in THE POINTER is headed with a neat and appropriate cut, which gives the paper a very inviting appearance. The paper shows good work on the part of the staff.

The last statement should read in a loud clear tone.

Another boquet.

From THE MESSENGER, Bellingham, Washington:

THE POINTER—Excellent sheet. The class spirit shown is vigorous, friendly, and lively. The Junior Yellow Journal proclaims that Class one of humor; and the Freshmen are positively to be envied for their spiciness and jauntiness of expression.

Thanks!

PROFESSOR—Now we will represent the moon by my hat.

PUPIL—Teacher, is the moon inhabited?

—Ex.

To the Girls.

Every girl needs a chaperone—

Until she can call some "chap-her-own."

—Ex.

If we should have another flood,

For refuge hither fly,

Tho all the World should be submerged,

Burke's speech would still be dry.

—Ex.

LITTLE JOHNNY—Dad, there's a girl in our school whom we call Postscript

DAD—Postscript! what do you call her Postscript for?

LITTLE JOHNNY—'Cos her name is Adeline Moore. —Ex.

PORTER—Dinah is now ready in de dining car.

PASSENGER—The last time I ate on this train I found a button in the salad.

PORTER—Dat's all right, boss; part ob de dressing." —Ex.

MOTHER—Johnny, how is it that you stand so much lower in your studies in January than in December?

JOHNNY—Oh, Everything is marked down after the holiday.

TEACHER—What are the four Seasons?

FRESHMAN—Mustard, pepper, vinegar, and salt.

FIRST GIRL—I got a pearl from an oyster.

SECOND DITTO—That's nothing; my sister got a diamond from a lobster.

"SPEECH was given to man to hide his thots," 'Tis said; but we regret

That there are styles of Penmanship That hide them deeper yet.

THE SIMPLE LIFE—Doing your own work.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE—Doing some other person's work, too.

THE MODERN—Getting some one to do your work.

BINKS—My son is a College man.

JINKS—So? What does he do now?

BINKS—Picks Yale locks.

TEACHER (in Physics)—Say, is there a method to this experiment?

STUDENT—No; it's pure madness.

TEACHER IN GERMAN—Wie kommst du her?

PUPIL—Nobody; I comb it myself.

"The barber told me an interesting story, the other day."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and he illustrated it with cuts."

SOPH.—The girls say I have a very rich voice."

FRESHMAN—Yes; it does sound well—off!

Young Women's Christian Association

The meeting of March 7, was conducted by Mrs. Stemen in an informal and interesting manner. She read and discussed with the girls portions of the book, WHAT IS WORTH WHILE, by Anna Robertson Brown, In the discussion, the following were very strongly emphasized: Helpfulness to others, Unselfishness, Patience, and Contentment with ones lot. She also endeavored to impress upon the girls' minds these maxims: Worry is the rust of the soul. Grasp the Happiness of to-day. Don't wait for that of the future.

The "Looking Backward" Party given in the gymnasium on the evening of March 2, was well attended.

The evening was one joke from beginning to end. As the guests put in their appearance, the laughter and uproar created by the funny attire of a new arrival had scarcely time to subside before a fresh outburst was heard upon the ushering in of another—even more ridiculous than the preceding one.

The entertainment consisted chiefly of physical contests, in which the winners were awarded some appropriate prize.

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