

SUMMUM

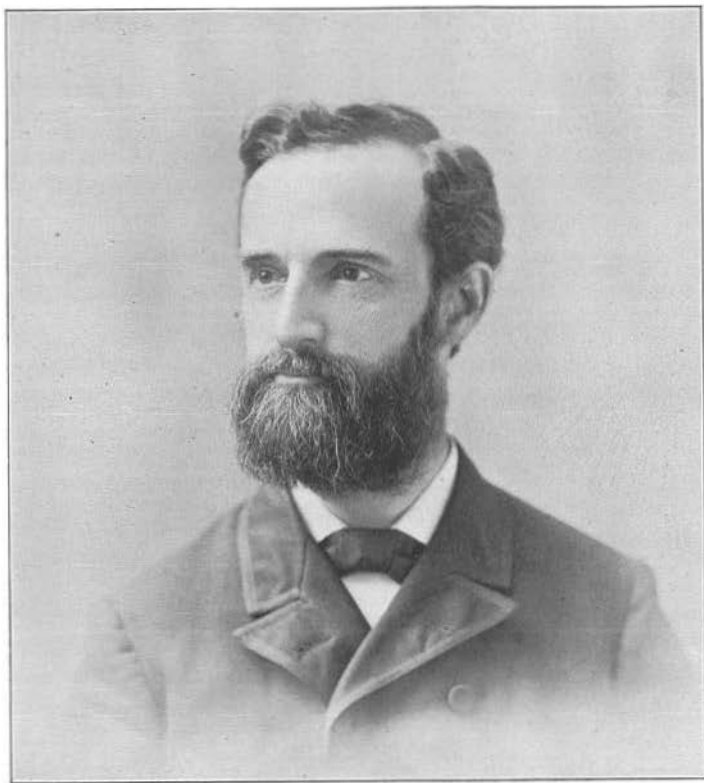
== 1905 ==

S. P. N.

THE SUMMUM

EDITED
by the
STAFF

Published by the Senior Class of Stevens Point
Normal and done into a book at the
Rolnik Press at Stevens Point,
Wisconsin, June, 1905.



PRESIDENT PRAY.

Dedication

TO THE STUDENTS
who attended the
STEVENS POINT NORMAL
during 1905

The Faculty

Theron B. Pray, A. M.

President

Frank S. Hyer, Inst. Con.

School Management, Observation and Prof. Reviews

Garry E. Culver, A. M.

Physical Sciences

Joseph V. Collins, Ph. B., Ph. D.

Mathematics

Albert H. Sanford, A. B., A. M.

Government, History, Political Economy

Mrs. Mary D. Bradford

Supervisor of Practice Teaching, Methods

Frank K. Sechrist, Ph. B. Ph. D.

English and American Literature

Frank N. Spindler, A. B., A. M.

Psychology and History of Education

George A. Talbert, B. S., M. S.

Biology

Miss Katherine Pray

Latin

Miss Nannie R. Gray

German

Miss A. Caroline Edmand, Ph. B., B. A.

Assistant in English

Charles B. Bacon, A. B., A. M.

General History and Reading

Miss Jeanette Reitler

Drawing

David Olson, B. S.

Geography

Miss Ella Fink

Vocal Music

Miss Mary G. Allerton

Physical Training

Miss Helena Pincomb

Domestic Science

Miss Ida M. Densmore

Critic Teacher, Grammar Grades

Miss M. Frances Quinn

Critic Teacher, Intermediate Grades

Miss Jennie R. Faddis

Critic Teacher, Primary Grades

Miss Josephine Fitzgerald

Supervisor of Practice Teaching 3rd Ward

Miss Margaret E. Lee

Director of Kindergarten

Miss Elizabeth Simpson

Librarian

Miss Mayme Dunegan

Assistant Librarian

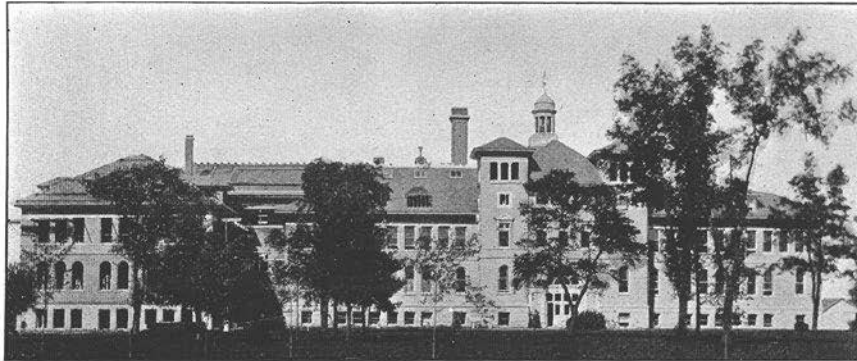
Mrs. Grace H. Hayner

Clerk, Treasurer

Our School

Colors

Purple and Gold



Yell

Vigor ! Vim ! Force !

Vigor ! Vim ! Force !

Stevens Point Normal ? Yes of Course !

We Have Vigor ! We Have Vim !

We Have the Force of Sunny Jim !

Vigor ! Vim ! Force !

Vigor ! Vim ! Force !

Stevens Point Normal ? Yes, of Course !

Seniors '05

Each year a Senior Class departs from the protecting portals of our Alma Mater to the great uncertainties beyond. With trepidation and with eagerness we also pass out to discover the successes which await us there.

Since we cannot be described, a few words must suffice, just that you may know in what manner we progress.

Some of us have been with the school since it opened, eleven years ago. As Freshmen and Elementaries others joined us, and that course is one to be remembered.

Last year we were joined by some of the brightest products of the high schools and we organized as one of the strongest Junior Classes the school has ever known—jolly comrades, diligent workers. When we played we were to be envied. When we worked we were unrivalled.

As Seniors, we have fulfilled the promises of the past. Our poets, our musicians, our artists, deserve no little credit. Always prominent in debate, we sent out a winning school team. This year we furnish the state orator, the second from this school. Every school undertaking, social, literary, athletic, has been marked by our enterprise and capability,

Having at last attained that enviable goal to which all good Normalites strive, we look back over a course of diligence crowned with success. It only serves to inspire us to greater effort when enter the wide field of work which now awaits us. And we hope that this example may also inspire and encourage those who follow to strive for an equal success.

R. W.

Senior Poem

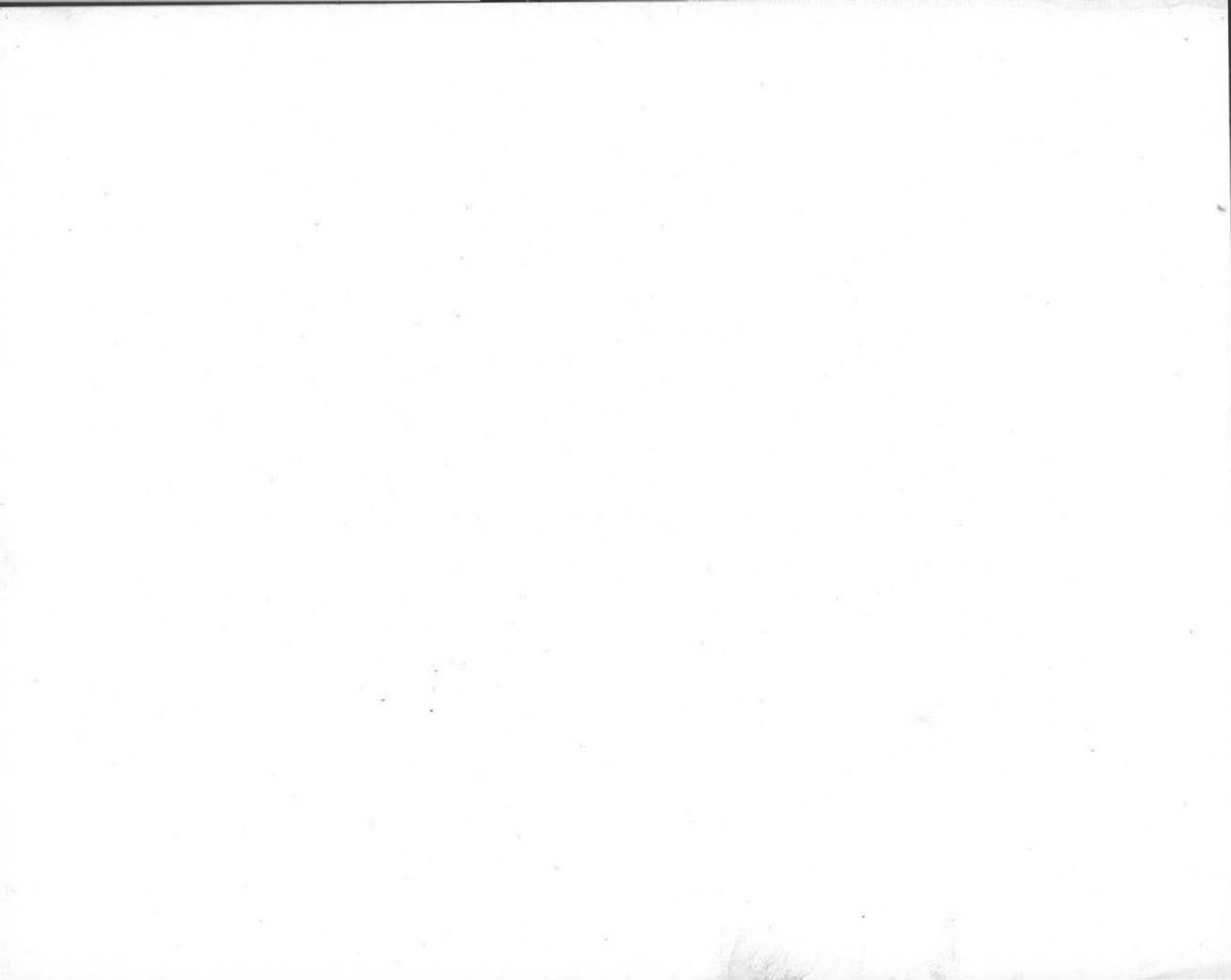
Our Excuse

A Senior poem do you say
Is missing from these pages?
We've time for only just a word
While work about us rages.

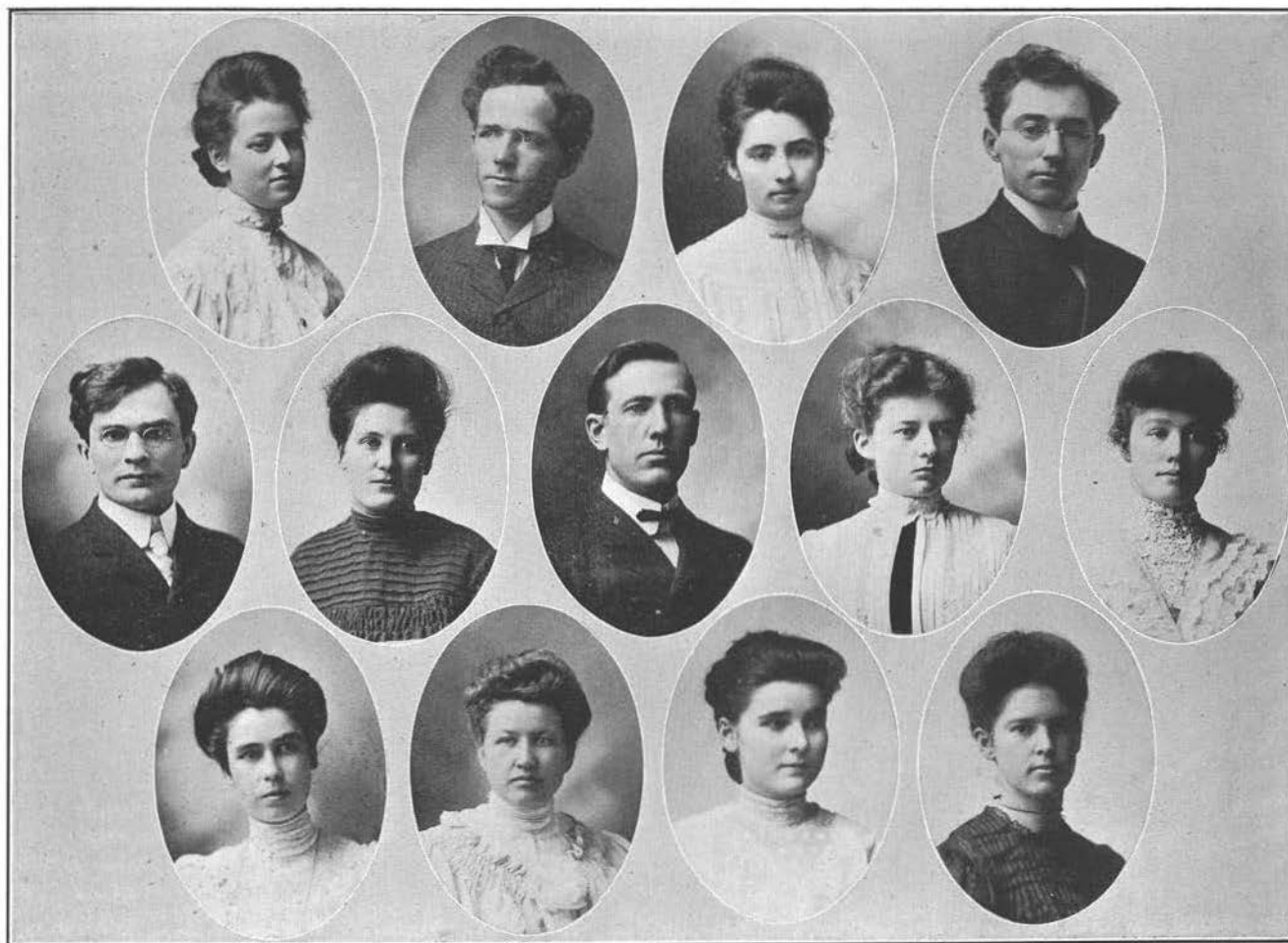
Poets must inspired be—
Time to write the message sent.
We have Finals, Essays, Class Plays,
Annuals and Commencement.

But when we're leaders in the land
And much leisure do command
As Alumni we'll be true
And send the Muse's thoughts to you.

—F. E. Wood.



Seniors



John H. Cairns	Stella C. Natwick	James E. Glasspoole	Jessie F. Hetzel	Geo. J. Baker
	Kathryn Costello, Treas.	Emmett H. Miles, Pres.	Ruth E. M. Wadleigh	Nellie M. McGrath
	Luella O. Taylor	Flora E. Wood	Katherine Southwick	Georgiana Clark



Seniors



Guy W. Malory
Lillian McDirmid, Tres,

Ethylene Merrill
Mary E. Robertson
Blanche Wyatt

Howard Van Wert Welty
Marie Calnan

Katherine Potts
Flora Southworth



Seniors



Martha Rhodes
Dona M. Brownell

Nellie Brennan, Sec.
Harriet A. Angell

Walter B. Murat

Alta M. Sherman
Anna Costello

James A. Peterson
Mable H. Olson



Seniors



Edith La Rue

Edward J. Mathe
Mable Peickert

Anna K. Nelson
Julia B. Anderson

Bertha M. Kimbell
Loron D. Sparks

Hattie Murphy



Seniors

ANDERSON, JULIA B. EAU CLAIRE
Domestic Science. (Course.)

"Color in the Home." (Subject of final essay.)

"She had a sunny nature, that sought like a flower for the light." (Characteristic.)

ANGELL, HARRIET A. OSHKOSH
Domestic Science.

"Bread."

"What's that."

AUER, WILLIAM A. ALMA
German.

"Rising of Japan."

"St. Peter, the custodian of our fate."

BAKER, GEORGE J. ALMA CENTER
English Scientific.

"American Energy."

"And I melt beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies."

BARKER, KATIE A. PLAINFIELD
English Scientific.

"The Red Cross Society."

"Sweet, calm, unruffled and serene."

BRENNAN, NELLIE TOMAH
Latin.

"The Raven."

"Why really do you think so?"

CLARK, GEORGIANA PORTAGE
Latin.

"Battle with the Slums."

"They best deserve to have that know how best to get."

COSTELLO, ANNA TOMAH
English Scientific.

"Petrarch, Life and Work."

"Her sweet childish laugh rings out upon the air."

COSTELLO, KATHRYN TOMAH
English Scientific.

"Spanish Armada."

"Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen."

EMMONS, JESSICA WAUPACA
Domestic Science.

"Evolution of Weaving."

"It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good."

GLASSPOOLE, JAMES E. MONDOVI
German. English Scientific.

"Our Country's Mission."

"His heart at high flood often swamps his brain."

HALVERSON, ALFRED E. STEVENS POINT
English Scientific.

"The Viking Spirit in History."

"If conceit were consumption, there would be another green mound in the cemetery."

HETZEL, JESSIE F. STEVENS POINT
Domestic Science.

"The Ideal House."

"Constant, tender, true."

KUEHNAST, ELLA STEVENS POINT
German.

"Her eye was ever fixed on the polar star of hope."

Seniors--Continued

LARUE, EDITH WILTON
English Scientific.

"Influence of Precious Metals and Gems."

"It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song;
But the woman worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

MCDIRMIID LILLIAN YORK
English Scientific.

"A wholesome tonic, a good joker."

MCGRATH, NELLIE M. GREEN BAY
English Scientific.

"America in the Light of the 20th Century."
"Proudly she reigns like a queen upon her throne."

MALLORY, GUY W. STEVENS POINT
English Scientific.

"Perverseness of Ideality."

"Oh, Constancy, thou art a jewel. I would that I could
woo thee."

MATHE, EDWARD J. STEVENS POINT
German. English Scientific.

"New Patriotism."

"Keep him a child as long as you can. Bless him the
dear little, cute cunning man."

MERRILL, ETHYL I. BURNETT JUNCTION
Domestic Science.

"Why teach Domestic Science."

"Wee, winsome lassie."

MILES, EMMETT H. TAYLOR
English Scientific.

"Economic Value of Trusts."

"He sought in all things to be good; for to be good is
to be great."

MURAT, WALTER B. STEVENS POINT
English Scientific.

"The Growth of Inter-Nationalism."

"I dare do all that becomes a man; who dares do more
is none."

MURPHY, HATTIE SPARTA
Domestic Science.

"Domestic Service."

"The height of all good humor in her lies."

NATWICK, STELLA C. VIROQUA
German.

"The Simple Life."

"Simple, childlike, divinely fair."

NELSON, ANNA K. EAU CLAIRE
Domestic Science.

"Food Adulteration."

"For nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to
study household good."

OLSON, MABEL H. STEVENS POINT
Latin. Domestic Science.

"Banking."

"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie."

PETERSON, JAMES A. ALGOMA
English Scientific.

"Webster's reply to Hayne."

"Blessed be he who has found his work, let him ask no
other blessedness."

PRIEST, EZRA F. MERRILL
English Scientific.

"Earnestness prevails in all his undertakings."

Seniors--Continued

ROBERTSON, MARY E. . . . FORT ATKINSON
Domestic Science.
"The Home Nurse"
"Despised by none, but loved by all."

SCHWALBACH, A. O. . . . APPLETON
German.
"The Jansenists."
"Better not be at all than not be noble."

SCHWALBACH, FLORA APPLETON
German.
"Raphael."
"She who is firm will mould the world to herself."

SEARLS, MAUDE E. . . . GRAND RAPIDS
Domestic Science.
"Apartment Houses."
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth."

SHERMAN, ALTA M. . . . STEVENS POINT
Latin.
"Beecher's Message to Liverpool."
"Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is of ending."

SOUTHWICK, KATHERINE . . . STEVENS POINT
Latin.
"The Meeting of Greek and Hebrew."
"An eye to see, a mind to conceive, and a hand to execute."

SOUTHWORTH, FLORA EAU CLAIRE
Domestic Science.
"Civic Improvement."
"Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain, until we meet again."

SPARKS, LORON D. , . . . STEVENS POINT
English Scientific,
"Lord Chatham as a Statesman."
"He looks the whole world in the face, and fears not any man."

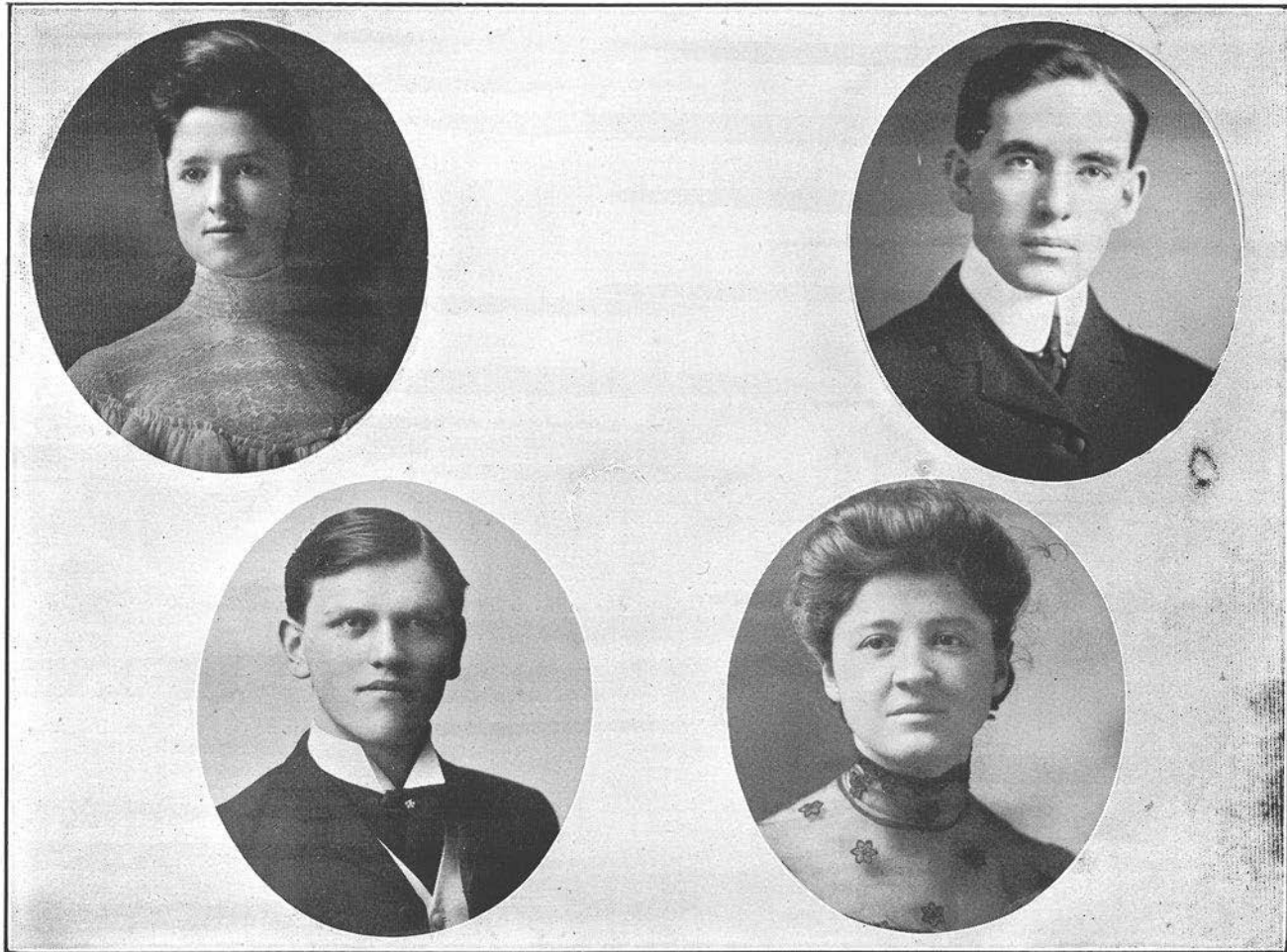
TAYLOR, LUELLA O. . . . TOMAH
English Scientific.
"Sign Language."
"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward thru life she goes."

WADLEIGH, RUTH E. M. . . . STEVENS POINT
Latin.
"Struggle against Environment."
"The kindly grace of manner and behavior, a something in her presence and her ways, that makes her beautiful beyond the reach of mere external beauty."

WELTY, HOWARD VANWERT . . . STEVENS POINT
English Scientific.
"John Milton."
"There is something wrong with everything, but he can find in everything something good."

WYATT, BLANCHE STEVENS POINT
Domestic Science.
"Habits in Primary Reading."
"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so."

Junior Class Officers



Edith M. Hill, Vice Pres.

Ferdinand Jaastad, Treas

John F. Morse, Pres.

Katherine Johnson, Sec.



ODE TO THE JUNIORS

1906

The rill that frets and foams and sings
High on the mountain side
Obeys the force that sometime brings
It to the ocean wide.
For Nature's laws must be obeyed,
The rills to brooks must grow,
The daring, dashing leap be stayed
In a more steady flow.
The brooks their titles soon give o'er
To streams of mighty motion
Which, calm, majestic, hear the roar
Of the eternal ocean,
The freshman, with his tiny rill of learning,
Plays prettily with knowledge, mid his yearning
To be the Soph'more brook, to be so wise,
In his and in his classmates eyes,
That what he knows shall, like the mighty brook,
Sweep Ignorance before him with a look.
He chafes and chatters,
As he onward clatters,
And dares to wonder in his modest way
Whether he'll be a Sophomore some day.
A Soph, he is delighted with his power
And longs to wield it every hour.
He knows the way,
His own way he will come.
While Learning has to stay
To see him come.
His fierce impetuosity,
His infinite precocity,
Each is a small (?) monstrosity!
He leads no life of quiet nor of ease;
He fears no faculty nor strives to please;
He scarce can keep within its narrow banks
His torrent stream of wit, his jokes and pranks.
But ah! this babbling, bubbling, boist'rous brook
Discovers that the world is not a nook

For him to play in
Or for him to stray in!
Afar he sees the river's glistening gleam,
And slacks his pace to greet the noble stream.
The stream slips smoothly on:
The Soph'more brook is gone.

The Junior stream runs smooth and deep
Her even-tenored way to keep.
No Freshman fears, no Soph'more noise
Disturbs its course amid its joys:
With depth and power its flow is fraught
As seen in calm unruffled thought.
Our characters are as sealed books
Whose titled covers are our looks,
Who sees a Junior mark him well:
His balanced bearing one can tell
By face, by mien and attitude
As giving Ease full latitude
Yet keeping all within control
Mid steady striving toward the goal.
His is the medium between
The Soph'more and the Senior mien:
The one conceit, the other care,
Both writhe with essays of despair!
This lacks knowledge, that's too sage;
That wants youth and this lacks age (?):
But the Junior spirit keen
Stands the two extremes between:
Senior wisdom, Sophomore wit
Both the happy Juniors fit!

When our river's gentle motion
Ceases with next year's commotion,
When the Seniors have been crowded
To the sea in tumult shrouded,
Where the gusty gales assail them,—
Then our thought can but bewail them;
For we must take their places,
"Vanish Ease! And fly, ye Graces."
Junior anchorages sunder
As we hear the rough waves thunder.

J. H. BROWNE.

Juniors

NAME.	POST OFFICE.	COUNTY.
AGNEW, WALTER F.....	Stevens Point,	Portage.
APPLEMAN, GEORGE M....	Viroqua.....	Vernon
BELANGER, AURORA.....	Marinette.....	Marinette
BRASURE, RAY E.....	Loyal.....	Clark
BROWN, JENNETTE E.....	Bloomer..	Chippewa
BROWNE, J. HOWARD.....	Victory.....	Vernon
CALNAN, MARIE.....	Manawa.....	Waupaca
CARTMILL, ETHEL M.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
CHAREST, ANNA M.....	Stanley.....	Chippewa
COMBS, ANNA L.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
ELLER, WILLIAM H.....	Alma.....	Buffalo
ENGLE, JESSIE M.....	Elk Mound....	Dunn
ENGLE, MARGARET E.....	Elk Mound..	Dunn
FULTS, J. EDWIN..	Thorp.....	Clark
GRIMM, CORA.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
HEANY, GENEVIEVE E....	Waupaca.....	Waupaca
HILL, EDITH M.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
HOFFMAN, ELLEN A.....	Merrill....	Lincoln
JAASTAD, FERDINAND....	Iola.....	Waupaca
JAKEMAN. ALICE E.....	Westfield.....	Marquette
JEFFERS, MATTIE B.....	Sheridan.....	Waupaca
JOHNSON, KATHERINE....	Sheridan.....	Waupaca
KALISKY, MARY.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
KENDALL, LILA B.....	Westfield.....	Marquette
KIRWAN, JEANNIE.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
KLEIN, EDITH A.....	La Crosse.....	La Crosse
KLUVER, EDA J.....	La Crosse.....	La Crosse

NAME.	POST OFFICE.	COUNTY.
KNOTHE, EMELINE V.	Alma.....	Buffalo
KOEHL, EVA M.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
LANE, CLARA E.....	Hixton.....	Jackson
McMULKIN, CATHERINE M.,	Stevens Point..	Portage
MATHE, LOUISE L.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
MEEK, MARGARET.....	Black River Falls,	Jackson
MEINKE, LUELLA L.....	Westfield.....	Marquette
MITCHELL, AGNES A.....	Montello.....	Marquette
MITCHELL, CLARA BELLE..	Stevens Point...	Portage
MOESCHLER, NELLIE F....	Stevens Point...	Portage
MORSE, JOHN F.....	Shiocton.....	Outagamie
MORSE, MARGARETTE....	Viroqua.....	Vernon
NEPRUD, MARTHA.....	Westby.....	Vernon
NEUMEISTER, OTTILIE J..	Alma.....	Buffalo
NORTON, EMMA..	McDill.....	Portage
O'LEARY, TESSIE.....	Eau Claire....	Eau Claire
PARK, GLADYS.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
PARROTT, EDITH M.....	Endeavor.....	Marquette
RAYMOND, MERLE.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
READING, MABEL A.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
RICE, HAZEL.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
ROGERS, MYRTLE C....	Stevens Point...	Portage
SAZAMA, JOSEPH E.....	Kewaunee.....	Kewaunee
SHAFFER, MABEL.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
TARDIFF, AGNES R.....	Stevens Point...	Portage
YATES, ELIZA E.....	Packwaukee....	Marquette

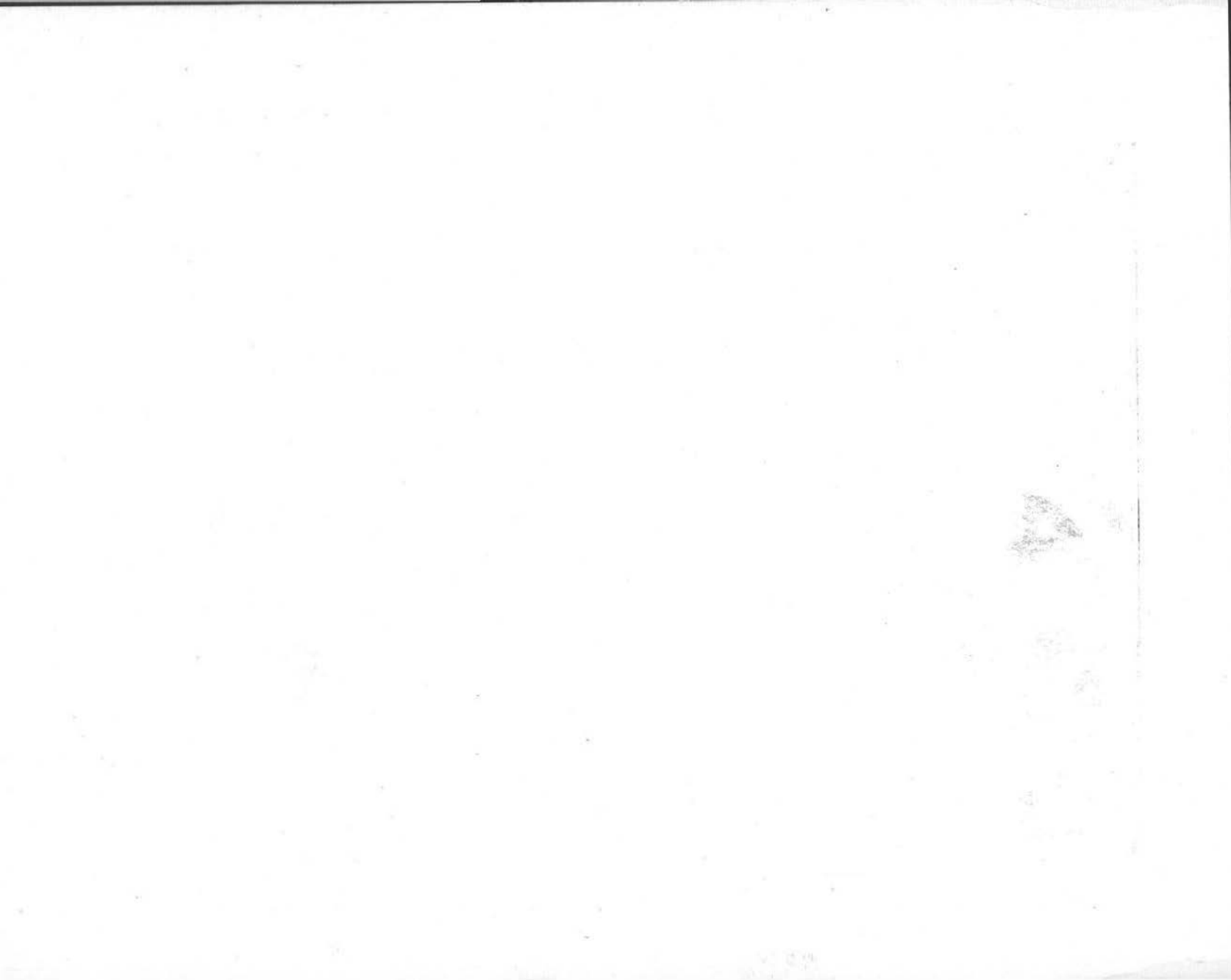
Elementary Class Officers



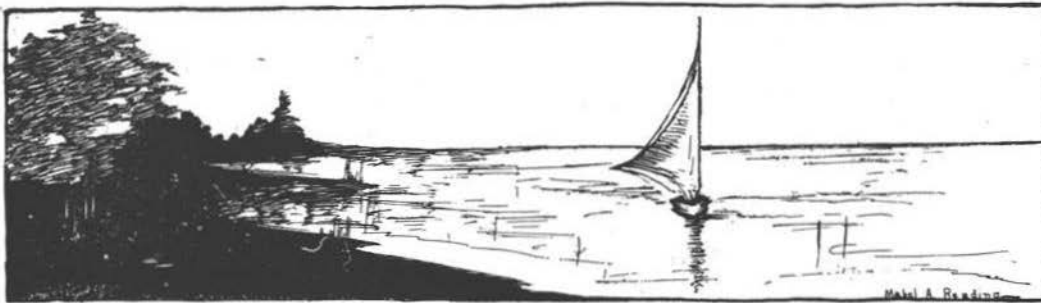
Ada Moen, Vice Pres.
Emily Stromstad, Sec.

Nina Coye, Treas.

Fred Curran, Pres.
Lars W. Nelson, Sgt. at Arms



Elementary Class Poem



Adrift (To Our President)

Our farewells said, our shore-lines cast;
Our ship is off before the blast.
The sway and totter midst the wave,
The struggle hard our bark to save;
To keep her from the shore and rocks,
To steer her clear of deadly shocks.
Two years upon life's training ship,
They toiled and tugged to get a grip
Upon the mariner's charts and laws,
Two years we've toiled without a pause.
Two years we've thought and sketched and planned,
As students we have worked with heart and hand.
Two years our captain staunch and brave,
Hath tempest quelled, hath sought to save
Each untried hand from toil and care,

Old Neptune's laws he has laid bare.
He taught the science of the stars,
Of currents, winds, and deadly bars.

Two years we've toiled upon our ship;
At last completed. Upon our trip
They are prepared to start at break of day,
No more on this our training ship we stay.
For years we've sorted culled and cargo learned,
And filled her full from bow to deepest stern.

At the ship's helm we firmly take our stand
And carefully guide our bark with trembling hand,
Among the breakers and rocks of treacherous bay,
Out on life's larger ocean do we stray;
Out midst life's fitful storms and swells,
And wave our Captain, crew, fond farewell.

L. E. NORWOOD.

Elementary Class Prophecy

Manila, P. I., Sept., 1, 1916.

"Yes, here we are after having spent our vacation in different parts of the world, as night brings the wanderer home, so the first of September beckons the American teacher to his field of duty. As we look across the waters of the bay, the sunset floods our memories with recollections. We recall our first landing when Manila was the only city of importance, and the American school system was in its infancy. Now we think of the Philippines with its many large cities, two Normal schools and many High and Graded schools. But let us hear the news. Miss Burns, how did you enjoy your trip to Jerusalem?"

"I had a very pleasant time."

"And Miss Scott, where did you spend your summer?"

"I spent the greater part of my time at Vienna, and while there I met one of my old schoolmates, Miss Vosburg who is studying music. While returning I met Mrs. (——— Oldfield,) who was on her way to join her husband, an active missionary in Africa. She informed me that she stopped off at Paris and was the guest of Mr. Eidsmoe, who is manager of a well established wholesale clothing store. Just across the street she noticed a fine stone mansion on the door-plate of which was engraved, "United States Legation, O. R. Weinandy, Ambassador."

"That makes me think—while on my way back from Jerusalem, I met Misses A. Johnson and Verna Phillips, who were on their way home, having spent the last five years working as missionaries in Arabia at a station established by Messrs. Wysocki and Roberts."

"Mr. Curran, did I understand you to say that you had spent your summer in the United States?"

"Yes I had the opportunity of visiting my old home in Wisconsin and some other points in the Mississippi Valley. I was much surprised to meet Mr. Roy Judd and Mrs. Anna Ryan(——) who were returning from their wedding trip to Alaska. Mr. Judd has built up a large and lucrative practice as an eye specialist. By the way Mr. Hurley, let us hear of your trip after leaving me at Omaha."

"I stopped at the Commercial hotel there and became much interested in some views of the scenery of Mexico, by Mr. Milo Wood, which were just being made into book form under his supervision. I went to New York by way of Chicago and had a short visit with Ted Walker who is now pitching for the Three I league. While waiting for Mr. Walker to dress for the theater I picked up the "Comfort" and one of the first things I noticed was the column signed Cousin Maron, edited by Helen Dernbach."

"Did you hear anything of Leo McCormick? Some years ago I heard he was one of the leading lawyers of New York."

"Yes he is now one of the leading attorneys in that city. While there I was delightfully entertained by him at his elegant home on Broadway."

"I always thought he would make his mark in this line ever since we were in Civics together under Mr. Sanford."

"He informed me that Le Roy Wood of Wisconsin now occupies the seat in the Senate formerly held by R.

M. LaFollette. While there I picked up a newspaper and one of the first things I noticed was that there was a political meeting to be held August second. One of the chief speakers of the evening was Miss S. V. Hansen, who has become a noted woman suffrage speaker. On further notice I saw two business cards, one O. K. Evenson, Phrenology and Palmistry : another of J. Roche, in the same line. Mrs. McCormick showed me a book written by Guy Pierce who has become a writer of some note. His chief work is on The Battle of "Hastings."

"And are the Misses Shields and Devins still in the millinery business?"

"I believe someone is knocking! Mr. Hurley will you please go and see."

"Well! Well! If here isn't Jerry."

"Why Mr. Madden, how do you do?" Take the bamboo rocking chair."

"When did you arrive? I thought you were running a steamship line on the Atlantic ocean."

"I am and expect to buy a line between San Francisco and Manila. What are you people doing here? It has been a long time since I have met so many of the old S. P. N. people together."

"Oh, we were just talking over old times and about some of the Elementary Class of 1905."

"Have you heard the good news?"

"No, what is it?"

"Capt. Lars Nelson has just been appointed Adjutant General, and is now taking up his duties in these islands. He came over on the same boat that I did."

"What a grand year this ought to be with so many of our old friends near us. There is Miss Shumway who is to teach music in the high school at Cavite; and Miss Stromstad has obtained the position as critic teacher in the intermediate department of the Normal."

"Yes, and here is Mr. Curran who will not be far away as he is still city superintendent at Zumaraga; and Mr. Hurley, who has been teaching for the past year in Samar, is appointed Institute Conductor for the Philippines."

"Thru the efforts of Mr. Sievwright who is Commissioner of Education, we are to have with us Miss Ella Terkleson as supervisor of drawing. Yes, and I almost forgot; there are the Misses Wood and Williams, who have been teaching in Hawaii, have also accepted positions in our schools; and Miss Gartman is to be our Domestic Science teacher."

"We regret very much to learn that Mr. Hamilton, who has been our supervisor of music for the past four years is about to leave us as he has a position at the Boston Conservatory of Music."

"Speaking of Boston reminds me of a very good editorial in the "Transcript" of that city, written by Ada Moen. I also learned that Miss Butler is manager of an Employment Agency. Miss Scott, here is one of the latest daily papers from New York, in which I think you will notice some of the names of our old classmates."

"Oh, just look here! The North Pole has been reached at last."

"What? Who!?"

"NORTH POLE REACHED at last." Messrs. Krienke and Osterbrink made the expedition in their new air-ship.

"If we had but known, Mr. Madden, we might have come over together, as I arrived here only two days ago."

"What have you been in America?"

"Yes, Mr. Hurley and I spent our summer vacation there. I visited my old home in Wisconsin."

"Did you see or hear of any of my old teachers or schoolmates?"

"Yes, you know I could not resist the temptation to visit old S. P. N. I found Prof. F. S. Hyer had become President and was not a little surprised to find B. V. Christensen teaching Psychology there. Miss Young some time ago became Supervisor of the Kindergarten department. While there I inquired of Miss Young about Misses Bennett and Ostrum. She informed me that Miss Bennett is at present a missionary in New Zealand, and that Miss Ostrum while returning from Samoa, sustained serious injuries from an air-ship wreck, and is now in a hospital at Los Angeles."

"As I was returning I stopped at Chicago and there learned that some of our class had become authors. Miss N. Coye has just written a book on "CULVER'S TRAVELS," and Mr. Risk a text book on Geometry. Thru an acquaintance I learned that Miss E. Clark had married a wealthy merchant at Portage; and that she, who was formerly Miss Elvie Hutchins is now Well(s) with Albert. In Chicago I met Mr. Geo. Everson, who is now the world's champion runner; and that evening we went to a concert to hear Mr. Hein, the noted pianist."

"Miss Burns, did you hear of any other of our friends while at Jerusalem?"

"Yes, when I was returning, I was delightfully entertained at Calcutta, by Miss F. Almy, who is matron at the home of the bishop, (Bischoff)."

"And I wonder where the Hughes boys have located?"

"I met Dan at San Francisco where he is about to complete a harbor for airships. He said John was foreman of a brass foundry."

"Brass foundry! Well, anyone might guess he would get some such job from the way he used to jolly us at the Normal."

"Miss Scott, will you please let me look at that paper?—Oh, Mr. Madden, you didn't tell us anything about the new magazine. What is it like?"

"It is a fashion paper nearly like the Designer, edited by Porter, Torbenson and Tracy."

"I learned yesterday that Commissioner Sievwright has just secured the services of Misses Lulu Wood and Hattie Schnabel as teachers in our city schools."

"Mr. Madden, won't you remain with us and go to the teachers' Convention to-morrow? You may meet some of your old acquaintances."

"Yes, stay, for it promises to be a very large meeting and you will hear Mr. Hurley speak on the subject: "*The Growth of Education in the Philippines.*"

"And now as the shades of night are closing round us; and we part on the morrow, may we not plan to meet again and refresh our memories of the old friends who have been scattered broadcast by the hand of time to the remotest parts of the WORLD."

The Freshmen 1908

As we freshmen gathered in the halls of the Normal early in the school year we all looked forward to ten months of quiet work. However, this idea was soon shattered and the calm of the first few weeks soon broken by some of the bolder ones suggesting that we ought to organize. Accordingly on September 14 a large notice appeared on the front board, summoning all true and loyal freshmen to meet in room 221.

We straightway hastened to the place of meeting, cheerfully, yet not without many misgivings as to the outcome of such a solemn conference. Nevertheless it simply ended with the election of the following officers for the ensuing year. President, Reynold C. Olson; Vice President, Willis Boston; Secretary, Isabel Leonard; Treasurer, Clarence Mortell.

After a short time we learned from our admired patterns, the Seniors, that each class usually selected class-colors, so acting upon the suggestion we called another meeting from which we sallied forth, proudly wearing long streamers of purple and white.

As time wore on the home-sick and weary look died out of our faces and we began to think of other things and talk seriously of giving an entertainment to the more timid members of the class. With all due preparation and our usual promptness we arranged for a reception in the gymnasium where an evening was pleasantly spent.

During the second quarter of the year an event took place which, although it was a surprise to the freshmen, was a huge joke on the Elements. For several weeks the Elementary basket ball team had trained faithfully and; as a result, their class sent a challenge to the freshmen

requesting them to meet in a game of Basket-ball on a Friday afternoon. The challenge, after much debating, was accepted and game was played much to the not too silent amusement of the Freshmen who were out full force to cheer for their players. We will not (a fact due to our usual modesty) dwell long on the outcome of that game or on the outcome of a return game played a few weeks later; but, we think it proper to say that we were not ashamed of our boys.

As the closing days of the year draw near we can not help looking back on our year as Freshmen with pride; for, although we have had severe trials and had many a hard proposition to face we feel that we have rewarded for our efforts and attained a creditable degree of success.

Looking forward, we see ourselves the Elements of next year: and it rests with us if we shall maintain, and, possibly eclipse the records and standards we have established as Freshmen.

R. C. O.



Reynold C. Olson.
(President)

Pointer Staff

J. EDWIN FULTS, '06

Editor-in-Chief

WILLIAM A. AUER, '05

Literary Editor

EMMET H. MILES, '05

Athletic Editor

JULIA B. ANDERSON, '05

Editor Jolly Columns

J. HOWARD BROWNE, '06

Censor

GEORGE J. BAKER, '05

Exchange Editor

EDITH M. HILL, '06

HAROLD CULVER, '05

Local Editors

NELLIE BRENNAN, '05

Training Department

ALTA M. SHERMAN, '05

Art Department

W. EUGENE SMITH, '04

Alumni Editor

Press Association

LORON D. SPARKS, '05

President

JOHN F. MORSE, '06

Treasurer

JESSIE F. HETZEL, '05

Secretary

JOHN F. MORSE, '06

Business Manager

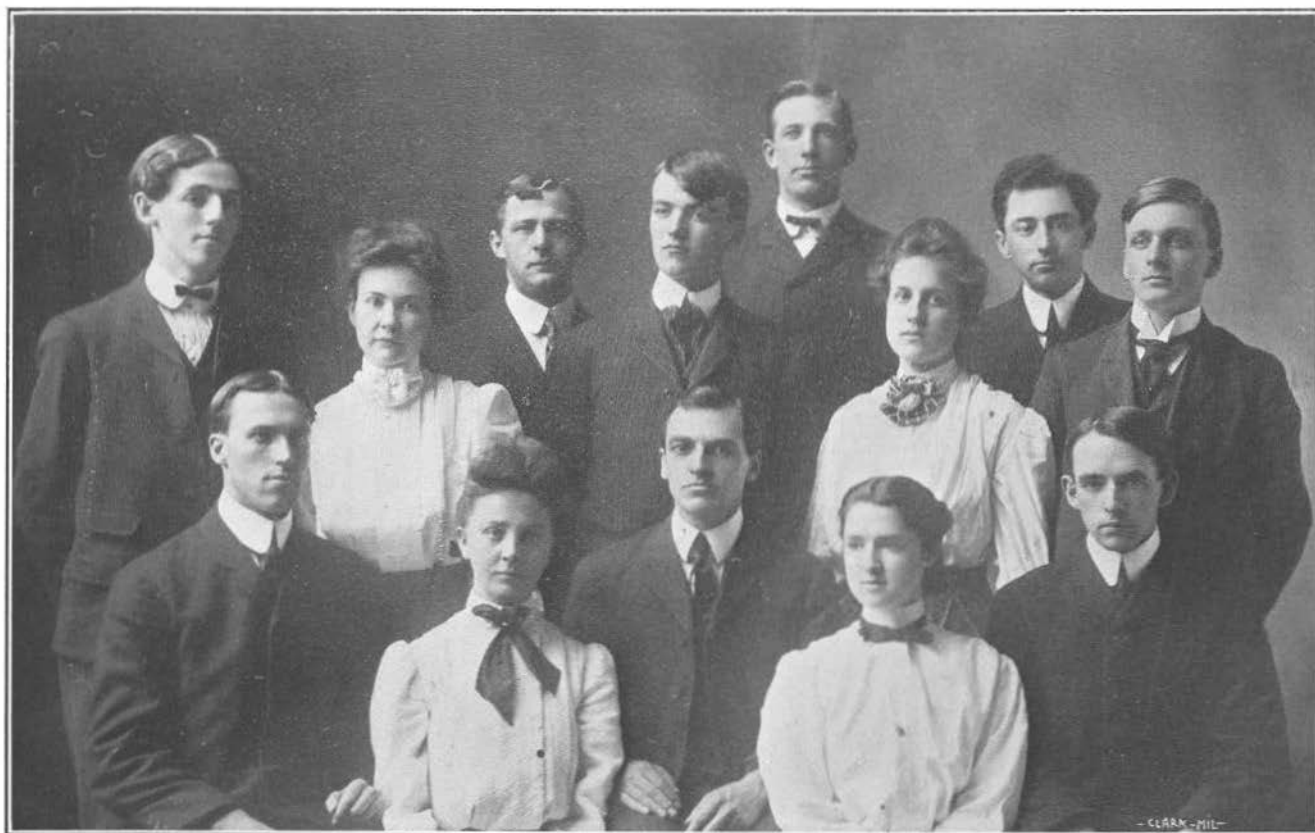
GERHARD GESELL, '05

GUY W. MALLORY, '05

JOHN J. WYSOCKI, '07

Assistant Business Managers

Pointer Staff



G. W. Mallory

L. D. Sparks

Nellie Brennan

Julia Anderson

W. A. Auer

J. H. Browne
J. E. Fultz

E. H. Miles

Alta M. Sherman
Edith Hill

G. J. Baker

A. G. Gesell
J. F. Morse

Summun Staff

HOWARD VANWERT WELTY

Editor-in-Chief

MARY E. ROBERTSON

Chronicler

GEORGE J. BAKER

Athletic Editor

JESSIE F. HETZEL

Local Editor

HATTIE MURPHY

Comic Editor

NELLIE M. MacGRATH

GEORGIANA CLARK

Literary Editors

ALTA M. SHERMAN

RUTH E. WADLEIGH

KATHERINE SOUTHWICK

Art Baord

EDWARD J. MATHE

Business Manager

JOHN H. CAIRNS

ANNA K. NELSON

RAY W. ORMSBY

Assistant Business Managers

Summum Staff



Mary E. Robertson

Nellie M. McGrath

Jessie F. Hetzel

J. H. Cairns
Alta M. Sherman

Hattie Murphy

Anna K. Nelson
H. V. W. Welty

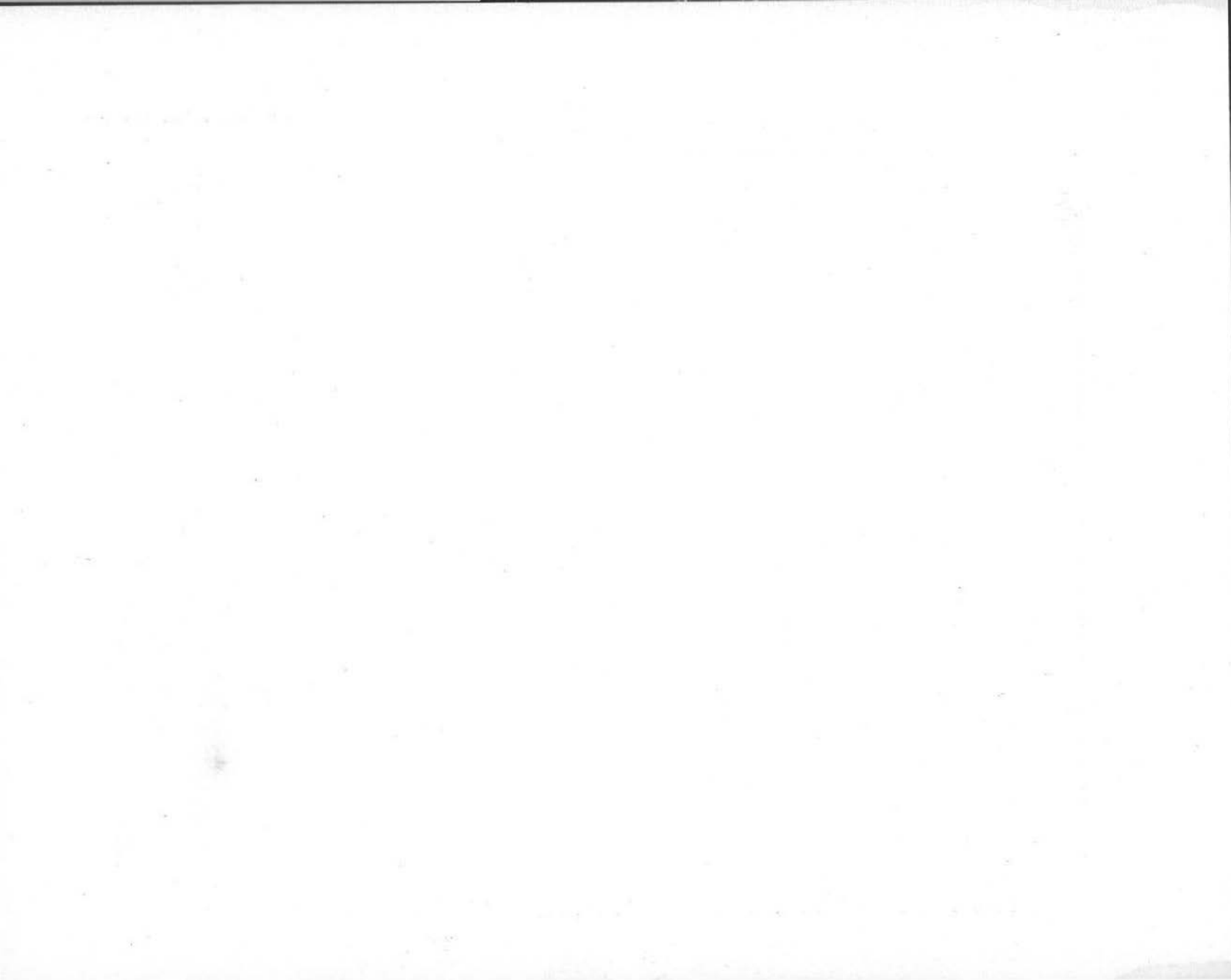
E. J. Mathe

Ruth E. Wadleigh

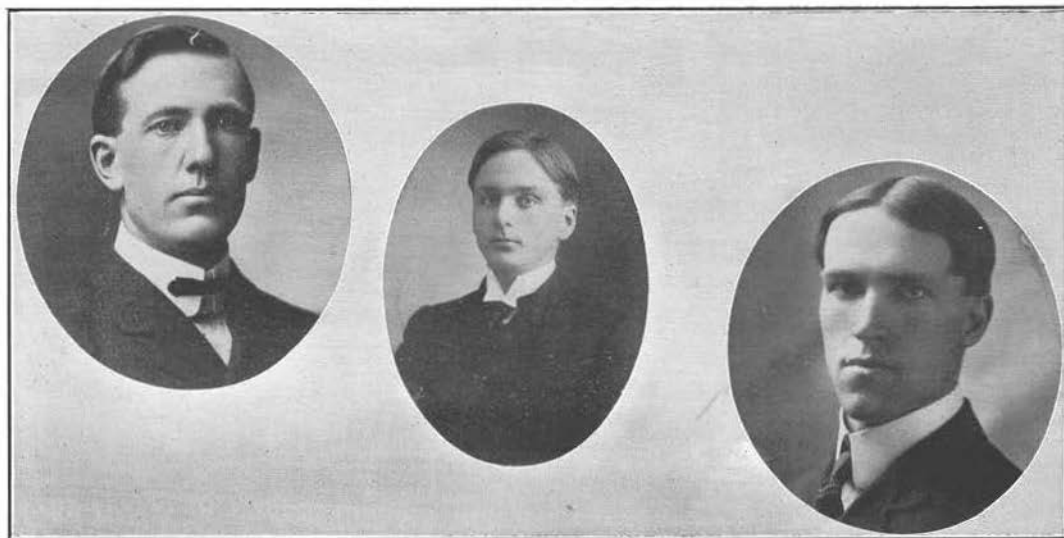
G. J. Baker

Katherine Southwick

Georgiana Clark



School Debaters



Emmett H. Miles

Gerhard A. Gesell

Loron D. Sparks

School Debate

THE great Debating Event of the year occurred here May 5. As this was the initial debate with Milwaukee, a keen interest had been taken in the outcome. The judges selected were Hon. Timothy Ryan of Waukesha, Supt. H. S. Youker of Grand Rapids, and Supt. M. N. McIver of Eau Claire. The question debated was: "*Resolved*, That the general effect of labor unions for the past twenty years has been detrimental to the best interests of the nation." The affirmative was maintained by the Milwaukee team composed of Herbert Francis, Daniel Corcoran, and Edward Randall; the negative by our team consisting of L. D. Sparks, E. H. Miles, and G. A. Gesell. Both sides put up a strong debate. As usual, however, the better prepared team won. For months our representatives had made a careful study of the great labor problem. By hearty co-operation and untiring effort they had paved the way for victory. The charts prepared by them were undoubtedly the best and most effective ever used at the Normal. The unanimous decision of the judges for our team tells the story. With due regard to the members of both teams, special mention may justly be made of Mr. Corcoran's splendid effort to convince the judges, and of Mr. Gesell's forceful attack and summary as closer for Stevens Point.

Chronology



Aug. 29. School opens.

Sept. 1. Miss Pincomb and Mr. Hyer make their "first appearance" on the platform.

Sept. 2. Entrance Exam. Review Arithmetic.

Sept. 5. Editor-in-chief of Pointer appoints his staff.

Sept. 6. "Gym." is having a new floor. "Nothing doing" for a while.

Sept. 7. Seniors organize. Junior class officers of 1904 re-elected.

Sept. 9. Methodist church give a reception to faculty and students.

Sept. 10. Juniors organize. President "little but oh, my!"

Sept. 12. Athletic association meets and decides to play football in spite of odds.

Sept. 13. Elements follow example of Seniors and Juniors and elect class officers.

Sept. 15. Episcopal church takes its turn at entertaining faculty and new students only, at Regent McDill's home.

Sept. 17. Y. M. and Y. W. C. A's hold forth in the Art Annex.

Sept. 20. Literary societies elect officers.

Sept. 21. Spelling lesson. Number one.

Sept. 23. Freshies get up courage at last and have class meeting.

Sept. 24. Morning exercises. Object lesson in going up and down stairs.

Sept. 25. Seniors have a "blow out." Marsh wallow roast on back campus. Peanut hunt in the kindergarten.

Sept. 26. Members of faculty and families enjoy an outing at Maple Beach.



8 o'clock.

Sept. 27. Football coach arrives and football teams begin work.

Sept. 28. School debaters selected, — Miles, Sparks, Gesell.

Sept. 28 Mr. Hyer organizes manual training class. H. Martin takes first lesson in making "family portrait frames."

Sept. 30. Girls give football boys a picnic on the campus.

Oct. 1. Reception at Presbyterian church for faculty and students.

Oct. 4. Spelling lesson, number two. "Words ending in angle."



Fall Agriculture.

Oct. 6. Juniors entertain themselves. A few hats missing, that's all.

Oct. 8. Football game. Stevens Point 10, Merrill 0.

Oct. 11. Placard contest.

Oct. 12. Miles begins rehearsal of his new play. Gets too dramatic and as a result can't play football. Did HE tell?

Oct. 13. First issue of the Pointer.

Oct. 17. Juniors have preliminary debate. — Miss Charest, Appleman and Sazama are victorious.

Oct. 18. We study the stars at 9:30 A. M.

Oct. 20. Summum staff elected.

Oct. 22. Football game. Oshkosh 16, S. P. N. 0.

Oct. 24. We are glad to see Mr. Culver on the platform again.

Oct. 27. Athenaeumites blossom out in new caps.

Oct. 28. Girls tell the boys how to play football at morning exercises.

Oct. 29. (a) Oshkosh and S. P. N. play football. Defeat again 23 to 4.

(b) Hay rack party. Dordy driver.

(c) Faculty reception. "Better late than never."

Oct. 31. Dr. Gunsalus-Savannah.

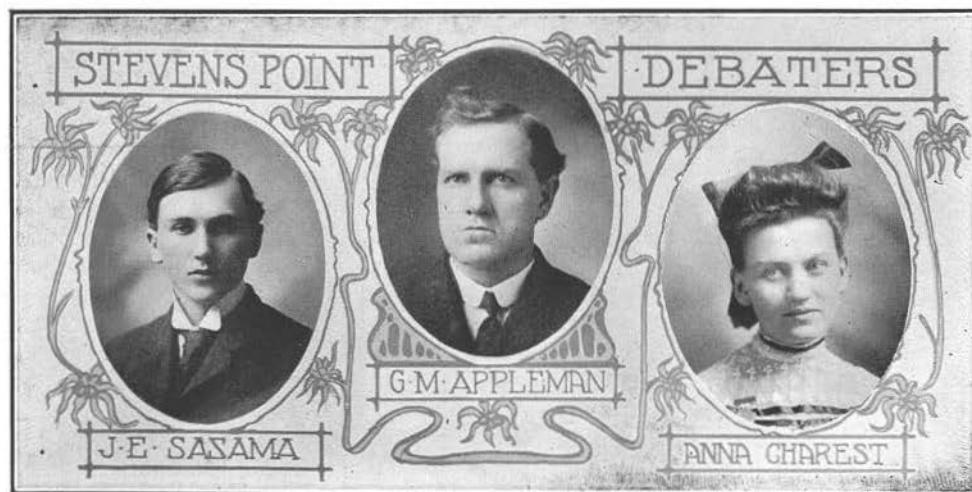
Nov. 2. Exams.

Nov. 4. "Arrival of the twins." Both boys. Intermediate department.

Nov. 5. Hallo'een reception. Juniors for once lose their serenely happy smiles, and with brows beaded with perspiration quaking limbs and distended jaws, they descend to the lower regions of Inferno.

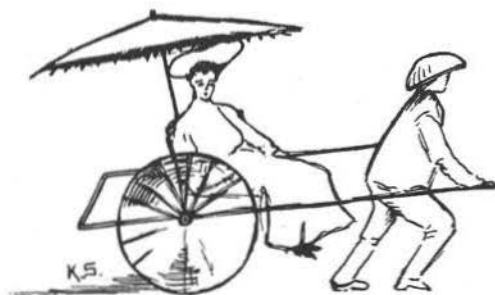


Junior Debaters



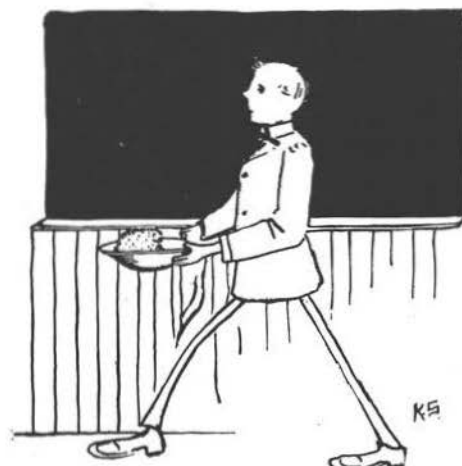
Victorious at Oshkosh, April 14, 1905.

- Nov. 8. J-h- M--s- takes a trip up the line.
 Nov. 14. School decides to have a skating rink.
 Nov. 15-16. Arts and crafts exhibit in the museum.
 Nov. 18. Committees for Oratorical contest are appointed.
 Nov. 19. Prof. Olson takes a "tip."
 Nov. 20. E. Billings has foot ball picture taken.
 Nov. 21. Preparation for the fair, begun.
 Nov. 24-25. Normalites eat turkey.
 Nov. 26. Poverty party. Mrs. Wiggs and family, and Italian orchestra entertain.
 Nov. 28. Basket ball teams organize.
 Nov. 30. Arena visits the Forum.
 Dec. 14. D. S. laboratory turned into a bakery.



- Dec. 17. Fair fair ones have a fair Fair in the Gym.
 Dec. 20. Dunbar quartette and bell ringers.
 Dec. 22 to Jan. 2. Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!
 Jan. 3. We resume the usual "grind."
 Jan. 11. Seniors and Elements entertain the board of Regents.

Jan. 13. First basket ball game of the season Oshkosh 35, Stevens Point 26.



Nice little boy!

- Jan. 17. "Hash."
 Jan. 20. Senior and Elementary give Masquerade for students about to finish. They show their appreciation of class-mates kind efforts by their presence (?)
 Jan. 23. Prof. Talbert takes us on a trip through the British Isles.
 Jan. 24. Mr. and Mrs. Pray entertain the seniors.
 Jan. 25. E. H. M-l- - purchased a game of Sherlock Holmes.
 Jan. 26. Mid-winter commencement exercises.

Jan. 27. (a) Third quarter begins. Review Geography entrance exam.

(b) Twenty people decide to take normal Geography.

(c) Grand Rapids H. S. and Stevens Point Normal play basket ball 34 to 21 in favor of us.

Jan. 30. K. Strobe enters school.

Jan. 31. Arena octette organizes. Made its first appearance (?)

Feb. 3. Basket ball at Oshkosh. 42 to 31 in favor of Oshkosh.

Feb. 4. Miss Wood entertains the children and "grown ups" with stories.

Feb. 9. Preliminary oratorical contest. Alta Sherman first.

Feb. 10 Forum visits the Arena.

Feb. 11. Mr. Bryan lectures on "The Value of an Ideal."

Feb. 15. Prof. Ol-on takes a "slip."

Feb. 17. Basket ball. Marshfield and S. P. N.

Feb. 23. Rev. Charles Biglow talks to the school at 3:45.

Feb. 24. Ripon wins basket ball game.

Feb. 25. P. W-l- - gets weary of life.

Feb. 27. "Four Stars."

March 3. Choral Club Concert.

March 4. "Our Domestics," under Prof. Bacon's direction.



"Wisconsin Geography."

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS:—

Joseph, servant to Mr. Crusty . . . W. Murat
 Julia, cook to the Crustys . . . Jeanne Kirwan
 Francis, servant to Mr. Meek . . . E. Lange
 Sarah, a servant . . . Tessie O'Leary
 Mr. Crusty . . . Guy Mallory
 Caroline, daughter to Mr. and Mrs.

Crusty . . . Katherine Johnson
 Mrs. Crusty . . . Emelihe Knothe
 Mr. Quaver, a master of music

Howard V. Welty
 Benjamin, } servants { Emmett Miles
 Rose, } { Katherine Costello
 Adolphus, } { John Wysocki
 Adeleide, } { Genevieve Heaney

March 6. Mr. S-nd-r rushes the season in new easter suit.

March 10. Again we defeat the Marshfield H. S. in basket ball.

March 13. Talbert kills "that wicked cat."

March 17. Inter normal contest. Alta Sherman well, I guess!

March 20. Prof. Spin---- favors Hist. of Ed. class with solo.

March 21. Prof. O-on at the 'phone. "How do you do?" J. M. "Wonder he didn't say, I prefer an introduction."

March 24. Declamatory contest between societies. Forum carries off first and second places.

March 27. Last number of the lecture course. Mrs. Beacher proves very entertaining.





March 28-31. Final exams.

March 31. Vacation.

April 11. Last quarter begins.

April 12. Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianest, (excellent).

April 14. (a) Athletics and S. P. N. play basket ball 42-21 for Athletics. Not bad considering.

(b) Junior debaters get unanimous decision.

April 15. Mr. Pray gets so tired while we are singing.

April 17. N. Br-n-an gets her first spelling slip.

April 18. Summum staff have pictures taken.

April 19. J. H. Cairns falls into Moses Creek.

April 20. Mr. Bacon tells us of his trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

April 21. Miles goes out of business.

April 23. Browne goes into business, (counter).

April 24. J. Morse makes a "merry bluff" in Hist. of Ed.

April 17. Tennis association meets. E. H. M. loses office to E. M. H. by one vote.

April 28. Choral Club reception for Miss Fink.

April 29. Pointer Staff have pictures taken.

April 30. J. M. organizes his famous "squat tag" team. G. M. A--l-m--, mascot.

May 1. J. Anderson takes a ride. Mr. Spindler foots the bill.

May 2. Glasspoole center of attraction. Just received proofs of his pictures.

May 4. Mr. Pray tells girls not to change their waists at noon.

May 5. Milwaukee—Stevens Point debate. Our boys get unanimous decision.

May 6. Arena entertains Forum and Athenaeum.

May 8. "Auer Willie dons new shoes and trousers and has class picture taken.

May 9. "Squat tag" team much disappointed. No practice to-night owing to non-appearance of rule books.

May 11. F. E. Wood sends a loaf of her bread to La Crosse for inspection. Wonder if it all depends on whether or not it is good.

May 12. Hurrah for the interstate contest at Milwaukee.

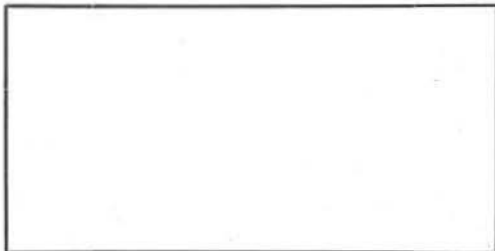


Spring Agriculture.

May 14. Professors Talbert and Spindler spend their spare time looking for "houses for rent."

May 19. Mendelsohn concert.

May 24. Dean Southwick, of Boston gives dramatic reading of Richard III.



School Orchestra

May 26. Athenaeum visits the Arena.

May 30. Decoration Day, no school.

June 3. Juniors entertain faculty and seniors.

June 5. "Squat tag" team excepts challenge from Milwaukee Downer. Game to be June 8.

June 19. Forum—Athenaeum Debate.

June 20. Senior class play. "Between the Acts," by Griffith.

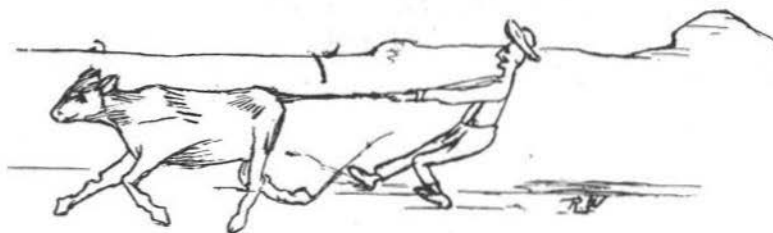
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS:—

"Dick" Comfort . Howard VanWert Welty
George Merrigale . . . Gerhard A. Cesell
Alexander Meander . . . Emmet H. Miles
Harris Ray Brasure
Mrs. Clementiana Meander . Julia B. Anderson
Sally Hattie Murphy
Mrs. Richard Comfort . Nellie M. McGrath

June 21. Class day program.

June 22. Commencement, Alumni Banquet.

June 23. Each student makes his exit and wends his way homeward.



Our Stock Farm
Agriculture Class





Treble Clef Club



Emily Clark	Georgiana Clark	Nina Coye	Marion Vosburg	Ethel Coye	Nellie McGrath	
	Winnie Shumway	Edith Hill				
Margaret Meek	Hattie Murphy	Miss Fink, Director	Ellen Hoffman	Katherine Southwick	Violet McGrath	Agnes Tardiff
Alice Scott	Ada Moen	Beulah Nelson	Mary Kalisky	Frances Oesterle	Saidee Buck	Katherine Johnson

Choral Club Officers



Guy W. Malory, Sec.

Marion Vosburg, Pres.

L. D. Sparks, Vice Pres.

G. M. Appleman, Treas.

The Choral Club

The Normal Choral was organized in Oct., 1904, for the purpose of giving greater opportunity of music study to all students who are interested in the subject.

Any student is eligible to membership who reads music fairly well, whose ear is true, and whose voice is of pleasant quality.

The most capable and earnest members of the choral Club are eligible to become members of the Treble Clef and Glee Clubs of the future—these are smaller organizations for concerted work of women's and men's voices.

Several standard and artistic works are to be studied each year, besides separate choruses from the best composers. These are to be presented to the public in concerts, recital, rhetorical, and other school events.

The club aims to become one of the influences for broader culture in the school and the community.

The Oratorical Association



Alta M. Sherman, Orator



Ellen Hoffman, Secretary

Contest held in Milwaukee. The date was May the twelfth. Of the five states represented the judges decided in favor of Iowa. "The city and the System in American Politics" was the title of the oration. The other states ranked as follows:—Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

The school debate between the Milwaukee Normal and our Normal was held in the assembly room, May the fifth. The question was, "Resolved that the general effect of labor unions during the past twenty years has been detrimental to the best interests of the nation." Milwaukee opened the debate on the affirmative; Loron Sparks, Emmett Miles, and Gerhard Gesell upheld the negative. The decision of the judges was unanimous for the latter. S. P. N. is proud of the good work done.

At the business meeting of the League, Ellen Hoffman was elected secretary for the ensuing year.

THIS year has been a busy one for the Oratorical Association. The first event was the local contest which was held on the ninth of February. Of the three contestants, Alta Sherman won the first place. The oration delivered was on "Beecher's Message to Liverpool."

All was excitement and expectation until March the seventeenth. Then our joy knew no bounds for Stevens Point of the seven State Normals was awarded first honors. We enjoyed having with us about five hundred of the Wisconsin Normalites. The Platteville Normal Band favored us with some pleasing numbers.

About thirty from our Normal including some of the faculty and students accompanied our orator down to the Inter-State Oratorical

Forum Presidents



William A. Auer

George J. Baker

Edward G. Lange

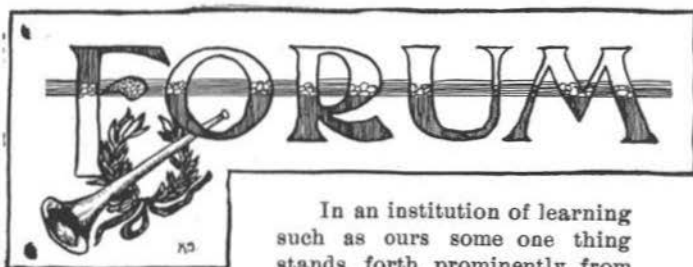
Gerhard A. Gesell
Forum Debaters



William A. Auer

Le Roy E. Wood

Harold R. Martin



In an institution of learning such as ours some one thing stands forth prominently from among its varied interests—something not in the prescribed courses—that gives an added zest and charm to college life.

One of the characteristics of our S. P. N. is its success in oratory and argumentation. This may be attributed to the fact that it maintains several literary societies to which belong the more ambitious and enterprising students of the school.

The work pursued in these societies is adapted to the peculiar needs and capacities of the members of the respective societies. The character of the work pursued in the Forum is designed to be such as will equip its members to meet successfully the actual conditions to be found in the practical world with which they are soon to be identified. It is not a musical organization but it aims to develop the power of easy expression and, by discussion, to keep its members conversant with the leading political and economic questions of the day. It accomplishes these aims by including in its programs joint debates, impromptu speaking, declamations and lectures. Its members are also made familiar with parliamentary usage.

The glory of an organization is in direct proportion to its past achievements and tho we might with pride recount the many successes that have fallen to the lot of the Forum since its inception suffice it to speak of its immediate past. Since our last message, recorded in the Sum-

mum '04, success has followed where we have led. Like our national Senate, the Forum is a permanent body and what its members undertake one year is assiduously forwarded by members of the succeeding year. Therefore, when four years ago the Forum undertook to wrest the Wendell Phillips bust from their hereditary enemy, the Athenaeum, the idea of retaining it permanently by three successive victories resolved itself into a definite aim that prompted its members to bend every energy to the task of composing ultimate success. Finally, in June '04, for the third successive time our debaters won a signal victory and the trophy now adorns the Forum room where it looks benignly down upon those who hold weekly convalesce there.

That success in inter-society debate did not blight our efforts is amply shown by results this year. In the declamatory contest with the Arena and Athenaeum, the Forum members, Harold Martin and Howard Welty won first and second places, respectively. We contributed two members, G. M. Appleman and J. E. Sazama, to the Junior debating team that won at Oshkosh. Later the mighty Milwaukee normalites were vanquished by a team, two of whose members, L. D. Sparks and G. A. Gesell, were Forumites.

Thus it is that the term Forum has come to have such magical significance, not by theatrical vaporings of what it can do, but by the practical training which its members, collectively and individually, have received that enables them to "do the thing that they set out to do" and which has constantly shown forth in results—the indices of success.

The Forum has a large enrollment, tho it has never had to resort to conscription to increase its membership. Neither is it a society where a few statelites serve to exalt one or two members, but it is a homogeneous organization whose members bear the impress of spirit and progression, yet whose quiet self-possession and modesty stamp them as gentlemen.

J. E. F.

ATHENAEUM

The achievements of the college-bred man may be said to be the sequel to what his college did for him. To "pass thru Nature to eternity" is not all of life; to complete the prescribed course is not all of school life. The number of degrees a man holds is not the index of his ability. His power to think, to organize, to execute, comes thru actual experience. The acquisition of this power to think is the end of many years of constant effort—the goal of college life.

Such is the chief object of College Literary Societies. There a student is encouraged to become a *man* among men. There his thought acquires a mature form, his opinion must be supported by reason, his expression must be such as wins recognition; and he must be amenable to rules of conduct. Hence, the office of a literary society is to introduce the student more nearly into the conditions he meets in life—opposition, restriction, criticism. This office the society should perform more fully than books, those second-hand stores of thought. The world is searching for the thinking man, he may be found in any good literary society.

It is not our purpose to discuss the merits of societies in general, or to deprecate the demerits of a certain society, but to show wherein our society fulfills the obligations of an ideal Debating Society.

The Athenaeum is the youngest of our three Normal societies. Its purposes do not differ from the ordinary purpose—to train men to express themselves in the face of

opposition. We now have a society of over thirty members, twelve of whom have joined us during the year. Regular weekly meetings are held, and programs such as render the meeting interesting and attractive are presented. These programs being adapted to the capacity of individual members, are calculated to develop the power and personality of the society as a whole.

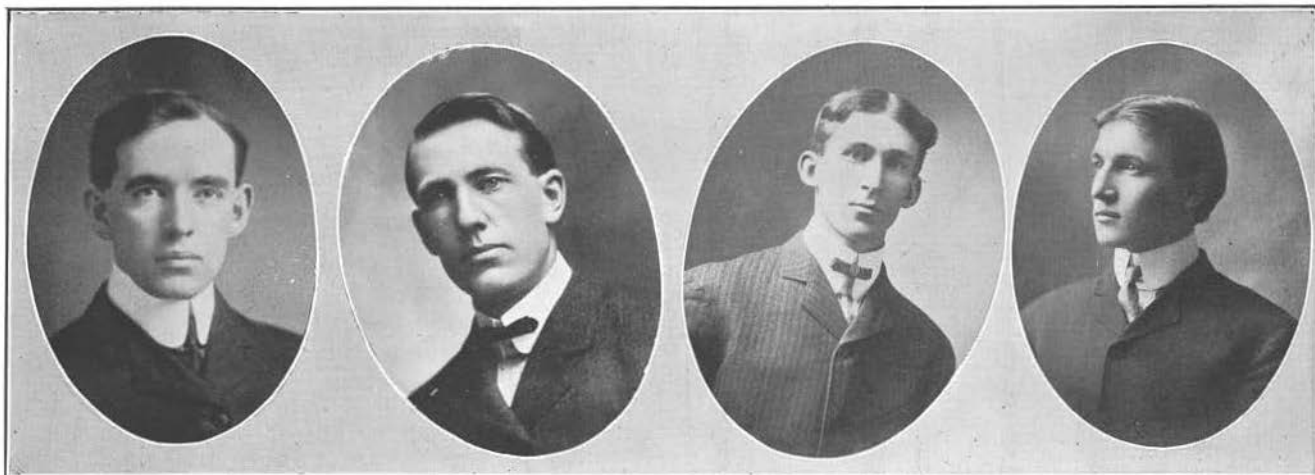
We believe that every ideal society should be in a sense a fraternal order, in that there should exist that feeling of unity, that consideration for fellow members and devotion to general interest which characterize the orders. Our society is a unit, our members work for each other and for the society, we are all proud of our society.

A word as to the Athenaeum spirit. We do not believe that the efficiency of any society depends upon its *name*, nor upon that of any one of its members. We do not believe that what some one or more of its members has done or is able to do determines the rank of a society. Furthermore, we do not believe that egotism is the soul of loyalty; or that enthusiasm should be clothed in insolence toward all outside the society. We hold that the power of any society is measured by what it has done for each of its members toward rendering him a thoughtful, independent man and a gentleman. Is he critical yet considerate? enthusiastic but moderate? Is the idea that he and his society are not the "all-inclusive all" allowed to perch upon his banner in the moment of victory? Then his society has maintained a high standard; its aim has been accomplished.

The Athenaeum has endured defeat sturdily, has enjoyed victory graciously. Our society has done much for *all* of us. Next to our Alma Mater we love our Athenaeum.

J. H. B.

Athenaeum Presidents



John F. Morse

Emmet H. Miles

Dan P. Hughes

Lars W. Nelson

Athenaeum Debaters



Edw. J. Mathe

J. Howard Browne

T. Marion Risk



Arena Presidnts

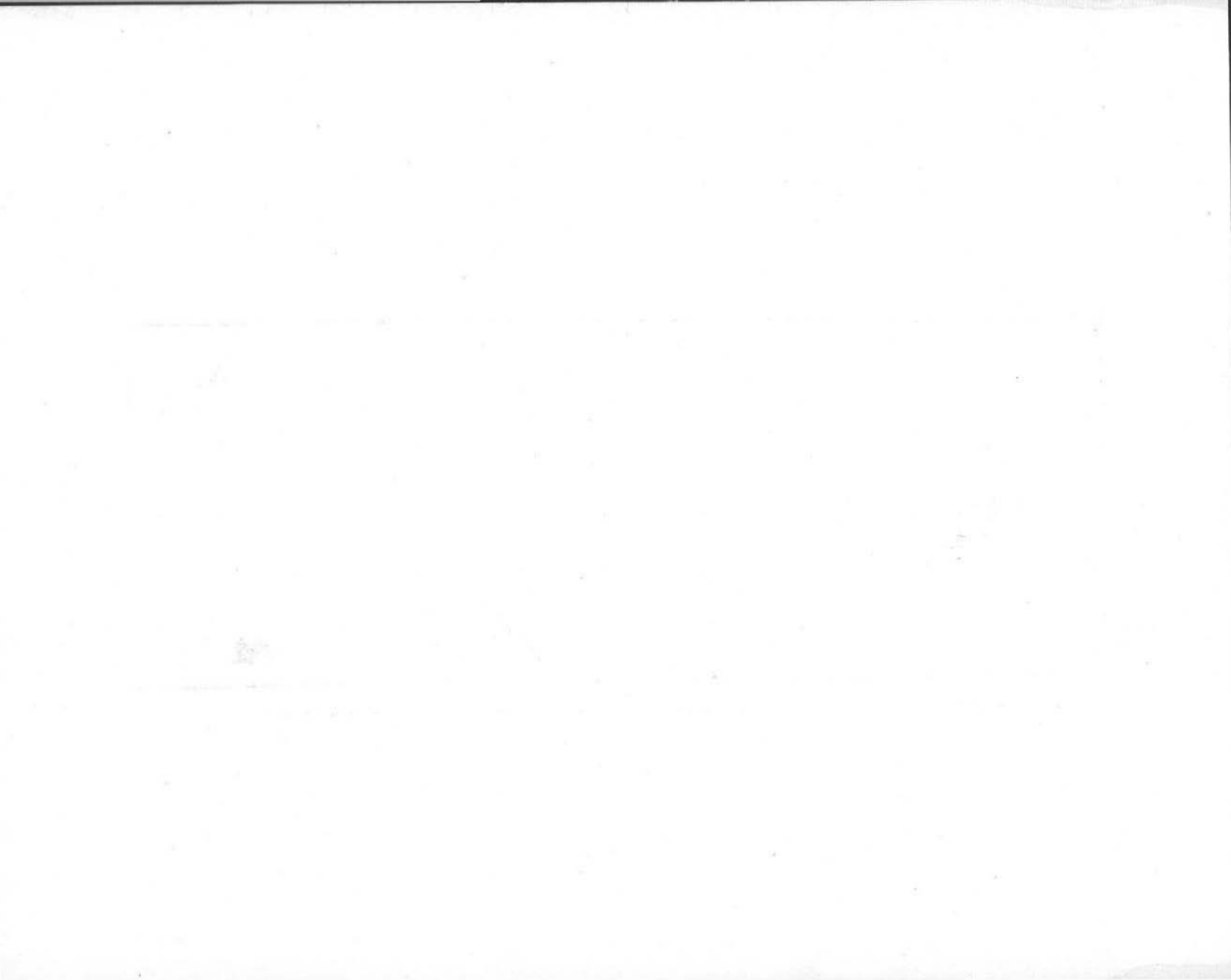


Julia B. Anderson

Dora M. Brownell

Edith La Rue

Rute E. Wadleigh



The Arena 1904-'05

THE ARENA has been one of the progressive societies in the Normal School this year. The members have worked as a unit towards its advancement, and all may look back with pride on the work which it has accomplished.

It was an Arena girl who won the Inter-Normal Oratorical Contest. Another of the members of the Arena carried off honors at the Inter-Society Declamatory Contest. The Arena did its share in winning the Oshkosh debate. In fact in every school interest the Arena has taken an active part, either in itself winning laurels for the S. P. N., or in cheering others on to victory.

A part of the work of the year, to which all the "Arenaites" may turn with satisfaction, is the increased power which the society as a whole has gained in debate and in impromptu speaking.

The Arena has worked in harmony throughout the year with the other literary societies of the school, visiting each to hear its literary and business programs, and then in turn receiving the Forum and Athenaeum at a regular meeting.

Although the Arena has been so devoted to its work, nevertheless it has not neglected the social side of life. A part of every program has been given to music, stories or other amusement. It has given a reception to the other literary societies of the school, at which it provided ample amusement.

The members of the society as a whole have gained much by their work in the Arena during the year, both in acquiring self-reliance and a broader knowledge of parliamentary practice.

Those members who leave the school this June, part from the Arena with regret and extend to it their best wishes for the coming year.

G. I. C.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Womens' Christian Association was organized December 9, 1902, and as yet feels very young when compared with the other three societies.

However we feel that we are growing, and if the students, societies and faculty continue to extend the courtesies that they have during the past year, we hope that the day will not be distant when the school shall feel that we are doing some little part to help carry the Purple and the Gold to the heights beyond.

Our society has its annual election the latter part of April, and during the past year we have taken several steps ahead. Some of them we report as follows:

1. Printed slips sent through the office to new students.
2. Committees work at the trains to welcome and help new students.
3. Hand-books distributed.
4. Reception given to the school.
5. Delegate sent to Geneva Conference.
6. Exhibit of posters and other work sent to the Conference.
7. Bible study work started.
8. Cabinet members are entertained.
9. Posters systematized.
10. The new room which was given the society has been partly arranged.
11. One hundred twenty-five banners made and sold.
12. A strong spirit of co-operation, of hope, and of good courage prevails among the girls which promises better things yet to come.

Y. W. C. A.



Luella L. Meinke	Luella O. Taylor	Alice E. Jakeman	Anna Neprude	Emily Clark	Jeannie Kirwan
Lila B. Kimball	Edith M. Parrott	Bertta M. Kimbell	Georgiana Clark	Inez Fulton, Sec.	Flora E. Wood
	Jessie M. Engle	Margaret E. Engle, Treas.	Lola Gerthwaite, Pres.	Ottillie J. Neumeister	Jannette E. Brown
		Ruth E. Wadleigh			



Presidents



Edw. J. Mathe

Emma F. Linse

Oliver R. Weinandy

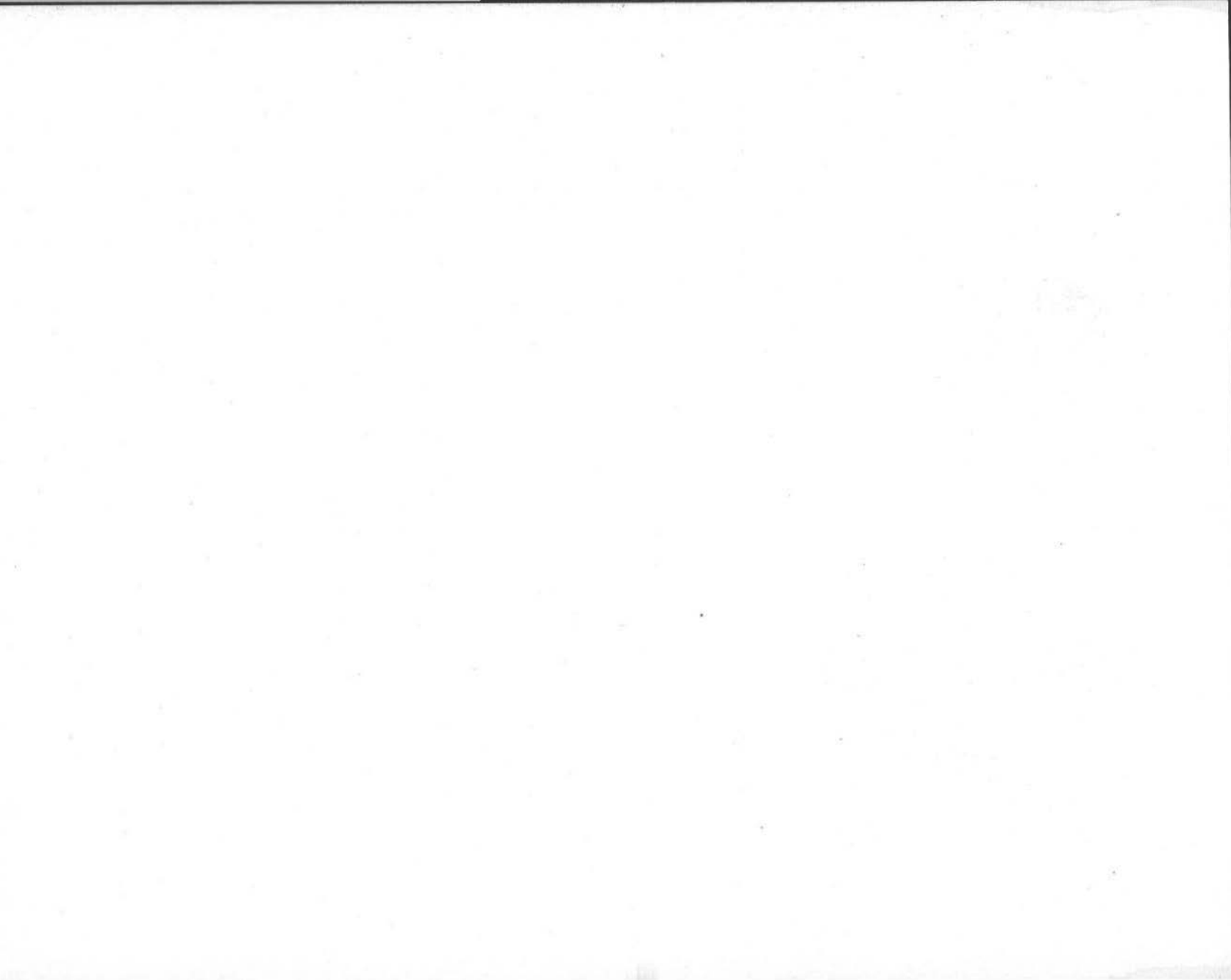
Die Deutsche Unterhaltungsgesellschaft

Unter den literarischen Gesellschaften der Normal Schule ist die Deutsche die Jüngste. Trotz ihrer Jugend und der Schwierigkeiten die mit der Zeitung einer Solschen in einer fremden sprache, verbunden sind, kann dieselbe auf eine erfolgreiche Vergangenheit zurück blicken, und geht einer verheissenden zukunft entgegen.

Die Mitgliederschaft dieser Gesellschaft ist nothwendigerweise beschränkt, doch geht dieses jedem einzelnen mitglied so viel mehr Gelegenheit, regen Antheil zu nehmen an den Debatten, Deklamationen, Gesprächen, und anderen Vortragen, und in Folgedessen den grössten Nutzen zu erlangen.

Während des Jahres wurden mehrere deutsche Schriftsteller und Dichter im zusammenhang mit ihren Werken behandelt, wichtige Tagesereignisse besprochen, und bei jeder zusammekunft einige der schönsten deutschen Volkslieder gerungen.

So wie bisher, wird auch in zukunft die Gesellschaft immer wahrend streben nach "Mehr Sicht."





"Josh" Billings.....Nichts mehr zu lernen.
Anna Charest....."So klein aber wunderbare Rede"
Wm. Eller....."Weil ich ein Deutscher bin,
Hab' ich auch einen deutschen Sinn."
Cora Grimm.....Grimm, aber doch so sanft.
Louise Gartmann.....Stille Wasser rinnen tief.
Genevieve Heany "Ik kann Deitch spreken."
Jeanne Kirwan "Immer froehlich ohne Sorgen geh ich voran."
Ella Kuehnast Die Alpen, die schönen Alpen.
Emma Linse..... "Nur durch die Tat will ich dich sehen"
Louise Mathe..... "All mein Sehnen, all mein Denken,
Will ich in den Strom versenken,
Aber meine Liebe nicht."
Ed. Mathe.....Ein mächtiger Politiker, wenn gleich so klein.
Harold Martin..... "Nur in deine himmlischen Augen zu sehen."
Hazel Martin Die Schwarzen Augen—wundervoll.
Nellie Moeschler..... Die letzte Minute muss man sich noch über dich qualen.
Margarette Morse.. ... "Röslein, Röslein, Röslein Rot"
Laura Mularky..... Klein und niedlich und so lieblich.
Ottillie Neumeister... Was! eine zweite Clara Schumann
Martha Neprud..... Borgen ohne Sorgen
Beulah Nelson..... Es geht nichts über die Gemütlichkeit
James Peterson..... Peterson's Hans hat recht.
Joseph Sazama..... "Haltet den Zug. Ich komme."
Flora Schwalbach..... "Wer kann des Sangers Zauber lösen, Wer seinen
Tönen widerstehn?"
Oliver Weinandy..... Oliver wie schoen bist du mit deinen Blauen Augen.

Athletics

Athletic Association Officers

FIRST TERM

E. J. MATHE	President
J. HOWARD BROWN	Vice President
ANNA COSTELLO	Secretary
G. A. GESELL	Treasurer
G. W. MALLORY	} Executive Committee			
FRED CURRAN					
E. H. MILES					

SECOND TERM

HAROLD CULVER	President
L. D. SPARKS	Vice President
ALTA SHERMAN	Secretary
D. P. HUGHES	Treasurer
G. W. MALLORY	} Executive Committee			
FRED CURRAN					
E. H. MILES					

FOOT BALL GAMES

Oct. 8, at Stevens Point	Stevens Point	10	Merrill H. S.	0
Oct. 22, at Oshkosh	Stevens Point	0	Oshkosh	16
Oct. 29, at Stevens Point	Stevens Point	4	Oshkosh	23

Our Coach was Mr. A. C. Lerum, of the University of Wisconsin, who played guard on the "All Western Team."

BASKET BALL GAMES

Dec. 20, '04, at Stevens Point	Stevens Point	11	Stevens Pt. Business College	4
Jan. 13, '05, at Stevens Point	Stevens Point	26	Oshkosh	35
Jan. 27, '05, at Stevens Point	Stevens Point	34	Grand Rapids H. S.	21
Feb. 3, '05, at Oshkosh	Stevens Point	31	Oshkosh	42
Feb. 24, '05, at Stevens Point	Stevens Point	23	Ripon	41
Mar. 10, '05, at Marshfield	Stevens Point	43	Marshfield	15
Mar. 18, '05, at Stevens Point	Stevens Point	53	Platteville	18

Athletics

Basket Ball Team

Guards:

E. H. MILES

JOHN HUGHES—G. W. MALLORY

Forwards:

L. D. SPARKS—WILLIS BOSTON

GUY ROBERTS—EUGENE HEIN

Center: HAROLD CULVER

Foot Ball Team

LARS W. NELSON

Center

RALPH W. HURLEY—Left Guard

JAMES A. PETERSON—Right Guard

JOHN WYSOCKI—J. E. SAZAMA—Left Tackle

SEVER EIDSMOE—Right Tackle

L. D. SPARKS—Left End

J. T. MADDEN—CLARENCE MORTELL—Right End

Capt. A. E. HALVERSON—Left Half

SIDNEY TERKLESON—REESE JONES—Right Half

WALTER B. MURAT—Quarter Back

E. H. MILES—Full Back

Spring Athletics

At the Interstate Meet at Milwaukee May 12, 1905, John Hughes won second place on the high jump, Iowa winning first place at 5 ft. 4 in. Mr. Hughes had held first place on the high jump in the interstate meets for some time with a record of 5 ft. 9½ in. His being unable to win first place in this meet and also to break his own previous record of 5 ft. 9½ in. was due to the extremely poor condition of the grounds.

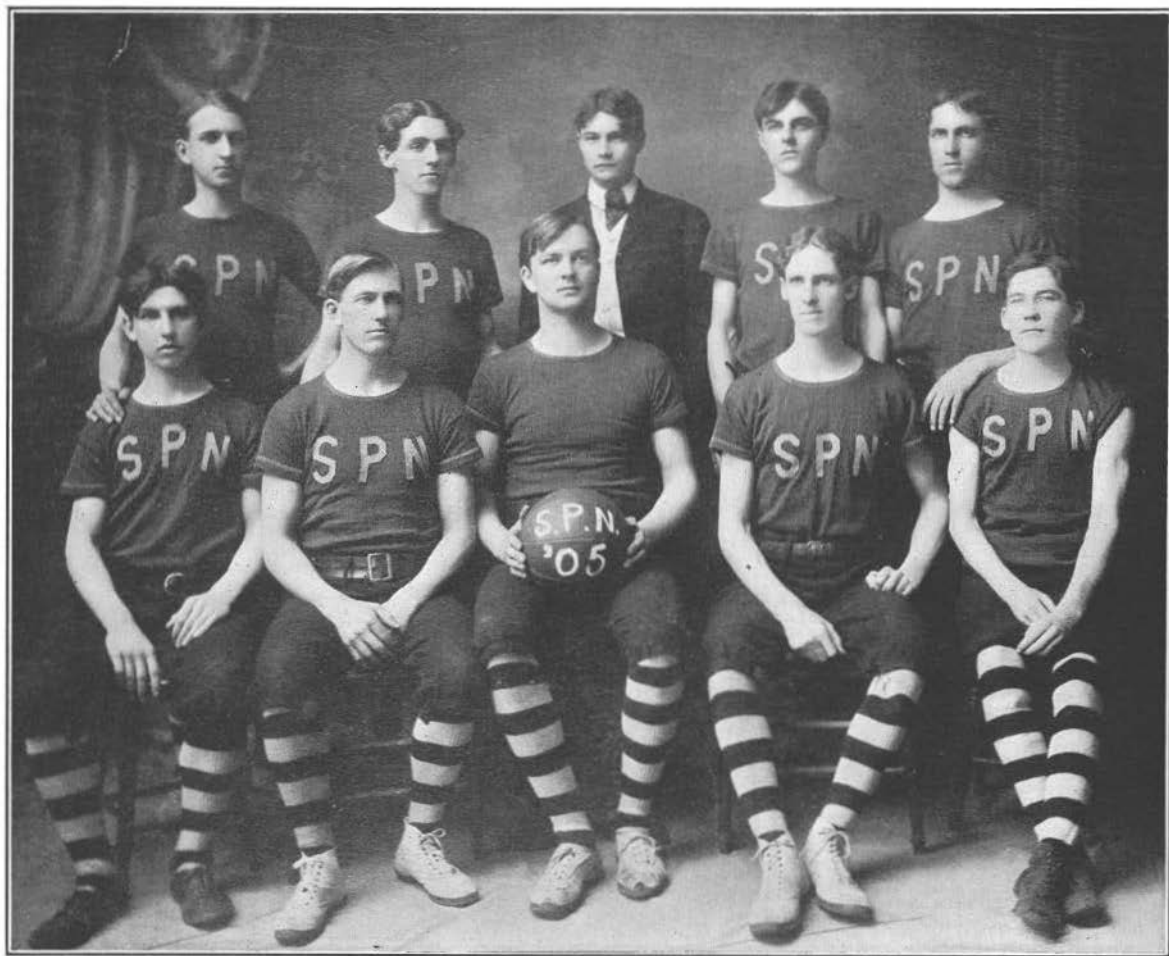
At the Athletic meet at Milwaukee Samuel Wadleigh also did credit to our Normal School and to our state by winning second place on the pole vault, the first place being won by Iowa, at 10 ft.

Spring Athletics

Manager G. W. MALLORY

Trainer D. P. HUGHES

Basket Ball Team



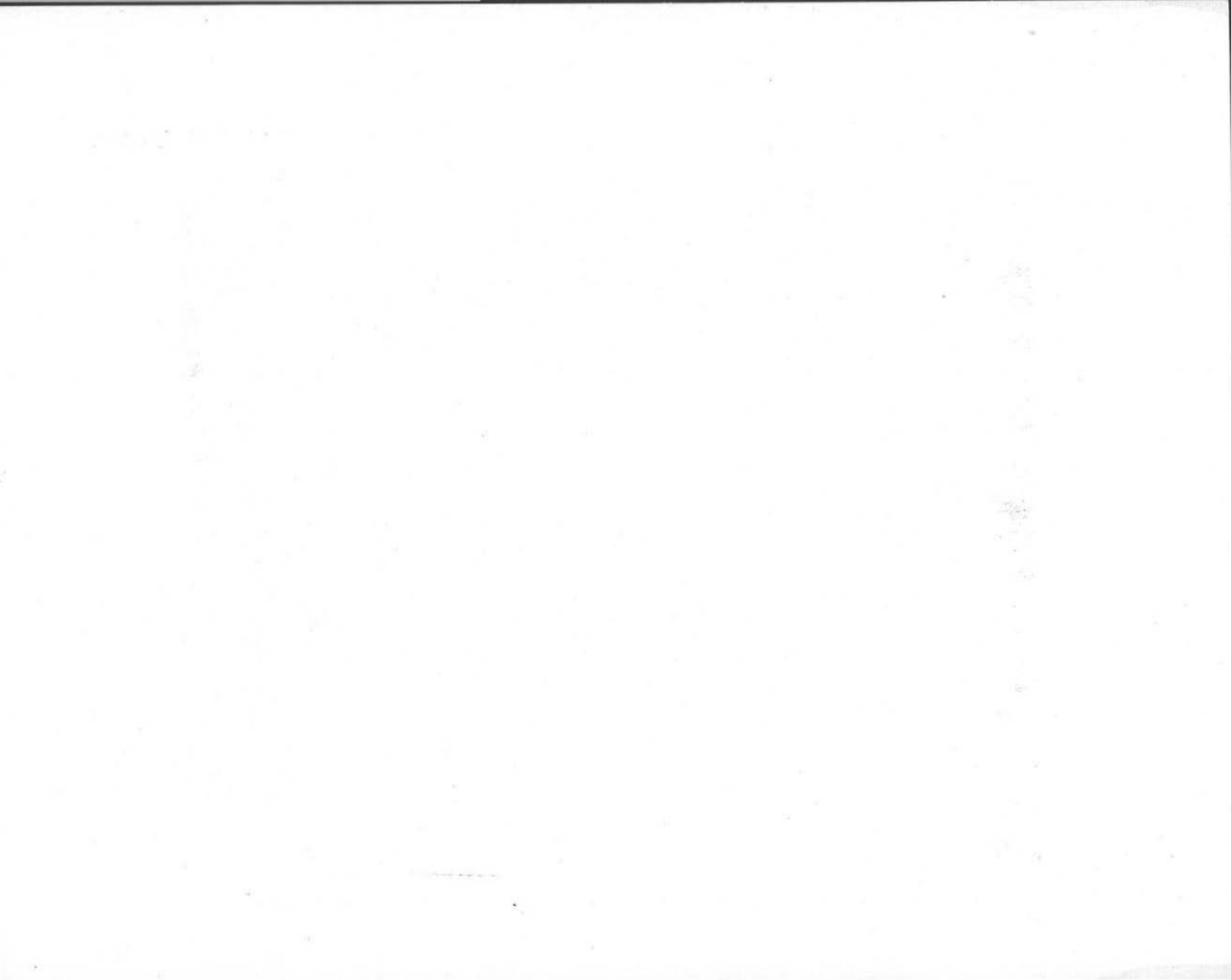
Willis Boston
Eugene Hein

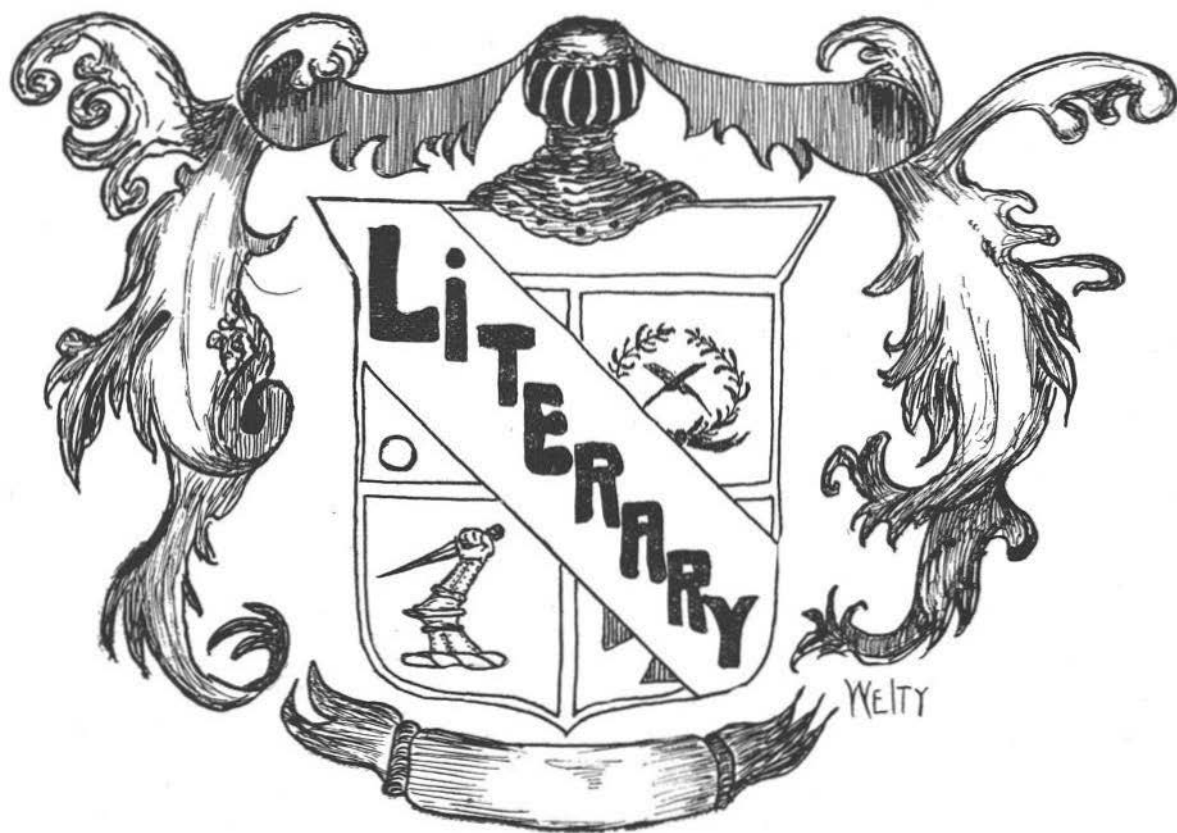
Guy Mallory
Emmett Miles

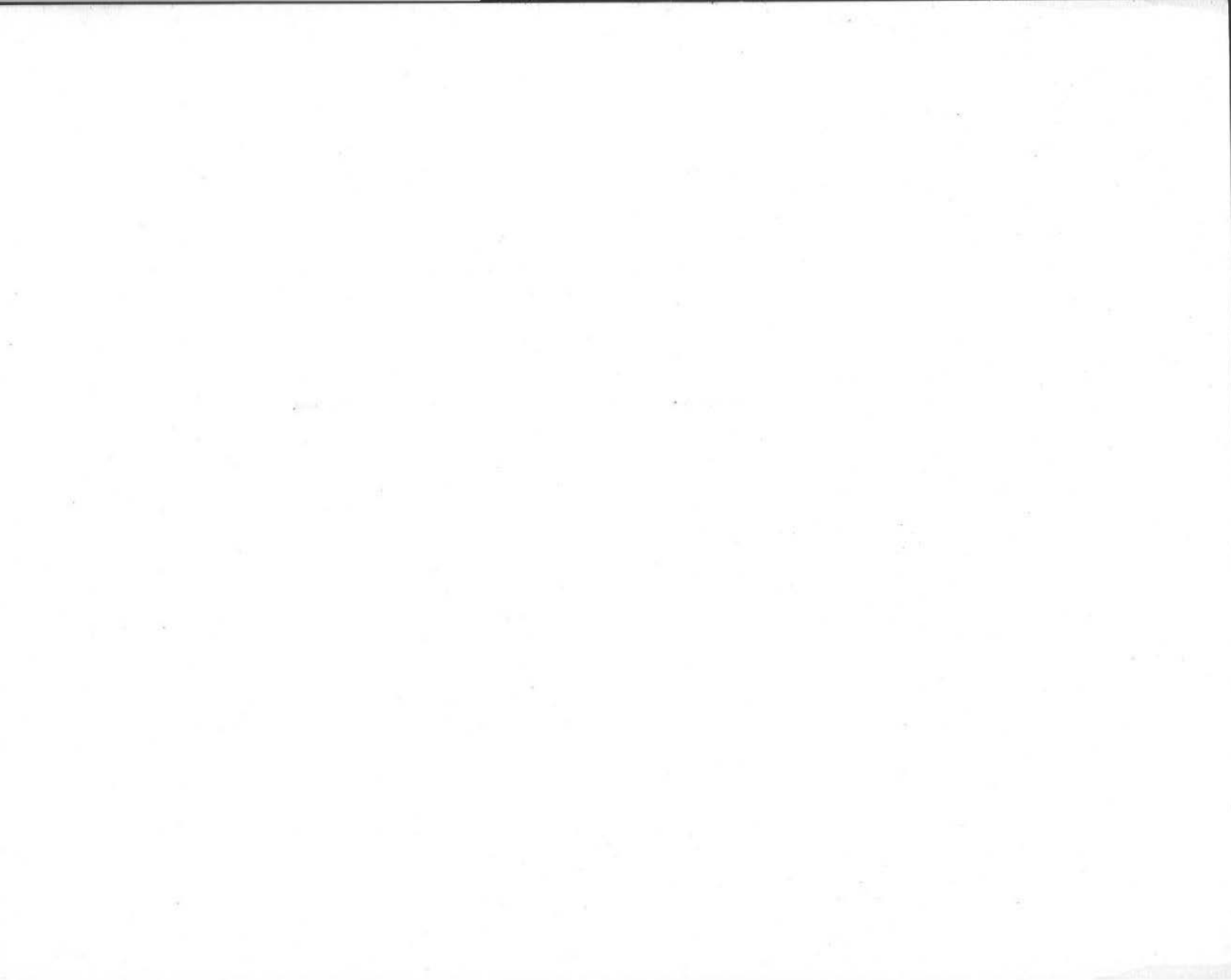
Geo. Everson
Ralph Hurly

Ray Brasure
Harold Culver

Sam Wadleigh
Loron Sparks







A Wisconsin Legend

On the banks of the Lacrossa,
In a forest quite secluded,
Near the falls of Troutalanta,
Lived an old time Indian chieftain,
With his daughter, Wawahella.
He was proud of what he'd taught her,
Pleased to know that she was happy.
She had never left his camp-fire,
She had seen no other person
But her father the old chieftain,
Through her life of eighteen summers.



"Near the falls of Troutalanta."

She had listened to the wild-birds
In the trees there in the forest ;
She had watched the fishes frolic,
Watched them jump up in the moonlight,
Try to pass the rushing waters
Of the falls of Troutalanta.
She had plucked the dainty wild-flowers,
To be found within the woodland.
Thus she lived in sweet contentment,
All was peace and she was happy.

One day in the merry spring time,
Came a warrior who was hunting,
Haweola, tall and handsome,
A young brave from out the Northland,
When he reached the chieftain's camp ground,
He paused in much surprise and wonder,
For beyond the forest tangle,
With the sunset all about her,
Listening to the murmuring water,
Stood the lovely Wawahella.
Long he gazed in silent wonder,
At the maiden there before him,
She, unconscious he was near her
Till she turned her toward the wigwam,
Then she heard him, saw him, shouted;
She was thrilled throughout her being,
All excitement, all a tremble.
At her sound from out the wigwam,
Came the chieftain, wildly anxious ;
Looked he first upon his daughter,
Then upon the bold, young hunter.
Then he grew most sudden wrathful,
Thundered loud upon the warrior,—
"Leave this peaceful place, you sneaking!
Never dare to let me see you
Show yourself within this forest,
Go into the farthest Northland,
Go, we never more would see thee!"

Then came gloomy days and long ones,
For the maiden, Wawahella,
For new thoughts her heart had kindled
Strange new thoughts but very tender
Toward the stranger, Haweola;

Before her always she beheld him,
Haweola, the young hunter.
How she longed for his returning,
But, no, she did not wish it either,
For she knew full well her father
Would slay him if he came to see her.
Oft she pondered in the night-time,
As she watched the moonlit waters
Pass the falls of Troutalanta,
Watching there and always thinking
Of the brave, young Haweola.

One night as she thus sat and pondered,
Crept her warrior from the forest,
And in whispers thus he murmured,—
“Come with me thou lovely princess,
Come, my Day-star do not tarry,
Fly with me, now and forever,
Quick, before your father waketh ;
I have thought of you by day-time,
I have dreamed of you by night-time,
Ever since I first beheld you,
Here within this somber forest.”
Dazed and mute was Wawahella,
All her answer was but warning,
As she turned from Haweola,
Turned from all she has been wishing,
Turned into her father's wigwam
Turned and left young Haweola.

Many moons had passed and summer
Came again to greet the forest,
Greet the wigwam of the chieftain,
By the falls of Troutalanta.
Ever northward gazed the maiden,
Gazed—but never told the reason.

Gazed she on the hills far distant,
And she saw upon the summit
Of the highest mound a rock-house,
Not built by man, but placed by nature.
For this rock she felt enchantment,
Which she herself did understand not ;
But she felt a satisfaction,
As she thought of Haweola.

When the haze of Indian summer
Settled o'er the leafy forest,
Haweola left the Northland
Went to claim his Wawahella,
For the Spirit brought the message
Took away all secret doubting,
Said that he should claim his Day-star
Lone and lovely Wawahella.
Long he journeyed from the Northland,
Reached the falls of Troutalanta.

It was night and the old time chieftain,
Was asleep before his camp-fire,
There from out the quiet woodland
Cautiously crept young Haweola,
To the wondering Wawahella.
“Wilt thou fly with me my princess,
Fly to the rock there on the hill top,
That shall be our castle-wigwam,
And there thou shalt be my young queen;
Come, O, come, my Wawahella.
I have yonder in the forest
Ponies swift as the spent arrow
From the tightly twisted bow string.
Wilt thou tarry when I love thee ?”

Wawahella nearly fainted,
“No,” she murmured, “Quick brave warrior,

Fly for if my father seeth,
He will kill thee without mercy.
I cannot tell you now the reason,
But I will when we are safely
Housed within our castle yonder."

Then they flew on through the darkness,
Mile on mile they sped most quickly,
Till at length they reached the summit
Of their hill and then their rock-house.
There they lived content and happy,
Lived in peacefulness and quiet:
For the place was wild and lonely,
There no redman ever found them.

Four long centuries have passed,
Since the flight of Haweola
With his princess, Wawahella;
Still the tiny stream Lacrossa,
Leaps the falls of Troutalanta;
Far upon the distant hill top,
Stands the stately, massive rock-pile,
Castle-Rock of ancient era.



"Castle Rock."

In the pleasant summer evenings,
As the purple haze grows deeper
And the twilight gathers gently,
And the distant rock grows dimmer,
On the western summer sky,
Many mothers tell their children
The crude and simple Indian legend,
Of the princess Wawahella,
Of the stalwart Haweola;
Of the days now far remote.

—WELTY.

To My Arbutus

Oh pale sweet scented floweret,
The harbinger of Spring,
Thou art a tiny blossom
But many a blessing bring.

You wake our hearts to gladness,
Kind deeds you do inspire;
And from communion with you
Our thoughts are lifted higher.

When I from thee am parted,
Am far, yes, far away;
Oh come and breath a fragrance
Of friendship's loyalty.

An Indian Soliloquy

My early days, my mother has told me, were spent much as the early days of other children of my tribe, swinging in my cradle hung on a bending birch, rocked to and fro by the passing breezes. The rustling leaves sang my lullaby and the grasses whispered to me secrets of the wilds.

As I older grew I engaged in the sports of boyhood, trying all feats of skill and daring; till, as years passed by, there were none among the tribe so swift of foot, so keen of eye, so fearless. Through the forest oft I chased the fleeing deer and with my bended bow sped an arrow thru its quivering heart. Down the rushing river my bark canoe I steered and I laughed to see the hungry waves lap over it, I skirted the green meadows and the waves bore me to the ocean. I feared naught and with my strong right arm guided my canoe to safety. I was wont to stand above the dashing falls and spear the fish on their sea-ward journey. No pony was so wild but on his back securely I could ride and chase the buffalo across the western prairie.

Winnenama, a fair maiden, dwelt in a wigwam sheltered by the forest. Round about her home the wild rose clambered and the morning glory clung with twining tendrils to the door-way. Before the wigwam danced a dimpling river and sparkled on its way to the sea. The doves built round her home, and every bird and beast knew her as a friend.

None could tame my wild heart but she. Long and faithfully I wooed my Winnenama till her father, a brave warrior, promised me his daughter for my bride.

Happily the women of the tribe prepared the wedding feast; and guests, invited from afar, assembled for the morrow.

Through the forest I took my way to Winnenama's wigwam. Across my path the gray squirrel whisked and scampering to the tree top chattering in glee. The thrush in the thicket poured forth a joyful song, and all things vied with me in happiness. When suddenly I heard a rustling before me as a deer breaking through the branches. I strung my bow and aimed an arrow to the opening in the pathway, and as the branches parted, shot.

Oh, that I ne'er had gained my bowman's skill, for the arrow sped true and pierced the heart of Winnenama. Before her lover's eyes her life's blood poured out.

And now beneath the whispering grass she sleeps, the rustling leaves sing her everlasting lullaby. The forest moans and the sighing pine trees sob. The doves coo mournfully o'er her grave and all the wild is silent.

Weep on, O, Forest, for Winnenama is no more.

G. C.

Circumstances Alter Cases

It was a hot day early in August. The bees hummed drowsily around the nasturiums in the window-boxes, and the leaves of the grape-vine that shaded the veranda hung limp and drooping. The little Scotch terrier lay panting on the steps. Mrs. Lee and the girls sat in their neat shirt waist suits on the wide veranda of a large, old fashioned house such as one often sees in the country. They were either sewing or reading, and looked cool and comfortable. No one had spoken for a short interval. Isabel was gazing to where the long stretch of woods grew indistinct in the distance.

"I shall never marry any one unless I love him," said she irrelevantly, laying down her magazine.

Esther raised her head lazily from among the hammock cushions and said, "How you startled me. Love and marriage,—such sentiments aren't good for hot days," and she settled back again.

"Little Isabel is waxing sentimental," said Dot roguishly.

Dot had seen seventeen only a month earlier than Isabel, but knowing that Isabel wished to appear grown up, she delighted in teasing her.

"I don't care if you do make fun of me. That's right anyway, isn't it, Aunt Carrie?"

"Bless you, child," said Mrs. Lee, "Of course it is as far as it goes, but you also want to love the man you marry."

"Well, isn't that the same thing?" demanded Isabel, flushing.

"Too deep for me," said Beth who had been listening much amused. "Let's change the subject. Here, Isabel, finish this seam for me and cease thinking such useless thoughts. You won't need to decide on motives for at least a few months."

"You are all laughing at me, but this article in THE COSMOPOLITAN says that American girls are so mercenary, and that the majority of them marry for money. I don't believe it's so; and just to prove my belief, I am going to ask each one of you what your opinion is. I think it is fair to judge by us; we are average American girls, aren't we?"

"Quite average, I hope," said Beth smiling. "But begin with yourself. How about you?"

"You know what I think," said Isabel, with dignity. "I just said I'd never marry for money."

"You don't need to," put in Leone who had not spoken before. "Anyone whose father left them three or four steel mills doesn't need to do much of anything unless she wants to."

A frown passed over Isabel's pretty face. "Well, if I didn't have a thing in the world, I'd still hold to my views. Leone is cross. Now Beth what do you think?"

"I think as you do, chicken. Your idea is right there, if we do laugh at you, and mother thinks so too," and she rested her head against Mrs. Lee's knee.

"Esther?" queried Isabel.

"O, don't bother me, I'm so tired. Are you still on the love topic? Yes, of course, I'm for love; it's much jollier, and now do let me sleep for five consecutive minutes," and Esther closed her eyes in pretended weariness.

"What do you think, Miss Dot Dorothy Lee?" demanded the questioner.

"Well, it's a weighty question, but I reason as follows: A love story is much nicer than a non-love story; hence a love life must be nicer than a non-love life. I know nothing from experience, I wish you to understand," she finished severely.

"I wouldn't confess to it," said Esther, the flirt.

"And Leone, what do you think?"

"I wish you hadn't asked me," said the girl. She lay down her work and tilted her head somewhat defiantly. "I know I shall shock you all, but if I don't marry for money, I shall at least see to it that I contrive to fall in love with a man who has it. You girls needn't think I am mercenary. All my life I have never had half the things I wanted. I have had to work my way thru college, and never had things like other girls, and next year I must go out to teach while you girls will enter society and enjoy yourselves. I am just tired of poverty and I won't endure it any longer than I can help, and I don't see why I can't be as good a wife to a rich man as to a poor one, and so I say I shall marry for money, if I can."

"Wait and see," said her aunt kindly, "Leone knows not of what she speaks."

"My point is carried anyway," said Isabel. "Five for, and one against. Leone, you are on the losing side; you'd better—"

"Don't quarrel with Leone, dear. Here comes the mail man," said Mrs. Lee, rising, "and he has some letters for us."

The postman handed her a letter which bore a special delivery stamp. Unwomanlike, she immediately tore it open without a preparatory examination of the postmark. The girls waited in silence while she read.

"O, girls, we are to have a young man—a young Harvard man—here for supper."

"For supper?" "Who

"Yes, Leone, and Ralph Westings must be the son of the great banker, James A. Westings. He will be accustomed to every luxury. How I wish we were at Glen View. This place is so primitive. And, girls, what shall we do? Jane went home this morning, sick, and she is the only person I can rely on to serve a good dinner; Kate is only fit to wash dishes. I see no way out of it but I shall have to be cook, myself."

"Let us help you," cried all the girls in chorus.

They set about their tasks with a great show of industry, but as they worked they grew hot and tired, and as is always the case, things did not move smoothly. It was nearly five when Mrs. Lee said she wished she had some flowers for the table. Leone knew where some lovely goldenrod grew. She threw on Jane's sunbonnet and started on her half mile walk down the



"The slanting rays of the sun cast long shadows across the road."

is he?" "Where is he from?" and a dozen like questions assailed Mrs. Lee. Even Esther who was deep in the perusal of a note from one of her many admirers, paused to listen.

"His name is Ralph Westings; he is a son of Mrs. Van Dyne's old school friend. The letter is from Mrs. Van Dyne, and she says he is a fine young man, that he will be here on the five o'clock to-night, and that she wishes us to give him a good time."

"Is that the rich Mrs. Van Dyne of New York, aunt Carrie?"

dusty road. The slanting rays of the sun cast long shadows across the path, but the evening was not yet far enough advanced to cool the heated air. Grasshoppers whirled out of the parched grass as Leone walked on. White headed dandelions scattered their fairy seeds as her skirts brushed against them. At the turn of the road grew the graceful goldenrod—whole seas of it, rippling like a wheatfield in the wind. She threw her sunbonnet over her arm and began to gather the feathery sprays. As she gathered, she sang in her sweet young voice the refrain of some old and dear familiar tune which showed her happy mood. Her back was to the road.

"Pardon me for disturbing you; but can you direct me to Valley Farm, Mrs. Lee's summer home?"

Leone turned with flushed cheeks and wind-blown hair to see before her a tall, slender young man—handsome, with such a pleasant face.

"You wish to find Valley Farm? I am from there. You must be Ralph Westings whom Mrs. Lee has been expecting."

"Yes; and you are ——?"

"Leone Fordyce, Mrs. Lee's niece. I would shake hands, but ——" and she glanced suggestively at the feathery mass in her arms.

"Let me carry it for you," he begged. "I left my luggage at the depot and so have nothing with me. I am very fond of goldenrod. This is the most beautiful I have ever seen," he said as she surrendered her golden burden to him.

"How was it that you had to come from the station alone? Mrs. Lee sent Esther with the trap."

"I saw no young lady. There is no chance for an accident?" he asked in slight alarm.

"O, no, Esther is a fine horsewoman."

They walked together down the dusty road with its lengthening shadows, seared grass and oxeye daisies, and as they walked and chatted of athletics and sports, Leone noticed his wavy brown hair and merry blue eyes.

As they came up the walk, Mrs. Lee and the girls came out on the veranda to welcome the guest and make apologies for the delinquency of Esther who could now be seen coming up the road. The girls were all dressed for dinner in their pretty lawns and organdies, and Leone whispered to Mrs. Lee,

"Auntie, please let me wait on table. You have no one else, and I have no pretty dress to wear. Please let me."

Somehow she was ashamed to appear before this young man of fashion in her plain dress.

Open hearted Isabel heard the request and said, "Leone, dear, wont you please wear my blue dimity? You would look so sweet in that."

Never before had Leone's pride been so tractable. After a slight hesitancy, she accepted the offer and soon she appeared, bewitching fair, in the airy, fluffy dress. The guest appeared a moment later and tho his baggage had come, instead of a dress-suit, he wore the same black coat in which he came, Mrs. Lee afterward remarked that like most wealthy young men he probably had some idiosyncrasy and his must be simplicity in dress, for never in the time that they knew him did his appearance bear any of those little touches that mark the young man of fashion.

Mrs. Lee led the way into the dinning room with much perturbation. If only things went off smoothly. Rate was not accustomed to serving and she might make some serious mistake, but it could not be helped. And her greatest fear was that her big Irish maid-of-all work would become too loguacious and monopolize the conversation. She had repeatedly instructed Kate not to speak while in the dinning-room. Hardly had they seated themselves when Kate appeared with the soup and Mrs. Lee sighed with relief when no accident occurred, but she noted with some amusement that Kate's lips were tightly pressed

together for fear some chance remark might escape her. The salad course was uneventful, and Mrs. Lee began to breathe more easily.

The girls tried to interest their guest by speaking of fashionable events which he must have attended—tennis tournaments, boat races, cross country hunts, and the like, but he was obliged to confess his ignorance of them all. They were surprised; but Mr. Westings said he had never had much of an opportunity for amusements, tho he had been often asked to visit with classmates, as his studies kept him so busy. He had been studying all summer, and had just come down for a three weeks rest. He was intending to stay with the village minister, a distant relative of his mother's.

Suddenly a terrifying shriek came from somewhere kitchenward and a high pitched voice could be plainly heard, "Och, you dirty spalpeen. Git out o' here you hathen baste," and the clatter was something deafening.

In rushed Kate, sleeves rolled up, a black streak across her face, and hair awry, "Oh, Missus Lee, that dawg o' Miss Esth-hers has just run off with that foine goose ye roasted for dinner, and I hit him with the pokor, I did, but the baste only run the faster."

Amid shrieks of uncontrollable laughter from the girls, Mrs. Lee excused herself, and pushing Kate before her, went out to survey the wreckage, but the goose was irretrievably lost. Shortly she re-appeared with a dish of prepared meat, and as she set it down, Dot remarked mischievously.

"Don't you think, mamma, that we could write a good recommendation for Libby's prepared cold tongue? Always ready at a moment's notice."

Again they laughed, and things went on smoothly. As Kate brought on the dessert, they were talking of dogs and horses. Catching the drift of the conversation and forgetting all admonitions, she leaned on the back of Isabel's chair and called across to Ralph Westings in her rich brogue:

"It is dawgs ye are talkin' about? Did ye iver hear the stoary of Mickey O'Finnegan's dawg? That was a wuntherful baste, and —"

"Kate!" said Mrs. Lee frowning, "I wish some cool water immediately."

"Yis, Missus Lee," said Kate coolly, "in a minute. But Mickey O'Finnegan's dawg —"

"Immediately," commanded Mrs. Lee.

Kate seemed to remember herself, and retreated greatly abashed amidst another burst of laughter.

"The fates seem against me today. My regular servant is ill, and this is Kate's first and last appearance in the dining room," said Mrs. Lee decidedly.

"Don't scold her, Mrs. Lee," said Ralph. "Really, she quite interested me. I am very curious about Mickey O'Finnegan's dawg."

And the party rose from the table in rare good humor. Mrs. Lee was the only one who did not seem to appreciate the fun. What would that exclusive Mr. Westings think of her household arrangements?"

All during the evening that followed, and during the boating, driving, and tennis of the following weeks, Mr. Westings preference for Leone's society was noticeable. The girls often teased her about it, but she would only smile and look pleased. She liked him, and his attentions were very satisfying. All of the girls liked him and would have been glad to have been in her place.

"Leone is following out her views. She is seeing to it that she falls in love with a rich young man," said Isabel one day.

"Nonsense," Leone answered, flushing, "One person can't look at another without your talking foolishness."

"Are you so sure he is rich, girls?" asked Beth, the practical. He never refers to his wealth in any way, and he doesn't know much of society life."

"You wouldn't expect him to publish his financial affairs on the housetops, would you?" said Leone, hotly. "And he is much too busy with his studies to be nothing but a butterfly. Of course he is rich," she finished with conviction.

The three weeks were nearly ended, and Ralph had only two days yet to stay. That night Leone cried herself to sleep and tried to convince herself that she wept because her vacation was so nearly over and her work days so near at hand.

The day before Ralph left had been set aside for a picnic, and the party started early in the morning for Star Lake. All that day Leone was the gayest of the gay, and it was not until evening, as they were walking back, that Ralph had a chance to see her alone. The others had gone on ahead, and these two loitered over the short half mile walk. At first they were silent. Leone's gaiety had left her. Ralph spoke and his voice was very earnest,

"I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life as I have these last three weeks. You have all been so kind to me, and I am so sorry to leave."

Mrs. Lee will be glad to hear you say that, and will wish you might make a longer visit," said Leone.

"But how about you, Leone?"

"We girls will all be sorry to see you go," said she evasively.

"We girls," he repeated, "But I want to know about you. Will you miss me even a little, Leone?"

"That's not a fair question," she said lightly, and she looked up at him playfully, but swiftly dropped her glance, as she read what was in his eyes.

"No, that's not a fair question, but I shall ask you one that is. I love you, dear, and I want you to care for me. Do you think you ever could? Leone, look at me."

"I do like you," she said with face still averted.

"Is that all?" he asked anxiously. "But then what can I expect; you scarcely know me, Leone," and by this time he had possession of her hand. "could you ever love me?"

"I think I love you now," said she raising her eyes and looking at him bravely.

His face lighted with swift joy. And as they verified the truth in each others eyes, his asked permission, hers granted and in a moment she was in his arms and his lips were on hers. Then with his arm around her they walked back thru the twilight woods, over the springy carpet of pine needles thinking only of each other. The sound of voices warned them that the party were waiting at the edge of the woods.

Ralph bent and whispered, "Sweetheart, tomorrow before I go, I shall come to tell you all about myself and my affairs. Then we'll discuss ways and means and be practical, but now I am going to go off by myself to dream of you and be thankful for my great good fortune."

"I am the fortunate one, Ralph. You know I have no fortune at all."

"I know, dear. We shall have to wait. I, too, am very —"

"Hurry up- you two," called Dot who was coming to meet them. "Did you get lost?"

"Yes," said Leone, "and we never would have found the way if it hadn't been for your blithe laugh being a sort of beacon light before us."

"What do you think of that for a mixed figure?" asked Dot, turning to Ralph. She took Leone's arm and they joined the ladies at the edge of the woods.

Leone's joy was too new and sweet to be shared with anyone as yet, and so she went quietly to her room, keeping her secret hidden behind her happy eyes. In the morning as the girls were sitting on the veranda, Leone announced gravely:

"Murder will out. Girls, I am engaged."

"That's nothing," said Esther, "when I was twenty I had been engaged six times."

"But this is serious," said Leone with importance, as she noted the interest in her hearers' faces.

"Say, is it Ralph Westings?" asked Dot and Isabel at once.

"It is," said Leone impressively.

"And so he was in earnest," said Esther curiously.

"Of course he was, and he is coming to see me again this afternoon just before he goes."

"Congratulations, dear," said Beth, "he certainly is a nice boy."

"And so you are going to marry for money after all," said Isabel, disappointed, "I did hope you would fall in love with a poor man and marry him in spite of his poverty. It would be more romantic. Do you love him, Leone?"

"Well, I like him pretty well," she said flushing. Then as she heard Mrs. Lee coming, "Don't tell auntie yet, I want to tell her myself all alone."

Up the road came the station hack and stopped at the gate. Out stepped a very fashionable middleaged lady.

"Mrs. VanDyne," exclaimed Mrs. Lee and her three daughters, going down the steps to meet her.

Isabel and Leone waited until they were presented. Mrs. VanDyne had just decided that morning that she would come over from her summer resort and spend the afternoon with Mrs. Lee. She had a way of dropping in unexpectedly, which was decidedly inconvenient at times.

"Well, girls," said she, "How do you like Ralph Westings?"

"We all like him very much," said Dot, who was Mrs. VanDyne's favorite, "and some of us, very much indeed," and she looked pointedly at Leone.

"Well, I am so glad you were nice to him. Poor boy, he has had so few good times in his life."

"Why, said Mrs. Lee, "isn't he the son of Mr. Westings, the banker?"

"No, indeed. Where did you get that idea? His father died bankrupt when he was sixteen, and he has had to support his invalid mother ever since. He deserves every credit, for he has worked his way thru college in spite of it all. I have offered him help often, but he is so proud he will never accept it."

"Is that true," said Mrs. Lee, "that is quite a surprise for us, for we supposed him to be very wealthy, but we all think him a fine young man. Wouldn't you like to see the new summer house?"

As the two ladies went off down the walk, the girls all turned to Leone whose face was very flushed and heated, but whose lips were closed very tightly.

"Did you ever!" said Beth weakly.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Dot. curiously.

"Do? Why, there is only one thing for me to do."

"Throw him over, of course," said Esther with conviction.

"No, indeed. I respect him more now than ever for his courage and for what he has done in spite of his poverty. He is just splendid, and I am proud of him. Do you suppose I would throw him over because he isn't rich? Why, neither am I," and she finished with tears in her eyes.

"Well, talk of inconsistency——" began Esther amazed.

"Leone's heart is in the right place, anyway," said Beth kindly. "I held my breath for a minute to see how she would take it."

"But," said Dot, "didn't he say he was rich? Didn't he deceive you?"

"Never," said Leone, quick to defend, "we were the ones that always said that. You know we noticed that he did not seem to know anything of society life. We just took it for granted that he had a fortune," and she smiled thru her tears.

"It happened just as I wanted it to," said Isabel, enthusiastically. "Leone was forced to foreswear her convictions when Cupid appeared."

"O, here comes our young man up the walk now, Leone. Anyway he is nice enough to make up for his want of ducats," said Dot comfortingly. "If you didn't like him so well, I think I'd take pity on him myself."

And amid the merry blessings of her cousins, Leone went down the path in the bright summer sunshine to meet her lover, and as she saw the glad welcome in his eyes she was glad she had chosen as she did.

ALTA M. SHERMAN.

Autographs

Autographs

Just for Fun

D. S. Teacher—"I can't give you full credit on your note book, because it is in so late."

Senior Girl—(looking puzzled) "I don't know what you mean Miss P-n-o-b by its being so insulate."

Prof. O-s-n in Review Geography.

"Is Stevens Point a good place to teach home geography?"

Student—"No, I think it is too level."

Prof. O.—"Well, *every one* doesn't need a Hill to teach geography."

K. C s-e-b,— "It is getting so warm that I'm going to wear my Yales, — er — I mean, my Ox-fords."

Mr. O-e-o- — "Name the animals of the Sahara desert."

H-t-i- S-h-a-e- (looking around the class for an inspiration).

"The "Gazelle" and other lean animals which are the color of the earth."

Prof. C-l-er—"This clock has struck and refuses to strike."

First Senior (quoting)—"Fools sometimes ask questions which wise men cannot answer."

Second Senior—"That might throw some light on what I've been trying to figure out."

First Sen.—"Have the Freshies been quizzing you?"

Sec. Sen.—"No but that seems to me, a very plausible explanation of, why we seniors flunk."

Freshman girl: (at Jensen's grocery store).

"Have you any dates?"

Obliging clerk—"Not on hand, but with your permission and co-operation I can make some while you wait."

Query—"Did she wait?"

Prof. O. in Review Geography.

"Name the three classes of people of the Sahara desert."

Bright pupil—"Nomads—Sedentary tribes and robber bands."

Second student, (just awakened) "What are these rubber bands used for?"

He—"What did Mr. Spindler say when Miss C-r-m-b- called Mr. C-in-s's number for him in History of Ed?"

She—"O, he just said 'why don't you speak for yourself John?'"

He—"And when M--th- didn't call his number, what did he say?"

She—"He very naturally said. 'Speak up little man.'"

One of the girls—"Why did they ask Miss B-o-n-l- to assist in the search for 'Auer Willie' when they thought he was lost on Easter Sunday?"

Senior boy—"She was the only one that we could think of who could give us a single Ray of light on the subject."

A-i-e S-o-t, (at Choral reception).—"We had to leave the Arena as it got to be so late."

Ed- L-n- (galantly).—"Shall I go and get it for you now?"

Mr. A-p-em-n (in Choral Club).

"Miss Fink, I can't do this part in here.

Miss F.—"Read it please."

Mr. A. (with tears in his voice).

"It says C sharp, B flat and B natural and I can't get them all in at the same time."

Mr. Pr-y—"Why have you been absent so long Mr. W-i-a-dy?"

O-iv-r W-i-a-dy, (just returned after having the mumps), "Well, Mr. Pray I had cheek enough to stay away."

G-o-g- B-k-r—"Whose picture is that in the front of your watch?"

J. B. A-d-r-o-—"That—oh—that's the son of a friend of my mother,"

Senior—"What! you taking Review Grammar again?"

Element—"A yes—I liked it so well last quarter that I thot I would make a specialty of it."

G-o-g- E-e-s-n (assuming a commanding attitude before his practice class).

"Now, children, if I can have your attention for just a few minutes, I will try to repeat what I was about to say."

Comic Editor of Summum.

"I'm on the look out for jokes. Do you know any?"

H-w-rd W-l-y—"Why, I don't know. You knew I was taking Review Arithmetic again this quarter."

Editor—"Yes?"

W-l-y—"Well, that's no joke."

Overheard

Junior—"What part does Miss M-r-hy take in the class play?"

Senior—"The part of a French maid."

K-m-a-l—"There, I never did think she was Irish and now I know it."

What Did She Mean?

Miss R-i-l-r, (in 2nd drawing after having spent a week in Chicago.)

"If you were designing a lamp shade to be used in a sitting-room where everything was green, you would want the shade to harmonize."

Wanted—to know by the girls of the club, why the only two bachelors of the faculty were so interested in the empty house near the club. Why should the signs "For Rent" and "For Sale" attract their attention? And what possible attractions could there be in that empty house to induce them to look so long and earnestly thru those unprotected windows?

Any information on the subject will be gratefully received by all interested.

Pres. P-a—"Why did the D. S. girls have to pay extra for their board during the 3rd quarter?"

Wise Junior—"Because they burned so much mid-night oil."

Pres. Pr-y—And why is it that Miss M-h-r and Miss Sw-e-y get a reduction of 25 cts. a month?"

Same Jr.—"O that's because they don't use any lights on Sunday evenings."

Visitor—"Is it true Mr. -l-s-n, that there is only one hill of any importance in Stevens Point?"

Mr. O.—"I think so."

Visitor (not noting the emphasis on the personal pronoun)—"And is it on Clark street?"

Mr. O.—"O, no! it is the One on Ellis St. near the High School."

E-i-ly C-a-k, (standing before mirror).—"My hair looks as tho I had slept in it."

Friend—"And don't you, usually?"

Maid (to mistress on Main street, after having watched Prof. S-i-d-er come daily from the McDill residence for several weeks).—"Is that rather stout looking boy — Mrs. McD- -l's son?"

Heard in Sewing Class

Junior Girl—"Say girls, if you were asked to give an impromptu sermon or stump speech, what verse of scripture would you take for a text?"

Meek girl (meekly taking out a tuck).—"As you sew so shall you rip."

One of the Faculty, (just before Christmas at a fancy-work counter, picking up a doily beautifully embroidered with pink carnations). "I am looking for a handkerchief for a young lady and like this one. Do you think I could have her monogram embroidered in it?"

Student—"Was Mrs. Br-d-or- at the Oratorical contest?"

Member of faculty—"O yes. She was there in a box."

A Secret.

"Tally" is not as a rule absent minded but he does get excited sometimes. We are told that it is his habit before retiring each night to blow out the light and set the lamp on the mantle.

There is a young lady in our school whose highest ambition is to "keep tally."

A short time ago these two young people attended the opera to see, "The Merchant of Venice."

We learned from good authority that our faculty friend arrived home in less than an hour after the curtain fell on the last act; and went to his room as usual, blew out the light; but instead of putting the lamp in its

accustomed place, he laid it carefully in the bed and we were told, confidentially, that when he awoke the next morning he found himself asleep on the mantle.

Cupids Pranks.

Our Miles has never been to war,
He's never fired a cannon;
But once he loved an Oshkosh girl,
Her name was Josie Gannon.

He met her at our Normal first,
In nineteen hundred four;
But they were just debating then,
If they should meet once more.

They quite decided that they would
[As sure as I'm alive].

At Oshkosh next at Basket Ball,
They met in nineteen five,

He had no time for ought but her,
And took her to the ball;
But all at once she looked for him
He was not in the hall.

We often hear of such a case
Where love has turned the brain;
But he will not own it as a fact,
He said, "He heard his train."

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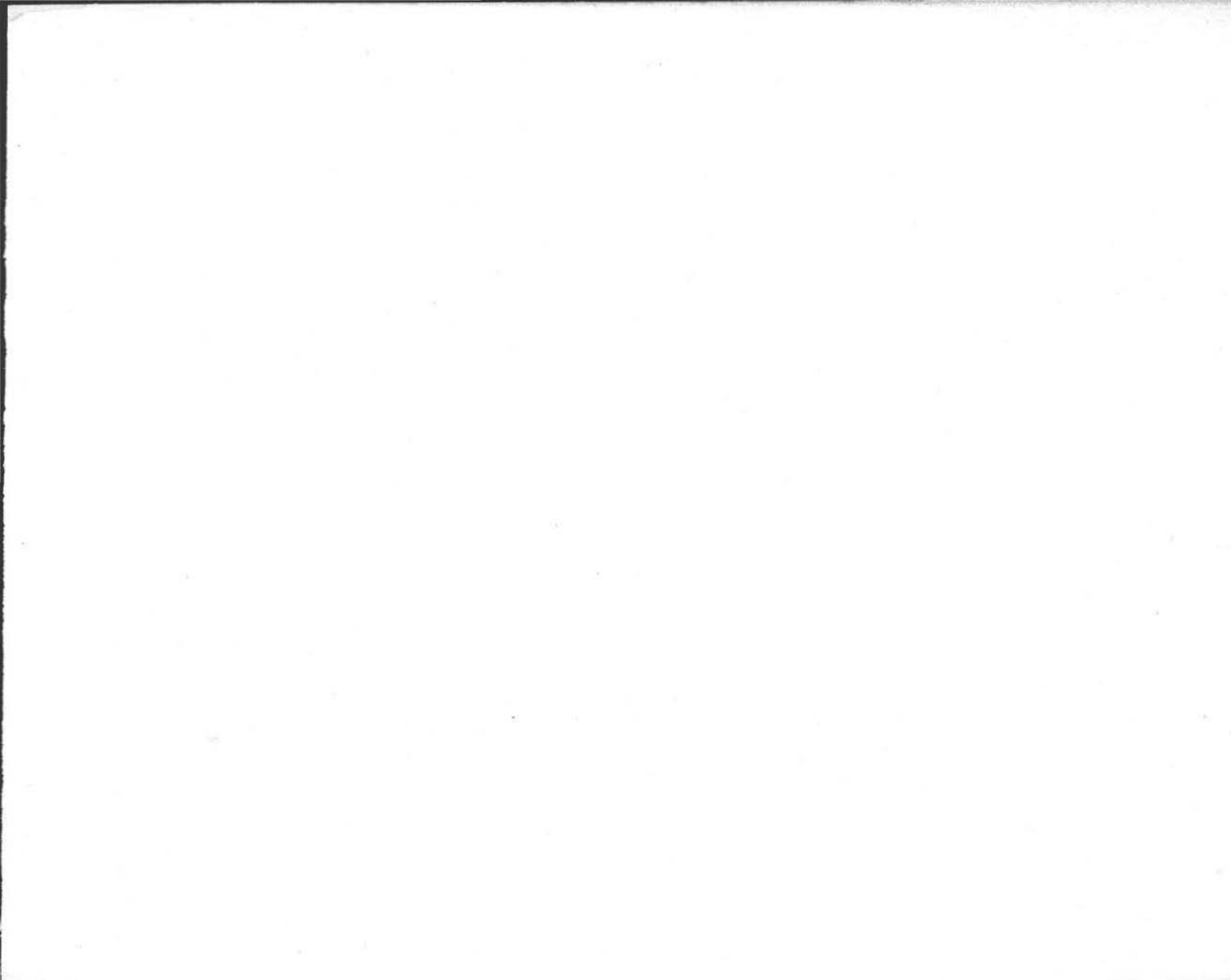
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