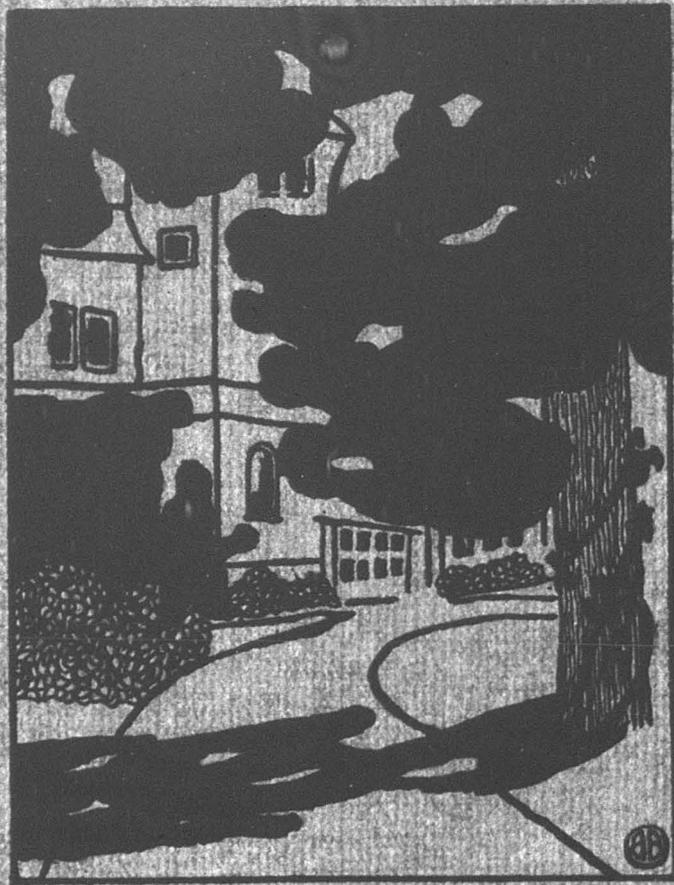


The **POINTER**



THE NORMAL POINTER

Vol. XVIII

February, 1913

No. 3

Published Monthly by the students of the Stevens Point Normal School.
Entered at the Post Office at Stevens Point, Wisconsin, as second class mail matter

Terms of Subscription—Local delivery, 75 cents per annum.
Post Office delivery, \$1.00 per annum,
Single copies, 15 cents.

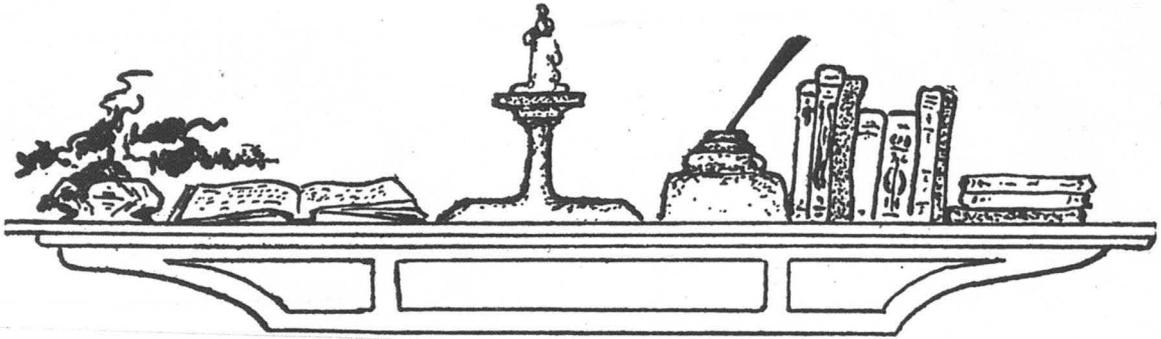
THE POINTER STAFF

Editor in Chief.....NORMAN E. KNUTZEN
Assistant EditorHELEN STEMEN
Business Manager LEON CARLEY
Assistant.....OTTO SCHREINER

Special Contributor.....J. C. WILBERSCHIED	Senior Class.....MARGUERITE HARSHAW
LiteraryPEARL RICHARDS	Junior Class.....DOROTHY HAMILTON
Boy's Athletics PAUL SCHANEN	Sophomore Class.....RICHARD VANTASSEL
Girl's Athletics.....META STEFFICK	Freshman Class HAROLD BRADY
Arts and Sciences.....HILDA KAISERMAN	Rural School Course.....WALTER VOIGHT
Wit and Humor.....MABEL RICE	ArenaTENA MCCALLIN
Exchange.....ROSE MALONEY	OhiyesaELIZA MONTGOMERY
Music.....LESLIE A. HANSON	Forum-Athenaeum.....OTTO SCHREINER
Faculty.....RUTH HETZEL	Y. W. C. A.RUTH SCRIBNER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial..... 2	Juniors..... 13
Literary.....3-4-5	Sophomores..... 14-15
Special Contributions..... 6-7	Freshman..... 16
Societies..... 8	Rural School Course..... 17
Y. W. C. A..... 9	Domestic Science..... 18
Faculty..... 10	Athletics..... 19-20
Music..... 11	Wit and Humor..... 21-22-23
Seniors..... 12	Exchanges..... 24



EDITORIAL

At this time of the year, when the joys and leisure of the Holidays are gone, there comes to us the full burden of work and concentration. The New Year brings along with its cloud of sunshine and happiness a certain amount of work to be accomplished during the year. It also brings with itself the choice for us to take what we want to in the line of school activities. And friends, have you stopped to consider what a great chance there is for you to show your ability and interest by means of these various activities.

Need I stop to mention them again? We have the Musical and Literary Organizations, the Debate, the Oratorical Contest, the Athletics. Every one of these organizations wants all the live and enthusiastic people of ability in this school to be enrolled in some one or the other of these outside activities. If you have literary or musical ability come forward and be an active member of the Boys' or Girls' Societies, the Treble Clef or the Boys' Glee Club. Don't keep your GOOD THINGS to YOURSELF. If you are interested in Public Speaking of various kinds, boost for the Debate and Oratorical Contest. If you have Athletic aspirations, go down in the gymnasium and work with the other fellows; but don't stand around up-stairs and knock those who are trying to put this school on the athletic map.

Many of you have literary ability; but alas, how afraid some of you are to show it. Let us show your work in these columns.

If you are too timid to bring your little contributions to the Staff managers, place it in THE POINTER box out in the hall, and we will surely see that the work appears in our next issue. In short: take this little message to yourself:

Don't keep your ability to yourself when you know that it might do some good for the others, and for your school.

There will be but two more issues of THE POINTER this school year; so all you friends who have literary ability, bring forth your contributions. This is the SCHOOL'S paper.

"YE SCRIBE" thinks it would be a splendid idea if a goodly number of the school's patriots plan to attend the Junior Debate at Oshkosh this year. Let's see what we can do about it.

Can't We?

Can't we have just a little more spirit
At our basket ball games?
Can't we help the team and cheer it,
All we Normal gents and dames?
Can't we of this great State Normal,
For S. P. N. yell as it should be?
Sure we can; don't be so formal,
Now, ALTOGETHER: VI, Vi, Vi."

Are You Superstitious? (CONTRIBUTED.)

Yes; this is 1913; but what of it? Do not let the past weary you; do not dread the future; but see the opportunities of the present, grasp them. and in grasping, hold them fast, so you may know that this year is as happy and as profitable. if not more so, than those that have passed.



At The Auction.

"Step up a little closer, ladies and gentlemen. I am about to show you one of the handsomest, neatest, sweetest, little pieces of furniture that you ever set your optics on. Just look at it, everybody—look!—look! What's that? can't see; well, just step up a little closer, then. Now, here we are, everybody—look!—listen, here you over there, just be as mum as a clam for one minute, please.

Ladies, can you conceive of anything so useful in a home as this would be?

And you, gentlemen, here's a drawer that you could keep all of your neck-ties in. Just look at it. That's right, lady, look right into that mirror, now really, doesn't it make you look handsome? Why, I'll guarantee that everyone here will think himself beautiful when he gazes into this mirror. The old shall look young, and the fat shall look lean; it's wonderful, most wonderful, more wonderful than anything yet sold. Why, friends, I haven't said a word about it yet, it's bird's-eye maple—it's the real stuff—not glass eye—but bird's eye. Why, fellows, she's a bird, look at this top drawer; surely that will be large enough to hold all the good wife's doodads that she pins on, and makes her look so charming. Well, here is a place for hats; now fellows, don't let your derbys go knocking around the house, just put them in here, and they will be safe, out of the way—away from the baby and the dust.

Now, everybody, how much am I offered? how much? Come on, make a bid, What, all your money gone, oh! no; now who'll be the first bidder, what's that? ten dollars; ten dollars, who'll make it fifteen—now we're started—do I hear it? Fifteen, ah! that's it, young man, you're the wise one, make a nice Christmas gift to the wife. Already now, fifteen, who'll make it twenty—twenty—good, this lady right here, makes it twenty, she wants the mirror that makes her beautiful, she's good looking. Now, but don't you care over here. I mean that lady right there, it would do the same to you, how's that, you'll bid twenty-five; that's the way to do it. Twenty-five, come on, you fellows over there by the door, don't let the ladies get ahead of you—whose going to make it thirty—thirty dollars. Ah, now you're awake, thirty, thirty dollars, who'll make it forty—come on now, why, look—look at it—everybody look— isn't that the neatest, niftiest piece of furniture you ever saw? Now make it forty—do I hear it? Hurry—hurry—only thirty dollars for that, why friends, I'd be crazy to sell it at that price—what's that—thirty-five—all right—thirty-five—going—going—thirty-five once—going—come on now—make it forty—thirty-five, only thirty-five dollars, going—going—gone. Sold to that young gentleman right over there by the door, for thirty-five dollars."

B. B.

The Spartan Mother

Elizabeth Marye had lost a husband and three sons in the single battle of Bull Run. A fourth son was yet left to her, a mere boy, not yet seventeen, for whom she now sat waiting, with drawn blinds, in her gloomy Southern mansion. In her heart, chilled by tragedy, Robert was the one warm spot left. Yet now, as thru all the years of his boyhood, she cherished a vague, sublime hope at the thought of her last born. For some strange reason, she expected this boy to accomplish what those others had set out to do and failed—in death.

"Well, mother!" The boy of six feet, of muscular frame, advanced with quickened pace and kissed the wrinkled forehead of his mother. His eyes saw the enlarged pictures upon the wall. There were five, the last was—his own.

"Bobbie," said his mother, "you and I are alone. Your father and brothers—"

"Yes, I read about it, Thursday. Father and—my brothers—" He shook his head sadly.

His mother waited a moment. She seemed to expect something more. "Bobbie, I have sent for you—"

"Yes, mother, and"—his eye was roving thru the windows, over the broad plantation. "I'll take charge of everything for you."

Again she waited, quite puzzled.

"You forget, son, that it has been several months since your dear father and brothers left for the army, and that I and the slaves have managed the plantation."

"Well, then, why the special message, since it was sent after the—the burial?"

"Can you ask? Colonel Baisley will call to-morrow; you know him, Tom Baisley. He is recruiting a regiment. I told him you would be home in time."

The boy looked startled at first, and then slowly said,

"Very well, mother. I'll be ready."

He kissed her again, this time with a never-to-be-forgotten tenderness. Two days later he stood before her in his uniform, ready to leave for the front. And after he had gone, she felt a strange confidence that this last son she had was destined to do a mighty deed.

Five weeks passed, and the army reports that came to the Marye plantation were few and far between. Finally news came to Mrs. Marye that the armies were fighting just over the hill from her home.

The Union division expected a re-inforcement, in a few days, from the northward, that must eventually crush the scattered Confederates, unless they effected their escape before it arrived.

The Southern general knew this, and so planned a concerted attack to take place the day before the Union re-inforcements were to arrive. The Federal army was completely surprised, and was forced to retreat, which it did in an orderly manner. In some way the Confederate commander learned that the retreat was only a bluff to lead his army into a valley which was surrounded by hills on three sides. This meant capitulation, or a desperate battle.

Elizabeth Marye could see from the hill top the approach of the armies with an old spy-glass that had been her husband's. She returned to the house, only to find that some of the stray bullets had reached her place, and four of her Negro slaves were dead. Cephas ran out and told her that the house was burning. She urged the Negro to save his master's four pictures, and seek refuge in the smoke house. She then returned to watch the movements of the armies. She saw too well that only a miracle could save the gray columns of the South-men. Those heights must be taken! A single man, with the inspired courage to carry the Stars and Bars alone into the jaws

of the musketry would turn that whole disheartened army into a horde of fanatical heroes that nothing could withstand. The gray-haired woman felt that if she were there SHE could have done it.

She became more and more excited every moment, raised now to uttering a hoarse cry of hope, or moved by despair to tears; one moment heart-broken with pity, she prayed the next. She rose with clenched fists, calling her men cowards, because they fell back. Mrs. Marye once more joined the huddled group of darkies in the smoke-house! She watched the army retreating nearer and nearer to her plantation. There would be time yet for the South to win if some one had the courage to die alone. She was startled by the bursting in of the door. The mother gave a glad cry; it was Robert, her hers. But her Robert saw nothing but blood, felt nothing but death; he was crazed with fear. Early that morning, at the first advance HE HAD RUN AWAY. She was, however, glad to see him.

"Robert," she said with almost martial severity, "You've just come in the nick of time. I've been looking for you. The army, the cause, has been waiting for one man, for YOU! The boy shrank away, trembling.

Their eyes met. She knew in a minute and understood. The pity to have her son—a coward. She walked over and seized one of the big pistols. Her motherly love had vanished. She thot only of her country, and that her son must save it.

"Robert, you must go; if you don't, I swear before God that I'll shoot you, and go out there and lead them up the hill myself!"

The boy gave but one look and started, with the sword and flag.

"Go, my boy, my son, there's but one thing to do; do it. May God help you."

The record of what followed stars one of the most brilliant pages of the War's history. Mrs. Marye watched it all from the door-way of the smoke-house, a pistol hanging heavily in her hand.

The battle that had begun at day-break, hopelessly for the boys in gray, closed with darkness a complete victory, the enemies army cut to pieces and dispersed. Mrs. Marye was right; a single man could do it, had done it. All her losses were now as nothing.

Bobbies last words were, "It was my mother, my dear old mother, that saved our men, and won the day."

Our Picture of an Ideal Freshman

MASCULINE. A boy with the elasticity of step peculiar to Don Waite; the athletic ability which is not possessed by Walarian Zywert; the studiousness of Clarence Strand; the "fussing" ability of George Jindra; the height of "Shorty" Riley; the "Daily" taken by Myron Williams; the capacity of Clifford Anderson; the bluffing ability of Charles Fulton; the aptitude for Chemistry owned and operated by Arthur Murphy; the impressiveness of Paul Shanen; the obnoxious pipe of J. C. Wilberscheid; the ability to forecast the weather of "Hicks;" and last, but not least, the musical aspirations of Sidney Murat.

FEMININE. The stately height of Mabe Rice; the coyness of Ruth Hetzel; the dancing ability of Ruth Hayden; the artistic ability of Agnes Morissey; the cuteness of Marie Carver; the love of Five Cent shows belonging to Etta Goldstein; the tact of Helen Stemen; the complexion of Grace Polebitski; the blume (Blume) of Lottie Sheehan; the Shrin(er) of Ruth Peterson; the "Tassel" of Alice Brady; the "Pie" of Hope White: the ability to please Professor Patterson belonging to Edna Alley; the gum store owned by Agatha Houlehan; the "Worth" of Catherine Moran; the stand-in of Madge Crandall; and the charm of Helen Walters.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS



By J. C. Wilberscheid



To My "Jimmie Pipe"

I've looked at thee with angered scorn,
 And have tried to hate thee much,
 'Twas but on New Year's day that I did
 resolve
 Thee not again to touch.
 My resolution did not hold,
 It was not strong enough,
 To subdue the feeling I did have
 To take just another puff.

These winter's eves so long and lone,
 I've sought thee many times
 And watched the smoke go curling up
 In wreathing, twisting lines,
 Often-times when weary hours
 I with my books did spend,
 The comfort which thou me didst give
 Proved thee a valued friend.

At times when things are going wrong,
 And sadness fills my heart,
 'Tis then that I most realize
 That with thee I cannot part.
 I take thee from thy resting place
 Fill full thy spacious bowl,
 Strike a light, and with every whiff
 Draw contentment to my soul.

NOTE, KIND READER: In due justice to ourselves, we beg to state that the inspiration (?) which brought forth the above bit of "jinglism" was furnished by a friend of ours, whose name we decline to mention.

To Grand Rapids and Back.

Kind Reader' with History you must feel content; for we are recording an event which occurred rather recent, as you will see, on January the seventeenth, nineteen one and three. 'Twas on that winter's day, toward eve, that Normalites twenty the school did leave on a spacious "earry all," which we had hired from the livery man, Mr. Ball. The motor power was horses four; Every one a regular go-er, and guided wisely, tactfully, well, by the Dutchman (?) O'Keefe, of whom we more will tell. Our destination Grand Rapids town. Purpose—to see the Normal boys haul down the colors of the High School there in a basket ball game,

fair and square. The distance in miles was a good full score, or perhaps a couple more. If boys you know you can surely scent that there occurred many an incident that will make us remember that winter's day, 'till we are either bald or gray. Yells we gave, yes, dozens of them, the famous "vi, vi, vi" of S. P. N., on the winter winds so loudly rang, re-echoed with such ferocious clang as did the war whoop in days of yore, when wigwams stood on Wisconsin's shore. Stories there were many told; some were new, and some were old. Of course, we lit onr—OH! we almost made a statement haughty; no, we did'nt. That would be naughty; but

we behaved like a bunch of "dandies," and consoled ourselves with fancy candies, which a little boy did at Plover buy, and passed to himself—the greedy "guy." We must not forget that while performing tricks, sad Fate pursued one "Rubicus Hicks." As quick as lightning he did fall out of the spacious "carry all." While the horses onward sped, he followed skating on his head. Fast he came, and 'twas not long, 'till "Rubicus" was once more amidst the throng. People many we did meet, and with many a yell we them did greet. So time went by, and the Sun went down, and at seven o'clock we were in town. Up the street in double file we marched, yelling all the while. The cops were of a brand real good; for they our mission must have understood, At the City Restaurant our walk was ended, and to our stomachs we all attended. Talk about it—such a NOISE as can only come from Normal boys. The waiter got nervous, and loudly did cry "Apple steak and hamburger pie." The time of day was getting late. The "village" clock had just struck eight. We forgot not that for which we came, and started out to see the game. Disappointed were we all; for instead of seeing basket ball, we saw a (?) referee steal plums from the S. P. N. athletic tree. We left the Gym., and sore of heart, and for the down town districts did depart. Greater became our supply of grief when we were told by driver O'Keefe, in a gentle tone, that in thirty minutes we'd leave for home. We answered: "Du bist foruckt, Nichts kom heraus. Wir gehen noch nicht so bald nach Haus." Our "lego-mobiles" up town we sped, and celebrated a little instead. Some lunch we had, and a discovery too. Don found an oyster in his stew. He cut up faces like a circus clown, a trying to keep that oyster down. He swal-

lowed so hard that his throat did crack, but every time it jumped right back. Soon we left the eater's joint, and prepared to go back to the Point. On the bridge we met Schneller the coach. Rapidly us did he approach, and said: "Boys, run with all your might; or else you won't get back to-night. Run as fast as you are able; your rig has already left the livery stable." On we sped with lightning speed, Leon Carley took the lead. We found the driver very sore, away from the stable a block or more. Said we: "Stop your horses. There they come; all the boys on the run." With winded lungs and tired feet, we hit the buss and sought a seat. The teamster did at his horses shout, and at a rapid gait they then struck out. We counted our number, and were surprised to find, that five of our boys were left behind. While discussing their sad fate, we beheld the form of "Sir Andrew" Waite, coming a snorting up the street, as if wings he had instead of feet. When again he was with the bunch, he said "'Twas all on account of that lunch. You see, I swallowed a rock up town, so as to keep that oyster down." Tho city limits by a mile we'd passed, when we were filled with fright aghast. Two fellows were standing on the rail road track, as if prepared for an attack. Our fear was transformed into sweetest joy, when we beheld Moxon and that Conant boy; two of the "left back" pals of ours, who by their keen mathematical powers, had figured that they could get back by cutting us off by the G. B. rail road track. Jimmie and "Hicks" we did not find. They for good had been left behind, and spent the night so lone and long, dreaming 'twixt the bed bug's song.

This is all—'nuff we have said,

We all reached home, and jumped into bed,





SOCIETIES



OHIYESA

On the evening of January 24, the Assembly platform presented to us a bit of Wisconsin's tall and stately forests. The pleasant, spicy odor penetrated to all parts of the room, and we could almost hear the evening breeze murmuring through the needles. The crackling of the camp fire in front of the shaded wigwam gave evidence that we were on the edge of Indian Land, and might expect to see their dusky figures at any moment gliding through the aisles of the forest.

Suddenly strains of music were wafted to us on the night wind. It grew plainer and plainer, and soon we saw Indians approaching. They proved to be pleasant, talkative groups of Indian Princesses. After comfortably seating themselves about the camp fire, they proceeded to give their pale faced friends a brief description of Indian life.

Clara Seif told of the babe's cradle so securely hung on a bough for the wind to sway; the training of the Indian girl, her pleasures and duties; and the customs and sports of the young lads.

Mattie Clarkson told of the games and contests of the braves. Many of them are the same as those our boys play now. How earnest they were in trying to do their best, and how bravely they stood defeat. Many such games that formerly had a meaning are now used purely for amusement.

Clara Doolan spoke about the beliefs and customs of the Red Men in regard to Medicines. The medicine men could make use of charms as well as Nature's herbs.

Sometimes a scheming brave would pretend to be sick, and according to the belief that if he received many presents he would soon be well, he would oft-times get numerous and useful gifts. He would recover at once.

The Indians, however, have handed down to their pale faced brothers a great deal of information concerning the medicinal value of many common plants. This knowledge has helped the Scientists to make great strides in their experiments of making compounds to soothe the aches and pains of the sick.

The Indian is very fond of music. We may think it is very crude and with many dischords. But Floril Ostrum gave a very interesting interpretation of the several selections which the pianist used as illustrations. The music is in harmony with the occasion, and also with the feelings of the people.

Anna Wright presented for inspection many articles of the finished product of Indian industry, explaining the process and materials used. Some of those mentioned were the bead belt, the beaded pouch, the moccasins, the birch bark canoe, the pottery, and the Navajo blanket. Many other articles were displayed about the camp.

The Art used in Indian work was discussed by Alma Hanson. She showed how each design and color had its particular meaning, and that simplicity was the chief characteristic of their Art.

Edna Taylor, Lulu Robertson, and Miss Baker gave several selections of Indian songs and instrumental music.

Catherine Moran recited "Dooley on Indians."

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole scene was the Indian dance. Four squaws and four braves with four musicians sat down near the camp and smoked the pipe of peace; and then presented the dance with its accompanying yells and whoops, closing with the yell of the Ohiyesa.

Young Women's Christian Association.

The first meeting of the association after the Thanksgiving Recess was led by the president. The topic which she selected was "Our Responsibility as Y. W. C. A. Girls." The reading of the lesson was taken from the Twelfth Chapter of Romans.

She treated general topics, and tried to answer some of the questions which confront the girls when they are asked whether or not they are Young Womens Christian Association girls.

The meeting for December Twelfth was an interesting one, as well as instructive.

Pearl Richards, who presided at the meeting, we found to be one of the association's strongest girls. Her talk was somewhat on the order of an introduction into the Christmas spirit, that we were about to enter in.

She spoke of many personal experiences that have taught her to do differently now.

The meeting was also favored by a duet sung by Misses Loan and Evans.

On January 30, the association gave a Norwegian Party in honor of its patronesses. The first part of the hour was spent in hearing on informal program which consisted of the following:

Vocal Duet.....Margaret Trowbridge
Ellen Todd

Talk. Tour Thru NorwayMiss Week
Norwegian National Hymn in English,

.....Miss Baker
Norwegian National Hymn in Norwegian.

.....Chorus

Miss Week's talk was excellent in every sense of the word, and every one present enjoyed it to the utmost. About thirty outside guests were present, besides one hundred girls and Lady Faculty members,

Refreshments were served, and all had a delightful time.

The first meeting of the New Year was led by Edna Taylor. She had a New Year's greeting for each and every girl; and told us of a few things, which if we observe, will help to make the year of 1913 the most happy and prosperous.

Henrietta Bergholte favored the association with a violin solo.

The next meeting was in the third week of January. The third week of each month is devoted to a study of the Bible. The program committee was fortunate enough to get Miss Mildred Kelsey, a former Normal student, to present the Book of Job as a lesson. Miss Kelsey had mastered the contents of the book, and she presented the lesson in a instructive and interesting manner..

After the devotional meeting, committees were appointed, and plans were made for the party the coming week.

A Christmas Program was offered on the 19th of December, which consisted of the following numbers:

Christmas Song ----- Association

Piano Duet.....

.....Elizabeth Skinner, Margaret Scherier
Reading ----- Tina McCallin

Vocal Duet.....Ruth Owen, Beth Owen

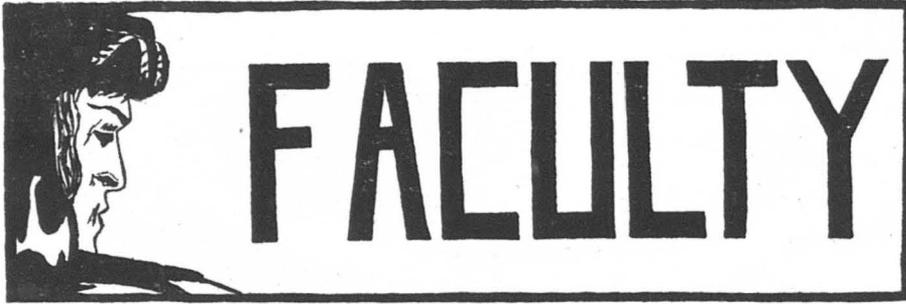
Reading. Cutting from "The Sad
Shepherd," by Henry Van Dyke.

.....Miss Burce
Prayer ----- President

A Response on a Zither,.....

Zither Solo.....Charlotte Watson

The girls desired to do something to show how much they appreciated their own beautiful Christmas; so they made mottos, or wrote Christmas letters to send to the factory girls in Milwaukee. The president received a letter from the girls to whom those things were sent, stating how much they appreciated their kindnesses.



FACULTY

Miss Gray, the German instructor, has returned. Every one was glad because of her speedy recovery, and welcomed her return.

President and Mrs. Sims lately spent several days at River Falls, where Mr. Sims acted as one of the official visitors at the local Normal. On his return we expected a description of the splendid work he saw done there. He failed us. The spirit was willing, but the voice was weak.

Mr. Hyer has been away nearly two weeks, during which time he conducted Teacher's Institutes in Fond du Lac and Plymouth.

Miss Parkhurst went to Montello, January 18th, to assist in conducting the Teacher's Institute held there on that date.

Mr. Phelan was away for a week conducting an Institute at Thorpe,

Mr. Ames of the River Falls Normal, brother of our Mr. Ames, visited here lately. He favored us with a short talk. His subject was happily chosen:

"When you take the final step, be sure that the person who steps with you is a School Teacher."

Mr. Phelan nodded and listened complacently; or would have had it not been for the significant nudge tendered him by Mr. Collins and Mr. Hippensteel.

Miss Baker, the new Music instructor, began her work after the Christmas vacation. For the past three years she held the position of Supervisor of Music in Niles, Michigan. Her wonderful voice and delightful personality have won for her the admiration

and respect of all those with whom she has come in contact.

Mr. Ames, Mr. Bowman, and Mr. Herrick are taking measurements of all the rooms in the building—not merely of the rooms, but of everything which is contained therein. We couldn't quite grasp the significance of this undertaking; but as they seem to enjoy it, we take for granted that it is a past-time. Mr. Bowman especially appreciates taking the "out-side temperature." (This is a subtle joke.)

Mr. Sims spent some time at Madison, and then visited schools.

The Domestic Science Department has been entertaining the Faculty at dinners, luncheons, and breakfasts for the past two weeks. It would be a splendid idea to keep this up thru the last week of the semester. Their menus give one such a "good will toward all" feeling. Mr. Patterson is very enthusiastic about these little entertainments. He confided in us that in order not to miss one of these breakfasts he slept with but one eye and kept the other on his watch.

Miss Bronson?

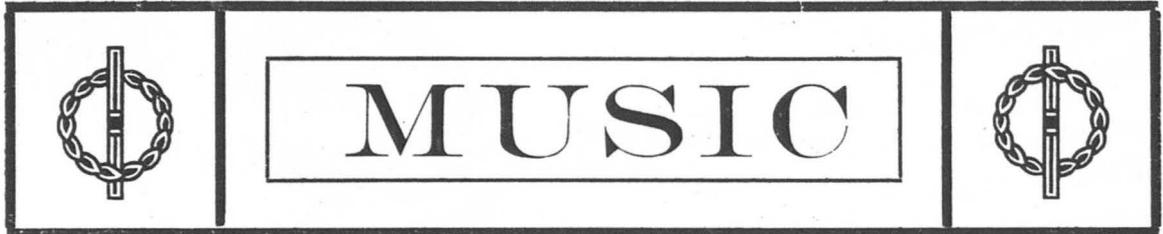
A black eye!

Wonder why?

She won't tell!

Well! well! well!

Professors Phelan and Olson were at Madison to attend the meeting of Training School Principals and Directors of the Rural School Courses in Normal Schools. They both addressed the school later in regard to their visit at the convention.



Our new instructor of Music, MISS BAKER, took charge of her duties after the holiday vacation, and by the zeal and interest with which she has entered upon her work, she has demonstrated her worth, and Stevens Point Normal may consider itself fortunate in having such a valuable addition to the faculty.

Miss Baker has already revealed her ability as a vocal soloist on several occasions, and her work has always been highly pleasing.

The Normal Boy's Glee Club made its first public appearance on January 10, at the program given by the Forum-Atheneum Society, and made good. The music of the Club is the celebrated Parks arrangement, which is noted for its harmony and popularity.

At a meeting of the Glee Club held recently it was decided that Wednesday night will hereafter be the regular night for rehearsal. The boys have also decided to present a Minstrel Show, which will be given at some date right after the Easter vacation. Plans are well under way, and by the enthusiasm and interest which the boys are showing, the school can confidently expect a high class entertainment.

The Boy's Glee Club appeared at the Public Program given by the Arena Society, February 14.

The Normal Band, through the courtesy and labor of President Sims, has received a

Baritone. A Tuba is being sought for, which when received, will complete the instrumentation; so if there are any students desiring to join the Band, they should do so at once, so as to progress with the others.

The Orchestra gave a dance in the Gym Saturday night, February 1. A good sized crowd was present, and a most enjoyable evening spent.

_____, a piccolo player of great renown, was lamenting the fact that he had learned to play the piccolo rather than any other instrument. When asked the reason why he regretted, he said:

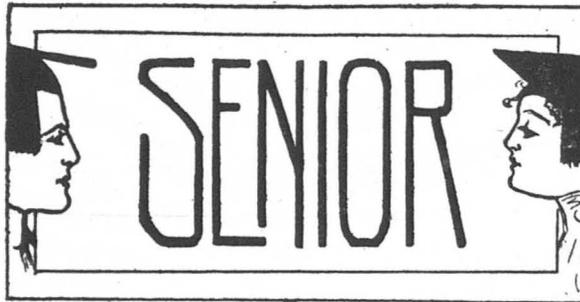
"Well, you know that on our travels the band men are usually treated like princes, receptions and the like being given in their honor. This was not so bad; but my regret started in Seattle, Washington. We were serenading the richest man in town, and before we knew it he came out and started filling the instruments with coin,—and there was I with a PICCOLO!"

WANTED—A Tuba player by the S. P. N. Band.

MUSICAL INFORMATION BUREAU—I have been constantly annoyed by a neighbor who is learning to play a cornet. What shall I do about the matter?"

ANSWER—Buy a trombone.





The class pins and rings have finally arrived, and many of the Juniors are asking why we fought over "such looking things." Never mind; wait 'till they select theirs.

Several of the Seniors have left school. Jessie Burke has returned to her home in Alabama; Janet McCreedy has accepted a position as teacher in the First Grade at Merrill. Miss Marsh and Miss McDonald have also left to accept similar positions.

The Senior Class, in preparation for their Annual Class Play, have given a farce, "Miss Doulton's Orchids." Another play is soon to be given; and we suppose that the best of the two casts will be chosen for the Class Play.

What Some of Us Would Like to Know

Why Katherine Rowe favors the Express; rather than the Parcel Post System.

Why Violet Fisher is always talking about Peggy.

Why Harry Young goes home by way of Main Street.

Why Worth DaFoe is so willing to wash boards.

Why William O'Connell sings "All Alone,"

Why Wilberscheid was Santa Claus.

Whrt They Will Give Up in Lent.

Arthur Murphy, nine hours of study every night.

Grace Lambert, that everlasting smile.

Adele Wilcox, will sit more in the sun; and less in the Shad(e).

Ruth Hetzel (will) steer her boat to another Port.

The Dramatic Club, an informal organization composed of Seniors, and a few other members from the other classes, has presented several fine Farces to the school during the winter. Those that have been given thus far are: "My Lord in Livery," "Two Bits," and "Mrs. Doulton's Orchids."

The first named were given on Friday night, February 7, and drew a large crowd.

The proceeds of the two Farces will be used to furnish a "Normal Room," at the new City Hospital.

The Club which is under the able direction of Professor Smith, will most likely appear in other farces in the near future.

The Class Play Committee, after careful deliberation and decision, have recommended, with the approval of Professor Smith, the Comedy, "All of a Sudden, Peggy." The cast will be chosen by Prof. Smith, and will be published in the next issue of THE POINTER-

Don't be disgusted with this outlandish page,
And don't blame me, and fall in a rage,
But blame the Class, which seems in a cage
For they've done nothing exciting for
over an age.



CLARENCE S.—telling a Story to the Class in History Methods:—W“ell, how do you suppose people traveled in those days?”

WORTH D.—“They traveled mostly on foot; but sometimes on horse-back. They had to take stuff to eat for themselves and their horses. They took this and their other things, blankets and stuff like that, to their horse’s backs; and some places where the woods were thickest they had to cut down trees and things before they came to an open place they could get on faster. They had take axes to cut down the trees. They shot game to eat, so they didn’t have to carry an awful lot of—”

Mr. P.—“Please stop that boy.”

The Junior girls have made a fine record in basket ball thus far this year. Since our prospects are so bright for winning the cup this year, the rest of the class had better wake up and at least realize that there is a Junior Girls’ basket ball team in existence.

TEACHER to New Student—“What are you going home at this time of the day for?”

STUDENT—“Why, nothing was ever said about it; so I concluded we could do as we please.”

It seems to be understood, that if you want to know whether a thing is right or wrong, don’t ask any one about it, or expect instructions; just go ahead and do it. If some one tells you not to do it, why, it is against the rules, and you are reprimanded. If they let you go on doing it, why it is O. K.

The JUNIOR CALENDAR put out by the Class of 1914 was undoubtedly one of the most artistic and unique of any that has been put out by previous classes. A new plan was adopted this year, that of having all the designing done by the Art Classes.

The Calendar was in the form of a blotter with six removable leaves, each bearing the calendar figures for two months, and held in place by leather ends. The designs were carried out in two tones of gray, and the effect was most artistic. That this style of calendar is appreciated as much as the ordinary snap-shot collection style was evidenced by the fact that three hundred were sold, a number somewhat greater than was sold last year.

On one of the coldest, bleakest, chilliest, breeziest, sharpest days of the season, the Geography Class took a trip to the Wisconsin River dam near the Jackson Milling Company to study the river at that point.

Sand is cheap, ashes are cheap; but falls and tumbles on slippery walks are costly.

Why not have a good bulletin board, and have it in a place where it can easily be seen?

Did you hear about that charitable organization for the dusting of class rooms, laboratories, etc.? ’Twould lesson the laundry bills.

SOPHOMORES

Pat's Blue Monday.

His name, which is Patrick O'Hafferty, might suggest to you that he is of Irish descent. At any rate, the fact that his name is what it is gives you the license to imagine that he has bright red hair, a freckled face, a fierce temper, is witty, and possesses several other traits which characterize an Irishman. Because I want your imaginary Pat. to be somewhat like the real one of whom I am about to write, I will say that he has a happy-go-lucky disposition, and therefore his Blue Mondays are very much like April showers.

The fundamental cause of this particular Blue Monday was a pair of Irish Blue eyes. When Pat. entered college he went in strong for athletics, and made a grand success of it.

One evening after making an unusually fine play in a basket ball game, he glanced up toward the balcony of the gymnasium, and that was the first time that he saw the Irish blue eyes. Foolish lad, he might have known that it was nothing more personal than an enthusiastic admiration for any sportsman that caused the look of tenderness which he saw in them. But life would not be half so pleasant if we always knew.

Pat. managed to meet the girl with the Irish blue eyes, and made a favorable impression. The following week he invited her to attend a "frat." party with him, and she accepted very graciously. For several days he was chiefly occupied with the building of air castles.

Pat. was always careful in regard to his personal apparel; but he wished to make an especially fine appearance on this particular night. Imagine his dismay when he found his dress suit utterly ruined by the work of an ambitious mouse! The culprit escaped thru a hole in the floor just in the nick of time; for Pat.'s opinion was that nothing but death would be a just punishment for him.

Where to find something appropriate to wear to the ball was the problem that now confronted Pat. It was too late to order another suit; and there was not the ghost of a chance to borrow one. The solution of the problem was an old dress suit that he had borrowed from his grand-father to use in amateur theatricals. It was very much in need of pressing; but Pat. was confident that he could remedy that fault. He encountered no difficulty in locating an electric flat-iron, but he could not find the pressing board. Some one suggested that he use his study table; but as it had just been freshly varnished, this idea did not appeal to him. Suddenly a plan began to shape itself in Pat's mind, and he proceeded to carry it out. His room-mate had furnished the bed-spread for their bed, but as he was not present, there was none to object when he folded it and placed it upon the table as a pad.

The pressing progressed smoothly until the mouse, having recovered from his recent scare, ventured from the hole in the floor toward the wardrobe. Pat. grabbed a yard

stick, because it happened to be the most convenient thing at hand, and made a ferocious dash for him. After parting with the rear extremity of his tail, an operation which was due to Pat.'s skillful handling of the yard stick, the mouse made his exit.

All this required but a few moments of time, and yet Pat. discovered when he raised the hot iron from the trousers he had been pressing, that a piece of them the size and shape of the iron, were burned so badly that he couldn't possibly wear them.

Just then his sense of humor came to his rescue, and instead of collapsing, he laughed heartily as he re-called the chain of events that were to prevent him from taking the girl with the Irish-blue eyes to the ball. In a message to her he stated that a great calamity had befallen him, and it would not be possible for him to carry out his part of the evening's program.

A few of the belated fellows dropped in to express their sympathy, and one of them went so far as to offer him a piece of cheese.

"Tie it to a string, Pat." he said, "and hold it near that hole. Mice are fond of cheese, and your enemy will be tempted to leave his refuge for it. If you can get him on the battle field it won't be much of a trick to conquer him. I'd advise you, however, to remove such things as hot irons to a place of safety before the "battle begins."

Pat. assisted the sympathizer from his room with very little ceremony, and then slammed the door after him. As he turned about he noticed the pad on the table. Previous experience had taught him that the spread was a piece of property highly

valued by his room-mate, and he concluded that he would be avoiding trouble by returning it to its proper position on the bed. But alas, his attempt to remove it from the table was futile. The varnish, having been heated during the process of pressing, tended to hold the spread fast to the table. Pat. tugged and pulled until he had separated the two, but not without leaving a portion of each with the other. Ruefully he surveyed the corner of the spread that was decorated with patches of varnish. He finally decided to launder it. Of course, that was the only sane thing to do! He filled the bath tub with warm water and scrubbed the soiled corner diligently until all of the varnish had been removed from it. He immediately placed the spread upon the bed, being careful to put the wet portion on his side.

When Pat's room-mate returned he found him sitting in a chair two feet from the mouse hole, fast asleep. A string tied to a piece of cheese was suspended from his left hand, and the mouse who had been feasting upon the cheese was scampering out of sight. Pat. awoke just in time to watch him disappear.

"Have a nice nap?" his room-mate inquired as he threw back the spread preparatory to retiring. "By Jove," he continued, "my spread is as red and green in that corner as the quilt underneath it! Why, it's as wet as sop! Pat, have you—"

But Pat. had wisely made his exit.

He bunked with one of the other fellows for the remainder of the night, and dreamed about a pair of Irish blue eyes.





A Freshman to a "Sub."

Blessings on thee, little "Sub,"
 With thy freckled, turned up pug,
 With thy pinafore of blue,
 And in knickerbockers too;
 With thy books piled high and higher,
 Thou hast one great, grand desire,
 For thou wouldst, and long to be
 In this world as great as we,
 But as yet thou hast not "got"
 Half the knowledge we forgot,
 Blessings on thee, little "Sub"
 With thy freckled, turned up pug.

As the end of the Semester draws nigh, we would urge the Freshmen to apply the midnight oil, and "buck up" in their studies so that they may not be classed with the renowned flunkers of the higher classes; namely, Sophomores, Charles Blume; Juniors, Launcelot Gordon; and Seniors, Alvin Peterson.

However, the Freshmen who took Seven studies the First Quarter, namely, Botany 2, and three other classes, came out on top, and are to be commended; for such a program would undoubtedly lower Miss Maloney's average standing from 102 to 98.

Our advice to the class in general is to prepare a program for the coming Semester, as will not confine you to the house during the balmy Spring evenings, when a stroll under the giant elms which border Normal

Avenue, with the "Pal" as your goal, is preferable to the blissful task of committing seven pages of Geometry to memory, "Ye Scribe," having the trifling branches of Solid Geometry, Fourth Algebra, and two other studies with which to disport himself, looks forward with keen anticipation to at least thirteen hours of sleep between Easter and the close of school.

Our class had a dramatist in its midst, and we know it not. Through special agents the news has come to our ears that in the early Fall, one Willard Newton, with whom we are well acquainted, placed one of his bare feet upon a tack, and pushed, with the result that his long dormant theatrical ability became awakened. He immediately repaired to a theatre well known here, the "Della," and proceeded to cast his lot with some other budding actors, who performed every amateur night. He continued until a majority of the young men of the South Side had developed a pitching ability which was the direct result of the many bad lemons, bad eggs, and other things with which the closing efforts of our young hero were received. Such kind attentions on the part of the audience toward the young man, caused him to form a serious disgust for the inappreciation of his talent, with the result that at present he is contemplating a trip to Paris to lodge his fortunes with one of the large operatic companies in that city.



The following is a list of the new students who entered the Course this quarter, and we expect a much larger number to enter at the beginning of next quarter:

Anna Pufahl, Jennie Altenburg, Otilie Bannach, Troy M. Gordon, Bernardeta Kluck, Charles Kozyckowski, Joe Weza.

The Rural School Girls are taking great interest in Basket Ball, and are doing very good work. Prospects for a fast, little team look good, and we will expect them to win a good place in the tournament. We are sorry to see some of the old players who did such good work, last year, fall out and lose interest in the game this year.

The following is the present line-up of the Rural School team:

Forwards: Eulalia Arndt, Myrtle Burke.
Center: Otilie Bannach.
Guards: Jennie Altenburg, Marguerite Christianson.

In Physiology, the other day, Miss C-a---ll gave a discussion of Energy, and for an example, mentioned the energy stored in the spring of a clock.

When seated—room is quiet—Miss C. says in a fairly loud whisper:

"I store the energy of my clock in the ALARM!"

For his Friday's talk in Grammar Class, Mr. Gar---a-t choosed to tell about a trip the Basket Ball team had taken to Sherry during vacation. He started his speech by making the town and the Basket Ball hall a huge joke; in saying that one basket was about nine feet from the floor, and the other about eleven, and that instead of having

bounding-boards, they had a ring marked off on the ceiling, at which the players were to throw the ball to get it into the basket.

This, of course, was amusing to the class. But Mr. Ames, who had been personally enjoying the story, now interrupted and said:

"Say, young man, you be a little more careful as to what you say about that town, I once lived there."

It is needless to say that there wasn't much left for the speaker to say, after receiving this warning.

Mr. Phelan having taken unto himself a "better half" during vacation, a bunch of students proceeded to make a rather informal call upon the newly-weds, on Friday evening January 10.

Mr. Phelan expressed his sorrow at being unable to entertain the visitors; because the painter had painted the house that day.

Vowing revenge, if they ever caught the painter, the crowd dispersed.

Remembering Mr. Phelan's general invitation to "Come again," on Tuesday evening following, the members of the Normal Band, and a few others, again furnished our new Professor and wife with free music, this time of a more classical nature.

Mr. Phelan's invitation of "Come on in, Boys," needed no repetition. Then with songs, clarinet duets, anecdotes, "Specialties," and a most delicious lunch, the time was spent most merrily. An ideal Host and Hostess was the unanimous decision, accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, of every one who was fortunate enough to be in this gay party.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE



The work in serving, in which the Senior girls partake, has been commended. Groups of four have been formed, and the girls in each group will co-operate for two consecutive days. According to the plans worked out by the supervisor, each group will prepare and serve breakfast, luncheon, and supper. Each hostess plans her own menu. Two Faculty members and a Junior Domestic Science student are guests at each meal.

The groups are as follows:

Group 1.

Hostess—Frances Roberts.
Cook—Violet Fisher.
Waitress—Fay Holum.
Laundress—Angusta Miller.

Group 2.

Hostess—Henrietta Bergholt.
Cook—Elva Costello.
Waitress—Marian Bannach.
Laundress—Elva Pease.

Group 3.

Hostess—Elizabeth Skinner.
Cook—Helen Miller.
Waitress—Myrtle Lane.
Laundress—Hilda Kaiserman

Group 4.

Hostess—Ruth Arneson,
Cook—Angusta Miller.
Waitress—Elva Pease.
Laundress—Violet Fisher.

Group 5.

Hostess—Hilda Kaiserman,
Cook—Marian Bannach,
Waitress—Elizabeth Skinner.
Laundress—Ruth Arneson.

The serving has been very successful, and much benefit has been derived from this quarter's work. The meals have been well planned, thoroly prepared, and served in a dainty and attractive manner.

At the end of this Quarter the Seniors finish their work in Cookery, and resume their work in Dress Making and Millinery,

Cookery, Interior Decoration, and Chemistry, are the principal studies which the Juniors take the Second Semester.

Serving practice in the city schools will be discontinued; and cooking practice commenced.

The Chemistry Classes made an interesting visit to the Gas Plant this week.

Miss Fecht, Supervisor of the Home Maker's Department, has taken Miss Hitchcock's place in the Department of Sewing.

Students interested in the Domestic Science Department are urged to contribute material to THE POINTER.





The holidays are over, and we can again turn our attention to basket ball.

Santa Claus seems to have been real generous this last year; for all members of the squad seem to have been presented with rare playing ability, for they are all playing better ball than before the holidays.

Friday, December 20, 1912, the last day before holiday vacation, our basket ball team journeyed to Wausau to play the Y. M. C. A. of that city. The Young Mens Christian Association has always been strong in basket ball, and plays a professional game. Though we had very little show against them the last half, we were in the lead a large part of the first half. The last half was played under inter-collegiate rules, and we were unable to stop the Young Mens Christian Association players. They won easily by the score of 26 to 11.

On Friday evening, January 10, five men who classed themselves as "All Stars," ventured out upon the gymnasium floor with the intention of defeating the Normal Quintette; but much to their surprise, they were never able to obtain the lead. They were doomed to an unmerciful defeat, which ended the score of 46 to 23.

The "All Star" team was composed of three High School Professors, Wolf, Ramsdell, and Steckel, coach Schneller, and Pierce Riley.

Our school spirit and loyal support of our team was well shown Friday, January 17, when twenty-one of our boys drove to Grand Rapids to cheer the team on to almost cer-

tain victory. Much to their surprise and sorrow, they and the team as well, soon became aware of the fact that we were forced to play not only five members of the opposing team, but also the referee, who although he was small, had dauntless courage.

At the end of the first eleven minutes of play the score stood 12 to 0 in our favor.

The referee then got busy, and called fouls as a means of rescue for Grand Rapids. During the remaining nine minutes of play fifteen fouls were called on our boys; and not one on the Grand Rapids players.

At the end of the first half the score was still in our favor, 12 to 10.

The second half he continued to call fouls until Grand Rapids had gained a lead. From then on his eye was continually on the score board, and as soon as Grand Rapids was in danger he would again start calling fouls on us.

The game ended 23 to 18 in favor of the Highs, who certainly cannot claim any honor for their victory. Though our loyal supporters were disappointed with the result, we will not lose their support; for it cannot be expected for any team to win against such odds. We hope that in the future, we may at least get what "Teddy" calls A SQUARE DEAL.

Many comments have been heard regarding the manner in which the Marshfield game was played here on December 14, and which ended in a victory of 28 to 11 for the Normal. Criticisms have been made regarding rough playing, and other things.

We take this opportunity of informing our knockers that the old styled Sunday School basket ball is out of date, and that we can only hope to compete with rival teams by playing present day basket ball. Though the Marshfield game may have been a little rough, we can say that our remaining games will not be any less rough; for they will be played according to Inter-Collegiate Rules. We do not intend to play in-door foot-ball; nor do we intend to do anything which would not be allowed by a humane society; but we also do not want to lose any game because of time wasted in begging our opponents pardon every time we touch him.

Following is the line-up of the first team:

R. F.—Fulton.
L. F.—Garthwait.
C.—Edes. Captain.
R. G.—Schanen.
L. G.—Oden.
Sub.—Brady.
Sub.—Riley.

SUB FRESHMAN to M. F. R.—“Aren't you going to play basket ball this year, Mabel?”

M. F. R.—“No; I could get the pose all right, but Riley beat me in height; and besides, I was unable to get my feet off the floor when I wanted to jump.”

Heard in the Assembly Room at 3:30 regularly WITHOUT FAIL:

COACH—“Say, you basket ball guys, don't you know it is 3:30?”

Why doesn't some one stop the clock?

Though Williams has turned over the counter to a new manager, he has not yet decided to come out for basket ball because he has now full control of his “Daily.”

Who would have thought that Myron would become an editor or a “Daily” reporter?

Girls' Athletics.

Well, here we are, back again, and filled with enthusiasm and ambition, determined to make the year 1913 better and more beneficial than any previous year. In what did you say?

Basket Ball, of course.

Nineteen Junior girls enrolled for basket ball. They show their ambition.

Are the Seniors in it?

Eleven of our wise Seniors have already enrolled.

Other class enrollments are as follows:

Rural School.....10.

Sub Freshmen.....6.

Freshmen.....6.

Sophomores.....7.

Practices average about three times per class since the season opened this year. While not wishing to cast any reflection on the manner in which the games of the Rural School and the Sub-Freshmen girls are played, we only want to say that they are about as exciting as a funeral. But—

Don't let the Freshies get ahead of you. Show your spirit and enthusiasm. Don't miss practice if you can help it. Don't give an excuse; but COME.

“As you play so shall you score.”

Wait till we start practise.





WIT-HUMOR

“----- and a Happy New Year.”

Their New Year Resolutions.

To learn to dance at once.

MYRON WILLIAMS.

To win the State championship.

BASKET BALL TEAM.

Not to flirt with Joe Barber, Edward Shea,
or any other inelligibles.

HELEN WALTERS.

Ditto-----

BERENICE BENTLEY.

To find my marriage license if possible.

GRACE LAMBERT.

To snub Lulu Ripley, Edna Tayfor, Irene
Ballard, and any other hateful Juniors who
make eyes at Paul. HILDA KAISERMAN.

To lesson School Expenses by economizing
in red ink.

MISS WILSON.

To keep on doing my best.

MR. BOWMAN.

To try to follow the fate of my predecessor.

MISS ANDERSON.

To positively refuse to recommend any one
for Rural School positions who took part in
that “charavari.”

MR. PHELAN.

To positively refuse to recommend any
boy to teach Music in the Primary Grades
who will not sing in chorus.

MISS PARKHURST.

To pass in practice or die.

DON WAITE.

P. S. Charge the funeral expenses to
Miss Wilson.

D. W.

To be the brightest shining light in school,
second only to Ruth Hayden.

FLORENCE HILL.

MR. SPINDLER—If these electric light wires
were uncovered what would be the result?

HELEN WALTERS—Shocking!

MR. PATTERSON—Miss Travecke, what do
you know about by-products?

MARTHA TRAVECKE—Well, I went to the
store once to buy products, but they wern't
good.

Clarence Strand, Esq., when asked so use
the word “judicious” in a sentence:

“We had cabbage soup, corn beef, and
other Jew dishes, for Sunday dinner.”

MR. SIMS—I want to meet the sick com-
mittee in the office at 3:30; also Arthur
Murphy and J. C. Wilberscheid. Any con-
nection?

Mr. Spindler—The time was when Helen
meant the most beautiful women in the
world.

Helen Walters blushes.

Gladys Levenseller (jealously)—Oh, well,
that was an awfully long time ago.

Mr. Smith---Who was Aristotle, anyway,
Charles?

Charles Blume--- Aristotle? Oh, lemme
see; oh, yes! He was that guy what wrote
Cicero's Orations!

Mr. Spindler---When man thought rain
was disagreeable to his bare skin, and he
saw the bear with his bear skin, he took
that bear skin and put it on his own bare
skin.

Madge Crandall--- Oh, gee whiz, Eva
Burkey has got the only pair of gym. shoes
worth stealing, and I can't find them.

Miss Bronson (having dropped her glasses, pencil, keys, book, and handkerchief, one after another)---Well, I seem to have a bad case of dropsy.

Mr. Hippensteel---Is Satan heroic, Miss Rowe?

Kathryn Rowe---Well, not exactly heroic, but he's got a lot of spunk.

Mr. Spindler---Harry Young has informed me that for his Thesis he is going to write on the "Psychology of Romantic Love."

That's all right if you know enough about it, but I wouldn't advise any one but him to write on it.

WANTED---A bright, airy room, by a nice young man twenty-two feet long and eighteen feet wide. CARL ODEN.

Have a fine new line of note books and paper at the counter. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come here.

RIAL CUMMINGS.

Bull dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of Freshmen, CLARETTE EVANS.

I wish to to sell my violin, as I am soon going abroad in a beautiful rose-wood frame.

JESSIE BURCE.

Mr. Spindler---Mr. Patterson teaches that the Declaration of Independence was signed through patriotism to our country. The fact is that the mosquitoes, which were terribly thick there, bit thru their silk stockings at such a rate that they were glad to get thru and get out. But Pat isn't paid to teach that. Let us hurry on.

One Friday night not long ago,
A crowd of Normalites--none of them slow,
Went to "shiveree" Phelan.

When he and his frau had closed the door,
We burst upon them with an awful roar,
For we'd come to "shiveree" Phelan.

The Prof. was mad as he stood on the step;
When he saw the gang he was madder yet,
Though we'd come to serenade Phelan.

"The paint. which is fresh, will dob you,
I fear;
Good night! Wish you all a Happy New
Year."
And that's how we "shivereed" Phelan.

BUT another night a brave boy crowd
Came with the band, and long and loud
Did we "shiveree" Phelan.

At the door he appeared; and said with
smile and bow,
"Come on in, all you fellows, right now."
So we went in to "shiveree" Phelan.

We sang, and we played, we talked and
we ate,
And a merry time we had 'till late,
For we had to "shiveree" Phelan.

On the porch and the side-walk we got
all head about,
Then at parting, for Phelan we gave a
big shout,
And that's how WE boys "shivereed"
Phelan.

Are you over crowded with work? Let
this new generation of Gold Dust Twins do
it for you.

ETHEL PAULSON AND
RUTH BEATTIE.

What Would We Think

If Mr. Collins failed to get off an average
of ten jokes per class every day?

If Ruth Hayden gave up the idea of be-
coming a cook?

If Worth DaFoe ceased to "dun us" for
Junior Calendar dues?

If Ruth Owen ceased to make eyes at the
boys?

If Adelaide Porter didn't know her lesson?

If Marguerite Trowbrigde was ever with-
out an escort?

If Garth Wittingham had his hair mussed up, or his tie on crooked?

If Helen Stemen began to follow in the foot-steps of her father?

If Mr. Ness failed to appear in the Assembly Room at 9:30 sharp?

If Norman Knutzen was ever impolite to any one?

If Leslie Hanson failed to blush whenever addressed by a girl?

If Margurite Harshaw and her friend Myron had a falling out?

Professor---For what is Florence Nightingale most noted?

Admiring Swain---For her grace, beauty, and unfailing ability to freeze Junior boys at a glance.

Harold Brady---I'd hate to live in the same house with any six intellectual women. (Privately we don't think there is much danger.)

Alf. Anderson (holding up blank sheet of paper)---This is a picture of S. P. H.

Helen Walters was making eyes at Barber. Adelaide Williams (jealously)---Don't you know he's married, Helen?

Helen---What do I care as long as his wife isn't here.

The Solid Geometry Class were studying lines. Mr. Collins (getting rather tongue twisted)---Name the angles on this Shea, Mr. Loow.

Inez Smith (trying to make an 8:45 class at 8:30)---Oh, hurry up! Let's run. Helen Stemen is just going in the door. We must be terribly late.

Mr. Olson --- Now, Miss Crandall, keep your eyes directly on that globe. Don't be casting side long glances at me. (She might know it would never do any good.)

Laugh!

It's better to be normally bright, than a Normalite. ---Quoted.

Eda Dixon (on the train going home for Christmas)---I'm going to throw a paper wad at that youngish looking guy over there.

(Whereupon she wrote, wadded up, and fired this: "Oh, you bashful kid.")

The "youngish looking guy" returned this answer: "Merry Christmas, from a "Poor married man." "

Oh, Eda! Stung again!

Inez Smith---I'm always late for school; unless I happen to get there early.

Pearl Richards---Where is the History lesson, Mr. Grover?

Lynn Grover---Somewhere in France, as I remember it.

Miss Mansur (invited to dinner by the Domestic Science girls)---Oh. Mr. Ness! YOU here. too! Oh, ain't we two in luck!

Mr. Hippensteel --- Miss Arneson, which part of Evangeline do you like best?

Ruth Arneson---Oh, I like that part where Gabriel and Fvangeline are standing behind the window curtain watching the moon and the stars-





THE MERCURY, East Division High School Milwaukee, in order to better their December issue had a Prize Contest. Prizes were offered for the three best Stories written, and for the best cover design. Fourteen stories were handed in, four of which appeared in print, which are well worthy of comment. Your paper, as usual, is one of our best Exchanges.

Would not these contests be a fine suggestion, to stimulate school spirit? Exchanges.

MESSENGER, State Normal School, Bellingham, Washington. Your cover design is very attractive. Your Literary Department is good. A few more cuts would add much to the appearance of your paper.

CRITERION, Waupaca. Your Literary Department is not up to the standard. The rest of your material is good. But could you not devise a better arrangement for it? Insert a few more good cuts. They will give your paper a much better appearance. Could you not improve the size and shape of your paper?

MARQUETTE JOURNAL, Milwaukee. A new exchange. We are glad to welcome you. We enjoyed your Literary material very much. A few cuts would make your paper more attractive. Jokes would add much life to it. Come again.

PENNANT, Gale, Wisconsin. What material you have is good, but so little of it. Can you not increase the size of your paper? Get some original cuts. Work out a better arrangement. Glad to see an Exchange Department in your issue.

OTAKNAM, Mankoto. Minnesota. Your December issue is well got up. Your arrangement is good. Your criticism of THE POINTER was very fair. We thank you, and hope you will find our next issue much improved.

SPHINX, University, Madison. Very cleverly gotten up, as usual.

“Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?”

“Sure. Did you think it would go through?”
—Ex.

JUDGE—“You are accused of having stolen a gold watch.”

PRISONER—“It’s false, In the first place I never stole it; and in the second, it wasn’t gold.”
—Ex.

TEACHER—“Where did the Pilgrims land?”

SMALL BOY—“Oh; oh! I know—on Chicken Rock?”
—Ex.

PROFESSOR—“What is it we need most around the Normal?”

STUDENT—“Rest.”
—Ex.

TEACHER—“Give me an example of a typical German sentence.”

PUPIL—“Lena went after some sauer kraut already yet once again.”
—Ex.

HE—“May I kiss your hand?”

SHE—“I suppose so; but it would be easier for me to raise my veil than to take off my glove.”