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The **POINTER**



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IRELAND AND HOME RULE

Superior State Normal—First

The stage on which the tragedy of Irish life is being enacted is a country "piteously eloquent of its hapless history. Always and everywhere one feels the brooding presence of the lives that have been lived, of the history made, and of the problems remorselessly bequeathed."

Into this island one beautiful May morning in the twelfth century came Henry II of England on a conquest for land. He plundered the farmhouses where contented peasants lived in simple happiness, and left the island a desert marked by ditches containing the bodies of thousands of martyrs. From this visitation dates the beginning of Ireland's most difficult problem—the problem of the land; for during the next six centuries practically all of the tillable land of the island was taken from the people by force and conferred upon the titled and adventurous favorites of the crown of England. And today this condition is no better. The tillers of the soil, comprising eight-tenths of the people, own but one-tenth of the land, and that the poorest soil of the island. Within an hour's ride of these impoverished districts where starving humanity suffers, slaves, and slowly dies on stony hillsides, are thousands of acres of beautiful rolling fields of green upon which graze but a few scattered herds of cattle. The land laws permitting the existence of such conditions are the most unjust that ever disgraced any statute book in a civilized country.

Nor is this the only evil condition in the little island. Equally pernicious is the system of administration and taxation. With a population about the same as Scotland, Ireland is forced to maintain a police system twice as large, and to pay

five million dollars more for its maintenance. Her judicial system costs her one million a year more. The cost of her total civil government amounts to nearly twice as much, and she enjoys the privilege of supporting five times as many officials. That Ireland in proportion to her ability, is paying fourteen million dollars too much annually, is the verdict of a commission appointed some twenty years ago to investigate her condition. England overtaxes Ireland; she inflicts her with vast and unnecessary burdens; she squeezes out of her about twice as much, in proportion to her means, as she exacts from her own countrymen, and the net result of the whole is an increasing loss.

The indignation of Ireland's sympathizers is further aroused by the chaotic condition of her school system. Poorly equipped schools costing less than the amount paid for her police system; underfed and undertrained teachers administering a curriculum wholly divorced from the economic needs and realities of the country; and, to crown all, a National Board of educational amateurs insensible to Irish ideas; such are the prominent features of the Irish system of education. In our country, the first lesson that the young American learns is to love and cherish the stars and stripes. He is told of the Father of His Country and of the great Emancipator. The educational system of Ireland, however, provides for no such training. The young Irishman is not taught to love and cherish the harp and shamrock; he is not told of Daniel O'Connell and Robert Emmet. Instead he is taught about England and her great men. It would seem that the Irish schools are

maintained to destroy every trace of an Irish civilization. Irish education will never be satisfactory until Irish people have taken it into their own hands.

If anything were wanting to complete this picture of oppression and injustice, it is more than supplied in the great factor of colonization. Seven centuries ago, England planted Ireland with Scotch and English colonists. Their descendants now occupy the county known as Ulster, a hotbed of political unrest. Every nation has its source of social discord. In America it is monopoly; in Germany, taxation; in Persia, finance; and in Ireland it is Ulster. Why is the legislation, administration and taxation of Ireland the most unjust and most poorly managed in the world? Because of the Ulster influence. The citizens of Ulster hold every important government position in Ireland. Is it just that the county of Ulster, containing less than one-tenth of the population of all Ireland, should control the whole country? No. Is this a representative government that gives the people liberty and justice? Emphatically, no.

Such is the fruit of seven hundred years of English rule in Ireland—a rule which Sidney Brooks describes in the following words: "I scarcely know what fault it lacks or what merit it possesses." It has reduced the population of the island from nine million in 1847 to four million today. Every year sees from thirty to forty thousand men and women leaving the country. The young, the vigorous and the fit are fleeing as from a plague; the unfit are staying. Ireland is degenerating into a country of aged and infirm. It is the only white man's country where the number of souls is decreasing instead of increasing from year to year. The nation is gradually dying. If this constant decrease keeps up, "Irishmen will be as scarce on

the banks of the Shannon as Indians on the shores of Manhattan." Alongside of this decrease in population has gone a diminishing of the country's wealth. Ireland is the poorest country in the world. Hundreds of thousands of her inhabitants exist only through contributions from other lands. In thousands upon thousands of families the men and boys must spend six months of the year in England in order to earn enough money to carry the families through the winter. In a word, the Irish in Ireland are kept alive by the Irish who have gone to other lands. The average earning capacity per capita is only seventy-five dollars annually. And this deplorable condition has grown up under the administration of England, the greatest country in the world.

What have the Irish done to deserve such treatment? For a very apt illustration let us turn our attention to the great army of Britain. There is not a battlefield of any importance in modern English warfare that has not been stained by the Irishman's blood. He was with Edward IV in the War of the Roses. He was with Marlborough at the bloody battle of Malplaquet. He led the army that defeated Napoleon at the ghastly battle of Waterloo. He was with that invincible line of red as it swept across the plains of burning African sand. With that line he climbed hand over hand up the slopes of mountains. Boer cannon crumbled the rocks in his face. Boer riflemen poured a storm of bullets about him. His blood has reddened the sod, moistened the grass, and flowed in the streams all over the British Empire. The best British generals from Wellington to Lord Roberts have been Irishmen. On the battle field, when the cannon roar and the muskets blaze, and the blood flows, the Irish troops are always in front bearing the burden. They

are the backbone of the English army. Yet in the eyes of the world the Englishmen and the gentlemen with the bare knees have received all the credit. It is not enough that a few Englishmen should own the soil of England, that she should be overtaxed fourteen million every year, that the educational system should be a curse to the country, that the country should be settled with people who have no interest in its future welfare, that the population is decreasing every year, that it is the poorest country in the world, but added to this into "the wounds of injustice and conquest must be rubbed the salt of insolence and tyranny."

During the last seven centuries, whether in peace or war, famine or plenty, England's greatest national question has been, What shall we do with Ireland? Several similar problems of less importance have been presented to English statesmen and have been solved. The government of Canada, which was fully as unorganized as that of Ireland, was granted Home Rule by England in 1840. In India, a country ten times as large as the British Isles, when the natives revolted and confusion was unprecedented, this great problem was also solved by the granting of Home Rule. Today these nations are among the most progressive of the world. The colonies in South Africa, New Zealand and Australia have all been dealt with in the same way. But during all this time the question of Ireland's fate has remained unanswered. The only satisfactory answer must be the one that England has already given to her other possessions—the granting of Home Rule.

Today the cry of these wronged people has gone out anew and the whole civilized world is considering it. Among Englishmen there is an honest desire to make reparation for the evils which misgovern-

ment has inflicted. In their pathetic attempt to understand Irish character, the old bitterness and rancour have almost died out. The senseless taunt that the Irish are unfit for self-government is heard no more. "Moreover the lesson of South African pacification has sunk deep into their consciousness." They must acknowledge "that even under most adverse circumstances, appeasement and gratitude may be had from a policy of trusting a nation instead of trying to dragoon it. The constitutional objection to Home Rule has inevitably lost something of its influence, and the bugaboo of separation has been deprived of its terrors." It is now only a matter of time until the objections of the Unionists are recognized as economically selfish, bigoted and ignorant; and the last influence directed against independent government in Ireland will be abolished. Then, however inadequate and unstable the Home Rule may be, it will at least embody a policy more honorable to England and less harmful to Ireland than the present administration.

Would Ireland prosper under Home Rule? In building up the character of man or nation no factor is more vital than responsibility, and this sense of responsibility for their own destiny and development, which only Home Rule can give, is precisely what the Irish need. The great farms would smile back in bounteous harvest. Her ships would ply every sea. She would distribute her products to all parts of the world. She would introduce a modern method of education. She would reorganize her government on a more liberal plan. She would distribute her land more equitably. The young and vigorous would not go to other countries. "The little island so long oppressed would forget its wrongs and placing a chaplet of shamrocks above the ashes of her martyrs

would again blossom as a rose."

When the sun of the twentieth century has made its way toward the western horizon, may its last fading rays fall upon the silken folds of the English emblem, side by side with that of the Harp and

Shamrock, floating over Ireland a progressive, enterprising and commercial nation. May it see Home Rule uniting all Irishmen to one another and uniting Ireland to England by ties of mutual happiness and sympathy.

THE HIGHER PATROITISM

River Falls Normal—Second

There are only two powers that can govern human beings, force and reason, war and law. If we do not have the one we must have the other. The greatest problem before the world is how decrease the area of war and increase the area of law until force shall vanish and reason rule the universe.

There was a time when man in his primitive savagery slew his brother with no consciousness of guilt. Then as the curtain of darkness was lifted and enlightened man became an intelligent creature, it was recognized as a crime to thus needlessly take the life of a fellow being. Eventually individuals bound themselves into tribes; later independent states and nations for common protection.

Today man decries the slaughter of man as barbarous. But the ruthless destruction still continues in our international relations. The laurel wreath of human approval awaits the nation which dares to lead in the triumphal march toward international brotherhood, when the nations of the earth shall dwell together in peace and fraternal unity.

It is well to consider carefully the ultimate results of war. What penalties do we pay the insatiable God of War when patriotism calls for devotion to fatherland.

Armed strife saps and destroys the vitality of a nation. It results in the survival

of the unfit. During the conquests of the Mad Napoleon over four million Frenchmen were sacrificed to his personal ambition. Four million of the strongest, the noblest blood, the flower of France murdered to satisfy the uncontrollable greed of a single human being. The battle line has no room for the laggard, the coward, the weakling. War consumes the bravest, the most valiant, the most patriotic of the human race. And posterity has paid the penalty. The stature of the French is today over two inches shorter than the average stature two hundred years ago. Today the French peasant is but a weakling, the son of a coward, the child of the scum of the cities. The unexcelled strength, fearlessness and patriotism were forever lost to France and the world. Our own degeneration in the South immediately after the war which robbed us of five hundred thousand able-bodied young men was the result of this same cause, the extermination of the best.

Fierce and bloody battles do not add to the righteousness of a controversy. Might does not make right. The guilty murder of thousands of innocent men adds neither argument nor weight to the virtues of the question at issue. Justice abides not always on the side of the strong nor is the most powerful nation the winner of the war necessarily the one to whom the spoils are due. That the weak should yield to

the dictates and avarice of the strong is both unfair and unjustifiable. Humanity has discarded this barbarous view centuries ago and nations are recognizing the falseness of its logic. Yet Russia attempts to encroach upon the boundaries of Norway merely to secure an outlet to the sea. And what can the peaceful Norse peasant do against the towering Russian Bear? What could the simple Danish folk do against the greed of the German when they seized Holstein? Has patriotism descended so low that it demands the immense sacrifice of human lives to help in the stealing of another's territory? Heaven forbid!

The human mind can scarcely imagine the vast sums of money wasted annually by the nations of the world hearkening to that indefensible cry, "In times of peace prepare for war."

In 1912 Germany expended \$435,000,000, amounting to over nine-tenths of her entire revenue, on her army and navy. The war debt of Europe today exceeds twenty-six billions of dollars, figures so amazing that we can but get a hazy conception of them. Our own peaceful land expends over \$400,000,000 annually in a manner repulsive to the ideals of peace.

A single battleship costs \$12,000,000. This amount if wisely divided among the poor and needy roaming our large cities tonight would warmly clothe and feed six hundred thousand of them. The cost of a single shot from one of our large battleships would give a man a college education.

If Japan today were to appropriate for useful means one-tenth of what she expends annually on armaments she could relieve the suffering and appease the hunger of her own land and that of the teeming Chinese. We hear reports that thousands die there of starvation each day.

And still the government begs monies to feed her people while she appropriates millions to selfish capitalists who arouse the false ideals of patriotism, which results in the slaughter of innocent men. Oh, the fallacy of this system of today! How flimsy its pretext.

Not only do the nations pay this direct cost, but they pay indirectly a vastly greater amount through the drain of forces which should be used in the production of wealth. The German nation maintains a standing army of five hundred thousand able-bodied young men, while Russia's peace army consists of 1,200,000 soldiers.

Like parasites they prey upon the meager income of the honest, hard-working citizen. Think of the enormous wealth which would be set free were these men but allowed to return to their own pursuits. Think of the vast burden of taxes which would be lifted from the shoulders of the simple peasant folk, were we but to put into practice the principles taught us by the great Prince of Peace, "Love thy fellow man."

It is upon the toilers that the burdens of war fall most heavily. It is from their rank that is drawn a vast proportion of victims who are offered up as sacrifices on the altar of carnage and destruction. It is they who go down in droves into unknown graves, who endure all the hardships and horrors of war and reap none of its benefits and little of its glories.

Nothing arouses the pride, the spirit of patriotism in a citizen today as the quick tread of soldiers marching off to war. How our hearts quicken as the glorious pageant comes to view, the sound of martial music, the fife and drum, at our country's flag as it waves proudly to the breeze. How brave and courageous are the "Boys in Blue" in their new, glitter-

ing uniforms, proudly carrying their muskets. How joyously they wheel into position at the command of their generals. What an inspiring sight! How it thrills and fires our very souls! And the multitudes shout their hurrahs! And we, burning with patriotism, cheer them on—ON, to what!

Go with me now, if you will, to the battlefield. Here are our soldier boys, strewn on the field. All is confusion! The simmering bomb plows up the earth. The iron hail cuts the quivering flesh, the steel bites to the bone, the cannon shot crashes through the serried ranks. Under a cloud of smoke that hides both earth and heaven the desperate struggle goes on. The day wanes and the struggle ceases. On the one side arises the triumphant cries of victory, on the other the groans of defeat. But under the tumultuous joy there are bleeding bosoms and inconsolable tears. Whether in victorious or defeated lands the shudder of widowhood and orphanage runs far and wide through the world.

The meek moon breaks the dissipating veil of conflict and rolls in calm and majestic splendor over the scenes of the dead and wounded. Could you but hear the heartrending cries and shrill outbursts of anguish piercing the calm, peaceful air, or the softer murmurings of home and loved ones, you who sit idly by, scarcely knowing the meanings of war, would rouse yourself to action to become among the most ardent advocates of peace.

Could you but stand on the blood-drenched field of battle and see the mangled forms and festering heaps of the dead and wounded, how this piteous plea of the Silent would cause you to revolt against the tinsel patriotism which arouses the baser man. Then your tears would melt with those of the thousands of bereaved ones, and your prayers mingle

with that of the disconsolate mother for the abolition of war and its fearful atrocities.

And as you sit in this calm and peaceful hall tonight, are you willing, oh fathers, oh mothers, that your son, in the bloom of manhood, the pride of your heart shall be torn from you, carried away to satisfy the thirst of bestial man? God forbid!

Do you wonder then that the enlightened Christian world protests against this, the foulest blot upon our civilization? Will you not join us then in our plea for international brotherhood,

“When, man to man, the world o'er
Shall brother be for a' that.”

Already that refulgent star, the hope, the promise of peace, casts its rays over the civilized world. Next Christmas eve will commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of peace between English speaking people. Norway and Sweden, Holland and Denmark, and the South American Republics have already agreed to settle all further disputes by peaceful arbitration. All of the great countries of the world settle all cases not affecting national honor at International Court of Arbitral Justice at The Hague. This court settles on an average twelve important cases a year. In 1907 the Central American Republics agreed to establish a Court of Justice which has jurisdiction over all cases arising between them.

High up on the crest of the wind and snow-swept Andes, three miles above the sea, on the boundary line of Argentine and Chili, has been erected the ideal exemplification of this higher patriotism. War between these two nations seemed inevitable. It seemed necessary in order that the national boundaries be defined, that the strip of disputed territory be stained with blood.

Then the Argentinian and Chilian, rising above the vainglories of self-love, the cause of this false patriotism which rulers and conquerors seek to thrust upon the world, discarded the solution through force and agreed to peaceful arbitration. The signing of the final boundary which forever abolished war between these nations was well worth immortalizing in marble and bronze. And there, on the boundary, stands the statue of Christ, the Great Prince of Higher Patriots, cast from molten cannon, immovable as the earth itself. Buffeted by the snows, it raises its redeeming cross and pierces the mists of evening. On its pedestal we read this solemn pact: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble unto dust than Argentinians and Chilians break the trust which here at the foot of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

The old form of patriotism has been responsible for past wars and for the present hesitancy of many in this movement for peace. The old patriotism had been translated into a martial spirit. It taught

men to repeat that slogan: "My country, right or wrong." Let us tonight learn a new patriotism which shall change that slogan into these words, "My country, when she is right; my country, may she always be right; my country, when she is wrong, may God help to turn her to the right."

This higher patriotism shall define the honor of a nation to consist not in the possession of arms which shall hold all other nations at bay, but in the exercise of powers which shall inspire men everywhere to achieve the victories of peace.

We must teach that higher patriotism which inculcates the idea that the ballot is more effective than the bullet, that the plowshare is more honorable than the sword, that the hammer is more noble than the musket, that the merchant vessel is more majestic than the battleship, that the schoolhouse is a greater fortress than any arsenal, that war is savagery and that Universal Peace is the highest achievement of civilization.

RAY SANFORD ERLANDSON.

HAMLET, THE DANE

Plattville State Normal—Third

The supreme and abiding interest of man is man himself. No mystery without is so elusive and so perplexing as the mystery within. The problems which confront the passing ages are dwarfed by that insistent query as to man, which interrogates the fleeting years 'twixt the eternities. The great enigma that time and intelligence have failed to solve is human life. But because the human heart is strangely changeless, the mystery of man is even yet humanity's profoundest and most fascinating riddle. The changeless laws of human love; the very human-

ness of humanity, with all its merriment and pathos, hopes and fears, victories and defeats; its origin and destiny—these are the things that have invited in all times the hungry yet trepid inquiry of our common kind. Where is he who has not in life's solitudes tried to drop the plummet of his mind into the deep reaches of his soul? Who has not prayed a glimpse of the before and after?

Midst the crowded avenues of history, art and literature, there stands one magnetic figure designated as the very incarnation of this mother-mystery of man. He

is the focal point of countless attributes of our common humanity. HAMLET, the Dane; mystic, philosopher, lover, murderer, man, is not alone "The Sphinx of Literature," but the multi-colored spectrum of life itself. 'Tis true he is but half a man, the other half a myth—"the airy fabric of a poet's brain"—and yet so universal a piece of flesh and blood is he that from his place in Danish history he has stepped forth, to tread in solitude, throughout the ages, the corridors of man. Like the master intellect which gave him birth, he is indeed an ocean, and withal an ocean that three centuries of sounding have failed to fathom. Nay, more than that, out upon this trackless main the greatest mariners of the years have lost their bearings; he has eluded their searching, and they have returned nigh unto void. Ruskin says, "Hamlet is indolent"; Taine remarks, "It is the story of moral poisoning"; Knight declares, "The comprehension of this tragedy is the history of a man's own soul"; Voltaire concluded Hamlet to be the work of a drunken savage; "Doubt, counseled by a ghost," is the great Hugo's summary; Goethe says: "He is a lovely, pure, noble and most moral figure—without the strength of nerve that makes a hero"; while Howard Furness suggests that "No one of mortal mould (save Him whose blessed feet were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross) ever trod this earth commanding such absorbing interest as this Hamlet."

Oh strange paradox! Thou mystery! Why dost thou at once with open arms invite our company to fill our souls with awe and wonder, and yet with upturned palm forbid our near approach?

This semi-phantom Hamlet, because he has outstripped the panting ages as they have tried to "pluck the heart out of his

mystery," is the most arresting figure to the race, and the master product of the human mind.

Companion with him for a moment if you will. From the slender shoulders of the melancholy figure hang the somber robes of filial mourning. But a month or so ago he followed to the open tomb his kingly and his godly father, whose death came—so the story went—by the stinging of a serpent. This sorrow had made of him a shadow upon the splendor of a court that was all too easily comforted. The wedding of his seeming chaste and virtuous mother, to his uncle, with such speed that

"The funeral baked meats"

"Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,"

rather than mitigate his sorrow, lashed his heart with the tempests of a furious mis-giving. All was not well. To this young noble Dane these things boded nought but ill. Into the yawning chasm of his soul, his friends poured the strange news of an earthly visitant—an apparition like unto his father. With quivering nerve and hand on hilt, he dragged his shuddering frame to meet the specter upon the midnight watch, and there he listened to a tale of woe, that alas, confirmed the prophecy of his soul. The serpent that stung his father's life—now wore his crown; a lustful hand had blotted from his mother's cheek the blush of modesty; the nation was deluded with a murderer's lie; which murderer was none other than his uncle. It was a hell of vice, and in its midst Hamlet, the youthful dreamer, was called upon to be vindicator of his family's honor, and the avenger of his father's murder.

His exhortation found him apt. He took this new-imparted truth; to him it was a flaming torch with which to blaze

the trail for retribution. No human breast was ever urged to duty by more powerful motives, nor mortal man confronted with more subtle evils. Here lie the conflict and the tragedy: "The Hamlet of Shakespeare in the Denmark of history." A youth of thought and speculation, with a gentle, sensitive heart, fighting a battle to assert moral order in a realm of moral confusion and chaos; righting the wrong in his departing moments only, amid reeking streams of human blood and a mess of human carnage.

The heart of the Hamlet mystery, and the very core of incessant controversy that relates to it, seek to explain the reason for his constant shrinking and vascillating, his failure to obey the message from the grave, and sweep to his revenge. The theories of this delay may thus be grouped: First, the subjective theory, making the reason a personal one; and, second, the objective theory, which presumes to find the cause in the nature of the task assigned to him. Truth is in both views; the whole truth is in neither. This is a tragedy of inner conflict and reflection, but it is enacted in a positive paralysis of circumstances. My friend, it is the master tragedy of life. The moral turmoil that embroiled the state was no greater than the inner conflict which surged in Hamlet's mind. The spirit from his father's grave cried to him "Revenge! Revenge!" but an insistent voice within him checked his response with those eternal words, "Vengeance is Mine. I will repay." The passion to revenge his father's murder locked his fingers round his rapier, but his musings upon death, and the projecting of his thought into that land from which no traveler returns, left him limp and nerveless. He is a prince of speculators, brilliant of intellect and spa-

acious of soul, but his reason wages such constant warfare with his heart that while the latter urges him to action, the influence of his mind controls him, and he remains inert. In a moment of excitement he swears to enact a terrible deed, from which his reflective moments make him to recoil,

"And thus the native hue of resolution"

"Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

The spasm to fling his whole soul into a single act, he may have, but the power to concentrate his strength and marshal his resources to overwhelm the hordes of wickedness which engulfed him, he did not possess. Within his mother's chamber, while in the supreme effort to reclaim her erring soul, he instantly resheaths his rapier in the mousing courtier who moves behind the arras, leaving him lifeless who was mistaken for his betters; and anon, his quaking hand points his steel upon his murderer-uncle, who kneels in vain to agonize at devotion, but he rests his blade on the pretense of rather choosing to retain him for the flame than speed him to felicity.

Well has the contrast been made between this scene of fitful paralysis and that hurricane of sin engendered by Macbeth. One invokes the powers of blackness to cover up his crime; the other craves a ray of light to illuminate his duty; Macbeth's heinous selfishness breeds murderous schemes, Hamlet's mind requires the span of life to circumvent his father's slayer; Macbeth's active blade steams with the blood of murder, Hamlet's sheath retains its steel when lust parades before him; Macbeth is black, Hamlet is translucent; Macbeth, the character of supreme depravity, repels us; Hamlet, pregnant with intense humanity, attracts us.

So, in harmony with modern thought, we offer Hamlet as the immortal bard's philosophy of human life and history; the product of his deep and subtle musings upon the mighty maze of man. He is the universal type; the pulsing human heart, so free from witchcraft and self-interest that his nature is ever good. His very faults and weaknesses are born of his humanity, and the sudden flashes of his genius and triumph are alike mothered. He is not so much humanity idealized as he is humanity individualized. Beneath his inky cloak the master stroke of genius has placed a "myriad-minded" man. William Hazlitt says, "It is *we* who are Hamlet." "No man ever lived who might not find in the great sweep of this man's soul at least one landmark of his own history. We can interpret him only as we consider the nature of our own minds. One has said, "The poet's work is to project upon the screen of our imagination pieces of human life." This is the perfection of such art, made as 'twere of such dim outlines and with so many wide gaps, that although we are never left without some suggestion for the completion, yet we construct Hamlet as we will—nay, we construct him as we *must*—of the many infinite longings and misgivings whose presence fills the human breast.

In the narrative and actions of this man is symbolized the every aspect of that ceaseless warfare between the human will and destiny; between the law that orders all within, and the relentless forces that operate without. It is the episode of every man who struggles through darkness into light. This mystic prince personifies that divine sense of justice, that inherent hate of wrong, that craving after liberty and truth which is the sole dynamic of our progress. The truth of the delineation

judge, oh you, whose souls have braved the agony of moral conflict, whose thoughts persist in straying where no footing can be found, whose lamp of youthful hope has burned but dimly in your native born distrustfulness, whose conflict has been ever against the unequal odds of circumstance. Here is a soul who mirrorizes you. Here also he stoutly holds his tongue till truth impels his speech; whose arms will wage no war till honor needs his blow; whose tears flow warm and free e'en though his blow draw but the oppressor's blood, and yet whose spirit of wrath and vengeance sweep at last upon deceit and lustfulness with the fury of a hurricane.

Who will belittle the heroism of this great struggle? Behold this man beneath the high blue skies of youth, in the withering blast that issued from a father's grave, and hear him in the sunless days that followed, breathing forth the philosophy of his soul in this precept:

"Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument.

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor's at the stake."

Stared at by lust, haunted by murder, plotted against by sin; robbed of throne, lover, mirth, slumber, and almost of virtue; driven to the verge of suicide; hounded by a murderer-villain; Hamlet gives his life to his momentous task. 'Tis "upon such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense."

We are always loath to bid adieu to such a man as this; yet with his noble friend Horatio, we give him once again "Good-night," leaving with him some part of us, of weakness or of strength, to make of him the universal type, whose mystic greatness gathers yet more luster amidst the mists of time.

A SOLDIER OF THE COMMON WEAL

Oshkosh State Normal—Fourth

In the British Empire, in the mighty republic of the United States, even in the new commonwealth of China, and throughout all the world today, we are defeating and dispersing the vandal hordes of Special Privilege. Before this rising tide of triumphant democracy entirely sweeps away the memories of the past, consider the events of human progress in the last one hundred years. At the dawn of the nineteenth century, Great Britain presented a picture of social misery as sad as the sun ever shone on. Fairy-designed tapestries and lily-leaved laces were woven "by children of nine or ten years of age, who were dragged from their squalid beds at three or four o'clock in the morning, and were compelled to labor for a bare subsistence until eleven or twelve o'clock at night—their limbs wearing away, their frames dwindling, their humanity sinking into a stone-like torpor—utterly horrible to contemplate." Such enormous profits were realized in a short time as to work a transformation in the whole system of British manufactures. It was this strange and almost monstrous factory system which Hamilton was so eager to foster in the United States, to make our women and children of economic use. When this factory system was born, Jupiter must have sent one of his Furies to brood over its cradle. As an infant prodigy it revolutionized the realms of its economic home—England. As a striping it strangled Napoleon at Dresden and Waterloo. At full maturity society, like unto another Frankenstein, had created a demon seemingly beyond control; but a wonderful transition has occurred, and we no longer think ourselves like

Laïcoön in the coils of a serpent sent from the sea to constrict us; for the good of factories has been harnessed, while the evil is fast running to decay.

The forces which blasted this victory for humanity were kindled by that little known and still unsung citizen of the world—Robert Owen. The scroll of Fame records him not as one who throned or dethroned kings, who revamped the boundary lines of nations, or who stamped his personality upon an epoch; but rather it blazons his name as one who loved his fellow men. "Crowns, coronets, mitres, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and military display," he viewed as baubles light as air beside the peace and happiness of the people among whom he lived. He was the prophet of the changing social order.

At nine years of age this son of a North Wales draper left school, at nineteen he was superintending a cotton mill of five hundred hands, and at twenty-nine he was the master weaver of England. He first gained recognition while managing the factory of one of England's cotton lords. Then he was known as a "crank" because he strove to alleviate the poverty of his workmen and blot out their immorality. No one interfered with his liberal plans so long as the mill ground out good profits; but when negotiations were opened to sell the plant it was stipulated that Owen be discharged. Being summoned before the board of directors, he came expecting his dismissal. One of the chief owners offered the young man various rewards if he would surrender his contract. Drawing a bated breath, the youth slipped the precious paper from his

pocket into the open fire, and pausing a painful moment, he said:

"I have destroyed the contract. Men, to me, are more than money!"

Soon after, the young altruist acquired a large factory in Scotland, and here he began that series of coöperative experiments which in later years he carried to fruition in our own country. Owen's first edict in the town of New Lanark was to close every private store, since inferior and adulterated products were being sold, and to open in their stead one huge paternalistic institution. Commodities were sold at just enough advance to cover the estimated cost of handling, nevertheless the returns were large enough to start unusual experiments in child education which drew twenty thousand visitors in a few years. Before the woodsman's axe should spare the mighty forests, before the floods of wasting waters should be husbanded, before the virgin furrows should be reserved, he believed the greatest conservation movement to be the education of the child. The simple-minded village folk were suspicious of his intentions at first, but by his many human acts he won them over to love and gratitude. When the Embargo Act was laid by President Jefferson of the United States, it not only consigned our cotton and marine to rot in eastern ports, but also condemned the hordes of unemployed English weavers to starve. During this period of enforced idleness, Robert Owen paid his workmen their wages in full. A deputation of jealous manufacturers came to the small town "to muck-rake" scandals, and went away silent witnesses of its orderliness and thrift. Man, Owen believed, was the creature of environment and not of religion; yet in stern hostility the Church of England raised her oriflamme to wage a Holy War upon him, and one of its

rectors spoke in shuddering warning "against any system of morals that does away with God (?), fixing its salvation in flower gardens and ragged schools." The Great Utopian did not bow to the world and the world bowed not to him; for he knew, as all prophets must know, that people living in a sink-hole of economic wrong will not ascend an Olympus of spiritual right. Did the old prophet Elijah ask that a sinful nation be extirpated? Rather did he pray that the sky overhead be brass and the earth under foot be dust—and the Lord of Hosts heard the cry and it rained not for three long years. When the people hungered and starved they were ready to destroy the priests of Baal, ready to listen to the words of truth.

In writing to his close friend, the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, Owen explained, "For twenty-nine years in New Lanark we did without the necessity of magistrates or lawyers, without intemperance or religious animosities. We reduced the hours of labor, well educated all children from infancy, improved the condition of adults, paid interest on capital, and cleared upwards of three hundred thousand pounds profit." The ambition of other manufacturers seemed solely to have been to fuse the poverty of the many with the avarice of the few. Like an Acadian garden in the midst of rank luxuriance, Owen's project commanded the admiration of powerful friends in Parliament who arranged that he explain his plans for social redemption before them. He came gladly to explain his views, and gave his idea of coöperation the name Social-ism.

The impulse of his mighty soul was felt throughout the civilized nations of the globe. He provided the engineer Fulton with funds to perfect the inventions

which later propelled the *Clermont* up the Hudson. He went to France to visit Pestalozzi and introduced some of his plans for child education into the schools at New Lanark. Again he encouraged Lancaster and Bell to establish schools for the poor with one-fourth of his million-dollar fortune. Even distant and turbulent Mexico heard of him and offered her state of Texas if he would colonize it. He federated the trade unions of England a million strong and led a march of eighty thousand men presenting a petition to the government to free the Dorchester strikers. Not only did he command the respect of men of wealth but also men of poorer lot looked to him as leader. He raised the first battle cry against child labor and fought in the front phalanx for the passage of the first Factory Act. To-day the forty-eight legislatures of our forty-eight states reverberate with clash of debate upon these very measures. Even the old philosophies of Natural Rights and Individual Liberty are crumpling in the grip of Social Justice and Human Freedom. To the last day of a long life Owen did not cease lecturing to assist coöperative enterprises, and did not cease advocating the eight-hour day.

Fearing the enmity of long established prejudices, intolerant clergy, and bitter business competitors, would throttle the great scheme after his death, he withdrew from New Lanark to plant his ideas in a virgin soil unhampered by the society he was seeking to regenerate. Associating with him a corps of scientists and Pestalozzian teachers, he began anew in this country in southern Indiana. The town was christened New Harmony, and the people of the world were invited to come and live in this community of brotherly love. So long as Owen remained to guide it, this medley of nations labored with

enthusiastic zeal, but when he left it to other hands, Eris threw her apple of Discord into the camp of Harmony, first causing it to split into eight separate colonies and then disband entirely. The Great Utopian whose every other business venture had been a success, whose ever lavish fingers scattered more than a million dollars, the man without guile or bitterness or anger—Robert Owen viewed the wrecked ideals of his paternalistic scheme, and returned at last to the home of his birth—a sad but unconvinced man.

Owen, together with his four sons, is linked with some of our nation's noblest events. When Jay made our first commercial treaty with England, he stipulated at first that the United States should not export cotton because he did not know cotton was an American crop! Fourteen years earlier, however, Robert Owen had imported into England the first bale of cotton which came from the South. His eldest son was elected from Indiana to the House of Representatives, where he drafted the incorporation bill of Smithsonian Institution, pushed the annexation of Texas, and played a major part in the Oregon boundary dispute. His son David became head of the United States Geological department, directing the survey of our own state of Wisconsin, besides Iowa and Minnesota, and another son was made first president of Purdue University. When the free government at Washington was arrayed against the seditious government at Richmond, the Invisible government of Wall street strove to wreck our Ship of State, and it was a son of Robert Owen who disclosed the sixteen million dollar frauds of the army contractors! When the Proclamation of Emancipation flashed in rubric of living flame from the impassioned pen of Lincoln, it was, says Chief Justice Chase, another son of Rob-

ert Owen who should march down the ages sharing the halo which encircles the spirit of our first martyr president!

I do not ask you to remember Owen as a spinner of cotton, a wizard of finance, a builder of fanciful Utopias, or as the father of noble sons. I do ask you to remember him as the prophet who understood that the civilization of to-day would be forged in the factories, and the progress of to-morrow would spring from the achievements of the past. Remember him rather as the man who wakened the dormant forces of social justice and child education, of coöperation and human brotherhood, until now these forces haunt our halls of legislation advancing political parties who espouse them, and shattering political puppets who oppose them.

With all nations locked in the forward strides of a world-wide advance, we shall ere long see Industrial Despotism deposit her tarnished crown at the feet of Industrial Democracy.

When the dreams of the Great Utopian are realized, then wealth will gush forth without child labor, property will be used without inhumanity, the machine will become the servant and not the master of mankind, progress will come without poverty,

"Until there is a sound
The world around,
A stir in every breast;
The toilers wake
Prepared to shake
The chains from all oppressed."

THE CRY OF THE SLUMS

LaCrosse State Normal—Fifth

Any nation has truly reached the height of her glory when she stands out recognized and honored among the world powers, because of the virtue of her homes and the character and thrift of her individual citizens. Likewise every nation which has ever fallen to decay, fallen from her position as a world power, has first allowed the awful seeds of vice and neglect to creep in; and the weeds springing up from these have choked out the blossoms which can thrive only in the atmosphere of pure homes—choked out the blossoms and left a desolate waste.

We of the present generation of Americans feel that we are standing in the limelight of the world's stage. America stands out to the world as the ideal nation. What nation has contributed more to the general progress of the world? What nation has done more for the up-

lift of the peoples groping in darkness? What nation is more beloved by her own children? Where waves another flag over so many homes of peace and contentment?

There are homes of peace—yes, but hark! Is that a human voice we hear crying out in pain? Come, let us follow the sound. It takes us out from the heart of a great city, out from the main streets into the tenement district where smokestacks and sky-scrapers loom up black and gloomy, casting long, dark shadows over the victims toiling there below. Back through a dark alley we stumble.

Can it be that this is our America? No! There is nothing American about this neighborhood. America does not mean rickety tenements with a few dingy windows stuffed with cast-off garments; America does not mean dark alleyways

teeming with the filth and dirt of generations; America does not mean lightless, airless rooms and beast-like congestion; it does not mean degradation and hopelessness living side by side. This place is not America; it is the slum.

Here the call is loud. It is not the cry of one human voice; it is the moan of the human soul, not of one soul, but of thousands. "Give us sunlight and air! Give us room to breathe! Give us light, more light by which to live! Give us our birthright!"

Down through the filth of the alley we pick our way. The refuse, cast out from the windows by ignorant mothers, lies in the backyards breeding disease. Here puny babies play on the filth; older children on whose pallid faces the light of joy is seldom seen, dig through the garbage barrels. Here is their only playground.

No wonder that this is a breeding place of disease, that tuberculosis thrives, that infant mortality reaps its harvest, for there is no attempt at sanitation. Here we find cesspools and garbage cans under sleeping-room windows. One cistern supplies water for ten families, and into this one cistern drains the water thrown down from the back doors. Boards and boxes and decaying fruit mixed with ashes are strewn through the back premises.

Here have been reared the tenements containing but not sheltering the wretched hordes crowded beneath water-rotted roofs or burrowing among the rats in clammy cellars. Beyond in the deeper gloom of the alley skulk the tramp and the thief with the loathsome wrecks, who once laid claim to the name of woman. Here in backroom and cellar flourish the low dives—yes—quite safe from the law, so long as the police are repulsed by the

filth through which they must climb to reach them.

To escape this sickening sight let us pass on into the buildings. Alas! We find them no better. The hallways are dark and musty, and mould is gathering on the doorsteps. In the basements the toilers of the sweatshops are grinding out their lives in the struggle for a livelihood. On the upper floors amid the gloom of the shadows we find the starving men and whitefaced women who know little of life but the struggle for bread and the necessity to fight back the adverse forces of nature which are almost too much for them. Let us open some of the doors and look in. Here in a close, foul room we discover a woman dying with smallpox, a case which has been concealed from the authorities. Her son and his family in the next room are sorting over rags to be sent to the paper mill. Passing on to the next family, we learn that the father is in the sweatshop; the mother is wearing her life away in the factory; a little girl who should be in school is caring for the home (Oh, would that we could truly call it home!) and watching over a sick baby. A little farther on we find a pale mother who cannot keep her babies clean because she is not strong enough to carry water from the cistern in the backyard. She dares not send her little girl, for she is apt to meet on the dark, slippery stairs, the brutes of men who lodge in the same building. Here in two box-like apartments fourteen persons eat and sleep. Beds are often rented both for the day and for the night. Factory girls who rent beds for the night cannot come to their rooms until ten o'clock. Is it any wonder that they are enticed to places where they find light and excitement? Is it any wonder that in their desperation and ignorance they are led on to where music calls them and

where they find companionship, though that place be Hell itself, and their companions the agents of Satan? Oh, American mothers, do not condemn these poor, misguided girls too harshly, girls who know not what "Home" is, know not what "Mother" means, know not what true joy is. Do not condemn until you have mothered the motherless, until your hearts have reached out to all daughters, and you have become world-mothers. Then you will not condemn, but only love and pity.

Yes, here in the slum there is only toil and sleep, and toil and dirt, and toil. Here in this nightmare of dirt and noise and foul odors, with scanty food and scanty light and scanty air, without one glimpse of beauty or of comfort, on the bare rock of grim existence, these of the next generation of Americans are being reared.

What has brought this curse upon our beloved America? The coming of the slum has been associated with the advent of the races of immigrants and with a development of the factory system. It is true that these have been the two strongest factors in the growth of the slum evil in America. But the slum is as old as civilization. Ancient Rome had its slums. In the race of life, there are always some who fall behind and become victims of their environment. In the backward slide, they drag others with them. Then they leave as a legacy this bad environment to the next generation. Growing out of these conditions comes the slum, bearing with it the destruction of the home and the breaking down of civic morals.

These slums are found not only in the depths of our great cities; some small villages are infested with the same problems. Where are they? Some are in my town, some in your city, some in other cities.

Yes, some are found across from the church. "But people going to church pass by on the other side. They do not know that some have fallen among thieves, have been bruised and beaten, and are in need of their oil." Out on the skyline, the church spires stand out blacker than the smoke in which the alley is shrouded. An American flag waves on the schoolhouse in the distance, and we are all so busy watching its folds waving in the breeze, so absorbed in the beauty of the cross on the spire that we do not observe that the shadow of the cross falls upon this pest-hole of neglect.

It seems strange that so many of these tenements are owned by men and women who stand high in church, social and business life. Yes, they believe in the motto of the followers of the humble Nazarene: "Even as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." They believe in it so far as it concerns themselves and others of their own class. To be sure, some do not know the conditions in their tenement houses, but it is high time they should know. Some do know, but do not care so long as they live on in luxury. While the idle rich, the millionaires, and multi-millionaires are fretting because they can find no new and novel means by which to waste their wealth for their own selfish enjoyment, they know that hundreds down in the slums are dying from starvation, hundreds are dying for want of air and sunlight.

Yes, America has grown great and wealthy; from her ports has passed the food which has fed the hungry of the East. Her foreign foes have been vanquished; the shackles have been stricken from her black men. She stands for political freedom. Yet in the gloom of her back streets are huddled a multitude in poverty and ignorance. From them as-

cends a cry which has in it a note of menace. The problem of hopeless poverty, yet unsolved, grown greater by the added dregs of the Old World, mocks America. We build our battleships, but allow vice to rage on unopposed. We spend millions to punish crime, but make little provision to prevent the conditions which produce crime. It is not natural inclination, but bodily want and starvation that drive the toiler in the sweatshop to degradation. He is but the victim of our inhuman civilization—a product of our slums. We drain malaria-breeding swamps, but we allow these city swamps to remain and grow without restriction.

This slum problem must be solved. Either America must wipe out her slums, or her slums will wipe out America. How can we do it? We plead with our legislatures for better housing laws. The congestion in our great cities must be relieved. We ask for a stronger enforcement of law. Of what use are laws on our statute books when our public officials can be bribed to be blind to vice? We plead for places of recreation for the children of our tenements. Youth cries out for freedom, joy and companionship. These children of our slums more than any other

children on earth need God's sunlight and the pure air of America to fill their stifled lungs. We plead for a broader education which teaches our boys and girls the dangers on the way. We ask for more hygiene in our public schools. We should have sanitary inspection of the homes of foreign immigrants, and instruction should be given by whole-hearted workers who are interested in the greatest and most pressing needs of humanity.

Oh, men and women of America, there is a spirit within us which must go homeless until these poor are housed. Shall we then, by our inactivity and lack of interest, allow generation after generation of the starving population of our great cities to struggle on and perish in the darkness of ignorance and vice? Will progressive America remain deaf to the cry arising from her cities—a cry for help which conceals a note of menace? No! When the workers among our cities' poor, when the mothers in our Christian homes, when the men who control our government reach out the hand of neighbor rather than the hand of charity, then America will have solved this problem; then America will have stilled the cry of her slums.

THE FUTURE AMERICAN

Milwaukee State Normal—Sixth

Almost entirely unnoticed a great suit is being carried on in this country. The foreign born American is being tried in Congress. Our legislators are discussing his virtues and his faults. They propose to restrict immigration further by requiring the immigrant to read and write some language and to possess a passport of good conduct from his home government. The Burnett-Dillingham bill has been vetoed

by President Taft, but undoubtedly our present Congress will consider similar legislation.

This proposed legislation is supported by two classes of restrictionists: those who believe that foreigners are overcrowding this country, and those who condemn the quality and not the quantity of our immigration. The latter make a distinction between the old and new immigrant. We

are told that the new immigrant has as many faults as the old one had virtues; that where the latter was a real pioneer, a political and religious refugee, the immigrant of today is a grasping mercenary. The newcomer is accused of being a pauper with criminal tendencies, a dangerous anarchist, unfit for citizenship and the ballot, incapable and undesirous of assimilation; he is made responsible for a lowering of wages and the standards of living, education and morality; these are the heavy charges against the immigrant. His best defense is found in the reports of investigations conducted by private individuals, by the Young Men's Christian Association, and by the Immigration Commission. These investigations reveal the falsity of the accusations.

According to the 1910 census, this country has a population of 31 per square mile. It has been estimated that with our present state of civilization we can easily support a minimum of 500 per square mile, a density which it will take four centuries to reach. Furthermore, the proportion of foreigners in this country has been practically stationary since 1870, and was larger in 1890 than it is today. Evidently this country is in no danger of being overcrowded with hordes of foreigners.

Equally groundless are the fears of those who emphasize the failings of the immigrant. The distinction made between the old and the new alien is a false one. The virtues of the Irish, German and French immigrant are extolled because he no longer exists. "The only good immigrant is the dead one." Opposition to the old immigrant was as strong as that to the newcomer today. Back in 1819 and in 1835 we were warned of the danger to this nation in the accession of "priest-ridden slaves" of Ireland and German, and the

"cast out tenants of the English almshouses and prisons." Later came the Know-Nothing crusade, and even as late as 1898 the Norwegians, to whom the Northwest is so greatly indebted, were denounced by the Unionists for lowering wages. The present cry against the Slav, Jew and Italian merely echoes that formerly raised against the English, Irish and German, and is just as misleading.

In his purpose the new immigrant is also like the old. Many, of course, come here for economic reasons. But they only seek a chance to earn a living. To get this chance they invest all their earthly possessions. The American inspector who turned back an immigrant because he lacked eleven cents of the required sum, hardly realized the tragedy that he was bringing about. The man had sold at a sacrifice all his simple furnishings, had scraped together the comparatively large sum required to carry him to this country, had suffered untold misery on his way, had been robbed and blackmailed, and finally, when he reached the haven of refuge, the door was closed in his face because he lacked eleven cents.

To a large extent, moreover, the immigrant of today is still a political and religious refugee. The American who has never known the oppression of a tyrannical government can never fully understand the intense longing of the afflicted peoples of the Old World for liberty and opportunity. I recall a wretched hut in Lithuania. Within were the old parents upon whose faces rested the black shadow of despair. Their son, to whose strength they clung, but who would soon have his career and ambitions crushed out by the despotic military government, was reading a letter from his elder brother in Chicago. He read at first with a hushed voice, for he might be overheard, and then

he came to the words, "We know that these are true things; that all men are created free and equal; that God gives them rights which no man can take away; that among these rights are life, liberty, and the getting of happiness."

As he finished reading, he stood there with clenched fists and flashing eyes, and that very night father and son determined to leave the land of persecution and tyranny, to turn to the land of hope, of freedom and democracy. America must not close the door to men driven by such dire necessity and inspired by the document which is the basis of American liberty.

And this very immigrant is a valuable asset to this country. While his native land pays the expense of rearing him, this country gets the full benefit of his labor. The Industrial Commission of Wisconsin has estimated the value of a laboring man at \$10,000.00. We must remember that for every dollar the immigrant gets here he produces many.

Wages and the standard of living are in no danger from the immigrant. Both have risen steadily throughout the years in which we have had the largest number of arrivals. The Department of Commerce and Labor recently reported to Congress that it could not find a single trade in which the immigrant had lowered wages. In New York the Italians and Jews, who have control of the clothing industry, have been striking for better pay and working conditions. The same people who condemn the immigrant for working for a mere pittance, denounce him as an anarchist and syndicalist as soon as he shows his discontent with unjust treatment.

The immigrant does not lower wages, neither is he a criminal nor a pauper. The Immigration Commission, after investigating 43 cities, was forced to the con-

clusion that almost no immigrants apply for relief. A similar investigation of criminality has been carried on in several of our courts. In the records for 1904-06 of the Court of General Sessions of New York, a city where the foreign population exceeds the native, it was found that the natives were charged with 64 per cent of the convictions and the foreigners with only 36 per cent. Statistics of Chicago and Massachusetts courts substantiate the assertion that the native is more criminal than the foreigner.

Those who fear the criminal tendencies of the newcomer must not forget that the United States of America is the only civilized country on the globe where human beings are publicly burned alive. There is a good proportion of foreigners in Coatesville, Pennsylvania. On a bright day a year ago, a large mob charged through the town and into the hospital, seized a sick negro from his cot, dragged him through the streets, and finally, under the most terrible conditions, burned him alive. Not a single foreigner could be found in the mob. They stood watching the horrible scene from a distance, and as the human torch flared up, and as the wind lifted the smoke and ashes of the fire, it carried with it the shattered vision of American justice, which like a beacon-light had guided them across the wide seas.

Our political institutions are safe in the hands of the immigrant. He comes to America with a vision of ideal democracy; if this vision is also shattered, it is not the fault of the foreigner. If he follows implicitly the behest of the political boss, it is because that boss is his best friend. If kid-gloved reformers thought it worth while to come into real contact with our aliens, they would find them the most responsible and efficient citizens. Professor

Graham Taylor of Chicago tells us that the most influential aid of reform in his district is the Polish vote.

Facing these facts we must conclude that our immigrant is not a pauper, not a criminal, not an anarchist. He can face his accusers and plead "Not Guilty," to every one of these charges. Socially, politically and economically the immigrant is an asset and not a liability; an advantage and not a menace. We condemn the nations of Europe for bigoted racial and religious prejudice, for barriers on the freedom of labor; for withholding education and the ballot from the people; and yet we ourselves have deviated from our democratic ideals. We have largely neglected our higher obligations to the foreigner. Our churches are open only in name; our homes are entirely closed to the alien. Even our schools have failed in their duty. Our night schools are established and carried on with indifference. The Young Men's Christian Association, until very recently, did not realize its opportunities. Excluded from the best aspects of our life, the foreigner knows only the worst side of America. With some encouraging exceptions, the large majority of the people of this country are entirely indifferent to the fate of the immigrant after he is within. Yet that is the real problem confronting this nation.

It is our ignorance of the foreigner that has bred this contempt and indifference. It is he who knows the foreigner least that is strongest in his condemnation. Put your most ardent Restrictionist at Ellis Island, and he is bound to recognize the value of the physical strength, the ambition, and the moral earnestness of the newcomer. He will realize the tragedy of separating husband from wife, brother from brother, and mother from child. He will recognize that we must rid ourselves

of ignorant prejudice, and learn the real truth about the foreigner. We must deal the alien absolute justice. He is eagerly seeking assimilation. We must give him the best educational opportunities. We must fling open the doors of our churches and of our homes. Then, and then only, shall we have done our duty to our country and to humanity.

In fulfilling our obligation to the alien we shall be realizing our duty as a nation. If this people has a mission it is to wipe out race prejudice, the greatest curse of mankind. This nation holds in its hands the realization of the brotherhood of mankind and the hopes of humanity for the wiping away of racial lines and intolerances. American democracy will react on the entire world by assimilating men of all nations and conditions; by uniting and amalgamating these people into a race which shall be the true nobility of humanity—a race combining the thoroughness of the German, the practicality of the Englishman, the love of music of the Italian, the impulsiveness of the Frenchman, the intensity of the Jew, and the indomitable patience of the Slav—all the virtues of mankind. The real American, who is as yet unborn, but who has been foreshadowed by men like Abraham Lincoln, will be the finest product of the races of men. He will have the finest heredity ever known. We in turn must give him the finest environment we are capable of producing. The alien, full of hope and faith, salutes the flag and pledges his loyalty to America.

"Flag of our great Republic,
Guardian of our homes,
Whose Stars and Stripes stand for
bravery,
Purity, Truth and Union,
We salute thee.

"We, the natives of distant lands,
 Who find rest under thy folds,
 Do pledge our hearts, our lives, our sa-
 cred honor,
 To love and protect thee, our country,
 And the liberty of the American people,
 forever."

We Americans must also pledge our de-
 votion to the great mission of this country.
 We must pledge our hearts, our lives and
 our sacred honor to the preservation of
 American democracy, to open-hearted wel-
 come of the oppressed of all lands, to the
 divine cause of human brotherhood.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE LABORER

Stevens Point State Normal—Seventh

Freedom from oppression is the goal towards which labor has always striven. The captive slave of ancient Rome constantly struggled for such freedom and the modern slave of incorporated wealth is still striving for emancipation. The one was bound by the shackles of military restrictions, the other is fettered by incorporate greed.

From the dimmest ages of antiquity man has eaten his bread in the sweat of his brow. He has toiled incessantly that he might live. The laborer has not complained of the toil, but he has often been disheartened from the rewards of his labor. At times it has seemed that all he has gained has been the right to live and bring forth children. But he has dreamed of better things. He has labored for the improvement of his existence, he has craved more comfort, he has longed for greater happiness, he has aspired to the blessings of civilization. To attain all these has required the unremitting efforts of millions of toilers.

The reward of the laborer has rarely been proportionate to his toil. In the beginning some have worked and others have played; some have tilled and others have eaten of their fruits. The history of past ages reads as if the world were composed of kings and nobles; and as if laborers were not entitled to their inherent

rights.

The real history of man is the story of the rise and growth of labor. The pastoral stage was reached when the number of servants so increased that great wealth in herds would be managed through the employment of bondsmen. The agricultural stage, when clans and tribes settled on fertile plains, made the possibilities of labor still greater. Slavery became a great institution through the raids of the conquering tribes; and the wars of conquering Rome served largely to fill her homes and fields with slaves as toilers. Feudalism elevated the slave to a serf, who was still regarded as a tool and was bought and sold with the land.

The dawn of the sixteenth century sounded the death knell of the feudal system, and through its destruction came the evolution of the serf into a free laborer. From this time on he became imbued with the desire for knowledge and efficiency. From this time, too, he became inspired by the vision of his natural rights. As a result of this the laborers realized the necessity of organization for the sake of further progress.

"Organization of labor," says Carlyle, "is the universal, vital problem of the world," for, as capitalists unite into trusts, so labor must unite into unions. If these organizations become arrayed against each

other, then we are sure of conflict, for whenever man becomes the adversary of man the result is war. In this new conflict of man with man, the weapon of the capitalists is the law court, the weapon of the union is the strike. We still have the clash of men in war, but it is not a war in which is seen the grand parade and pomp of marching armies, the glitter of steel, the flash of powder, the curling smoke. It is not a war in which is heard the moans of the wounded and the groans of the dying. It is a war in which the clash comes between the shrewd intellect of the employer and the no less keen intellect of the educated laborer.

The public feels in a general way that sympathy with strikes is vicious and foolish, and that these uprisings should be suppressed on all occasions. There is no doubt but that the strike is an evil, but it is not so great an evil as industrial oppression, not such an evil as the truck system, not so great an evil as the sweat shops in our great cities, or the exploitation of the toiling masses.

A strike does not, and we believe it should not, involve animosity, hatred, dissension, recrimination or any form of bitterness; it merely represents a difference in what the buyer of labor is willing to offer and what the seller of labor is willing to accept.

We conceive of strikes in a militant sense, wherein they become sieges rather than assaults. A strike cannot be won by a single action, but requires the greatest amount of patience, endurance and self control. The striker must husband his resources, must economize for the sake of his wife and children, must aid his neighbor who is needier than he, must refrain from all manner of violence and all attempts to physical force. Day by day must he see his supplies getting lower,

perhaps his wife and children growing pallid under the stress of privation; he must see other men work in his place at wages higher than those for which he struck; but still, the striker must refrain from manifesting any bitterness toward those who have been imported into his town for the sake of frightening him into submission. He must even turn the other cheek to the swaggering bullies engaged as private police. He must withstand temptation of the severest sort, for temptation comes to such a man to sell out his fellows for the sake of gain to himself. He is offered all manner of bribes, from a better position to a direct money gift. He is continually told by the agents of the employer that other men are deserting and that he is foolish to suffer and to let others take advantage of his sacrifice.

The courage, the steadfastness, the quiet endurance of a workman in a strike verges upon the heroic. But this quiet, this sublime struggle in the cause of freedom is not heralded by our press. For a reading public craving sensationalism, the newspapers regard it as poor copy and will make nothing of it. A hundred thousand men display exceptional self denial and self restraint and the press of the country is dumb; but if a single man should wield a club or heave a brick, the wires are hot with telegrams to all parts of the world.

However, to a man who has lived through a strike, there is great compensation for his sacrifice in the quiet, modest, unrecorded heroism which is called forth.

When a strike is fought out on moral bases, when men throw into the balance the bread of their wives and children, when they stand shoulder to shoulder and fight the dreary, tragic battle of starvation and eviction, the contest cannot be lost.

Labor unions are based upon the principles of organization by the laborer and

for the laborer. In such a combination there are the elements of strength, justice, and moderation. Labor unions have carried as their ideals, knowledge, sympathy and protection. In their high aspiration they have endeavored to stand on the broad ground of justice and humanity.

In justice they have accomplished much, they have elevated the standard of the American workman, increased his wages and efficiency; they have educated his children, and conferred upon them the respect and admiration of the world.

In the name of humanity they have accomplished more; they have cleansed the factory of filth and germs and have raised its moral tone. They have elevated the employee until now he demands fair compensation for his production.

In so doing they have conferred benefits and made sacrifices of which we can scarcely dream; but unfortunately, they have committed errors. We do not conceal the fact that labor unions have made mistakes. No institution fully attains its ideals; and men stumble and fall in their upward strivings. Labor unions are a great, beneficent, democratic institution, not all good, not all wise, not all powerful, but with the admirable virtues and enthusiastic hopes of youth.

It is often said strikes do not pay. The anti-union newspapers of the country are a unit upon this point. Many friends of the workman claim it never pays to strike. We frequently hear it stated that by a strike workmen lose more in a month than they can hope to regain in years. As a result such friends agree that practically all strikes are useless and devoid of any remuneration. When such a judgment is based upon mere dollars and cents, it is inherently wrong. One might just as well impugn the common sense of the farmers of Lexington, since the cost of the war

with Great Britain was a hundredfold greater than the amount of taxation without representation.

There is more in a strike than mere wages and hours of labor. A strike may be a loss from a money point of view, but yet be a gain in a higher and nobler sense.

Through these efforts the minds of the American people are awakened to the need for greater interest in the laborer. In no other country is there less organized effort to compensate those who are killed and maimed, for those who are sacrificed and slaughtered that others may grow rich. No other country has so utterly disregarded the claims of men, women and children who have died that our industrial supremacy might be maintained. Nowhere does the workman age so rapidly; nowhere is he cast aside with so little compassion; nowhere are the laws against the exploitation of women so lax, so absurdly inadequate, so cruelly ineffective, as in the United States.

When these are the conditions, when the people are under great stress and excitement, is it any wonder that at such times the voice of the people ceases to be the voice of God?

These conditions have existed and now partially exist; but the dawn of a better day is at hand, when enlightened, cultured, Christianized labor shall come into possession of its rightful and just heritage. As a proof of this, we need only to investigate such movements as the recent strike in Great Britain, when the employer yielded to the just demands of the laborer.

Unions are yet in their infancy. When they have attained the wisdom of adult life, then the workman will have the right of fair existence. The wage earner of tomorrow will possess a comfortable home, ample leisure, an excellent education, and

a high social position. He will be a man of culture and refinement.

As we now bow our heads in reverence to our forefathers for the Declaration of Independence, again we shall bow our heads in reverence to the lowly toiler's emancipation. Then will the laborer as a warrior take off his armor, and we, his

friends and admirers, will say, "His task is done; he has toiled that we may exist; he has fought that we may live; he has conquered that we may enjoy." Henceforth let employer and employed each live for each, and there shall be "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

NAPOLEON THE BENEFACITOR

Whitewater State Normal—Eighth

Feudalism, that powerful giant which held within its oppressive fingers the greatest powers of Europe, had reigned supreme and invincible. At length, however, it received a mortal wound. Nor did the force which dealt that blow emanate from a great metropolis or renowned commercial center; it came from an unpretentious little island, situated east of France, in the Mediterranean Sea. There, in Corsica, was born the greatest military genius the world has ever known, Napoleon Bonaparte. The greatest military genius the world has ever known? Is this the only title he has earned? Is it merely to excite admiration that the tales of his brilliant successes at the head of his vast armies fill countless pages of history? If all his genius and energy had been displayed only on the battle field, the slaughter yard of humanity, far better would it have been for himself and for the world if he had remained forever within the narrow bounds of his little island birthplace.

But, fortunately, such is not the case. It is the cause in which a leader exercises his genius, not his victorious achievements, that demands our most serious attention. What was the cause for which Napoleon was striving? The cause of progress and democracy, the betterment of humanity!

We may accuse him of personal ambition, a selfish craving for political as well as military power, but we cannot deny that the "Era of Napoleon" has left its mark upon the political, industrial, educational and social development of Europe.

Born as he was at a period when France was being shaken to her very core by bitter strife and political revolution, Napoleon's innate powers of leadership received ample food for growth from the very beginning. The circumstances under which France robbed Corsica of its independence had a great influence on the development of his boyish ideals, and aroused in him a hatred for the French government which was not dispelled until he had succeeded in getting control into his own hands. And that he, a mere provincial, did reach this glorious height of power by the force of his indomitable will and unflinching energy, has excited the wonder of the world. Rising steadily from his low position in the army, when still but a youth, he convinced the revolutionists of France that he was the champion to whom they could trust that cause for which they were shedding their best blood.

But what was Napoleon's attitude toward all this strife? Did he consider it merely an opportunity to exercise his passion for leadership, to display his mil-

itary genius and to further his own selfish interests? Let his enemies answer. They will not be too generous in their judgment. Carlyle, a native of that country which was Napoleon's most bitter enemy, speaks thus: "His aim was to bridle in that great self devouring French Revolution, to tame it, so that its intrinsic purpose could be made good." Napoleon was not omnipotent, and nothing less than omnipotence could have prevented the scenes of merciless slaughter which fill us with horror and serve as synonyms for "French Revolution." And yet, because he championed the cause of the revolutionists, he has had to bear the brunt of public censure for the bloody acts so characteristic of that period. Not at Napoleon, but at that whole system of feudalism, tyranny and oppression, should the darts of universal reproof be cast. It was the hot, unbridled blood of the French race which, rising beyond all bounds, led the ignorant masses to massacre thousands of their fellow countrymen. At sight of these scenes of slaughter, Napoleon's heart was filled with the deepest disgust at the senseless motive which prompted the mob, and he sought to instill into the hearts of his soldiers some of his own noble ideas concerning the cause for which they were striving. He tried to curb and direct their zeal so as to prevent needless suffering. But what great reform in the political, social or religious world has ever been brought about without a struggle? What struggle ever reached a successful issue except through the unflinching energy and unconquered zeal of an inspiring leader? France was passing through a period in her development which demanded such a struggle, and no leader could have done more to quell the riotous tendencies of a highstrung people than did Napoleon.

Nor were his efforts exerted in the

cause of France alone. Italy, formerly the seat of most glorious progress in political and educational reforms, had at this time degenerated into the most pitiable state of ignorance and bondage to Austria's oppressive rule. The long suffering subjects hailed Napoleon and his army as their deliverers, and when he had succeeded in loosening the hold of the oppressor, Italy received him with open arms. Had he been the weak embodiment of ambition which his enemies picture him, he might have taken advantage of this opportunity and have become ruler then and there. And I believe Italy would have been better governed by him than by one of her own sons. Instead, however, he sought to organize a republican form of government in the Italian provinces. His efforts met with little success. Why? Because a race which has borne the shackles of tyranny for centuries cannot cast them off with a single blow. They must be slowly and laboriously filed through. And Napoleon, by stirring up the torpid blood of the Italian people, helped to loosen these restraining shackles, and aroused a desire for self advancement. For this, if for no other reason, he deserves the name "Benefactor."

Nor was he satisfied with dealing blows at the greatest powers of Europe. His ever restless soul longed for broader fields of action, and the glorious Orient seemed to him the most alluring. Leaving Europe in a state of chaotic confusion, he started with his army of worshipping soldiers on his way to Egypt. Stopping at many of the islands in his path, he left with them fragments of that zeal for modern progress which eventually conquered that mediaeval calm which had kept all advancement at a distance.

Most interesting is the story of his brilliant military conquests in Egypt, of the

terrible suffering endured by his faithful soldiers in crossing the Sahara, of his own unflinching courage, spurring his men on in the face of great physical torture. And then to reach his destination only to find that a British fleet blocked the highway to further progress! to realize that he was virtually a prisoner! Imagine the result of such a discovery on the restless spirit of such a nature as Napoleon's! Can you picture him submitting calmly to his fate and awaiting patiently an opportunity to escape? Ah, no! It was here, under the sting of adversity, that the noblest side of his nature asserted itself. Foiled in his desire to make other conquests, he undertook that greater, more difficult task, the conflict with ignorance. He entered with as great energy into the scientific researches which he instituted in Egypt as he ever had entered into the plans of warfare. What he might have done for Egypt's advancement is unknown, for the critical condition of affairs in his beloved France forced him to give up his new field for the old one of bloodshed and suffering.

France had learned, just as our ancestors learned after the American Revolution, that no government, whether democratic or otherwise, can be operated effectively without placing executive authority in the hands of one efficient man. Conditions under the Directors were as hopelessly corrupt as they had been under the hereditary rulers. The people felt the need of a great central authority, one who was in sympathy with their needs. Where could they find a man of greater organizing ability, one who could understand their condition better and one with deeper interest in their cause, than this champion of democracy, Napoleon? With scarcely a dissenting voice he was made "First Consul of France." Why could he not have been content with this title? He

was but human, after all. The love of pomp and thirst for vainglory cast a veil over his clear judgment and led him to accept from the hands of his enthusiastic countrymen that which seemed a far more glorious title, "Emperor." For this one unwise, misguided step, many have cast him out among the wholly worthless, and refused to give him credit for the great services he did render. Does this seem just? Should one mistake count for more than numberless benefactions? And after all, did not Napoleon suffer the consequences of his pride and folly more than did his subjects? He was forced to pay the price of glory in years of exile, while they, during the years of his triumph, enjoyed the fruits of his untiring ambition and longed for his help in the struggles that followed. Surely he expiated his crime of inordinate ambition among his own contemporaries; we, of a later generation, can afford to be lenient toward his weakness, while lauding him for his uncommon public favors.

He gave to France a new light, one which burned brightly for the few short years when he, the faithful lighter, worked almost day and night to furnish the fuel to keep it burning. He possessed marvelous energy and reconstructive ability. He gave to France a new constitution, which was accepted by the almost unanimous vote of the people. Prisons, where those opposed to the state were confined, were opened, and political exiles were allowed to return. A trustworthy banking system was established. A moderate rate of taxation was judiciously adopted. Roads were improved, bridges built, and canals dug. Nor were the social and educational conditions overlooked. With the consulship, Napoleon brought to France an era of prosperity and happiness such as she had not known for years. He himself said,

and truthfully: "The true conquests, the only conquests which cost no regrets, are those achieved over ignorance. The most honorable, as well as the most useful occupation for nations is the contributing to the extension of human knowledge." These are noble words and that he did not succeed in living up to them more thoroughly was not entirely his own fault. The other powers of Europe, fearing the strength of the ambitious young emperor and jealous of his military prowess, combined forces and strove to clip his wings and dull his spurs. It cost a terrible price of blood and money, but the bird was finally captured, his pretty nest was shaken from its insecure resting place, and his song of triumph changed to a hopeless lament.

Think what it must have meant to this great genius, on whom fortune had hitherto cast her brightest smiles, when still in the prime of life, full of schemes for the advancement of his dear country, to be struck down by such a blow as he received at Waterloo; to be doomed to exile,

worse than death. He had been too ambitious and, like Caesar, he had received his reward. Whether or not a due reward, it is not for us to judge. His light of power and splendor, like that of every other reformer, was blown out long ere his hopes were realized. But he had succeeded in shielding it from the combined forces striving to destroy it long enough to give the citizens of France, starving for justice, a taste of the sweets of self government and to awaken in them a longing for more. He started that great movement which overcame the languor of the Middle Ages and caused that whirl of modern progress which gains momentum as it speeds along. Though there were many dark spots in his career, we must consider the many temptations which he was obliged to meet and remember that he was but human, like ourselves. Let us overlook minor errors, and give our undying respect to him who was one of the world's most energetic champions in the cause of progress and democracy.

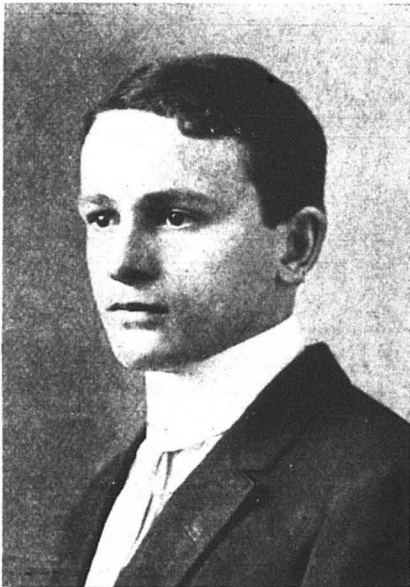




ETHEL DICKIE
LaCrosse State Normal



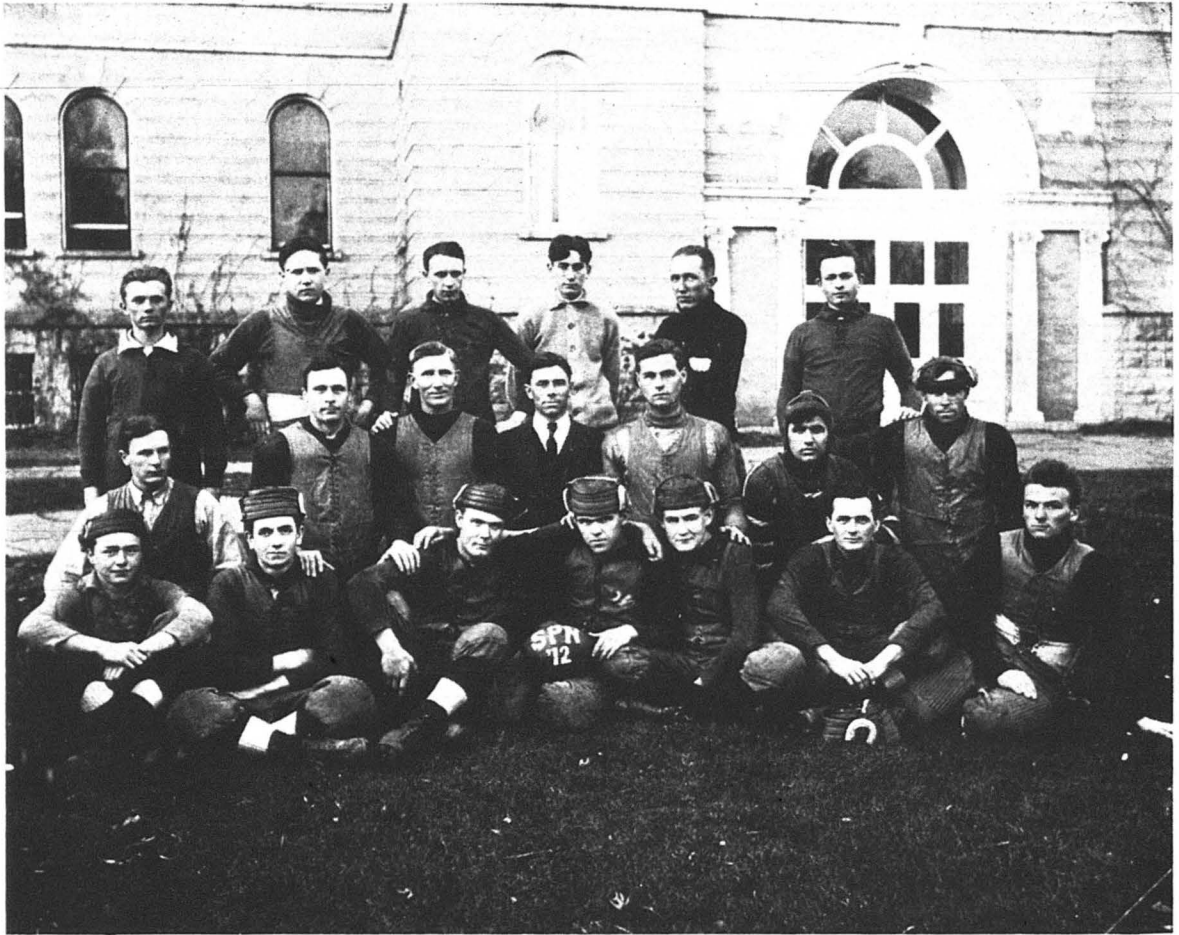
HARRY MELNEKOW
Milwaukee State Normal



WILLIS CLACK
Stevens Point State Normal



EDITH BAUERMANN
Whitewater State Normal



Stevens Point Normal Foot Ball Team 1912 - 13



Spring is here again! With it, as usual, is the Spring crop of base ball fans, loafers, theses, and reports, warm weather, flowers, bon fires, "dates," laziness, and indifference, besides the many other symptoms of "spring fever."

Every thing takes a slump, lessons, work, appetite (?) and school spirit.

"Ye editors" of the school monthly, and Annual publication, are nearly driven to distraction; they can't get anybody to work. It certainly is a scientific fact that as the year advances the proportion of this paper which is written by the staff increases.

Soon there would be nothing but the "ads," should the staff strike. Yet it is not fair that they do it all. They receive nothing for it save the empty honor and praise; and often that praise is far from empty---full of criticism.

A person in the student body who writes, will receive twice as much credit. Try it and see. We are getting quite desperate, and perhaps will be compelled to accept even "half an attempt at something," even though both of these are over-worked. Try to paraphrase "Mary's Little Lamb," or "Hamlet's Soliloquy---To be, or not to be." Just do something to show that there still is alive some particle of enthusiasm existing yet.

Don't pass by the Editorial, and say "Oh! only a lot of words;" the editor has an easy time writing things for others to do." We fear not only do they not do them, but they

also neglect to read them---judging from the responses we have received for our various appeals.

And you talk of "The Editor's Easy Chair." But we beg to assure you, that some mis-informed, or ignorant person, created such an expression. There isn't any such thing; and if you have read as far as this, your sympathy ought to be aroused for the editors to such an extent that you will contribute SOMETHING!

We started the year well at a good pace, school spirit increasing all the while. We increased our activity during the B. B. season; and the height of our prowess was the tournament game, and the Oratorical Contest; in both of which, we trust, we put up a creditable showing. The third mile post is past; we are on the fourth lap, and our speed must be kept up, we must not lag; or we lose the race. Our year will not be complete in its success.

We may need to put forth a little spurt of energy. If so, let every one exert himself just a little. We are not referring now merely to THE POINTER, but work on THE IRIS, boys Spring Athletics, Senior Fair, together with the extra school work which attends the Closing Quarter.

Seniors, it is your last year. Make it a glorious one; wind it up with life.

Juniors, get a good beginning for next year by making a good end of this year.

All the Under Classmen, go thou and do likewise.



Effort and Compensation

Any one who uses the least effort in judging workmen cannot help but see the various attitudes that different individuals disclose toward the work that they are striving to accomplish. In a factory or work-shop we can readily pick out those who make the employer's interests their own. They hold their position not merely to earn their wages, but to do the work; not to put in time, but to improve it; and finally, not to do the least, but to do the most. Further, however, it is not always necessary that a man turn out the greatest amount of work to become a valuable employee; for often by an operation and suggestion, he can bring about the accomplishment of more labor by those about him. The wages of this class of men usually takes care of itself.

By observing more closely, we can detect another class who mean to return labor equal in value to the wages; but they have no conscientious scruples if they do not. These men imagine they are more shrewd than their fellow workmen who work to earn their wages, and not merely "stick on the job;" who work to improve time, not to waste it; and who work to do the most, not the least. The men of this type are blinded by their own fallacy, thinking that the employer is a man of unbounded greed, and never employs honest labor.

Finally, we see a third class, which speaks for itself. Its members have no intention

to accomplish the labor required of it; but on the contrary, it uses all its time and effort at its disposal, in one way or another, to keep the others who wish to work from doing what they desire to do. Its members act toward the experienced employee like the sly fox which tries to deceive the experienced hunter, but as a matter of fact, no one is deceived more than they.

All these men work under competition and supervision. The supervisor in the case of a factory, is the foreman, whose ability to judge men and know what labor he can buy from them, has placed him in the position he holds. Experience has taught him that the best workman at highest wages, is better than a poor or indifferent workman is at good wages. He can quite accurately judge the value of the labor of the workmen by merely passing through the work-room and casually noticing the men at work. Nor need he pass them many times before he knows who are the men that continually watch the clock. The keenness of his power of observation makes him capable of selecting men for different positions.

In shifting men, some personal prejudice or "pull," is likely to enter at times, and men not worthy of better positions, obtain them. On the whole, however, business to be successful, must be conducted on a scientific basis; the best men must be given the best positions, and with it, the highest

financial returns. The question of who shall be promoted answers itself.

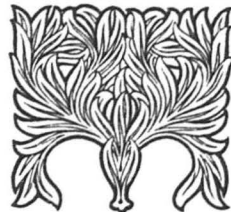
We, as students in a Normal School, are aware that such promotions of the good workers, and the culling of the poor workers, is continually in progress in the outside world; but we hate to apply the principles to ourselves. At our graduation, we awaken to the fact, and then wonder why it is that we are not given better recommendations, and do not get better positions. This, never-the-less, would become evident if we applied the principles of retrospection to ourselves for a few moments.

But our theory does not come to an end at this point. It plainly goes on to work more stringently than ever when we are out at work as teachers, and must hold our positions against competition. Here at school, we have chiefly our teachers to please; and they, being generous of heart, excuse many of our faults. Not so, however, where we have a School Board, patrons of the district, our pupils, and in fact, the whole community, to attempt to please. The qualities by which our numerous critics shall judge us a success

are undoubtedly many and various; but which one can compare in strength with the one represented in our factoryman who wins promotion? Is it not again he who feels responsibility, who improves his time, but does not waste it, he who has worked in mind, and not merely for salary; and finally he who tries to do the most, and not the least, for his wages?

The people of a community send their children to school with a purpose in mind. What that purpose is, you know as well as I. Hence what must we do to accomplish it?

As our year's work will come to a close, we will begin to look for our next year's employment. Many of us will remain in our old positions. How many of us will be able to command an increase in wages? If we are worth the increase, we will obtain it. If not, let us blame no one but ourselves. The law of supply and demand works here as anywhere else. Take what you are worth. If you are not satisfied, enter into other lines of work in which you shall be treated in the same way, as cold a business way, if not colder, than in the Teaching Profession.



SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

By J. C. Wilberscheid



SPRING—From Various Views.

The Poet's View.

Thou hast come again Dear Pleasant Spring,
And has given the Earth new birth.
'Tis now that do the robins sing
The songs so full of mirth.
The grandest season art thou sure ;
O! mayst thou ne'er depart,
In thee Life I would long endure,
And light would be my heart.

The Student's View.

Thou hast come again, Dear Pleasant Spring,
The time for Life's re-creation,
And brot with thee the usual thing
That we call our Spring vacation.
Sweet to us thy name does sound,
But it causes us vexations ;
For every time you come around,
We buck for examinations.

The Busy Man's View.

Thou hast come again, Dear Pleasant Spring.
And caused the snow to leave.
The Poets of thee sweetly sing.
We cannot help but grieve ;
The down town streets are filled with mush ;
We cultivate profanity,
While walking knee deep in the slush ;
It drives us to insanity.

The Milliner's View.

Thou hast come again, Dear Pleasant Spring,
And brot forth rimesters sonnets.
Glad are we, and our hands we ring ;
For 'tis now we sell our bonnets.
All the damsels sweet and fair,
As down the streets they skid,
Stop, and at our windows stare,
Then come in and buy a lid.

Ye Scribe's View.

Thou hast come again, Dear Pleasant Spring,
Surely thou didst hurry,
And if no sheep-skin thou can'st bring,
We think not that "we should worry."
Glad are we that the snow has left ;
But o'er thy grandeurs we can not gloat,
Of Spring-time joys we are bereft,
Third Algebra has our goat.

Hit and Miss,

Our aim, this time, is to be rather brief,
which really ought to cause relief among
the readers that we hope cast their glim-
mers o'er this dope. There are many things
to write about ; and which to select we are
in doubt. I think 'tis best to stretch our
reach, and chant a line or two about each.
Of course you know, both great and small,
about these games of basket ball, which
were played by our Northern Champs who
raided all the enemies camps, and tacked up
scalps some ten or more, above our own
gymnasium door. That team of ours is a
splendid bunch, and we all truly have a
hunch that, unless attacked by cruel fate,
they'll next year be champions of the State.
In fact they would have been this year, had
not the delegates of Pabst beer, the fastest
team e'er here seen, nosed us out by points
thirteen. Our debators, too were a plucky
set. On them 'twas safe to lay a bet. We
knew that they were in the race, and would
for Oshkosh set a pace. When the day of
the debate came around, forty strong for
Oshkosh bound, we left and accompanied
our argument shooters. We surely were
most ardent rooters. Needless to say, we

were victorious, and came back to school grand and glorious. Happy were we that we beat and reduced that O. N. S, conceit. Three cheers for Edes who argued well! three cheers for Miss Johnson who truths did tell! three cheers for DaFoe who ripped arguments apart! hurrah for Strand who turned the chart. About the Oratorical we will little say. It was, indeed, a famous day. Delegates many we did see. They all were good, but not as we. Just one more line to end this up: The Seniors won the Bischoff CUP.

Au Revoir.

For seventy weeks our rusty brain
We've worked real hard, and oft in vain,
'Till we were tired and devoid of hope,
Digging up some POINTER dope.
'Tis now that will that trouble end,
No more weary hours we'll spend;
But with renewed hope and freshened look
We'll tackle next that IRIS book.
We hoped we pleased, and once in a while
Brot forth from you a little smile.
Thee we will no longer bore,
We bid you now our Au Revoir.

An Editorial

Work on the 1913 IRIS has already been started; and from indications, it will be one of the best Year Books that has ever been issued from this Normal.

THE IRIS is not only the book of the Seniors, but a book which clearly and aptly shows the work of the Students and Faculty of this school during the past year. It contains a write-up of every note of interest and importance to each class or organization. It is the mirror for the year's work at S. P. N.

We earnestly ask every reader of THE POINTER to stand by and BOOST for the 1913 IRIS. You may not all be Seniors, but you can help by subscribing for a copy, and speaking well of it to others. When the notice comes for subscriptions, be on hand early and hand in your name for one copy, or as many as you can afford. Here is an activity that needs YOUR help. Now prove that you can help it. Subscribe. **Boost.**





SOCIETIES



Arena.

On the evening of February 14, 1913, the Arena gave their first Public Program of the year. The program consisted entirely of musical numbers and readings given by members of the society, students of the school, and people from the town at large.

The Assembly Hall was packed to its utmost capacity. It was with some difficulty that chairs enough were found to accommodate the Orchestra and the Glee Club.

A selection by the Normal Orchestra; and a piano duet by the Misses Florence Hill and Helen Collins, were well received.

A vocal solo by Mr. A. J. Miller, was beautifully rendered, and received an enthusiastic encore,

Miss Myrna Jensen is new to Normal audiences, but her selections were received with great favor.

Both readings were given to musical accompaniment played by Miss Veda Parker. "The Pink Petty from Peter," was given in Dutch costume. The second was "That Old Sweet Heart of Mine." Miss Jensen was obliged to respond to an encore.

Norman Knutzen gave two selections, which received great applause.

A piano duet by the Misses Ethel Paulson and Grace Polebitski; and a vocal duet by Mrs. Shea and Miss Lulu Moll, were heartily received.

The Arena had reason to be proud of their reader, Miss Adelaide Williams. Miss Williams made a pleasing appearance, and her reading, "Mother's Revolt," was well given.

We considered ourselves fortunate in securing for our program, Mr. James Ward, whose solos made such a "hit" in "Careless Cupid." Mr. Ward's selection received tremendous applause. He responded to an encore.

Miss Baker had thought to get off easy with one solo. She was badly disappointed; for the audience demanded an encore, to which she was obliged to respond. Some one said, "She is the best thing which ever struck this town."

The Normal Glee Club rendered a beautiful selection; and responded to their encore by a College song.

The final number was the school yell, led by Mr. Wilberscheid; and a cheer for the Basket Ball boys at Superior.

MISS BAKER—"I tell you what, the Arena girls are some when it comes to entertaining."

On Friday evening, March 14, the Arena entertained the members of the Ohiyesa and Forum-Athenaeum at a St. Patrick's party given in the gymnasium.

The Arena Irish Chorus sang a number of Irish songs, accompanied on the guitar by Mrs. Maloney.

Readings were given by Adelaide Porter, Ida Norton, and Helen Collins. The following solo numbers were given:

"Where the River Shannon Flows."
Florence Hill.

"Where the River Kenmare Flows."
Florence Nightengale.

"A Little Bit of Irish." Tena McCallin.

"Wearin' of the Green." Jessie Burce.

"Come Back to Erin.", Mabel Rice.
 "Last Rose of Summer." Miss Baker.

The program was concluded by the School Whisper given by the chorus.

Mr. Schneller then took charge of affairs.

The room was divided up into eight sections representing the eight Normals of the State. From the moment of division, pandemonium reigned. School yells and songs were improvised on the instant. Then an in-door field meet was announced. The first stunt was an obstacle race, which was won by the noted Platteville athlete, Willis Clack. His class-mates were so hilarious over his victory that they at once named their school Clackville.

About then, the Milwaukee band, headed by Knutzen, Johnson, and Hanson, made its appearance. It was soon followed by the classy bands from Clackville and La Crosse, and the tub and kettle Orchestra from Oshkosh. The meet lasted for more than two hours, at the end of which time Superior had gained the most points. No one disputed their right. Perhaps they were glad to see Superior come out ahead in Athletics for once. Neither did any one weep to see the gold and white of Oshkosh trailing in the dust.

When the time came to serve refreshments the wafers were missing. Willis Clack was dispatched at once for more eats, and our guests never knew the difference. Green ice cream was served in every conceivable sort of dish. Of one thing we are sure: Alf. Anderson, Murphy, and Cummings, had all they could eat.

It was nearly mid-night before the party broke up.

On March 15, the Arena girls served refreshments to the members of the Basket Ball squad and their friends. The Superior boys would not deign to make merry with us. Perhaps they objected to eating in the

kitchen. We don't. By-the-way, has any one washed those dishes yet?

The Arena girls were quite in evidence at the Junior Debate in Oshkosh. By far the greater number of girls present being Arenaites. We arn't quite dead yet, are we,

We are also going to be seen and heard in the Annual IRIS. The Arena is to have the society picture, two "stunt" pictures, the pictures of the presidents, and a write up.

The following were the officers for the Third Quarter:

President—Lulu Moll.
 Vice President—Adelaide Porter.
 Secretary—Agnes Nightengale.
 Treasurer—Laurette Boursier.

Following are the Fourth Quarter officers:

President—Adelaide Williams.
 Vice President—Irene Wilhelm.
 Secretary—Florence Nightengale.
 Treasurer—Agnes Morrissey.

As we go off to press, Helen Walters informs us "If I don't get a \$65 job by the first of May, I'll be sore." We should worry.

Forum - Athenaeum.

The Forum-Athenaeum boys are well pleased with what they have accomplished in their Society during the Third Quarter.

Just before the Quarter opened, a petition was circulated among the boys, which provided that the boys signing should attend meetings regularly, should appear upon the program when placed there, and should do all in their power to aid the president in securing order during the meetings.

About thirty-five boys signed this, and it had the desired effect. The boys who signed it have shown a determination all through the quarter that could result in nothing but success.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

In spite of the fact that other functions have often interfered, on at least five occasions, six good meetings have been held this quarter; and no doubt the remaining ones will be just as good.

The members of the Program Committee suggested, before the quarter opened, that all meetings should be held in the Forum room. This has been done; and it has given the Society a room in which it could feel comfortable, and has added materially to the pleasure of the meetings. It has also been aimed to have talks by members of the Faculty; and Music by members of the other societies during the quarter. Thus far we have had fine talks by Professors Herrick and Hippensteel; and music by the Misses Kaiserman, Peterson, Hetzel. and Paulson.

Following are the officers for the Third Quarter:

President—Alvin Peterson.
 Vice President—Arthur Murphy.
 Secretary—Leslie Hanson.
 Treasurer—Willis Clack.
 Sergeant—W. Zywert.

The Forum—Athenaeum has also been well entertained by its sister Societies during these last weeks, both the Ohiyesa and the Arena having given us a good time, as well as good refreshments. And we take this opportunity of thanking our other Society friends for the very pleasant entertainment which they afforded. The Doughnut Feed by the Ohiyesa, and the St. Patrick's Day party by the Arena, are events which shall long remain a pleasant remembrance to the Forum—Athenaeum members.

Below is a sample Program given by this Society on March 7:

Reading of Minutes of last meeting.
 Roll Call. Responded to by Current Events.
 Piano Solo. Ethel Paulson.
 Parliamentary Practice. Otto Schreiner.
 Song. Society.

Debate. Resolved: That the United States should adopt a Penny postage.

AFFIRMATIVE: NEGATIVE:

Martin Rieschl, Norman Knutzen
 Alvin Peterson. Archie Gould.

Reading. Walter Voight.
 Song. Society.
 Business Meeting.
 Critic's Report. Earl Moxon.

On February 28, the following excellent Program was given:

Reading of Minutes of last meeting:
 Song. Society.
 Current Events. Arthur Murphy.
 Talk. Professor Hippensteel.
 Piano Solo. Norman Knutzen.




Debate. Resolved, That a Tariff for Revenue only, is preferable to a Protective tariff.

AFFIRMATIVE: NEGATIVE:

Edward Shea, George Messer,
 Launcelot Gordon. Rial Cummings.

Talk. Alvin Peterson.
 Critic's Report. Lynn Grover.



The State Oratorical Contest held here this year, was especially well balanced along the line of Music. We had with us the bands from Platteville and La Crosse Normals, as well as an excellent orchestra from Oshkosh Normal, and we are very much indebted to them for the splendid music which they gave this town during their short stay.

The Oshkosh Orchestra, and the Platteville Band appeared on the program at the Contest.

The overture rendered by the O. N. S. Orchestra deserves commendation, and speaks well for the school which it represents. The audience was especially delighted with the music by the Platteville Band of thirty pieces. Their reputation as a musical organization had not been over estimated. The instrumentation and appearance of the Band were note-worthy, and many complimentary remarks were heard concerning them.

The La Crosse Band, although a newer organization, demonstrated their ability as musicians in the morning. Their music was of a very snappy nature, and was greatly enjoyed by all who heard them.

Many deserving compliments are due our Treble Clef Club, and Miss Baker, for the excellent rendition of "Barcarolle" on the Contest program. The applause by which this number was received demonstrated the

worth of our Ladies Chorus; and it is an organization of which this school may feel justly proud.

The Normal Orchestra, as usual, played up to their good standard. The impression which they made upon the visiting delegations, we think, was a good one. The Band exceeded expectations. Although having practiced but a short time, they played music which would have been a credit to a larger and more experienced organization.

The Boys Glee Club wish to announce that the Minstrel Show, which was to have been given April 4, has been postponed until the first part of May; so those who intended to leave town in order to avoid the torture, please bear this in mind.

One of the most pleasing numbers of this year's **Entertainment Course** was the Concert given by the Carroll College Male Quartet. The selections presented were largely of the humorous variety, and were received with hearty approval by an audience which filled the Normal Auditorium. The vocal solos and readings were especially pleasing.

The Carroll College Glee Club appeared here, April 12, in a Concert, and demonstrated that they are a first class musical organization.



JUNIORS

On the bright, sunny morning of the 18th of March, a group of about forty Normal students were seen standing on the platform of the Soo depot. On many arms were S. P. N. arm-bands. Other students waved penants; and still others had the famous "pontons."

An observer could easily see that some important school event was to be held that day. As the 10:15 A. M. train pulled toward the depot from the north, the yells of the school filled the air. When the train stopped there was a rush in order to board the train and obtain seats.

As the train left the station, everyone seemed happy and care-free. Edes and Cummings favored the Normalites, and annoyed the other passengers, by giving a "ponton" dance, similar to those danced by the Primary children. Mr. Wilberscheid, the dramatist, gave a good dramatic reading on the subject of "Study."

At about 12:45 P. M., our train arrived in Oshkosh, where the battle was to take place.

We first went to the hotel, and there crammed our hungry stomachs. In the afternoon we journeyed around town taking in the sights, which were not few. We then trod the weary way to the Oshkosh Normal, which is located a "short" mile from the city business district.

We were shown through the building, and then invited to a basket ball game between the Oshkosh Normal Faculty and a team composed of men, who were taking the Industrial Course at that school.

After witnessing this game, we again went to the hotel; this time to get supper.

At 7:30 P. M., we all were seated in a bunch in the auditorium of the school, Yells were given, and our debators, together with the Oshkosh debators, ascended the rostrum.

Oshkosh argued their side well; but were out-classed by our debators. The question was:

"Resolved, That Immigration from European countries to the United States should be further restricted by law."

Earles Edes spoke first for our side; Lilia Johnson, second; and Worth DaFoe, third. Clarence Strand was their alternate.

Mr. Sims, our president, acted as chairman of the debate. He read the decision of the judges with a smiling countenance. As he said "Affirmative 1, and Negative 2," our delegation fairly went wild. Our school yell was given, and the debators were congratulated.

We proceeded to the gymnasium, where were given refreshments, and a dance, which all of us appreciated.

That night, and the next day, we journeyed to our homes to spend our Easter vacation.

Seven pages of THE IRIS will be devoted to the Junior Class.

Why does Strand frequent the South Side? Is he learning the "shoe-maker" trade?

The Junior Observation Class have been taking dancing lessons from Miss Parkhurst's toe dancers. We all expect to become good dancers after a few more lessons.

Our motto from now on must be "Buck."

The Juniors played the Sub-Freshmen March 31, the first day of the tournament.

The Sub-Freshmen were easily defeated on account of their size, the score being 21 to 4.

On April 2, the second day of the tournament, the Juniors defeated the Freshmen in a fast game by the score of 4 to 7.

The Freshmen made a very good showing, good team work was done on both sides; but the Juniors being superior to the little

Freshmen, soon ran up a fair sized score.

On April 4, the Juniors met the Seniors for the Bischoff cup. This game was the most exciting one of the tournament. The Seniors profiting by last years experience, played a fast game. The Juniors played as they had never done before. The Seniors led by two points, when Schoechert, the Junior center, succeeded in caging a basket from the center of the floor, making the best basket of the tournament. This tied the score; it now being 7 and 7. A free throw by the Seniors won for them the game, and the cup, by the narrow score of 8--7.

Losing the cup by by so small a margin, the Juniors feel almost confident of winning it next year.



The Normal Presidents of the Northern Sections of the Mississippi Valley, representing Fourteen States, met at Chicago, February 21.

Mr. Sims being present, he was honored with the office of Vice President for the coming year.

Mr. Spindler helped judge a Joint Debate between the Platteville and LaCrosse Normals, at LaCrosse, March 7. The former school won.

Mrs. Short attended the meeting of the State Library Association at Wausau, March 5 to 7. She serves as Treasurer of the Association for the coming year.

Mr. Hippensteel conducted an Institute at Algoma, March 7.

Mr. Phelan spent a week in Washburn County, in March, visiting Rural Schools and speaking at school-house gatherings in the evening.

Messrs. Olson and Herrick, and Mr. Ames, helped judge High School Oratorical and Declamatory Contests, on Friday night April 14, at Wautoma and New London, respectively.

Mr. Sims aided in judging a Declamatory Contest at Nelsonville, March 11.



Now that the Freshies are about to have their faces "shot" for the express purpose of having something to put in THE IRIS which will warrant a large sale of the same, we cease to wonder why Frank Hyer Jr., visited the Chicago Clothing Store of I. Shafton, three times before he finally became fitted with his present dashing Norfolk and English "never wilt" collar.

It might be said that Florence Hill has taken a solemn vow to quit the foolish practice of daily donating two perfectly good pennies to the treasury of the Wm. Wrigley Company; and at present consoles herself with watching Mary Miller masticate her "Black Jim," throughout her hours of wakefulness.

With feelings of pride, we wish to announce that Willard Newton, upon whom the Freshman class pins its dramatic hopes, has closed a long and highly successful engagement at the Della, and is at present recovering from the severe strain of dodging the lemons which were tendered him during his performances. Such dire inappreciation of talent has caused this young artist to seriously consider the advisability of retiring from Vaudeville forever; and go chicken farming with Mr. Patterson.

The class in a body tenders its most sincere sympathy to their esteemed Sophomore friends---Lloyd Garthwait and Geo. Jindra, upon whom a great sorrow has recently fallen.

We would suggest that after such thrilling notes as the Sophomores published in our last issue, that each and every member of the class be immediately presented with a "Sheepskin," and the author of that dope to be given a degree as a suitable reward for her splendid effort.

There is a youth named "Shorty,"
Whom we all like to tease.
He surely loves cold weather,
Especially the Fries. (part of it.)

The Freshmen Girls are to be commended for the splendid spirit shown by them at the basket ball games this year. With such a class in school, things can't help but go right.

We wonder why Dickie VanTassel parts his hair so nicely now-a-days, and lingers near the desk of Alice Brady? For a few "pointers," we would advise him to call upon Joe Barber, or "Cupid" Hanson.

I feel light hearted and happy,
In my breast is a new born hope;
For I've heard that THE POINTER Editor
Will call for no more dope.





SOPHOMORE

SOPHOMORE GIRLS BASKET BALL

"All Junior and Sophomore Girls interested in Basket ball report to Miss Bronson's office at 3:30 to-day,"

was the Notice read from the rostrum. When 3:30 came the small office was soon filled to its utmost. The Sophomores were in the minority; but we must bear in mind that this class is very small. The following girls were present:

Othelia Dahl, Helen Glisczinski, Louise Grube, Ellen Kennedy, Edna and Leona Panzer, and Bertha Schneider. To most of these basket ball was new.

Only two or three of these girls reported for practice, and as the required number for team work was not present, our team failed to receive the necessary training.

Not until after the other teams had been well started did the Sophomore team organize. We owe the organization of our team to the kind assistance of Miss Bronson, and to our faithful and enthusiastic captain. Though to many of us it seemed as if we could not be represented, such as that never entered her mind.

The personal interviews on the part of Miss Bronson and Helen, resulted in the organization of our team, as follows:

Center---Helen Glisczinski, Captain.

Forwards---Louise Grube,
Marion Weltman.

Guards---Ellen Kennedy,
Bertha Schneider.

We Sophomores are not disappointed with our team; nor are we discouraged with its work. Our class admires the team for its grit and loyalty to us.

A Sophomore in Grammer Class.

Sentence: "Would you let Lucy and — go?"

Professor Ames---"Mr. Blume, fill blank with either "I," or "me."

Blume---"Would you let Lucy and I go?"

Ames---"Wrong. Suppose you leave "Lucy and" out. Then how will you read it?"

Blume---"Would you let me go?"

Ames---"Why do you change from "I" to "me?"

Blume---"Because it changes the case."





The Senior Class, with Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, planned a Sleigh Ride Party to attend a social gathering in a school a number of miles out in the country; but warm weather set in and broke up the sleighing, and the Peter Pan lecture number also interfered with our plans; so we did not go that night, but intend to make a trip of that kind before school closes.

There was a great deal of confusion and wrangling between the two classes as to how much and what kind of material the R. S. Course was to put in THE IRIS this year. It was finally decided by Prof. Phelan that each class should be represented separately as far as possible; and that in general the Senior Class should have the right to put in more material than the Junior Class; because THE IRIS is a Senior publication, and the Senior year is also the last year of this course. The expenses will fall on each class separately as to the amount of material put in, with the exception of the basket ball team, and other material that will represent the Course in general, will have to be shared equally by the two classes.

It was not at all strange that there was some disagreement as to this matter this year, this being the First Year of the Course.

Most likely the plans followed this year will be a precedent for the succeeding classes; and we hope we have chosen the best and most satisfactory plans.

Several pictures of the classes have been taken; and a general preparation of the material for THE IRIS has been made.

Some Interesting Things Seen About School by the R. S. C. Editor.

J. C. W. attempts to frighten Dick in gym. class, with his villainous, dramatic gestures.

Everybody is overcome by a drowsy feeling in the R. S. C. Physiology Class.

What's the reason?

Niel S. is working for his Master's degree in gymnastics.

Wm. O'C. stars in Geography Class.

Martin R. does not go home with the bunch, from the Junior debate at Oshkosh.

What's the cause?

W. Zy - - t is a good sport. Why?

Because he does not go to State basket ball Championship game ALONE.

The R. S. C. basket ball team has been doing fine work, considering their size and former experience; and they expect to win a good place in the tournament. The will of the class is with them; and if they don't win this year, we have hopes to win the CUP next year.

Rurals, Rurals, Yes! Yes! Yes!

Are we in it? Well, I guess!

Rurals, Rurals, Yes! Yes! Yes!

Will we beat 'em? Well, I guess!



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

With the opening of the Second Semester, various changes took place in the Domestic Science department.

The Seniors who completed their Course in Cookery at the close of the First Semester are now receiving instruction in the Dress-Making Department which is under the supervision of Miss Fecht. The course, as outlined, consists of the drafting and study of patterns, the cutting, fitting and making of a shirt-waist suit, silk waist, woolen skirt, and graduation dress. The planning and serving of the latter, and especially the drafting of original designed waists, has been as interesting as instructive and practical.

After their introduction to the Laboratory, the two large classes of Juniors lost little time in becoming acquainted with the equipment of the department. Since then, they have always been willing to render their assistance whenever they have been called upon. Thus far, their practical work has consisted of the preparation, in the various ways, of carbo-hydrate and proteid foods.

One of the most interesting subjects in the curriculum is that of House Planning. Although we do not expect to see all the plans published in the next issue of THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL, or THE CRAFTSMAN, they undoubtedly are worthy of commendation.

House Planning was followed by five weeks of Interior Decoration. This subject is devoted to the planning of color schemes

for walls, ceilings, floors, wood-work and furnishings in a house. A careful study of the selection in purchasing for, and the arrangement of furniture in the home, was made by the class.

Home Nursing and Emergencies, Invalid Cookery, and Millinery, are Senior subjects during this semester.

Interesting experiments relating to the simple household tests for the detection of food adulteration, have recently been performed by the Organic Chemistry Classes.

The second of the "Farmers", Rural Teachers', and Home Makers Conference," took place Wednesday, March 5th. Some of the numbers were:

The Lunch Box.

The Food and its Preparation and Packing. Mrs. F. S. Patterson.

An Exercise in Shirt-Waist Making, all stages from pattern to Completed Garment.

Miss Fecht.

Were thoroly prepared and presented in a pleasing manner. The Domestic Science girls prepared and served lunch to the visitors in the gymnasium during the noon hour.

Cooking Practice has been satisfactorily carried out this quarter. The classes from the city schools meet one day each week in one of the Normal Domestic Science Laboratories. The underlying principles for the cooking of carbo-hydrate and proteid foods have been presented to and studied by the pupils.



Girl's Athletics.

This has been rather a quiet time since the last issue. Nothing much doing outside of a lot of noise, a few basket ball games, a couple of dances (classed as healthful exercise during Lent,) and a spread or two.

Basket ball is almost a thing of the past. It has occupied our attention in the Athletic field; it has been the whole cry.

The teams were selected about three weeks ago. The line-up is as follows:

SENIORS:

Captain, Meta Steffek, L. G.
 Adelaide Williams, R. G.
 Irene Wilhelm, L. F.
 Ruth Peterson, R. F.
 Helen Stemen, C.

JUNIORS:

Captain, Marie Schoechert, C.
 Esther Werle, R. F.
 Jesse Burce, L. F.
 Grace Polebitski, R. G.
 Ellen Todd, L. G.
 Doris Mason, Sub.

SOPHOMORES:

Captain, Helen Glisczinski, C.
 Bertha Snyder, L. G.
 Ellen Kennedy, R. G.
 Louise Grube, R. F.
 Marion Weltman, L. F.

FRESHMEN:

Captain, Elvina Foxen, C.
 Mary Miller, R. F.
 Florence Hill, L. F.
 Marie Gotchy, R. G.
 Helen Collins, L. G.
 Vivian Day, Sub.

SUB FRESHMEN:

Captain, Doris Maddy, C.
 Hattie Weltman, R. F.
 Ethelyn Tobin, L. E.
 Grace Tobin, R. G.
 Violet Ruby, L. G.

RURALS.

Captain, Marguerite Christiansen, R. G.
 Evelyn Kluck, R. F.
 Myrtle Burke, L. F.
 Jennie Altenbergh, L. G.
 Otylia Bannach, C.

On account of the Oratorical Contest, and the boys championship game, the girls' tournament was postponed until the first week in April.

There were six teams three strong, and three weak. The preliminary game of the tournament took place on Monday night. All of the teams played. The three weak teams drew lots for their opponents. Season tickets for the tournament were sold at the small sum of 25 c.

MONDAY EVE., 4 P. M.

The Seniors played the Sophomores, with the result of 20---3 in favor of the Seniors.

The Rurals drew the Freshmen. This game resulted in a victory for the Freshmen; score being 12---5.

The Junior-Sub-Freshmen game came out in favor of the Juniors, 21-4.

The three winning teams, together with the Rural team, which was adjudged the strongest of the losers, played the semi-finals on Wednesday; but unfortunately only a small crowd could come to enjoy the games.

WEDNESDAY, 4 P. M.

The Freshman captain and Rural captain drew lots for the Seniors and Juniors. The Rurals drew the Seniors. The game resulted in an easy victory for the Seniors; the final score being 40---5. But the score does not show what a splendid game the Rurals presented. However, the Seniors were superior, and played the best floor game of any of the teams so far.

At the same time the Freshmen-Juniors played. Both teams played a hard game, and it resulted in a victory for the Juniors; score 14---7.

FRIDAY NIGHT 8 P. M.

This was the night of the final game. As a preliminary game, the losing teams of Wednesday, namely, the Freshmen and Rurals played a game in which the Freshmen defeated the Rurals. 17---9.

As a result of this game, the Freshmen got third place, and the Rurals fourth place.

The winners of Wednesday, or the Juniors and Seniors, played for first and second places. It was a sharply contested game. The Senior team defeated the Juniors. 8---7.

Altho the Juniors were at no time ahead of the Seniors, the game was close. At first the Seniors led. Then the score was tied.

Thru a foul on the Juniors, the Seniors led 8---7; this score remaining until the end of the game.

The Juniors had several free throws, but they failed to make them; consequently the Seniors won.

After the game, Dr. Bischoff presented the cup to the Seniors; and also each member of the Junior and Senior teams with a box of candy.

The Seniors of this year, won the cup last year as Juniors.

Helen Stemen played a star game for the Seniors. We do say "Kink" won the cup; and that is no empty joke, as she made 7 of the 8 points.

Thus ended the Inter-Class Basket Ball games.

The girls interested in Basket Ball and Athletics have formed a Girls' Athletic Association. They chose Grace Polebitski as President, and Jessie Burce as Secretary and Treasurer.

Now that the Basket ball season is over, it would not be astonishing to hear that the girls have formed base ball teams; and let that take the place of Basket ball.

Second Team Notes.

The season has been a fairly successful one for the Normal Second Team; the record being four games won, and three lost.

Although the same players did not hold the same positions onto the team throughout the season, the work done by all of them was good. They did what they could to help the First Team in practice by appearing as a practice team against them. Although they were beaten almost continually by the First Team in practice, they continued to appear every night with the same spirit.

The trip to Colby and Park Falls on March 7 and 8, resulted in defeat at both places by close scores.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

The team was defeated by Medford, at that place, earlier in the season.

The four games played on the home floor resulted in victories.

The team wishes to thank coach Schneller for the help he has given them during the season, and for the interest he has shown in the team.

Following is the line up :

- L. F.Carley, Rieschl.
- R. F.Johnson.
- C.Messer.
- L. G.Van Tassel (captain.)
- R. G.Cummings.

The record for the Second Team follows :

S. P. N. Seconds...18	Boy Scouts 14
“ “22	Soo Line Team .. 11
“ “18	S. P. B. C.10
“ “12	Medford Highs...32
“ “19	Colby C. T.24
“ “21	Park Falls Highs...25
“ “12	S. P. B. C.4
Total Points...122	Opponents120

Since the publication of our last issue, many things in the line of Athletics have come to pass. Many games have been played both in and out of town, several of which were very decisive games.

True it is, that when two numbers back we predicted the Northern Division championship, it was merely a prediction. But this prediction has materialized, even though much and hard fighting was required.

When the schedule had been played out by all the teams of the Northern Division, there was a triple tie for first place. Superior, La Crosse, and Stevens Point had all won Four Games, and lost Two. Each of the three teams lost their two games away from home. The standing of the teams then was :

	WON.	LOST.	PER CENT
La Crosse.....	4	2	.667
Superior.....	4	2	.667
Stevens Point....	4	2	.667
River Falls.....	0	6	.000

The result of this triple tie was that Superior, having been beaten worse away from home than they had beaten either of their opponents, forfeited their claim.

La Crosse and Stevens Point then played off the remaining tie at Wausau, where we were victorious, 36 to 22; thus winning the northern championship.

Milwaukee, having won the southern championship, played the Stevens Point team in our gymnasium, and by defeating our team, won the State championship of the Normal Schools, 43 to 30.

The game at Wausau was a very decisive game; and the men on the team deserve credit for having put up a winning fight.

The defeat by Milwaukee might have been predicted; for Milwaukee had the same team that won the championship of Secondary Colleges last year. Though we lost the game, and with it the State championship, still we must admit that we were out-classed as far as all around playing ability was concerned. Though Milwaukee did not have any geniuses, they had ONE team, and not five men.

The record of the games for the season follows :

OPPONENTS.	S. P. N.	PLACE.
Marshfield H. S. ..16	28	Stevens Point
Wausau Y.M.C.A. .26	11	Wausan
Grand Rapids H.S. 28	18	Grand Rapids
Wausau Y. M. C. A. 27	28	Stevens Point
La Crosse Normal...26	29	Stevens Point
Superior Normal...31	28	Superior
River Falls Normal 22	36	River Falls
River Falls Normal 14	52	Stevens Point
Whitewater Normal 7	71	Stevens Point
La Crosse Normal...42	24	La Crosse
Superior Normal...15	23	Stevens Point
Weyauwega City		

Team..	20	29	Weyauwega
Unity Tigers.....	18	27	Unity
La Crosse Normal..	22	36	Wausau
Milwaukee Normal..	40	30	Stevens Point

The passing of the Milwaukee team was some of the smoothest and finest seen here this season.

Following is a brief summary of the game :

The State Championship game played here March 28, was one of the greatest games played on our floor ; and incidentally it drew the greatest crowd that has ever attended a basket ball game at the local Normal. It is estimated that nearly Seven Hundred people were at the game ; and this immense crowd, with its yelling and songs, made a din that could be heard for some distance.

MILWAUKEE.	STEVENS POINT.
Meyers, F10	Garthwaite, F.8
Stoher, F. 6	Riley, F. and C. ...2
Croke, C.14	Edes, C. and F. .18
Gray, G. 4	Brady, G. 0
Seifert, G. 7	Oden, G. 2
Referee---Davies.	

Though the score showed a 43 to 30 victory for the quintet from the south, the local team has no reason to feel discouraged ; for they were within fighting distance of the long end of the score all during the game. Our team was ahead for the first ten minutes of play, and had the best of the argument for three quarters of the game. The last ten minutes, the Milwaukee team piled up a score too large for our fast quintet to overcome.

Much interest has been shown in Basket ball this year. The school spirit has been aroused. It has shown itself in several ways. The gymnasium gallery has always been packed ; and for the last few games, the gym floor has been used to accommodate part of the crowd. Demonstrations have been given in the Assembly Room before the games. There is only one thing that has been lacking. That is organized yelling. This defect, however, is probably due to the yell leader ; for there are plenty of rooters in the school. There must be a system in yelling as well as in every thing else. This system will some day be found, and put into practice. Though S. P. N. has not yet reached the top, it certainly will, if we can maintain this school spirit. Let's all turn out and BOOST either base ball or track work, and we will soon have a winning team.

Edes played a star game for S. P. N., making a total of Eighteen points.

Garthwait also was "there" with the point winners.

Oden, our great guard, made a fine shot from almost one end of the floor to the other.

Why have Riley and Brady broken training?

Considering the hard playing our boys had had in the two games before this final one, they did splendidly ; and the best team won.

Answer—Basket ball season is over.





WIT • HUMOR

MISS BAKER (in Chorus)—Come in there, all you boys, with your hoes, (Ho's). That's right. Now you're hoing fine!

MR. COLLINS (in Algebra)—You'll find out, Wilberscheid, that figures are like people. If they arn't properly matched there's going to be trouble. I hope I'm not too late with my suggestion. (Is he?)

MR. HIPPENSTEEL (in Literature)—It would be all right, wouldn't it, Miss Lombard, if some one were sent here by your parents to watch and see how you behaved?

MISS LOMBARD—No, indeed!

MR. COLLINS—When you are in a hurry for school, Barber, and you can't find your collar button, what follows?

JOE BARBER—Much profane language.

MR. NESS (in Physiology)—When water has become hardened with cold, what do we say of it, Miss Marchel?

AMANDA MARCHEL—Why, its—er—a—we say its coagulated.

(Oh, you Freshmen!)

MR. COLLINS—I've found out why Messer is so sharp.

SENIOR—Why?

MR. COLLINS—Because, in German, Messer means pen-knife.

(Wouldn't it seem suspicious, now, to hear Meta Steffek saying, "Where's my pen-knife?")

MR. SPINDLER—I havn't any objection to folks saying their prayers. In fact, some of you folks ought to do a little more of it. It's fine mental gymnastics.

MRS. COLLINS (At the Basket Ball Rally)—Well, I guess all these fellows have got a girl, except Garthwaite, and he's too young yet.

(Oh, Mr. Collins! How could you, with Alma there?)

WILLARD NEWTON—No, sir, I'll never believe a word that Edes, or Oden, or any one else ever says again. I pretty near broke the bed up jumping and kicking the night of the game at Superior; and then them guys went and lost!

Excuse Slip, Dated January 25.

"Sick. Got into poison ivy."

CARL ODEN.

RUTH HETZEL—I write the Faculty Notes for THE POINTER, Miss Baker, and I'd like to ask you a few questions.

MISS BAKER—Very well. I was born in a Democratic State, shortly before Roosevelt became President. My parents are of Irish descent, and are still living. There have never been any cases of consumption, or of heart disease in our family.

No, he's out; but Mr. Spindler will sign it for you.

I was in favor of Wilson for the Presidency.
I do not believe in the Darwin theories.

I am very much pleased with S. P. N., so far; especially with the basket ball team.

I have no designs on either Mr. Bowman or Leslie Hanson.

Any thing else, Miss Hetzel?

Logic of Mr. Ness.

Do not smoke. Remember the Iroquois fire!

Do not spit. Remember the Johnstown flood!

Mr. Patterson.

A cautious look around he stole,
To watch the kids that flunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

MR. SCHNELLER—Why were you absent, Oden?

ODEN—My sister got married.

Mr. Schneller—Don't let that happen again.

He used to; but he's moved.

PRACTICE TEACHER—What was Washington's Farewell Address?

JACOB—Heaven.

MR. COLLINS (glaring at Riley who is five minutes late)—Well, young man, what made you so long?

PIERCE RILEY (blushing and grinning)—Dunno. Guess I just grew.

MR. AMES—What is the feminine of monk?

FRANK HYER—Monkey.

The Three Foremost Causes of Insanity.

(In their Proper Order.)

1. Exams.
2. Exams.
3. Exams.

Our Annual Short Story.

A wife,
A hat,
A bill,
A spat,
Dinner neglected,
Divorce expected.

"There are two sides to every argument," said the debate coach.

"Yes," replied Dafoe, "but it depends which side you are on. There are two sides to a sheet of fly paper."

Popular Normal Farces.

Roll call.
Current Events (under Spin.)
Excuse slips.

Ever Popular S. P. N. Fiction.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you. No, I'm not studying. Sit down."

"Don't report me absent. I've got a 1:30 Practice Class."

"I missed my class, because I had to take a friend to the train."

"Oh, yes, my society, class, and Young Women's Christian Association dues, as well as my POINTER subscription, are all paid up."

"Oh, I love Geometry. It is such a fine opportunity to develop the intellectual powers."

"I always make a business of contributing at least two Stories to THE POINTER; and those fine jokes (?) I contributed myself."

"Remember that all the criticisms you get in practice are for your own good."

"Six Cents due on this book. Two Cents a day, you know."

No, you can't charge stamps.

Why Practice Teachers go Crazy.

"You talk too much."

"You stand too much on one foot."

"You are too severe."

"You must have better order."

"Be kind to the pupils."

"Do not allow the pupils to run over you."

"Do not stand like a statue. Move about."

"You make too many gestures. Be more dignified."

"I am not satisfied with your work."

"I do not like your manner before your class."

"I am not satisfied with the plans you are writing."

"NEVER refer to your plan."

"You do not follow your plan closely enough."

"You say 'jist,' and 'git.'"

"Do not sit on the desk."

"You do not seem to be accomplishing anything."

"You are covering too much ground."

"You do not dismiss your class on time."

"Your pupils come in three minutes too early to-day."

"See me."

Heard in German I.

"Die kow hat ober die fence gejumped, and all the wheat bedamaged." —Ex.

MISS ZELLAR (in Primary Methods)—Were you thinking of anything, Miss Thompson?

IDA THOMPSON—No ma'am.

MISS BAKER (turning sharp corner)—For goodness sake, Miss Rice, I nearly ran right over the top of you.

Alas, what is to become of the little folks?

MR. SMITH—Was Henry VIII a hero?

HELEN STEMEN—He certainly was. He married six women.

Evolution of a Name.

FRESHY—Ruth.

SOPH.—F. R. Hetzel.

JUNIOR—Florence Ruth Hetzel.

SENIOR—F. Ruth Hetzel.

A Sophomore's Essay on Stevens Point.

Stevens Point is a big city, consisting of a Normal School and other Sanitariums.

Stevens Point is somewhat of an Art center. It has many telephone posts, and a cement side-walk on Main Street.

Leaning up against one side of Stevens Point is the Wisconsin River, which is full of many suckers; especially during the bathing season. This river was placed here so that the big steamers could flow into the city.

Stevens Point contains a city Hospital, a fly factory, the Portage branch, and the public square. It was founded by a man who wanted a place to put his boat.

Stevens Point contains a Public Library and the Polish Brewery. It has a number of well educated schools, also a High School. It has a city council, and an automobile that runs on sleighs. It has a police force, and also a new skeleton in the Normal museum. The cities entire population is made up of men, women, children, and Normalites, not counting faculty or freshmen.

J. C. WILBERSCHIED—I hung around a drug store for three years, and I never found out a thing about Apothecaries weight.

JOE BARBER—I guess the trouble with Wilberscheid was that he didn't pay as much attention to Apothecaries weight as he did to the liquid measure.

Some Little Things with Big Names.

William J. Murphy.

H. P. Brady.

Richard Lawrence VanTassel.

Grace Marion Polebitski.

MATTIE CLARKSON—Helen Stemen is quite a linguist, isn't she?

CLARA SEIF—Indeed she is. She speaks French like a Parasite.

MATTIE CLARKSON—Well, then, does she speak German like a germ?

MISS GILRUTH (in Latin V)—Translate "rex fugit."

RUTH BEATTIE—"The king flees."

MISS GILRUTH—You should use "has" in translating the perfect tense.

RUTH BEATTIE—"The king has flees."

The Thanks the Editors Get. (No Joke.)

Punk edition!

Awful!

Rotten!

Worst yet!

Alvin Peterson—When I arose to speak, some one threw a base, cowardly egg at me.

Otto Schreiner—And what sort of an egg is that?

A. Peterson—A base, cowardly egg is one that hits you, and then runs.

Miss Gilruth—Do you think Albert will get those screens for me, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith—He will if you'll give him Ten Cents.

Miss Gilruth—Not much! I'll get them myself, then.

The Pleasures of Life.

Five studies, practice, and all the extras. Losing school orator slip by one pesky vote.

Collecting class dues from dead broke Seniors. (Ask Norman.)

Leaving your pocket book at home when you're down at Oshkosh for a high, old time. (Ask Ida Norton.)

Having your face banged up just before you go to Oshkosh. (Ask Earl Johnson.)

MR. NESS—What is the effect of liquor on a man, Miss Collins?

HELEN COLLINS—Why, it—er—a—makes him happy.

Mr. Hippensteel—What would you think of a man that would keep on loving and loving?

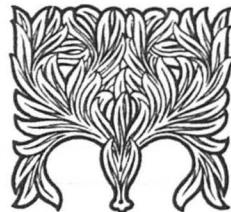
Ruth Owen—I should think he would be awfully nice to fall back on.

Myron Williams, (on the way to Oshkosh)—No, thanks. I don't care for a Sentinel. I'll take a Daily for mine.

On the Oshkosh Special.

As the train neared Custer, a lady fainted; Her face was white, where 'twas not painted. "Oh what an awful, terrible sight," she cried. "I believe I'll see it 'til the day I've died."

We asked the cause of her apprehension? She had just seen the face of Earl A. Johnson





The last number of **THE SPHINX** was gotten out by the girls of the University. It is up to the standard of the other issues.

THE ROYAL PURPLE, Whitewater Normal, is to become a weekly paper hereafter.

The Literary Department of **THE MERCURY** is well worth reading. The cover design of the March issue was very neat and attractive.

THE KODAK, Eau Claire High School, is a new Exchange. We are glad to welcome it. It is a splendid paper; with the exception that it lacks cuts, which would greatly improve it.

THE MERCURY, Racine College, is now on our Exchange List. We hope that it will remain so, as it is a worthy publication.

THE LAKE BREEZE, Sheboygan High School, is to be commended on its splendid paper. Every page is worthy of a good criticism. The cover makes one want to "look in."

Teacher—"Spell 'ally.'"

Student—"A-lal-y"

Teacher—"That's a lie." Exch.

THE MESSENGER, Bellingham, Washington, says of us: "We enjoy your jokes."

Found on an English Examination Paper:

"Tennyson was bright behind his ears."
(beyond his years.)

"Six years before Spenser married, he died."

"He fell from the step ladder and landed, hurting himself on the refrigerator."

Professor—What did Nero play when Rome was burning?

Student—"Hot time," probably.

Exch.

My watch isn't going.

Was it invited?

Exch.

Senior—I dyed my mustache yesterday, Don't tell any one.

Sophomore—Why?

Senior—I am going to keep it dark.

Exch.

THE POINTER acknowledges receipt of the following Exchanges:

THE STUDENT, Eastern Kentucky State Normal.

EXPONENT, Platteville.

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY JOURNAL, Milwaukee.

OTAKNAM, Maukato, Minnesota.

HIGH SCHOOL NEWS, Berlin, Wisconsin.

LOG BOOK, Two Rivers, Wisconsin.

ANEMONE, Spearfish, South Dakota,

