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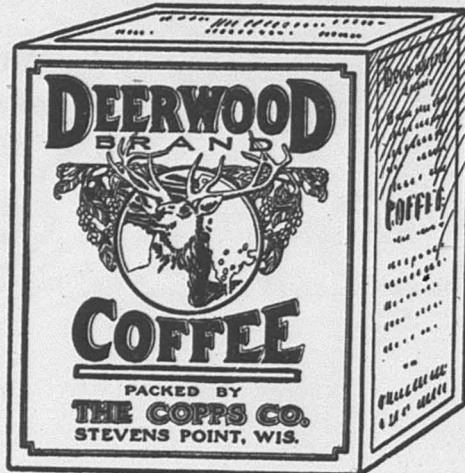
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# The Normal Pointer

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# EDITORIAL

It was with the keenest regret that the school learned of Professor Hippensteel's resignation.

For seven years he has been at the head of the English department and during this time his faithful and efficient work has helped to raise the English standard of this school.

His has been no narrow interest. Not only has he been instrumental in holding students to the highest standards of work, but thru his encouragement great interest has been manifest in oratory, debate, rhetoricals, literary societies and other organizations of the school.

The students under Mr. Hippensteel's direction have felt the influence of his high ideals, intellectually and morally. He always stood ready to assist with every resource at his command. Stress of work never pre-

vented him from giving attention to the smallest detail.

Both students and faculty join in wishing him continued success in his new work in the North Manchester (Indiana) College.

The students and people of Stevens Point felt very much aggrieved when the news of Miss Baker's resignation was heard. During the three years that she was with us she carried out her work in an efficient and characteristic manner. Always genial and willing, her spirit was infused into the school and will live with us. We know that in her new work in Newark, New Jersey, she will prosper, and we wish her the best of luck. No substitute has been engaged as yet, but the work is being ably carried on by Miss Dunlap, Miss Delzell and Miss Stensaas.



# GENERAL NEWS

New bleachers to accommodate several hundred will soon be installed on the main floor of the Normal gymnasium. Mr. Brandes and Mr. McLaughlin have already begun work on the east end bleachers. They will be similar to those on the west side and will seat about 200 people. It is expected that bleachers for the north and south ends will be built soon. The cost of the bleachers will be paid from the proceeds of the athletic association.

Rev. John Collier of Crandon gave a unique entertainment before a small audience at the Normal auditorium Monday evening, February 7. While on the platform he painted a scene near the home of the poet Wordsworth in England. The lake and hill near the spot were shown with appropriate setting. The painting consumed a couple of hours and was accompanied by a lecture on art. The audience was somewhat reduced owing to the number of conflicting events in the city. The picture is in the possession of the oratorical association and has been on exhibit in the Art room for several days.

## PATRIOTIC PROGRAMS.

The birthdays of Lincoln and Washington both fall within the present month. These two events were given appropriate observance at the Presbyterian church. On Sunday evening, February 13, Prof. James E. Delzell delivered an address on the subject, "Lincoln, the Man of the hour." Sunday, February 20, a program was given in honor of Washington's birthday, which fell on the following Tuesday, February 22. A. M. Young, Prof. J. V. Collins and Prof. M. M. Ames spoke on the sub-

ject of Washington's life and work. Special music was a feature of both evenings.

## TALK ON THRIFT.

The subject of thrift and cultivating habits of economy and saving was given able treatment before the Normal students, Thursday, February 3, in an address delivered by C. S. Orthman. Mr. Orthman traced the remarkable growth of savings in this country from 1820 when, with less than 10,000,000 people in the United States, there were four savings banks in the country with 9,000 depositors, to the end of last year when the number of savings banks alone had grown from four to 2,100 with \$4,700,000,000 in deposits.

In spite of this enormous growth in the richest nation in the world, America is behind all nations of Europe of any size in the matter of savings. Little Switzerland has 554 while the United States has 110 to every 1,000. Even poor little Italy has 228 savers in each 1,000 of population.

That Americans are a nation of spenders is indicated by the annual bills for luxuries. The American annually spends \$8,400,000 for cigarets, \$150,000,000 for whiskey, \$25,000,000 for chewing gum and \$9,000,000 for candy.

Mr. Orthman dwelt upon the necessity of cultivating the thrift habit and outlined the object of the "Thrift Day" which was observed by banks all over the country February 3d.

Adolph, (in civics class)—"Well why do they electrocute a man, anyway?"

Class—"To kill him."

### DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY.

The play "When Ed. Went To Wed" which will be staged March 3, at the Normal auditorium, is fast rounding into form and shows up to be a good piece of work on the part of the Dramatic Club. The play was written by the club members and deserves a good audience. The cast includes:

Patricia Jones.....Kathryn Baldwin  
Madeline, her friend..Etta Shumway  
Ed. Wentworth.....Gordon Lovejoy  
Mike the Bite.....M. Rybickie  
Tom Jones.....James Hull  
A. Christopher Jones..Emil Hofsoos  
Pansy Jones.....Celia Boyington  
Mehitebel Jones....Elizabeth Hatch  
Maid .....Irene Harriman

When you go to see "When Ed. Went To Wed," of course you are going to see "The Teeth of the Gift Horse," too, which is to be put on at the same time, March 3. Have you ever been caught in the teeth of a gift horse? Well, if not, maybe you will be some day, so you had better come and see this and so profit by the experiences of others. The cast is working hard and is putting on something you can't afford to miss. The cast includes the following:

Dick Butler.....Guy Brldsal  
Florence Butler, his wife.....  
.....Ruth O. Longhurst  
Marietta Williams, his aunt.....  
.....Winnie Delzell  
Anne Fisher, a friend.....  
.....Harriet McDonald  
Derlin Blake, a friend...Chas. Burns  
Katie, the maid.....Polly Parette

### OHIYESA.

The Ohiyesa Society entertained the public with a singing and dancing act at the Gem theatre, January 29. Even Indian girls can do the Highland fling.

Plover was surprised Saturday evening, Feb. 5, by a tribe of about

fifty Indians, who were pretty good at giving war whoops. Misses Logrin and Janess chaperoned the party. It was a pretty lively bunch that dropped in at the Palace of Sweets on the way back, and they surely appreciated the kindness extended by Mr. Cashin and Mr. Barrows.

The first of a series of contests between the Ohiyesa and Arena societies took place Friday night, Feb. 11. This was scheduled as a model program contest and was well carried out. The contest was close, the Arena getting the decision. The next program will be given in the near future.

### FORUM-ATHENAEUM.

The Forum-Athenaeum society, which is a boys' literary club, was organized in 1911. It was formed by uniting the old Forum and Athenaeum societies. This was deemed necessary because of the limited number of boys who were interested in literary and debating work.

The present society has been doing good work under its handicapped circumstances. The thing that has hindered the advancement of this society more than anything else has been the small enrollment of boys. However, during the last year and this year more interest has been manifested. Last year the society arranged for a debate with River Falls. Altho the team was defeated, the training left its marks. It is very hard to impart to those who have not taken active work in debating, its real advantages and the remarkable lessons it teaches. Debating puts a person in a position where he has to say something fluently and effectively. This is a training that is necessary all thru life. In fact, there is hardly any thing in this world where argument in some form is not necessary.

This year the society has done a great deal of work in debating and



parliamentary law. The inter-Normal contests that are being pushed vigorously have had an influence, hence greater interest in society work is manifested. The subject of parliamentary law was introduced into the society work by William Gilson when he was president. He succeeded in getting Prof. Delzell to take up the work and teach it as he would any one of his classes. The society owes a great deal of gratitude to Prof. Delzell for his efforts in teaching this phase of the work. It is a field of work that will not only be used in the society but also in life out of school.

With Guy Birdsall as president for this quarter we know that something worth while will be accomplished. Under his able management the society will progress because every member will be given an opportunity in debating, oratory and other literary work.

At the last meeting of the Forum-Athenaeum, William Gilson administered the oath of office to the following members for the third quarter:

President—Guy Birdsall.  
 Vice Pres.—David Hintz.  
 Secretary—Clyde Morley.  
 Treasurer—Chas. Nelson.  
 Sergeant—Frank Klepmek.  
 Program Com.—David Hintz, chm.,  
 Martin Paulson, William Gilson.

#### A NEW CLUB.

The "Loyola Club" is a Roman

Catholic society that has been organized in this school for the primary purpose of bringing the students of that faith into closer relationships. This idea was initiated by Rev. W. J. Rice, pastor of St. Stephens Catholic church. The students accordingly took action and organized the so-called society. There are about 180 Catholics in this school and from the standpoint of numbers a strong society ought to be the result.

A constitution has been adopted and ratified by the organization. The society has already joined the National Catholic Students' Association of America. Last month Miss Mary Brady was sent by the society as a delegate to the national convention held at LaFayette, Indiana. Since that time the society has given a dance and several interesting programs. Thru the kindness of the local Knights of Columbus, the society was offered the use of their rooms for any social affair that it may wish to put forth.

In order to better the existence of this organization, Miss Flanagan has been elected faculty advisor. Her sound suggestions will certainly be a great help to the society in general.

The officers of the association are as follows:

President—Harold P. Brady.  
 Vice Pres.—Charles Burns.  
 Secretary—William Gilson.  
 Treasurer—Bernadetta Donelly.



# LITERARY



## RUSTY'S WOOING.

As car-grabber John came running out of the telegraph office with orders for his train, he reached high above his head with his hand, clutched at nothing in particular, and pulled it down again. He repeated this movement several times and accompanied the same with non-religious appeal to the "hogger" in the cab to look alive. This was a signal for the engineer to produce sound waves that would wireless the gentleman with the flag to connect with the "red wagon."

After the hero of the cab had sounded five blasts of the whistle, he looked towards the rear for some sign of dust cloud which would denote the approach of the personage who is supposed to meander backward from trains at rest on the main line and flaunt the scarlet equipment in the faces of all who approach. Seeing no sign of anybody, the engineer jerked loose a second series of toots on the whistle. Still getting no response, he voiced a couple of blessings while Conductor John pronounced the benediction. After a few more repetitions of the music, they finally saw an individual step forth from the "red wagon," or in plain English, from the caboose.

This individual, Rusty, by name, closely resembled a rope. He had neither breadth nor thickness but he did have length and angles. Only the closest observation of his anatomy would have disclosed enough protuberance at the lower extremity of the neck to hang a pair of suspenders on. He was six feet, four inches in length. His face was thin and bony; his eyes a sort of washed-out blue and his mouth sagged at the

corners, giving him a very dejected appearance. Rusty's skull poked itself up into a battered brown derby which was crowded down upon a pair of widely spread ears.

Upon his appearance, both the hogger and car-grabber gave vent to some surprising and varied comments because Rusty should have been out flagging instead of in the caboose.

The train proceeded on its journey. Upon reaching the next station, the crew picked up six cars of caps, dynamite and other highly sensitive explosive stuff for the little family jar across the pond.

"Now see here, you old goat driver," John said to the engineer, "we picked up some fire works that are more ticklish than eighty-seven kinds of sin. So don't get careless with the way you buckle on the goat."

"Oh go on, you chisel-face," answered the eagle-eye. "What do you think this is? A kindergarten? Just go back there and keep that long-legged parasite awake so that he will flag at every stop."

What the conductor replied we will leave blank, but the train got under motion once more.

In the train just ahead of the hotel de hote were two cars to be set out at Spur X. These cars were consigned to a Mr. Hoosick, the father of a freckle-faced garden violet with whom Rusty was deeply in love. Mr. Hoosick had no liking for Rusty and had warned him to keep away. Once, however, Rusty had trespassed. The father appeared upon the scene with a double barreled shot gun loaded with rock salt. The trespasser had not stopped to receive the load in the neck or thereabouts, but had accom-



plished the great feat of doing a mile in two-ten.

When this Spur was reached, the train was stopped, the crummy cut off and the cars backed into the spur.

Meanwhile Rusty had started back with the red banner, but had not gone far when he saw his Heart's Desire. He stopped so abruptly that he bulged at the middle. Then he abandoned the ties and headed for the girl, with a full head of steam and the throttle wide open, and entered into a lengthy conversation.

At the same time, the conductor glanced back and saw a train rounding the curve. With a wild and glorious swoop he volplaned gracefully from the car on which he had been standing, to all fours in the green mud of the ditch. He was up in the fraction of a second and headed east in an attempt to beat all speed records.

Also at this instant, Mr. Hoosick, who had observed Rusty's trespassing, came running out of the house with his shot gun. Rusty, getting a glimpse of him, yelled, "Safety First," and began jerking himself across the landscape. His speed was greatly accelerated after the discharge of one barrel of the shot gun.

Meanwhile the hog-head had cast a glance back, and seeing the other train approaching at a high rate of speed he horsed the Johnson-bar over into backward motion and as quickly as he could backed the carloads of high explosives into the spur. The engine snorted clear of the switch, just as the other engine's pilot stuck its nose under the rear piazza of John' old crimson rambler and after thoroly dissecting it, came to a grind-stop. A generous and miscellaneous assortment of kindling adorned her generally. A mattress and the bug-guy's store were jammed in over her bumper beam, a part of the wagon canted from her sand-dome, while

John's bedding waved majestically from her smoke stack.

When Rusty finally returned to the scene, he was immediately attacked by the crews of both trains, but luckily for him, his best-beloved came to the rescue with a mop-handle. True to her species, her battling nature asserted itself in a no uncertain demonstration, which was an eye-opener for Rusty.

To his great surprise Mr. Hoosick stepped up to Rusty and said, "Mein freindt, I vorgif you. I tank you mit a glear conscience, and as a conglusive proof, I gif you mein consent to die up mit mein taughter."

The reason for this change of mind was accounted for by the fact that when the engineer had backed all the cars into the spur, the 6 cars of explosives went off, of the end of the track and into the river thereby completely ruining the contents. Mr. Hoosick, who was a stanch defender of the Germans and a great enemy of the Allies, was so pleased by the fact that the explosives were a total loss to the Allies, that he made Rusty the above offer.

But Rusty who had seen his best beloved in action, changed his mind about wanting her and the last seen of him were his coat tails, as he disappeared around a bend in the road, at break-neck speed.

A.H.—'17

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### A JUVENILE TRAGEDY.

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Yes, we were going to poison Fido. Dear old Fido! no cruel bullet would ever pierce his heart. He should have a few minutes, at least, in which to think of the past. Of the time, for instance, when he scalped Dana, tearing her frizzly locks to shreds and spoiling her beautiful button eyes. And once, cruel dog, he carried all our hidden Easter eggs into the front yard and then not being satisfied with

his extremely bad conduct, ate the fudge we placed outside to cool, drove Tabby up a tree and barked all the rest of the afternoon at a poor little sick bird. There were a great many other misdemeanors committed in his puppyhood for which he was heartily ashamed no doubt. He had been forgiven long since and the above instances were recalled for his own personal benefit, not that we bore him any ill will. We loved him.

Tom and I had talked it over that morning after hearing father say to one of the hired hands, "Fido must be shot. He will not help with the cattle and is not much of a watch dog." We decided on our plan of action then and there. I was to get the biscuits, but how to get them was a question not easily solved. After debating the best probable method of procedure, we decided that when Polly was arranging the dining room would be the best time. It was not wrong to get the biscuits, but Polly might not understand and ask a great many questions.

Tom would get the poison, Paris green, he said, was the best as it caused an absolutely painless death and allowed the victim some little time for meditation.

At last, after watching and waiting, we secured the necessary articles. Tom whistled for Fido but he refused to move from the kennel and it became necessary to give him a biscuit. After that all was safe. He followed us joyfully to the other end of the orchard, where we often played beneath a friendly old tree.

Silently, and I think tearfully, after asking Fido to forgive us if he died and please to forget the time we tied the tin can on his tail, we carefully removed the interior of a biscuit and filled it with the powder that was to send our beloved comrade to a painless death and eternity.

The unsuspecting Fido devoured the biscuit with an apparent relish

and wagged his tail for more, which he got as soon as the life-destroying element could be placed therein.

We having fed him all the biscuits, Fido, feeling rather comfortable or uncomfortable, curled himself up at the foot of the tree, and as we supposed, awaited the solving of a great mystery.

Our part of this painful ordeal being over, we returned home by a different route, stopping now and then to recall some interesting incident in which Fido was chief character and hero. We reached the kitchen door just in time to hear Polly exclaim in her most indignant tones, "there's at least a dozen of my biscuits missing and I can't find that package of green sugar anywhere; however can I finish this cake." Tom and I looked at each other and turned to leave the kitchen. To our surprise the poisoned Fido stood in the doorway, wagging his tail and very much alive. He seemed to be in the best of spirits, evidently bearing us no ill will for the amount of green sugar we fed him that day.

C.B.—'16

## DESCRIPTION OF A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY.

Enter the study assembly hall of the Stevens Point Normal at certain periods during the day and frolic reigns; enter at other times with a teacher on duty and an oppressive silence, "thick enough to cut," is observable; enter during the 1:15 period and the atmosphere seems charged with sunny cheerfulness. There is a hum as of busy, contented workers, intent on their respective duties, but with ample time to look cheerful. Scanning the room closely one will find the inspiring teacher-student himself industriously at work, but still finding time to greet you kindly. As in this room this man seems to be the inspiration to



work, for us to do our best and do it well, so in the social gathering is he the inspiration to frolic.

To say that a photograph of this man would give you a good idea of his worth, his kindliness, and his good nature, would be doing him a rank injustice. Perhaps, it is safe to say that no person ever assumed a more forbidding, sterner mask to hide his geniality than does he, when he sits for the photographer. One's first impression upon meeting him is that of whole hearted kindliness. The merriest and kindest gleaming eyes are beneath shaggy eyebrows, which are never lowered in ill-will. His eyes seem to see only the best in you and so your failings are never emphasized by him. He sees only the best in you and strives to develop only the best in you. His hair is a rumpled, wavy crown of auburn hue, that typifies strong will and not temper—his Irish temper, tho, is present. As the shower before the sunshine, he has a way of frowning, a deceiving frown, just when he is going to smile or when he is going to cause you to smile. His slightly stooped shoulders are another evidence that no one is too lowly to receive his kind word or his helping hand in passing. His humor is always wholesome and kind, without an accompanying sting.

In fact, his actions, his appearance, his conversation, his life, is the constant living of the "glad" theory. (Mr. Delzell.)

N.G.—17

### THE MISSING MURDERER.

During the evening of the day on which Jack Murry arrived from Europe, joy prevailed in the Benton residence. The two old friends had met again, never to part until death should separate them. The evening passed quickly and the early hours

arrived before the Benton household retired.

Late in the forenoon of the next day, Benton went to his friend's bed room to bid him good morning. The door of the room was locked and everything was quiet within. He knocked on the door but received no reply. Alarmed at this, he pounded harder and called Murry by name, but still received no response. Frantic at the apparent lifelessness within, he threw his massive body against the door and forced it in. The sight which met his eyes made him start back in horror. There upon the floor before him, his face covered with blood and a deep wound in his head, lay his friend of a lifetime, Jack Murry. Benton examined the body and found it cold. The wound was not that of a bullet but a smooth round hole extending an inch and a half into his head. He next examined the room. Both of the windows were barred from the inside, and each of them gave signs that they had not been touched for some time. The door, also, had been locked from the inside. How could a murderer have entered the room? It must have been suicide. Benton shuddered at the thought. He quickly changed his mind, however, for no weapon which would produce such a wound could be found in the room. It was murder.

Benton sat down to think. The grief produced by the death of Murry had nearly overcome him. He at last decided that the only thing left for him to do was to avenge his friend and punish the murderer. Accordingly, he summoned the police. Upon their arrival at the scene of the murder, they were as completely baffled as Benton had been. They decided however to find the evil-doer at all hazards.

The corpse of the murdered man was attended to by the undertaker, and at Benton's request it was al-

lowed to remain until burial in the room in which it had separated from its spirit. All during the day of the murder the grief-stricken man wandered about aimlessly. It seemed that he could not realize that his friend was dead. No sleep came to him that night. His troubled mind could find no place for rest. He went about the next day as he had gone the day before, wandering about from room to room, speaking to no one. To add to his sorrow, discouraging reports came from police headquarters. The missing murderer could not be found. For once the New York police were completely baffled.

At about ten o'clock that night, after an unsuccessful attempt to sleep, Benton arose and went to the room in which the body of his dead friend was resting. He closed the door behind him and sat down beside the corpse. After a couple of hours, however, sleep overcame him and he lay across the bed and fell asleep. After an apparently restless and stifled sleep, he arose suddenly and started toward the window evidently in search of fresh air. He had taken a couple of steps when something grazed the side of his face and he fell to the floor. The shock received from the fall aroused him from his half-conscious condition, and with all his remaining strength he arose and left the room.

The next morning, however, he was able to solve the mystery. The object which had grazed his face had proven death to Jack Murry. It was a spike about two inches long which extended down from the bottom of a large bronze lamp which hung from the ceiling. The room had not been used for some time before the arrival of Murry, the windows as well as the door had remained closed, and consequently the air in the room was bad. Murry met his death in the

manner that Benton grazed his face in search of air.

W.M.—'16

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### CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE ROAD.

---

If you have never been stalled in a lonesome midwest town on Christmas eve, you can hardly appreciate the situation I found myself in some four years ago this Christmas. Luckily there were some eight or nine of us of the commercial brotherhood in the same predicament. After supper we gathered in the writing room of the hotel and, after some preliminary complaining over the belated trains, we drew up big chairs before a crackling grate fire and decided to make the best of what seemed a hopelessly bad situation.

As our host entered with a huge pitcher of apple cider, of which he was quite justly proud, the insuppressible young Irishman among us suggested that as a pastime each of us tell the story of his life. And, without pausing, he began the most thrilling tale imaginable. I am sure no fairy tale hero could have survived the numerous hairbreadth escapes that young Irishman claimed for his past history. We roared with laughter and begged him to go on, but he absolutely declined to monopolize so we each had our turn. Some told true stories, while others were nearly as fanciful as our charming Irish friend.

At last came the turn of the last member in our half circle. He was a tall man of some sixty years or more. His face was strong and kindly but the eyes beneath the broad brow were sad and tired. He ran his slender fingers thru his thick gray hair and began.

"Some twenty years ago I made my home in that thriving, busy city, Chicago. While waiting for my car one wintry evening I heard piteous



sobbing, and, on investigation, found a little eight year old laddie huddled in a doorway. I picked him up and asked his trouble.

"'Oh sir, he wailed, 'I sold all my papers and now my money is lost, and my father will beat me. Oh I dassen't go home, I dassen't."

"I gave him a dollar, sent him on his way rejoicing, and quite forgot the incident. However, about the same time of day a week later, I heard the same wailing and was amazed to see the same pathetic, ragged little figure. I came to the rescue as before and to my astonishment heard the selfsame story repeated.

"'Here, you rascal,' I said as severely as I could, 'What do you mean? You've told me the same story before young man.'

"He looked up with serious face and big, bright eyes, measuring me. Then he smiled his friendly, boyish smile and explained.

"'I gotta get the money, mister, and selling papers is too slow. My mother's awful sick and I'm all she's got, mister. She's so white and thin. My daddy was killed in the street and she's been sick mostly since and I have to take care of her. You see I'm all mother has now.'

"I knew the lad was telling the truth and prompted by some impulse I asked to go home with him. We hurried down side streets into the tenement district. The boy stopped only once, to bargain craftily with a fruit vender for an orange 'for mother,' as he explained.

"At last we reached the crowded, dirty tenement building my little guide called home, only to be met by a sobbing woman.

"Oh, me brave little laddie, we have been searchin' for thee. Thy mother has gone to the Father this day. Oh poor little Denny, lad.

"I took matters into my own hands and made all the necessary arrangements. Then I took the white faced,

broken hearted boy in my arms and carried him home with me. My little wife took him from me without question, and for the next few weeks mothered him as tenderly as she did our own little four year Margaret. We did all we could to lighten the silent suffering of the little Dennis and at last were rewarded by the return of the boyish smile and the usual animation of an eight year old Irishman.

"And then, in the spring, the little mother was taken away from us."

Here the man's voice trailed away and we sat silent for a time, everyone gazing into the red coals. Then he went on.

"That summer I spent with the children at a lake resort in Wisconsin. One morning as I sat over my breakfast Denny came running breathlessly to me. His face was white and drawn and he could scarcely speak.

"'Oh, daddy Jack, he moaned, 'I tipped the boat, I tipped it myself. Oh daddy Jack—and Margie, Margie—'

"He could go no farther, but I understood. I sped from the house and all day paced the lake shore half crazed, while they dragged for my little Margaret. It was nearly sundown when I thought of the laddie and ran to the house. But as you must already know he was not there. Nor have I found him in all these years of searching and waiting. Oh men, this Christmas eve is not near as lonely as many I have spent."

As the man stopped speaking we all sat quiet. With head bent forward, he sat dreaming in the ruddy fire glow. And then suddenly the young Irishman was beside him, his face radiant, and we heard the vibrant voice:

"Oh, daddy Jack, why didn't I know, why didn't I know? But this time I'll stick,—this time—"

As the voice threatened to break, we, moved by some common impulse, left them together and crossed into the noisy billiard room opposite.

# ATHLETICS

## FOOTBALL REVIEW.

The Stevens Point Normal football team of the 1915 season, though not capturing the state title, has an enviable record. In a schedule of six games played, four were won and the total number of points piled up during the season was 153 to 39 for all opponents.

Following are the scores:

October 2—S. P. N. 68, Wausau High, 0.

October 9—S. P. N. 53, St. Norbert College 0.

October 15—S. P. N. 20, Lawrence Reserves 0.

October 22—S. P. N. 0, River Falls Normal 12.

October 30—S. P. N. 12, Superior Normal 0.

November 6—S. P. N. 0, LaCrosse Normal 27.

Whitewater won the title for the southern division while River Falls did likewise for the northern and in the contest for all-state honors the latter school was victorious, winning by the score of 7 to 0.

The locals were badly handicapped by injuries, the "jinx" apparently being on their trail the entire season. Henry Schadewald of this city was captain of this year's squad and Leslie Shallberg of Moline, Ill., was chosen as head of next year's eleven. All wool purple sweaters with a block S in gold were awarded to eighteen men at the close of the season, and seven men received second team jerseys. Those possessing the first team emblems are E. Ellis, L. Peterson, R. Moeller, J. Pope, T. Thorson, L. Hougen, A. Wysocki, J. Murphy, H. Schadewald, L. Shallberg, H. Ule,

H. McLaughlin, S. Eagleburger, A. Held, C. Burns, C. Anschuetz, W. Stewart and R. Stemen. The owners of jerseys are Walker, Morley, Paulson, Abrahamson, Lysne, Knope and Lovejoy.

Coach Corneal, together with assistant coaches Fairchild and Watson, is already planning on next year's team and they will undoubtedly put an eleven into the field that will make Normal schools of the state hustle, as an abundance of material will be on hand from which to select a combination that will be hard to beat.

## BASKETBALL.

With the close of the football season, our thoughts naturally turned to the greatest of indoor sports, basketball. Capt. Peterson has led his team thru a successful season and, altho the state title is still hanging fire, S. P. N. has been represented by a quintet who have proved themselves a hard opponent. The schedule of games already played is as follows:

Dec. 3—S. P. N. 29, Reserves 3.

Dec. 7—S. P. N. 61, Stevens Point Highs 11.

Dec. 10—S. P. N. 44, Waupaca High 23.

Dec. 11—S. P. N. 23, Lawrence College 21.

Dec. 17—S. P. N. 19, Ripon College 39.

Dec. 18—S. P. N. 76, Wausau High school 13.

Jan. 7—S. P. N. 20, Grand Rapids High 17.

Jan. 7—S. P. N. 20, Marshfield High school 25.

Jan. 15—S. P. N. 29, Lawrence College 23.



Jan. 22—S. P. N. 25, Ripon College 23.

Jan. 28—S. P. N. 23, River Falls Normal 53.

Feb. 4—S. P. N. 17, La Crosse Normal 40.

The Reserves have played a series of six games, winning four, defeating the local Boy Scouts, Endeavor Academy and Plainfield High school. They were defeated by the Normal Firsts and Westfield High.

At a physical directors' conference held in Madison, Dec. 17, 1915, it was decided to change the customary way of holding the state Normal school basketball championship game in connection with the state oratorical contest. This year the first of a series of championship games will be played between the winners of the southern division and the winners of the northern division on the latter's floor, March 7th. On March 14 these teams will play on the southern title holder's floor and if a third game is necessary, will be staged on a neutral floor. This gives the title to the winner of two out of three games, while formerly one game decided the honors.

### NEW BLEACHERS.

An additional row of bleachers is being constructed by Shallberg and McLaughlin for the accommodation of spectators at indoor athletic events. They are being built at the expense of the athletic association.

### H. S. TOURNAMENT

March 9th, 10th and 11th.

All of the Normal schools of the state, with the exception of Superior, have extended invitations to the High schools of the state to enter the sectional basketball tournament at the different Normal schools in whichever section they are located, on the 9th, 10th and 11th of March, 1916. Upwards of 100 teams will enter and this tournament promises to be one of the biggest athletic events ever held in Wisconsin. The only requirement to membership is the W. I. A. A. and this practically makes a free-for-all tourney.

On March 17th the winners of the sectional tournaments will go to Milwaukee and battle for the state championship. The Normal schools have undertaken a big job, but with good organization, a fine series of contests will be held and from the interest already shown and the big list of entries coming, will be a splendid addition to the athletic activities of the state. Over \$600 worth of trophies and medals will be awarded winners of the sectional and state tournaments.

S. P. N. has invited 55 schools to enter the local sectional tournament and it is expected that from 15 to 20 teams will accept. Some of the schools which are expected to send strong teams here next month are Wausau, Waupaca, Grand Rapids, Marshfield, New London, Mellen, Edgar, Plainfield, Westfield, Stanley, Thorp, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire and Stevens Point.

# SCIENCE

## Chemistry Department.

A few days before the close of last semester, the different chemistry sections visited the local gas plant to study the actual process of making illuminating gas in this city. The morning section went to the plant in the forenoon and the other sections in the afternoon. As the classes were going thru the different apartments in the plant, Profs. Culver and Rogers explained the uses of each part. This was instructive and interesting because in the course of the explanation the students were familiarized with the entire process of making gas, from the time it is evolved from the coke until it is ready for city use. The students enjoyed this trip very much. They had had an opportunity of seeing the operation of a practical and useful plant.

In 1899, Professor Culver gave his classes in chemistry the opportunity of making sulphuric acid. After several attempts they succeeded in making a small amount of the acid. The experiment has not been repeated since that time because of its difficulty and the unwillingness of the classes to attempt its performance. However, this year's chemistry class has repeated the experiment. Two boys from the class, Bernard Christianson and Carl Anschuetz succeeded in making a small amount of the acid. They used the "contact process" in making the experiment. It was a profitable experience for the boys because it was done of their own initiative. Altho this experiment is difficult to perform it is hoped that future classes will be as enthusiastic as this year's class has been in this regard.

Joseph Pope and Truman Thorson

performed a very interesting experiment in the chemistry department. Its object was to burn air in gas and vice versa. This experiment had been tried several times before but with little success. However, Mr. Pope and Mr. Thorson performed the experiment with the available apparatus and as a reward received 25 per cent for their work on their final semester examination.

## Bacteriological Department.

Professor Fairchild's classes in bacteriology have completed a series of tests of city and well water. The city water was found to be unsatisfactory because it contained an excessive amount of impurities. The well water, however, was found to be quite satisfactory. The tests were performed on a large number of samples. The well water samples were taken from wells the owners of which take special care in keeping them in a sanitary condition.

## Agriculture Department.

Professor Roller's classes in agriculture have completed a series of analytic tests of the city milk supply. Thirty samples were obtained from different producers. The chief difficulty with the milk was its uncleanness which demonstrated carelessness in handling and a lack of substantial methods in preparation for market. The tests for solids were quite satisfactory, while the Babcock test for butterfat was about the average.

A sample of milk sent to the bacteriological department and tested had about 20,000,000 bacteria per c. c. Milk of this kind is absolutely unfit for use in the home. Many cities do



not legalize the purchase of milk with over 500,000 bacteria per c. c.

These foregoing tests have not been in vain. As a result, many farmers have manifest their willingness to adopt measures to put out the best milk. Some have decided to practice methods taught in this school. A sample of milk from one of the farmers doing this showed marked improvement. If the problems of pure and clean milk are seriously considered by the producers there is no question but that the milk supply will be as required. We believe that the biological department is doing a good thing by letting people know how their water and milk supplies compare with what they should be.

The growth of science departments during the last three years has been remarkable. The following table will amply demonstrate this fact:

	1913-1914	1914-1915	1915-1916
<b>Agricultural Dept.—</b>			
Rural school.....	37	42	60
Reg. course.....	16	60	75
	53	102	135
<b>Biological Dept.—</b>			
Biology (D. S.).....	31	26	48
Ele. botany I.....	39	68	75
Ele. botany II.....	24	35	20
Physiology (gen)....	60	61	69
Physiology (D. S.)..	36	35	43
Bacteridlogy (D.S.)..	31	26	42
Sanitation (D. S.)..	31	27	36
Bacteriology (gen)..	**	**	10
Entomology .....	**	**	10
Botany (advanced)..	**	**	10
Ele. science .....	41	26	63
	333	366	470
<b>Chemistry Dept.—</b>			
Chemistry I .....	56	78	116
Chemistry II .....	9	8	12
Chemistry III .....	33	31	60
Chemistry IV .....	**	**	5
Chemistry V.....	**	**	1

Geology .....	**	**	9
	98	117	203
<b>Geography Dept.—</b>			
Academic .....	37	50	23
Rural school .....	65	39	32
Primary .....	**	42	53
Grammar .....	**	32	35
Advanced .....	29	15	**
Methods .....	**	15	25
High school .....	**	**	40
Junior .....	74	**	**
	205	193	216
<b>Physics Dept.—</b>			
Elementary .....	24	**	38
Advanced .....	11	16	20
Domestic science....	**	53	88
	35	69	146
Total all Depts.....	724	847	1170

\*\*—Not offered

Because of this large increase in the science departments, classes have been unusually large. They have to be divided into two and three sections. The teachers that have charge of the science work are Professors Culver, Rogers, Fairchild, Roller, Herrick and Miss Jackson.

Prof. Herrick's classes in rural school agriculture are being taught very recent material. The U. S. Department of Agriculture, in cooperation with state officials and teachers of agriculture, has issued a new outline of the work that should be taught. Mr. Herrick states that the new outline is an improvement over the one in the course of study.

#### Of Course.

First Freshman—"Does your pen leak all the time?"  
Second Greenie—"No, only when I have ink in it."

Hyer (in grammar class)—"What is the plural of beef, Howard?"  
Howard (after thinking seriously)—"Veal."

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