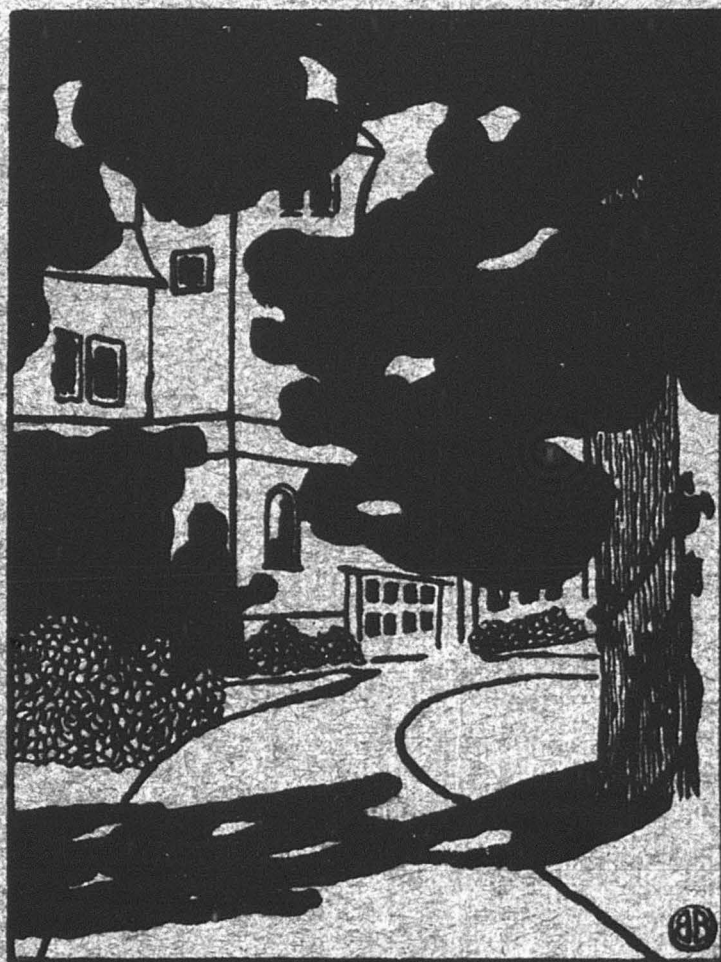


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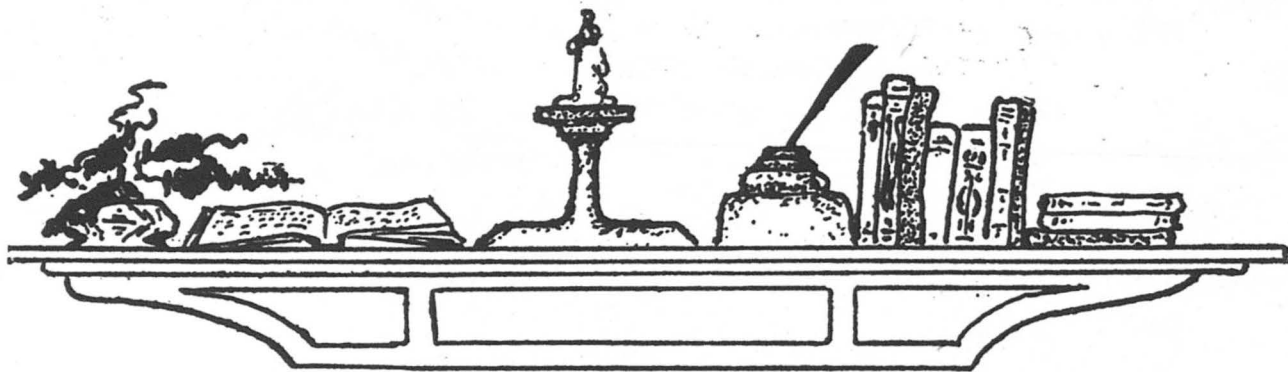
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EDITORIAL

In beginning the words of advice and reproof, the common characteristic of editorials, a few "pointers" might not inappropriately be given to better our Stevens Point Normal paper, "The Pointer." Although perhaps the most stirring appeal for loyal support, the request for subscriptions, is tardy in this the second number, there are yet many other "points" which if observed show the proper spirit toward all the activities of the school.

First, - the school paper is perhaps the most important and deserving of all undertakings. It needs and merits the aid of the student body; both financial aid and the aid of energy, interest, and ability. Therefore, pay up subscriptions and pay them promptly. Then contribute to this publication of the school. Let the motto of each prospective contributor be. "Do it now" not "Bye and bye."

Secondly- lend this same aid to all other school undertakings requiring it. Of course as would be expected in a "Pointer editorial" the school paper is foremost to be considered but these other school enterprises are just as deserving so give to them your financial aid, time, and interest to help them accomplish success.

Thirdly- not only follow the advice yourself but urge others to follow your example. Act with others and for others. In

brief, be it in class room, literary, financial or athletic endeavor let the spirit of co-operation be always exhibited.

Now for a little further explanation of the points enumerated above which ought to better our school spirit, our school, and all that it involves.

Of course subscriptions are not yet unwelcome and the one back number may be easily secured if the student so desires. Students, ideal students, ought to subscribe if the "Pointer" contained but two sheets of advertisements with a few dry articles and still fewer stale jokes, just to show their interest and support for the school's representative, it's paper. Since, however our paper is artistic, well-edited, interesting and complete how much more then ought any student to want?, (dead ones and tight wads excluded.) It demonstrates their loyalty and proves them to be a student desired by any school. Even a selfish person might take it and feel satisfied that he subscribes to the best magazine for his education and amusement; pay for the paper if it is subscribed for. Prove that you appreciate it's true merit and consider it worth the subscription price! Then contribute! What may unprejudiced outsiders think of you if your paper is not up-to-date, if it is uninteresting or small-sized due to lack of material? They will think and think truly "Why that school is behind the times, what

a bunch of poky students. Evidently not a mite of school spirit or they'd boost their paper—"Remember students, a school makes or mars its reputation by its world-wide representative, its' paper. From that people form their opinion concerning the school. Think of this--well what sort of reputation would Stevens Point Normal have if all the students were as loyal as I? Let this "Pointer" be your paper, let this advice before your good and thus directly may it better the school. Do you realize that the second quarter will have passed before you will have a chance to contribute if you have not done so already. Only one half year will remain wherein to redeem yourself. Make the most of it! A new year comes before the third number is issued. Make this then your New Year's resolve, that for every issue you will make at least one contribution. The Pointer Material Box will overflow and through the united help and well kept resolve of each one the "Pointer" may become stronger and stronger, a publication of which any school may be proud.

Now for other undertakings which need and request the same aid as does the school paper. Do you want your school to have good athletic standing among other schools? Do you want a victorious basket ball team to make up for the football team, conspicuous for it's absence? If you do, Pay your athletic association dues and come to see the basket-ball played. Boost the team. Do you want the literary work, and interest, of your school to be up to grade, to be compared favorably with the work and interest of others? If you do, pay your dues to your literary society and take part in the meeting.

Lastly, support all of our school undertakings with equal interest, no matter whether they be the least or the greatest promoters of the school's welfare. Let, then, each one of you urge every other one to act in co-operation with you, so that all, together, may further and better the progress of the school in each

and every activity. Thus earnestly striving the school spirit will become "live" and S. P. N. will be second to none in success and achievements.

As mentioned in our last publication a system of exchange has been established with the La Crosse Normal. Weekly bulletins are exchanged in which the principal happenings at the respective Normals are mentioned. The following were selected as being the chief news items from the La Crosse Normal.

Dr. William Forbrush of Detroit, Michigan, delivered an instructive lecture on the subject "The Heart of a Boy" in the Normal Auditorium Nov. 8. He referred especially to the pugnacious nature and the gamy instincts of the boy. Dr. Forbrush is the author of several interesting books. Among these are "The Boy Problem," "The Boy's Life of Christ," and "The Broadening Path."

Work is nearing completion on our new running track back of the building. It is one-sixth of a mile long. The base is of cinders several inches deep upon which are six inches of clay. The surface will finally be covered with crushed stone. The center will be flooded for a skating rink as soon as the weather permits.

Steps have been taken to secure the awarding of oratorical monograms for students winning forensic honors.

The River Falls Normal foot ball team went down to defeat before the local eleven with a score of 6 to 0, Saturday November 11. The River Falls team was late in arriving, and the last half of the game was played in almost total darkness. Byers made the only touch-down of the game for La Crosse in the third quarter. The game was one of the cleanest and snappiest ever played on the LaCrosse gridiron. A reception was held for both teams in the gymnasium Saturday evening.



LIBRARY

The Game's The Thing

The game was over.

The girls of Miss Marsh's Select Boarding School streamed upstairs out of the gymnasium, excited, jubilant, and cries of "Twelve to three!" "Isn't that great?" "Wasn't Flora splendid?" resounded from all sides.

Every year their basket ball team played with a rival school, and this was their first victory for several years.

"We wouldn't have stood a ghost of a chance if it hadn't been for Flora," said Lois Dent, and she seemed to echo the general sentiment.

Lois and her chum walked along the corridor until they were greeted by the delectable odor of fudge, floating out thru the transom of her room.

"If Margaret isn't making fudge—and the game has been over about five minutes!" she exclaimed, and opened the door.

A dozen girls were in the room, gathered about a girl who had evidently been imparting some portentous news. The fudge bubbled away, unheeded, and never, since Lois could remember, had that room been so quiet, when more than half a dozen girls were in it.

"Lois," Margaret cried, "Flora Day's father has failed in business—lost everything! Bess was down in the office just now, and heard Miss Marsh telling one of the teachers!"

The girls looked at one another without speaking. They could not imagine Flora Day as being poor. Her mother was a daughter of the old Virginian aristocracy, and

Flora had imbibed her aristocratic ideas. She was the richest girl in school, generous, popular, beautiful, and a prime favorite with her companions. Her popularity with the teachers was due more to her social qualities than her intellectual ability, although she was a fair student.

The girls discussed the situation; while, down in the office, Miss Marsh was telling Flora of the circumstances, which would oblige her to go home immediately.

It was the old story of a family living beyond their means, Wall Street speculations—and then the crash.

When their affairs had been straightened, there was very little left, and Mr. Day moved to a small town to accept a minor position in the employment of the firm of which he had once been the head.

The days which followed were dark ones for Flora. Her mother complained incessantly, and when they parted with their home, and some of their most cherished possessions, the new life seemed hard and degrading.

Flora loved books and Nature. She was naturally of a sympathetic, and poetic temperament, and she had an unusually strong love for the beautiful. The tasks which she was now obliged to do were doubly distasteful and disgusting. It didn't seem like fair play to her, to be suddenly thrown into such a position, with no preparation, after she had been so happy and care-free, without ever being obliged to give a thought to the necessities of life—those had come as a matter of course.

When she was obliged to go to High School, it seemed to her that her cup of bitterness was full; but for the first time her father firmly opposed her wishes.

He said that she might be obliged to earn her own living, and must have the necessary education. With this doleful prospect in mind, Flora entered the Dale High School as a Junior.

She had never been to a Public School before, and it was hard to become accustomed to the new order of things. The teachers seemed critical and unsympathetic. Her cold, aristocratic manner, and her indifference to the other students made her very unpopular among her school-mates. Her clothes were the envy of the girls, who were angered by her superior airs, and many bits of gossip were overheard by Flora which annoyed her, altho she really considered the opinion of those girls as entirely unworthy of notice.

Around the fire-places in their rooms at Miss Marsh's school, the girls had gazed into the glowing coals and told each other of their ideas, their heroes, their dreams of the future, and it was upon such scenes that Flora's thots dwelt constantly.

One day, as she walked to school, the President of the Junior Class overtook her. His endeavors to be polite met with such a frigid response, that Flora had since been left completely alone. "Such a horrid, common boy!" she had thot, and continued her dreams of the life that was past.

She took no interest in things at school besides the preparation of her lessons; but as time went on, she began to get accustomed to things as they were. She began to feel lonely, and longed for friends among the girls at school. Their first efforts toward friendship had been so repulsed that they had not been renewed, and "Queen Flora," as they called her, was left severely alone.

One night, she strayed down into the gymnasium where the girls' basket ball teams were playing. Class spirit, and school spirit

ran high in the school, and as she watched the players a tiny wave of enthusiasm surged thru her.

She watched the captain of the Junior team, Mary Brown, a tall girl, usually rather shabbily dressed, Flora had taken an especial dislike to her; but as she watched her play, a feeling of admiration took its place. Flora loved the game, and understood it thoroughly, and as she leaned forward, watching the players, the students near by watched her in amazement. To think that Miss Day took any interest in what common people were doing!

The next night was the great event of the basket ball season. The Dale teams, both boys' and girls', were to play with a neighboring High School for the championship. None of the four teams had been beaten, and excitement and speculation as to the probable outcome ran high.

Flora approached the school house willingly, for the first time, that night. Her father had been delighted at her suggestion, that they go to the game. He had almost decided to let her give up school, and welcomed the interest which she had displayed in the game.

The first half of the boys' game came first. Dale won by a score of six to eight. Amid the wild applause and cheers of the audience, the girls took their places on the floor.

The whistle blew, and the game was on.

The Junior captain did fine work at center, and cheers for "Brownie" resounded from the gallery. The forwards on the opposing team were old players, and capable ones, but their guards were their equals. The one weak spot in the local team was a freshman forward, playing as a substitute.

The ball was passed to her again and again; but, nervous and excited, she tried in vain to make baskets. The other forward played well, but failed to make a goal; and the half ended five to nothing in favor of their opponents. The freshman forward was tired out, and a substitute would have to play the next half.

Flora had been watching breathlessly, admiring the team work of the other side, and hoping for her school to win harder than she had ever hoped it in her life before. Her eyes followed "Brownies" lithe figure. How well she played! How her spirit influenced the other players! Flora wished with all her heart that she were in the place of the Freshman forward. That girl might have known where that ball was going! Oh, why didn't she throw it to the other forward!

When the half was over, a thot came into Flora's mind which she at first rejected as impossible; then she thot of the arguments that she had used at school to induce the girls to join the team. Was not this just as much her school?

She sped down the steps, and encountered the group of tired and discouraged players, whose captain was doing her best to cheer them up.

"Brownie," she gasped, "May I play? Please."

Mary Brown looked up, astonished, at the beautiful, eager face, and soon the girls were anxiously discussing the new plays suggested by Flora, gradually becoming filled with hope and confidence.

The second half of the boys' game resulted in a victory for the locals, and the cheering continued, long and loud.

The outcome of the girls' game was not doubted by anyone in the audience. Merton would have an easy victory.

Flora had hastily donned the suit of the Freshman forward, and upon Brownie's assurance that she "looked alright," ran down into the gym. and took her place.

An astonished silence greeted her appearance. The scholars could scarcely believe their eyes, and the other spectators wondered at the lack of demonstration.

Suddenly Flora's courage left her. What if she should make a failure? She had not practiced for almost a year—but at the sound of the whistle, all of her doubts left, and she thot only of the game. They must win!

"Brownie" knocked the ball toward their goal, and the guard caught it. Flora knew what play was coming. She intercepted her guard, and the ball was in the basket before the Merton guard had ceased wondering why it was not in her hands.

The audience cheered wildly. The spirits of the students rose, and the enthusiasm reached a higher pitch than it had at the outcome of the preceding game. The Merton team realized that this meant work in earnest for them. They redoubled their efforts; but soon the other Dale forward had made a basket.

At the end of the game the score stood six to five in favor of Dale.

Flora was hugged and congratulated by an excited group of girls, and at the reception which followed the game, the students expressed their appreciation and admiration in the warmest terms.

As she listened to the Junior president saying, "You saved the day for the school," Flora thot of the game which she had helped to win, the last day that she was at Miss Marsh's, and as she realized how much more this victory meant to her, she answered, "We had to win, for *our* school."

R. C. B. 1912.

Tracks In The Snow.

"Hey, Sis, let's go down and look at the mink traps," cried the twins bursting into the "grub shack" one afternoon about three o'clock.

"Sis," or Etta, as she would have preferred

to be called, was standing at the long table where the men ate their suppers.

It was in a logging camp in the Northern Wisconsin woods, and Etta and her mother had taken a contract to do the cooking for

the camp crew of twenty men. The twins, George and Charlie, wide-awake, manly little fellows of twelve, were staying with some relatives in the neighboring town of Crane's Mill and attending school. This was Christmas vacation, and they were spending the time with their mother and getting all the joy out of it that town boys can get from a novel experience of the kind.

They went every day to the scene of the logging activities, rode down to the river on the big loads of logs, watched with greatest interest the processes of "swamping" and "skidding," and were, altogether, the life and pride of Camp No. 13.

"Yes, sis, come on, it's just five miles, and we can make it easy in an hour, and 'Long Jim' says he was by there this morning and there are all kinds of mink tracks right around where our traps must be. So come on."

Etta's face brightened, but she looked questioningly toward her mother, for she knew, with wisdom of years, the dangers of the woods. However, her mother, realizing that the girl's opportunities for recreation were limited, said, "Yes, I guess you may go; but don't stay late, as I want you home before dark, sure,"

Fifteen minutes later, well bundled, the trio set off in high glee, chattering like little magpies about everything they heard or saw, so that the time went so very quickly that they almost passed the traps before they noticed them.

Sure enough—there was a beautiful big mink in the trap, still warm with life. The twins went wild, throwing their caps in the air and turning somersaults in the snow, and immediately began planning the things to be gotten with that forty dollars.

"Gee, George, you can get that steel trap and I'll have my little peach of a twenty-two rifle at last. Hurrah!" and Charles went off into another paroxysm of glee.

Their excitement having somewhat subsided, they noticed something they had not

observed before,—signs of a struggle around the dead animal.

"Say," remarked George thoughtfully, "they say that when a mink gets caught its mate tries to get it free, and stays right around until it's taken away."

As he was speaking, Etta, glancing toward the fringe of low brush overhanging the brook on which they stood, stiffened with astonishment, and the boys, turning simultaneously, beheld another mink creeping stealthily around the outskirts, watching their every movement with greatest caution.

The boys were off in pursuit in a moment, perhaps with some wild idea of catching the animal in their hands since they had no other possible means of capture.

Etta, in the meantime, bent down and tenderly extracted the mink from the trap, stroking its beautiful, glossy fur and thinking what a shame it was to have to kill it. She did not grow uneasy at the lateness of the hour until, chancing to look toward the west she saw the long purple shadows which betoken the close of day. Now, there is nothing more beautiful than a Wisconsin sunset, and Etta gazed with delight on the blaze of color surrounding old Sol as he sank to rest after his long pilgrimage across the sky. The orange and pink and red, outlining so vividly the tall green spires of the stately pines, with the miles and miles of crisp, scintillating snow, so enraptured the girl that she completely forgot herself until the color faded and blended leaving only a soft violet. Then with a sharp gasp she remembered that night in those north woods does not come after a long soft gray twilight but drops as quickly and inexorably as though a curtain were drawn over the heavens.

Hearing the boys' shouts at a distance, she called to them, and in a very few moments, they dashed up out of breath, and, of course, without the mink. Etta said,

"Boys, we'll have to start right for home. I can't imagine how I let it get so late with-

out noticing, and I'm afraid Mamma will be so worried."

Charlie, who had some string in his pocket, (as, what boy has not) was by this time down on his knees tying the four feet of the mink together preparatory for carrying home, and hoisting it on a stick he put it across his shoulders, and started off with manly strides, the others following.

For a time the boys talked animatedly about their chase, what they would do with their money, and how surprised and delighted mother would be; but it was growing bitter cold and the speed at which they were walking caused them soon to become so out of breath that they were glad to relapse into silence.

It grew dark and darker, and the twins almost unconsciously slipped their hands into Etta's and in this way they proceeded.

Once one of those night prowlers, an owl, startled them with its whoo-who-who-e-ee.

Again, their hearts leaped with fear at suddenly hearing what the lumbermen call a "flying swiggle," a peculiar rasping screech caused by two trees whose branches have become so locked together as to make this sound when the wind makes them sway and scrape.

The children hurried on with a vague sense of dread in their hearts as it had by this time grown so dark that they could see the road only with difficulty. The mink had become rather heavy for Charlie, so he shifted his burden over to George's shoulders. Just as they were making the change, there came, not so far away, that low whining call—the dread cry of the female wolf.

For a moment the boys and Etta stood absolutely motionless, petrified with fear. Then seizing the twins hands, Etta said,

"Come on, boys, we'll have to get home before the pack can gather and catch up to us."

They hastened along, breaking into a run at times, when a repetition of that blood-curdling yelp would be given; and once when Etta looked back, she caught the gleam

of blood-red eyes, not ten rods behind them. A little sob rose to her throat; but she said nothing, only tightening her grip on the boys' hands, and accelerating her speed.

Poor little Charlie put up his hands to wipe away the tears that would come in spite of all his brave endeavors, and the mitten dropped from the stiff, chilled little hand. He put his hand quickly into his pocket, but did not tell that his mitten was gone; so only he knew what the vicious growls meant so close behind them a few moments later.

The wolves, six in all, tore savagely at the mitten which smelled of Man; but it gave them little satisfaction, only increasing their savagery, and the poor frightened children realized that they were gaining on them by the soft, regular pat-pat of feet.

By this time they had reached the "watering-place," only a quarter of a mile from home. This gave them new courage, and they hurried faster. Then, and not till then, did Etta realize what was making the beasts so persistent; as, without a word, she seized the mink, with its odor of fresh blood, so maddening to the half-starved timber-wolves in winter, and hurled it back of her with all her strength. With a mad howl, the pack pounced upon it, and the snapping and vicious growling assured the children that they need fear no further molestation till the last precious morsel had been licked greedily from the glistening snow.

By this time they were almost in sight of the camps, and could see the welcome gleam of lanterns approaching rapidly, which meant that the men had returned from work and were starting in search of them. When the children met the men, Etta told her story as best she could in little gasping breaths; and several of the men, having thoughtfully armed themselves with shot guns, started down the road, while others of them tenderly carried the children back to camp, and to the thoroughly frightened mother. Here, rough but loving hands removed the wraps and chafed the frozen

hands and faces ; while between the tears which would come, though they strove to keep them back, the boys told the details.

Later in the evening, warmed, petted, and almost entirely recovered from their fright,

George was heard to say to Charlie,

"Gee, Charlie, but she was a beauty all right. Wisht we could-a kept her and got the traps and gun, don't you?"

I. M. F. '12.

A Tale Of Titles

"Well Enoch " said Sir Roger de Coverly a retired and somewhat Ancient Mariner, to Enoch Arden, as they sat in their private smoking car, making a Tour Around the World in Eighty Days. "Well, Enoch, why that pensive air? I have spoken to you three times without receiving a reply." Enoch looked up from the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," which he had been vainly trying to read for the last half hour, and smiled, "You need not look so forlorn Sir Roger, just because we are Snow-bound, in this wilderness and may have to wait a few hours. If you wish to read, here is a copy of "Hiawatha," or "Macbeth." You shake your head. Well, I don't know what to suggest for your amusement. Why, man, I have been amusing myself this long time, merely thinking of the last time I visited Sleepy Hollow."

"Lets hear about it," returned Sir Roger, stretching himself out and preparing to go to sleep if it proved too uninteresting."

"There's no story about it, but if you are willing to listen to the Idle Thoughts of an Idle fellow, Here goes :—

"Sleepy Hollow was once a very busy town, though now it is a Deserted Village. In the times of its prosperity it was visited twice a year, by myself, then the Merchant of Venice. I supplied the one grocery and dry goods store the town could boast of, which was run by old Dombey and Son. I made my appearance in town about four o'clock, riding on Black Beauty. The children gathered about me, and it was not until I had shaken hands with the Widow O'Callahan's Boys, Five Little Peppers, Jack and Jill, Eight Cousins,

and all the Little Men and Little Women in general that I was permitted to enter the store. Here I found honest Silas Marner sitting on the cracker box, swinging his legs and looking as wise as old Solon. On the counter Captain January sat telling about Julius Caesar, his nephew who was as rich as Croesus. Here, too, I found Ben Hur, The Village Blacksmith, telling about the Wonderful One Hoss Shay, that he had once made, and which had taken the prize at Vanity Fair. After telling the men some of the news, I went to my inn across the road. This had formerly gone by the name of Uncle Tom's Cabin, but since its late proprietor, Richard Carvel, had come into possession, he had added so many new wings that it was called The House of Seven Gables. The house and its surroundings were very quaint. On one side of the house was an immense Red Rock. In the Summer the children played it was Cudjo's Cave, and in Winter they built Snow Images upon it. One side of it resembled a great stone face. There was a legend that it was here looking at that face that Sir Launfal had his vision, but I never put much faith in the story. The winding walk was lined with a pretty hedge, as indeed was the whole spacious yard. There were also several Spreading Chesnut Trees and bushes scattered about the grounds. As I approached the house, Beautiful Joe, the watch dog, came bounding toward me, closely followed by Oliver Twist, the Barefoot Boy who had been very busy opening the Chestnut Burrs, which lay scattered about Under the Lilacs. I caressed them both, and putting them aside, hastened

into the house. I entered a large spacious room. Aunt Jo rose to meet me with her usual kindness. Evangeline, too, greeted me kindly, and though she tried to appear at her ease, yet for all that I plainly saw that something unusual was to happen.

"Well, Aunt Joe, and where is the proprietor Carvel?" I enquired, finding that Richard Carvel did not make his appearance for supper, a thing he never missed. Here the old lady chuckled, "Seeing that the Courtship of Myles Standish was unsuccessful, yet Richard would try his fortune and is now courting Janice Meredith. Aye, and that's not all the news I've to tell, either," continued the old crone, "my fair Evangeline here, is to be married to-morrow to Ivanhoe, the son of Hugh Wynne, whose home is at the Alhambra on yonder hill."

She then begged me to stay over, and Evangeline, too, entreated me to remain, telling me that there would be a country dance in the evening. I promised to stay, as pretty Elaine was to be my partner, and the remaining interval before bed-time was spent in talking over the coming nuptials of Eyangeline and Ivanhoe.

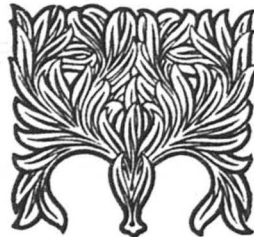
The next day was perfect, and the guests, eager to see the bride, to sample Aunt Jo's famous Gooseberry Wine, came early in the morning.

On account of the illness of Rev. Robinson Crusoe, Hans Brinker was sent after the Vicar of Wakefield who lived in the adjoin-

ing parish. He was a funny old man to my way of thinking. I remember he captured the Pied Piper of Hamlin in a corner and lectured him all night because he intended taking a fifth wife. In the evening they played games and danced to the music of the Pied Piper of Hamlin, Seraph the Violinist, The Drummer Boy, whose name was Tom Brown, and the Little Lame Prince, Hamlet, who played a Bass Violin, and kept remarkably out of tune the entire time.

I would have liked to remain, but on account of important business, was forced to leave early in the evening. As I bade farewell to Elaine, she wept and gave me a Rose in Bloom. I intended to return in about a year to claim her, but before that time the people were forced to leave their village and seek their fortunes elsewhere. I heard later that they were driven out by a small band of Indians, who were the Last of the Mohicans, a fierce and war-like tribe that made the Pilgrims' Progress through their land very dangerous. I have often thought to see them all again, especially poor Elaine," Enoch concluded staring out of the window.

"I say, Sir Roger, did you ever hear of the Mohicans?" No answer. Enoch slowly turned his head to see why Sir Roger did not reply. There with his head thrown back and a fly bravely walking on his nose, sat Sir Roger de Coverly fast asleep.





FORUM ARENA

Active skirmishing has begun! We have entered the camp of our friend, the enemy, with a request,—a challenge,—a dare—to a game of Basket Ball; and ere another issue of *THE POINTER* appears, the athletic supremacy of the Forum-Arenaites or Greek-Indians, will be permanently established.

The first game is scheduled for December 8, and is to be a joint effort, the two girls' teams and the two boys' teams competing for honors.

All accredited members of either society, namely, those having their second quarter tickets, are eligible to witness this game. We want them all there to encourage the athletes with their enthusiastic yells and songs.

The time for the Annual Inter-Society contest is rapidly drawing near bringing with it an atmosphere of suppressed excitement, and many are the surmises as to which side will prove victorious.

"The Contest" is a new institution in the school; and for the benefit of those who are not informed as to the aim in view, we will outline briefly the facts.

The plan is that on the Friday before Christmas vacation of each year, the societies, Athenaeum-Ohiyesa and Forum-Arena, shall hold a Contest including the numbers of Debate, Oratory, Essay, Reading, Vocal Music, and Instrumental Music, debate receiving two votes, and each of the other numbers receiving one vote. The society receiving the greatest number of votes shall be adjudged the winner.

Another feature of society activity which is new is the Public Program, each society presenting one at the beginning of alternating quarters.

The Athenaeum-Ohiyesa presented the first program Friday, November third, and it surely was a credit to them and an inspiration to the hearers. Both the literary and musical numbers were carefully prepared and very successfully presented. The programs were tasteful, the decorations artistic, and the whole entertainment was conducted in a manner pleasing to all.

Professor Cavins represented our society very creditably in his critic's report, and conveyed to our brother society our congratulations on their signal success.

The Forum-Arena presents the next public program the last week of this quarter, and it is to be hoped that it will be as successful

The Constitutions of the Societies say:

"On or about the Second Friday of each quarter, the societies shall, alternately, hold a reception in the gymnasium."

True to the watch-word, on November tenth, the Forum-Arena tendered to the Athenaeum-Ohiyesa, and the Faculty and their wives, an invitation to a reception and dance to be held in the gymnasium on that evening.

The majority of the Faculty members were attending the Convention in Milwaukee, and Mrs. Collins and Miss Johnson acted as chaperones, helping materially to make the party a success.

The early part of the evening was given over to a reception, and by the time the dancing was begun there were present about one hundred and fifty guests.

The gymnasium was decorated with the respective society colors, potted plants, and statuary, arranged tastefully about the room; while at the end of the gymnasium were placed the serving tables.

The guests danced until 11:00 o'clock; when refreshments were served. And very

soon after the "lights out" signal warned every one of the lateness of the hour.

The fact that the party was a success in every way, proves that the young men and young women of the Literary Societies are fully to be trusted to do the right thing, whether the Faculty be present or not. It is this spirit of independent decorum which we wish to establish, and the behavior of those present, bodes well for the success of this aim.

Forum-Arena Hall of Fame.

It is a great day. Footsteps hurry to and fro in the building, friend greets friend, and ever and anon a business-like individual hurries up the broad stairs. Did some one say, "Where was he going?" Why, up to the Art Annex, of course. Haven't you heard of the Forum-Arena Hall of Fame? All of the notaries of that noble institution are on exhibition up there. It is the greatest exposition ever held within these four walls. Art exhibits, Manual Training displays, Mr. Spindlers' collection of copied thesies, are not to be compared with this. Ah, I hear the two o'clock gong which means that the exhibition is ready for inspection. Come on up with me and see them.

Here near the door is Don Waite. He always likes to be near the door, as he says he can keep out unwelcome intruders.

Don't be alarmed, Madam. That is just Irene Mc Phail. She always strikes that pugilistic attitude when she hears the word Basket Ball.

That good-looking chap over there is Arthur Murphy, the boy orator. Yes, he does look slightly troubled just now, but that is because Alice Garvin is trying to convince him with eloquent plea, of the advantages of "Double cussedness."

That is Miss Gwin over there with the menacing gleam in her eye. She stands in that protecting attitude to shield Mr. Cavins while he gets back to talk to the boys.

You thought you heard Chanticleer? No Madam, that is just Paul Shannon. He has never been quite the same since Bronty came into our midst.

Yes, I heard that giggle. That's just Florence Hill and Hattie Weltman laughing because Mr. Hanson asked them to accompany him in "Neath the purple and the gold."

That young man of lofty stature and intellectual mein is Wilberscheid. He stands in stony silence "nor opes his ponderous jaws," to the suprise of all who know him.

Standing near the tick-tick machine is Alvina Schulz dictating poetry by the yard to Lois Smith to strike off, while Bertha La Budde waits her turn on the other side with little original stories waiting to be transmitted onto paper.

That is Lovenseller standing at the window talking so animatedly and as we pass we hear her say to Carl, the reason I didn't join long ago was that I never could save a quarter.

That is Irene Feely standing with tear-dimmed eyes committing verbatim "Robert's Rules of Order" and I just heard her mutter:—

"Of all sad words, ere said with a groan,
The saddest are, These rules I should have
known."

Birdsall sits here quietly observing and passing judgement on all that takes place and often you will observe him turn with an appreciative wink toward that regal looking maid over there, Mable Rice.

Ruth Bennett, Lela and Lucile Potter, Fay Holum and Bessie Smith are sitting there beside the table making banners from our royal society colors, purple and white.

That young man with a frown wrinkling his classic brow is Schulz, puzzling over a copy of Smith's German Grammar. When May O' Malley touched his shoulder a minute ago he exclaimed with a start, "Vas is Lois?"

Agatha Houlehan was just attempting to purloin a curl from Garthwaite's pate, but Clifford Anderson, with piously folded hands, prevented her, saying, "Remember that old proverb," "Thou shalt not steal."

Look out, lady, keep your little boy near you. Edward Shea looks mild but becomes immediately violent when "Woman Suffrage is mentioned.

Truly, Madam, there is an object of pity yonder. Nibs Woodworth on bended knee in supplicating attitude imploring yon beautiful bird with the melody.

"Love me and the world is mine."

There goes the gong which means closing hour. I am very sorry, Madam, as we still have several interesting specimens on exhibit but trust you may visit us again when we will be able to complete the survey.

The contestants for this year are as follows

Oratory.....	R. B. Woodworth
Essay.....	Florence Schafer
Reading.....	Frances Roberts
Vocal Music.....	May O' Malley
Instrumental Music.....	Bessie Smith
Debate.....	Irene Feely
	Henry Schulz

There has been some change in the official staff for the second quarter. At present the officers are as follows:-

President.....	Henry Schulz
Vice President.....	Ruth Bennett
Secretary.....	May O' Malley
Treasurer.....	Raymond P. Birdsall
Faculty Adviser.....	Professor Collins



THE ATHENAUM OHIOYESA

The Athenaeum-Ohioyesa gave its first public program on Oct. 27 th. The following program was rendered: Every number was well rendered and the society feels that this event was the crowning point of a successful quarter's work.

Violin Solo.....Henrietta Bergholt
 Oration, Jane Addams of Hull House,
Nora Nyhus.
 Essay, The Nickel Theater...Ruth Emmons
 Recitation, Afterwards,
Elizabeth Walterbach
 Vocal Solo, If I Were a Bird...Miss Deneen
 Oration, The Progressive Movement,
Reid McWithey
 Story, Woodland Echoes...Eliza Montgomery
 Recitation, A Child's Dream of a Star,
Kate Pyatt
 Vocal Duet, The Mandolin Song,
Misses Hill and Davenport

Debate.

RESOLVED, That the Wisconsin Teachers' Pension Law should be repealed.

AFFIRMATIVE	NEGATIVE
Rose Maloney	Myrtella Wilbur
Henry Shellhouse	Joseph Barber

Cornet Solo.....Mr. F. E. Noble
 Critic's Report...Professor Lorimer V. Cavins

Decision of Judges

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Short.
 Professor H. S. Hippensteel
 Regent George B. Nelson.

We, the Athenaeum-Ohioyesa Society gratefully acknowledge and heartily thank the Forum-Arena for the most enjoyable reception tendered us on the evening of November third. The Forum-Arena members put forth every effort to make the evening a pleasant

one and the success their party is proven by the fact that the guests feel that it is a never to be forgotten event in the history of both societies.

The election of contestants for the inter-society contest was held Oct. 23 rd. The result of the election is as follows:—

Orator.....	Myron Williams
Essayist.....	Mary Carroll
Debators.....	{ Henry Shellhouse Nell Kratz

Disclaimer.....	Ruth Hetzel
Vocal soloist.....	Lila Blank
Instrumental soloist.....	Henrietta Bergholte.

The date set for the contest is Dec. 15 th. The contestants are hard at work upon their numbers. Their hard work plus every member's loyal support should equal VICTORY

The work from the second quarter promises to keep up the standard set by the first quarter's work. On Nov. 10 th. the following program was given:—

Installation of officers.

Piano solo.....	Hilda Kaiserman
Inaugural Address.....	Mary Carroll.
Reading.....	Gertrude Patterson
Story.....	Irene Leffingwell.
Vocal Solo.....	Elvina Foxon
Violin Obligato.....	Mary Miller
Talk "The Contest".....	Mr. Patterson.

Piano Duet.....	{ Sadie Frank Alice Brady
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Critic's Report.....Mr Patterson.

Mr. Patterson's talk on "The Contest" could not fail to arouse the true spirit for the contest. Every member determined to do

all he could so that Mr. Patterson's "vision" of the contest may materialize.

The following was the program for Nov. 17th.

Piano Solo Ruth Hayden

Original Story James Ostrum

Debate Resolved: that there should be a large and immediate increase in the U. S. navy.

Affirmative Negative

Launcelot Gordon Leon Carley

Lizzie Mullins Agnes Doolan.

Vocal Solo Lila Blank.

Critic's Report Miss Gilruth.

Don'ts for Athenaeum- Ohiesaites.

Don't miss one meeting. You can't afford to do so.

Don't forget that the meetings begin promptly at 7:30

Don't forget that if you are on the program it's up to you to do your part toward making an evening of pleasure for the other members of the society.

Don't fail to show your appreciation of the work done by those who appear on the programs. Appreciation encourages greater effort.

Don't forget that is the duty of every member of the society to put forth every effort to win the contest.

Don't fail to boost! boost!! boost!!!.

"Booster" and "Knocker" on Literary Societies.

K. Hello. Where were you Friday night?

B. At the Society meeting, of course. Why didn't you go?

K. Oh, was too busy.

B. Same old story. This "too busy" tale makes me tired.

K. Well if you were taking Professional History, Solid Geometry, Review Grammar and Literature you'd be busy too. With all that, I have to spend hours looking up current events for Thursdays.

B. Poor thing! You'll get over that.

K. I may but I'll never look the same.

B. Now listen to me. Adopt this for your motto on Friday night:- "If pleasure interferes with your work cut the work. Then if you attend one meeting you won't miss one after that, I can assure you.

K. You have the feeling that comes with getting money from home without asking for it. I don't see any use in Literary Societies anyway.

B- You don't. Well you have no Society spirit.

K- Well, I paid my membership dues.

B. That's just the very first step. Society spirit means being at every meeting, helping the society in every way, getting every body enthusiastic about it, boosting it at every opportunity. Every member of our society has to "be up and doing" for we're going to make this a red letter year in the history of S. P. N's literary societies.

K. Well, I guess I can't be left out of any thing so promising as that. You'll see me in the front seat next Friday night.

Good-bye.



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NO. X

CHINESE-WAR LETTER.

By J. C. WILBERSCHIED,
Special War Correspondent For
"Jr. Yellow Journal."

PEKIN, China, December 14, 1911.

DEAR READER:

Owing to the fact that I have been at this city only several hours, I will not be able to write about the war in this letter. I will therefore give you an account of the incidents connected with my arrival at this city.

I arrived at the harbor of Hong Kong at eight o'clock yesterday morning, and at once boarded a train for Pekin. The road that I traveled on is called the Sei Oppo Lat Sing Sung road, which when translated into English means Green Bay and Western. The road is the property of the Green Bay and Western Company, which has a line running through your own town of Stevens Point. I was surprised to see that they charged the same low rates and furnished the same excellent accommodations that they furnish between Stevens Point and Plover.

The train traveled at the rapid speed which is so characteristic of all trains running on that famous road; and when the sun was low this afternoon, we had reached the capital city. Upon arriving, I at once repaired to a hotel called the Via-Fang. As soon as I entered the building, I noticed that it was similar to the Spot Cafe down at Stevens Point. I at once ordered my supper; and after having eaten abundantly of fried rats and slop shuey, and quenched my thirst with a few quarts of wing stoi, a drink which much resembles our lager, I went to my room and started to write this article.

It may interest you to know the conditions under which I entered the city. While en-route to Pekin, I became aware of the fact that it was a very dangerous proposition for a foreigner to enter the city in his native garb, especially if he was a pencil pusher. I did not care to run any risk; so I at once proceeded to change my clothes. I discarded my blueserge in favor of a chinese costume that R. B. Woodworth had presented to me previous to my departure, he having used the costume in a vaudeville stunt during his High School days. I was then obliged to cut off my splendid crop of hair with the cover of my drinking cup; for I did not have a jack knife with me, I having loaned the same to Billy O'Connell a few days before I left, and he had failed to return it. As soon as I had finished this painful piece of work, I donned the que for which Evelyn Oster and Cora Dickerson had sacrificed a large portion of their raven tresses. After adding a few finishing touches, I looked into the mirror and was surprised to see that I very much resembled the china cook down at the Spot.

This disguise, however, would not have helped me much if it had not been for the fact that I had good command of the chinko lingo, which I learned while patronizing the laundry of Wing Lee down at Stevens Point.

Only once did I come nearly being caught, and that was when I was about to register at the hotel, when the clerk pushed the register up in front of me, I suddenly became aware of the fact that I could not write the chinese script. Luckily the clerk walked into a side room to see to something. While running my hand up to my head, as a person

will naturally do when excited, I hit the wing of my high stand-up collar, which I had forgotten to change. Quick as a flash I unfastened the collar and concealed it in my inner coat pocket. While doing this, I noticed the laundry mark on the inner side of the collar. This filled me with joy. I at once grabbed the little brush and ornamented the register with my laundry mark three times in succession. The clerk came in, looked at the register, smiled a chinkish smile, and showed me to my room.

In my next letter I will tell you of my further experience, and also about the war.

Odin and McPhail in Vaudeville.

Become attracted by "Lure of Footlights," and leave School.

Will Play at the "Grand," Feb. 30, 31.

Carl Odin, the well known athlete of the Stevens Point Normal, and his lady friend Irene McPhail, are no more to be seen within the ranks of the Normalites. The "Lure of the Footlights" was too strong a temptation for them to resist, and they are now playing a ten weeks engagement at the Gayety Theatre in Milwaukee. Their specialty act being a cross between an Irish and Swedish Dialogue. Carl also sings several catchy songs, and executes a few agistic dances.

The manager of the Grand Opera House of this city, has booked this great attraction for two nights, February the 30 and 31.

All Normalites will be greatly interested in the welfare of their former fellow students and will turn out to see the great attraction.

ENTERS A MONASTERY.

Another Student leaves Junior Class.
Enters upon Life of Sublimity and Devotion,

The Junior Class is slowly decreasing. Billy O'Connell, the silent member of the Junior Class, has withdrawn from school, and has decided to discard his society clothes for the gray cloak and hood of the monk. No more will we see him walking the Normal halls or the streets of the city; for as soon as he becomes a full fledged member of the order of Benedictines, he will journey to the jungles of Africa, and educate the members of the black race. His reason for the sudden act is not known; but it is said that he always had a desire for such noble work.

A SENSATIONAL CONFESSION.

Miss Helen Walters Confesses to terrible Crime of Cramming before Examination.

To-day, in Junior court before Judge Barber, Miss Helen Walters pleaded guilty to the crime of cramming before exams. Sentence will follow in a day or two. This ought to serve as an example to all other students.

COMING TO TOWN, McWithey's 3 Ring Circus.

Come and See:

The biggest calf living,

The wild man.

The Raving maniac.

Saturday, December 19, 1911.

Admission 3, 5, 7 cts.

!!! ATTENTION GIRLS !!!

Would you like to remain young forever???
Would you like to become charming???
Would you like to be the leading belle of the town???

If so, use "Grover's Vegetable Tea and Beauty Preparations." For sale in all machine shops.

I have used it successfully for the last sixty years.

H. E. GROVER, Ltd.

WANTED A Husband.

A charming young lady of thirty-three would like to make the acquaintance of some young man. Must be fair or good looking, have a yearly income of Ten Thousand Dollars, have three autos, and must promise to take me to the roller rink seven nights in the week.

Apply at

RUTH HETZEL.

Witty Words. By "Hans."

It was much bedder for two to study alone den it was for one to study together.

The best thing what is it for you to do wen you can't afford to pay a new overcoat is not to pay it.

If married life is hoaney and kream, den I don't like not hoaney and kream.

Now at Krismas dime we should have money mate out from rubber, so dat we kould make so we could make the ends meat widout being busted.



FACULTY

Mr. Lusk, who has been teacher of Physics, Algebra, Agriculture, at the Normal for the past five years, has left us to take up work in a different locality. He has accepted a position as Superintendent of the New Richmond City Schools. During his stay among us he has made many friends in the school and in the city. He is a clear-thinking, hard working man, very lively, intellectual, and energetic.

Mr. Lusk is a graduate of River Falls State Normal School; the University of Wisconsin; has been principal of Polk County Training School; Superintendent of the Ellsworth City Schools, and Principal of the Hammond High School.

The faculty tendered a reception in the Domestic Science Dining Room for Mr. and Mrs. Lusk. On November 28, at morning exercises, the school presented Mr. Lusk with a handsome leather rocking chair.

We regret very much to see him go; and and do not know who will be able to take his place as "time keeper." Whenever that bell persists in ringing, and Mr. Lusk is not there to stop it, when the bell does not ring and keeps us over time in our classes, I am sure that we will wish Mr. Lusk again in our midst. The students wish him every possible success in his new field of work.

"Hickory dickory dock.

Mr. Lusk took care of the clock.

Now the clock goes wrong,

For Lusk is gone,

Hickory dickory dock."

While most of the members of the faculty were gone to Milwaukee to attend the State Convention, and among them Mr. Sims, we the students of S. P. N. thought it our duty to replace the faculty and see that the laws of the Institution were observed. Mr. Woodworth on account of his "power of oratory," was chosen as president, and as usual had many complaints to offer. Several students who acted as truants, were severely reprimanded, especially the girls who accidentally put a few pies in their pockets—thinking them note-books—were called to order before the school. Two distinguished visitors, Mr. Birdsall the teacher of elocution, and Mr. Wilberscheid the Negro missionary, spoke to the school. We think the faculty will be able to leave again; for we felt complimented on the grand order and discipline that existed during their absence.

Mr. Spindler—Why does Schulz sit by the register?

Miss Levenseller—Because he likes to sit by me.

Spindler—Does he like you?

Miss L.—Oh! he's crazy about me.

Spindler—I thought there was something the matter with him.

Something very unusual happened at the Normal last month. The faculty had the pleasure of remaining on the rostrum until the students had passed; after which they had their faces shot for the Junior Calendar. The camera seems to have survived the ordeal, and to all appearances, is intact. The same may now be found on exhibition in the art annex.

Mr. Hippensteel, who was absent from school the last week in November, visited schools at Medford, Rhineland, Antigo, New London, Westfield, Endeavor, and the Institute at Montello. The County Training Schools at Rhineland, Antigo, and New London were also inspected on his trip. He also visited some of our Alumni who are now teaching at different points throughout the State. He enjoyed the trip, and for the most part was pleased with the work.

During his absence his work was in charge of other members of the faculty and student teachers. Mr. Hippensteel rejoices in the fact that he made this trip; for on Tuesday he was invited to and partook of an excellent venison dinner, which if we are not mistaken, we all would like to have shared.

Mr. Sims visited work of the graduates at Marshfield, Augusta, Eau Claire and Cumberland, November 22, 23, 24.

Miss Studley visited schools at Grand Rapids, and at Plainfield.

Mr. Hyer inspected work at Weyauwega, Friday and Saturday, December 1 and 2.

Mr. Sims held Institute work at Mattoon and Shawano. On Friday evening he gave a lecture at the latter place,

Mr. Culver—If I could buy one acre of land for \$50, how much land can I buy for \$100?

Student—More land.

Mr. Culver—My Land!

Mr. Culver in Chemistry—Have you ever looked into a tea-kettle?

Miss Elva T. Castilla—Yes.

Mr. Culver—What did you see?

Miss E. - - T. Ca-t-ll- —Water.

De - - a M - y - r vs. Faculty.

Mrs. Smith—Miss M - y - r, you are a stick. Ten minutes later in Literature,

Mr. Cavins—Are you a Jack-in-the-box.

Question—What is D - l - a M - y - r?

Miss Menaul—Frank, what are you laughing at; that person, or nothing?

Ch - r - l - s F - l - t - n—Gee, I must be nothing personified.

In our school a gay young professor
Loved a maid, he swore he'd possess her.
This maid lived away; so on Thanksgiving
day,
He went up to Spooner, to Spooner.





SENIORS

Great was the consternation of the worthy Seniors when on returning to school Thursday noon, November 9th, they beheld the Junior banner fastened securely to the sky light. The pennant appeared to hold invincible position that the hearts of our courageous Senior boys quailed, and tense whispers of "What shall we do?" "How can we get it down?" were heard. Just when the excitement was at its height, and Senior hopes at lowest ebb, a good omen appeared in the form of a snow white bird which flew in at the window directly toward the sky light and beat its little wings against the obnoxious emblem. This convinced the Seniors that the gods were still smiling with favor upon them, and they started out to reconnoiter. We tried the Junior boys on the third floor, where a struggle ensued in which might was right. The Seniors were victorious, the Junior banner trailed in the dust, and pieces of it are now numbered among the souvenirs of the Seniors.

The Class Play Committee, with the assistance of Professor Smith, have begun their investigation and selection of the Annual Senior Class play.

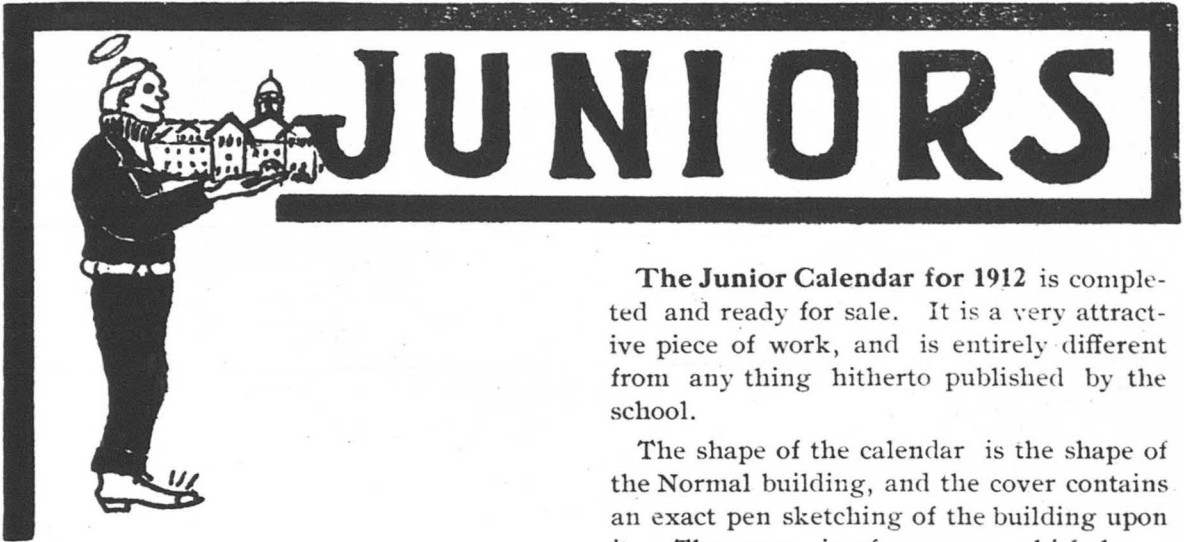
Many of the class are now at work on their orations for the Oratorical Contest. The winner this year will represent us at the State Contest to be held this year at Platteville. It is hoped that the contestant will be as great a credit to S. P. N. as those of yore have been.

Mr. Lyman, representing G. S. Speis Ring and Pin Company of Chicago, spent two days soliciting the patronage of the Senior Class. After a demonstration, in which he presented a large variety of designs, the class finally decided on a design suitable for both ring and pin. We will guarantee that this design will be both new and exclusive, as it was drawn by a member of the Senior Class.

The Senior farce, entitled "Turn Him Out," will be given on Friday evening, December 8. It will be side splitting from start to finish. Don't miss it.

The following constitutes THE IRIS board for 1911-12. May their efforts ever be a credit to our class:

Editor-in-chief—Henry Schellhouse
 Assistant Editor—Irene Feely
 Faculty—Dorothy Salter
 Organizations—Henry Schulz
 Wit and Humor—Alice Garvin
 Boys Athletics—Carl Oden
 Senior Editor—Mary Carrol
 Art and Sciences—Kate Pyatt
 Practice Department—Alma Stenger
 Business Manager—R. B. Woodworth
 Assistant —Georgia Biegler
 Business Managers—Elsa Ringletaube



The Annual Junior Debate with Oshkosh is being looked forward to with eagerness in spite of the fact that Oshkosh has a Junior Class of Three Hundred Students to pick from; while our Junior roll call numbers but Ninety Students.

Three good debators can be found in a class of ninety as well as in a class of a thousand, and we are reasonably sure we can build up a team that will defeat Oshkosh this year.

The debate will be held in Stevens Point, and Oshkosh submits the question. The Juniors of the Saw dust city have submitted the following question:

RESOLVED, That the dissolution of the Trusts endangers the best economic interests of the United States.

Oshkosh is certainly wide awake, because that is surely the greatest question before the Nation to-day.

Our preliminary debate will be held on Monday evening, December 18, at 7:30 P.M., in the Normal Assembly Room. Nine Juniors have already signified their intentions of entering the preliminary debate. Come out on the evening of the Preliminary, and help the contestants along with your presence and your attention.

The Junior Calendar for 1912 is completed and ready for sale. It is a very attractive piece of work, and is entirely different from any thing hitherto published by the school.

The shape of the calendar is the shape of the Normal building, and the cover contains an exact pen sketching of the building upon it. The cover is of a paper which has a granite colored finish; while the interior sheets are of an olive green tint. The first page contains two different views of the Main Entrance. The other pages contain pictures as follows: Manual Training Department, Junior Class, Faculty, Basket Ball team, and a Winter Scene on Clark Street. The last page will contain a picture of the school, the school song, school motto, and school colors.

The Calendar is tied with orange and black cord, these being the Junior Class colors.

We, the Juniors of 1911-12, hope to sell at least Four Hundred copies of this Calendar, and we need the co-operation of every member of the school in the enterprise. It is an undertaking which involves much money and work, and is always doomed to failure unless supported by the student body.

On the evening of October 28th, 1911, the Juniors were entertained by the Seniors at the Annual Hallow E'en Party. It was not as thrilling a matter as in former years, due to the fact that the entertainment had to be carried on in the gymnasium. The Juniors were saved the embarrassment of shaking hands with their ancestors, and pledging themselves loyal to the Senior Class; but in place of these harrowing experiences a very

pleasant entertainment was bestowed upon them in the gymnasium. Certain Juniors had the pleasure of eating apples from suspended struigs, and fishing apples out of tubs of water, etc. In the course of the evening, five very spookey looking ghosts came trailing into the gym., and after making a complete turn around the gym., went out as quietly as they entered, never to be seen again.

Refreshments were served later in the evening. And when the lights began to wink at 10:30, every one went to his home declaring the Seniors of 1912 royal entertainers.

On November 10, the first class rivalry of the year appeared. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the colors of the Juniors appeared over the sky lights which permits light to fall on the reverenb Seniors. Altho they did not remain there for an hour—the Juniors were, however, the first to put up their colors for the year.

A little later in the day, the orange and the black also appeared on the flag staff. It took the united efforts of the boys of the other three classes to remove these.

SENIOR HOLIDAY CIPHER

16	1	20	9	5	14	3	5	8	1	19					
		9	20	19		15	23	14	18	5	23	1	18	4	
1	13	5	18	18	25		3	8	18	9	19	20	13	1	19
						1	14	4							
1	8	1	16	16	25		14	5	23	25	5	1	18		
			20	15		25	15	21							

The numbers correspond to the letters of the alphabet in their regular order



SOPHOMORES

On the evening of Oct. 20, the Sophomores, in combination with the freshmen, gave a reception in the gymnasium, which was very artistically decorated for the occasion. The room was artistically draped in blue and white crape paper, while the ferns and flowers which assumed a pyramidal form in the center of the gym, greatly added to the beauty, grace and dignity of the occasion.

The first part of the evening was devoted to the playing various games. A vocal solo was rendered by Mrs. Shae, Bessie Smith assisted her at the piano. The hour given to dancing was short but sweet. A talk by Mr. Patterson, a recitation by Ruth Hetzel, and a piano solo by Madge Crandall closed the evening's program. Refreshments were served, just before, "Lights out."

The new students who have entered the Sophomore class, for the next quarter are as follows: Emile Ellandson, Nancy McMillin, Carl Gerdes, John Shimek and Mildred Kelsey.

Who Is It?

When I for roll call was not promptly there,
Would give a look, and a mighty stiff stare?

Mr. S.

Who,

When my notes were poorly read,
Would rap so lightly on my head,
Till I a tear did finally shed?

Miss M.

Who,

When we failed and sighed and sighed,
Would encourage us with, "You haven't
tried".

Mr. C.

Literature Examination.

Question:—Tell all you know about the philosopher.

Answer:— Graduate of Harvard. Very wise.

Mr. Lusk:— Algebra is just like everything else; only a little more so.

In the Current Events Class.

Mr. Smith:— Why does Italy want to get control of Tripoli?

Student:— Now, I don't know; what do you want?

Mr. Smith:— I don't want it now, I had it for dinner.

Note— A prominent Junior was lately told that "two and two usually make four."

There was a great fat Junior,
Who thought he had a thought,
He volunteered in the history class,
And got an great fat naught.

History Methods Class.

Mr. P-t--s:—What is the difference between this red book and the teacher? (Pointing to himself.)

Mr, W-lb—s— (under his breath) Color.

I Resolved: Never to
Take pictures, till I know how.

A-v-n- P-t-r-o-.

Open my mouth during chorus.

E-t- G-l-s-e-n.

Go to the literature class unprepared.

C-a-a S-f

Go to room (23) unless invited.

C-t-h-r-n-e- M-r-n

Study rhetoric.

B-ssi- S-i-h.

We have all been taught the nursery rhyme, "Ene, mene, myna, mo," as a dessert in algebra.

A Bit of Good Advise.

"Spin" said, in the general methods class, "A person should not study before or after meals." How about it Sophs? This is certainly logical though quite against our principles

Stranger: Where are you going?

Student: To the mill. (normal)

Stranger: What do you do?

Student, Oh, grind with all the rest of the grinds.

If S. P. N. would burn down, I wonder if E-t- would stop talking,

Bes-i- would stop freezing people.

A-na would insist on doing fancy work.

Cathe-i-e would quote Shakespeare.

Clara would continue putting all she says into rhyme.

Oh, Sophomores doesn't it seem mighty nice to think we're all going home for Thanksgiving? Before we go we'll have tests and tests and tests! Did you get that? Well its not so bad if we all "come out all right." Lets all show our loyalty by getting back on time, next Monday. Of course, if we don't, I sup-

pose its understood that we live on the Portage branch.

A meeting of the Sophomore class was called November the twenty-first, for the purpose of giving those an opportunity to pay the past quarter's class dues, who had not previously done so. It was also announced that the dues of this quarter should be paid as soon as possible. Dig up Sophs the treasurer needs the money.

Before Examinations

Oh, Lord of Hosts please help me do,

Or, I'll fall thru, it is too true.

The question Mr. Cavins put to the Juniors.

If a person tells two stories on the way to Canterbury and two on the way back; how many will he tell all together.

It is recently rumored that at the Sophomore reception and dancing party, the floor sprung a leak; serious accidents and damages were avoided, however because the dancers used their pumps.

Current Event Class.

Mr. Sh-m-k: A man patented a beer bottle stopper and received \$1,000,000 for the invention.

Mr. P-t-r-s-: I wonder how much he would receive for inventing a mouth stopper.

(Who for, I wonder?)



FRESHMEN



It is with some feeling of pride that we again pick up the time-worn pen to scratch these hasty lines. We are pleased to note, that in all our greenness our classmen are not, however, devoid of genius. Our president, Mr. Reischal, has astonished the school by his simple but useful invention. He proposes to turn the celebrated so-called "salting down" of Freshmen into practical channels. In brief, Mr. Reischal says:

"Some of the salt so lavish be-sprinkled on us by the upper class-men will be saved; and, together with the ice furnished from the stares of the Seniors, we will use to freeze the ice cream for our reception. If these refreshments do not suffice, we might serve some of the "cold shoulder" so often ten-

dered us by the Juniors. The "roasts" we are given, if seasoned with the "lemons" we are so graciously handed, ought also to prove palatable. He adds, "If we are as green as we look, a little spinach (gew gaws) and other portions of our anatomy might be contributed toward the repast." When all is in readiness, kind reader, we will invite you to partake of the spread with us.

I, Lloyd Garthwait, Freshman editor for THE POINTER, being duly requested and petitioned by a large number of my classmates, do hereby give and assign this space to the aforesaid petitioners, in which space they may manifest and register their heartfelt wants and petitions to the immortal Santa Claus.

Name	What Wanted	Why Wanted
Martin Reischal,	A pair of red socks.	So ma can wash these.
Florence Rothman,	Some nerve.	So I can talk to the boys.
Iva Barager,	A beau.	To help me wash dishes.
Sadie Frank,	Another pair of glasses.	So I can see a joke.
Irene Leffingwell,	A new rat.	To be used in winning Monty.
Martha Petersen,	A grind stone.	So I can grind day and night.
Ophelia Erickson,	Some corn salve.	So I won't have to wear pa's shoes.
Gladys Upthagrove,	Some anti-fat.	To see if I can get any thinner
Lucy Gibbs,	A package of lye.	To bleach out my greenness.
William Eiden,	A joke.	To spring on Monty.
William Ross,	A supply of vigor.	So I can make B. B. team.
Lloyd Garthwoit,	Some dope.	To ginger up the Freshmen notes.



ARTS · SCIENCES

The Senior Domestic Science girls have entered upon their final work in Cookery, and they find that the duties involved in this work are sufficient to keep them very busy. The most difficult problem of this course, namely, the work in serving, will begin December 6, and continue two or three days each week until each girl has had an opportunity to act in at least one of the following capacities: hostess, waitress, cook, housekeeper, or laundress. There is a possibility that the work may be carried on long enough to give each one experience in two of these positions. However, this has not been definitely decided upon as yet. Heretofore there were only three girls in each group—hostess, waitress, and cook; but Miss Studley has thought it advisable to add two more—housekeeper and laundress. This furnishes splendid experience for the students, and aims to make each and every one a master of the arts of the kitchen.

It was with ill-concealed impatience that the faculty members sat thru their meeting on the afternoon of October 24; for had they not received an urgent invitation to repair to the D. S. dining room after the meeting? At last Mr. Sims, sympathizing with their anxiety, dismissed them; whence ensued a wild scramble down the several flights of stairs. Their sense of decorum speedily returned to them, however, when they were greeted at the door by several daintily attired maidens. They were ushered into

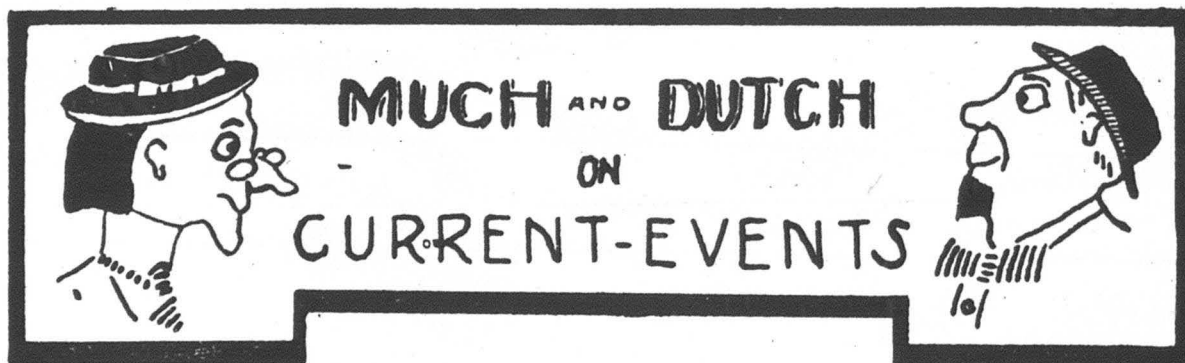
the dining room, which was very prettily decorated with chrysanthemums. Miss Carroll and Miss Biegler, acting as hostesses, poured the coffee at the table. The sandwiches and salted almonds were served by other Senior girls. While the guests were eating, music was furnished by Miss Menaul who kindly loaned the victrola for the occasion.

At present the class in Bacteriology are making tests of water taken from springs, wells, and the city supply.

The students in Drawing II are studying lettering and planning posters. Miss Flanagan has placed on exhibition a collection of "illuminated texts," which serve as a splendid aid in the work in lettering. The culture of the students is said to be brought out in this work; therefore great care is being taken to make these do credit to our Course in Drawing.

The Construction Class is taking the work in house furnishing. The individuals plan and make the furniture for these four rooms: kitchen, dining room, living room, and bed-room.

The work in Drawing practice is now centered upon Christmas problems. Observation of this work will prove a great help to all those contemplating teaching.



M. Good morning Dutch. How are you feeling today?

D. I was feeling with my.

M. "Hands," I presume you would say. Now Dutch, I have no time for foolishness this morning. I want you to go on an errand for me.

D. I would rather go on an auto than on de air, and--

M. No you won't. You simply go to the president's office and say to him, "Please, please, sir, get a plumber, someone has made a hole in the water pipe up in the laboratory." You understand do you?

D. You bet. I go to the office unt I say.

M. Yes, what do you say?

D. I say, "Police, police, sir; please get on the hummer, for someone has made a hold up with a lead pipe up in the purgatory.

M. No, no, you fool. Some one has made a hole in the lead pipe and - -

D. Dot is nothing new. Don't get excited. Every lead pipe has a hole in it.

M. I'll go on the errand myself. I see that I cannot rely on you.

D. Vait a minute. I a question have to ask you. In dis book vat I am readin, it says dot John Calvin vas a fossil. Is dat so?

M. Fossil! Indeed not, sir. Show me the man in this age who can compare with Calvin.

D. Come again.

M. Calvin! Calvin! My dear, sir, Calvin, the inventor of Calvinism.

D. Sure. John Calvin invented Calvinism and Joe Barber invented the Barbarism.

M. Nothing of the sort, sir.

D. No. Oh I know. Barber invented the barber's itch.

M. Stop it sir! Say Dutch, can you tell me the difference between going to Psychology class and going to the President's office?

D. Sure. To vone you go to sleep and to the other one you go to weep.

M. No, To one you go to get knowledge-

D. And to the other one you go to find out dot you didn't get it.

M. No. Please be quiet while I am talking. The first thing you should get is manners.

D. Vot should I get bananas?

M. Will you be quiet sir? Now answer me a civil question. Why did you skip my class yesterday?

D. Veel, first I was delayed a short time talking to Miss Long den I was delayed a long time talking to Mrs. Short.

M. Very well, I'll accept that. Say Dutch, I want to ask you a confidential question. Can you tell me why the text librarian is so popular with the girls?

D. Sure dot easy.

M. Well why is it?

D. Because she is a man sir. (mansur.)

M. That, is enough of such bosh. Now listen to me and I will recite to you a little verse that I made in faculty meeting yesterday. Here it is;—

"We the power in this great school
Preposterous we to use the rule
The pen is mightier than the sword
So on we drive the student horde."

D. Pretty good. Here is one I made up in Snoogology IV

"We the students of this, this old normal school house building

Try to raise some dickens and get caught not at some nothing

Of all the sad sad wordlets, words the poet ever said

'You may drive a pen to drinking but a pencil must be led (lead.)'"

M. Punk. Stale. That stuff is absolutely worn out. N. G! See!

D. "N. G." Vot does he mean? Dot must

be some chemistry. Oh I know now. Please don't, please don't! Spare me!

M. Spare you. What do you mean? I simply said it was N. G. and—

D. Please don't, Police! Don't! I know vot is "N. G."

M. Well what is it.

D. "N. G." means - Nitro - Glycerine - and I'm on my way.

M. Come back. "N.G. simply means "No good."

D. Oh it is no good? Den wait until I am around the corner and den drop it and see. So long.

Young Womens' Christian Association

This year presents an unusually bright outlook to the Young Womens' Christian Association; and has thus far proved a successful one. Much interest and enthusiasm are exhibited by the members; and a strong spirit of willingness and co-operation prevails

On September 14th, the association gave an informal reception to the faculty and students, after school in the art annex, at which we were favored with a spicy reading by Professor Patterson, and a vocal solo by Miss Menaul.

The Carnival given in the gymnasium, on the evening of October 21, was well patronized not only by the faculty and the student body, but by city people as well. Every one seemed to enter into the sport of the evening, thus enjoying themselves and promoting the enjoyment of others. Owing to the various and novel amusements provided, the entire evening was one of laughter and uproar, the tumult in the gymnasium subsiding only when the farce was in progress which was given in the assembly room. Some of the elderly men of the city added to the merriment by showing themselves to be "game" by participating in the youngster's sports, such as riding the "aeroplane," and sliding down the "safety velvet coaster."

Helpful and interesting discussions and readings have been given at the meetings by members of the faculty and the students; among these being a very practical talk by Mrs. Smith on "The Relation of the Young Womens' Christian Association to the School," and a reading by Miss Burce from VanDyke's beautiful story, "The Sad Shepherd."

At another meeting, a part of the association room was converted for the time being into a kitchen, and a very interesting and practical Domestic Science demonstration was presented by Meta Fluck, on "The Correct Method of Packing a Lunch Box." Not only was the mere packing of the box demonstrated, but also the preparation of much of its contents. This was greatly appreciated by the girls who are not Domestic Science students. It is expected that more demonstrations of this character will be given during the year in the way of chafing dish preparations.

October 23, we were visited by Miss Pearson, State Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, who, as usual, had in store for us an inspiring talk and many useful suggestions and plans for the year.



Basket ball is in full swing, as is evidenced to occupants in the school after three-thirty on, by the thump, thump of the ball and the noise of many feet on the gymnasium floor. It is now a struggle for first team positions, and it is strenuous enough to warrant the declaration that it will be a "survival of the fittest." The work of the squad thus far has been improving steadily, and we hope that we may soon be able to pick out a few hopefuls to make up our first team.

The High School has been without a gymnasium for two years, ever since their gym. was converted into a class-room. However, arrangements have been made with President Sims so that the High School boys have three nights during the week in which to practice in the Normal Gymnasium with the Normal squad. Mr. Baldauf is coaching both teams, and a great improvement is looked for in the work of both squads. This is the first time for several seasons that the Normal has had the services of a coach, and it is hoped that the improvement will be noticeable enough to warrant a permanent coach in the future.

The prospects for a successful season are bright indeed. Among the first team possibilities we have Woodworth, Fulton, Odin, Birdsall, Murat, Garthwaite, and Ross; with Shea, Peterson, Shannon, Welch, and a few others to fill in, when needed.

The season opens with a game with the local High School, on the ninth of December. On the 16th, we play Oshkosh Normal here. And, since this is the first time these two schools have clashed for several years in any form of Athletics, we may expect a rattling good exhibition of Basket-ball.

Oshkosh gives us a return game at their city January 12th. And on the 13th, we play Milwaukee Normal in that city, making the two dates in one trip.

We are to startle the eyes of our fellow-students, in the near future, (thanks to the fact that their purses are not empty) with a brilliant array of basket ball apparel. Our new suits will be made up in the Normal colors, purple and gold; the jerseys purple with a gold stripe, and the stockings made in the same style. The shoes purchased last year will be again used this year. As the appearance of the team last year was the cause of a good deal of adverse criticism, we may be sure that such will not be the case this season.

With this evidence of School backing, and interest in their welfare, the Team has a tremendous obligation on its hands. We can all afford to be optimistic this year, and stick by OUR TEAM in their struggle to make good.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS



General exercise? No, not general at all. Specific. Very specific. Songs. Yells. Speech. Mrs. Smith said the price of admission was one pleasant smile. Mr. Cavins is sad. Unable to attend, you know.

What's that? Do you mean to say that you didn't know that the Hikers gave a party? Where? Why, in the gym., of course, November 4, 1911.

Good time? Great! Good Time College. Entrance exams., at eight o'clock P. M. Spin. and Flanagan flunked. Put in the Senior Class. Flunked again. Pat. and Hyer got first Freshman honors.

Faculty? Um--m--m yes. Toonatural to be funny.

Wilberschied there? Of conrse. Lavender silk hose? No. Doesn't wear them any more. Doesn't like them. Says they make him feel Riley.

Greatest hit? Faculty ladies. Pig tails. Red ribbons. Short skirts. Middies. 'Nuff said.

You ask if Murphy had a crush on the cutest girl? Well, I guess! Mrs. Short. Nothing serious, though. Monty kept one eye on him. He had to walk straight. Never mind, Punch, you'll soon be of age.

Entertainment? All the time. Hikers Foxen, Miller and Hill sang and played so touchingly that Pat wept. Prof. Hyer consoled him. Dismal sight!

Residents? Dozens. Mrs. Hyer became nearly cross-eyed watching her two Franks. Mr. Bowman fell out of his chair on to his thumb. Smashed it. He went home hungry but happy. Odin bit Florence Hill's nose in the Tug-of-War. Bandaged it with a

clothes pin. A few more trivial accidents, such as Monty splitting from eating too much ice cream, and Ruth Scribner from laughing.

Any eats? Yubetchu! Nabisco. Ice cream. Ask Monty.

Did the Hikers make a World record on that test walk? Look and see. Distance three miles.

Florence Hill	28 minutes,
Elvina Foxen	} 28:30
Miss Mateofsky,	
Merce Williams,	
Clara Doolan	29
Palma Springer	30
Irene Barton	} 31
Mary Bound	
Irene Leffingwell	
Florence McCauley	

Yes, the Hiker spirit is very good as a whole; but many who signed their names to the list on the bulletin board have not attended a single walk. Among these are Byron Carpenter, Charles Fulton, and Fred. Leonard. Girls, unless you show up at the next meeting, you'll get "canned." So there!

Since cold weather has set in for good, many of the girls find it a great hardship to attend the hikes. It has been deemed advisable, therefore, to try something else during the cold winter months. With this object in view, the Hikers, together with a few members of the faculty, have been considering a very important proposition. It is this: Since the boys of the school seem to have their hands full, would it not be advi-

sable for the Hikers to undertake the management of the annual skating pond?

In the past, due to lack of loyal support by the school, the skating Association has not proved a financial success. The Hikers, however, are willing to undertake the responsibility; provided, they have a sufficient number of backers. You all want that skating pond. Now get to work, everybody. Stay away from the Roller Rink a while, and boost for the Normal Ice Rink.

Never within the memory of Stevens Point Normal Athletics has the Basket Ball spirit run so high. Sixty-five girls have registered for the season. With few exceptions all are experienced, and some are even star players.

The Seniors have just the required number; but all of these are members of last year's champion team, and are splendid players.

The Juniors may well be proud of their representation. It is by far the largest, consisting of Kelsey, Doxrud, McPhail, Oster, and Ross who have come through from the Freshman year, besides a large number of new girls. The practice games with the Seniors have been clean, up-in-the-air games that promise great things for the future. Baskets were made thick and fast, Wilhelm and Kelsey starring for the Juniors, and Ruth Bennett for the Seniors.

Last year's Freshmen had no reason to be ashamed of their work, and as this year's Sophomores they promise even better things. The girls are experienced and enthusiastic; the one a good point, the other an essential point in a team.

What the Freshmen lack in quantity they make up in quality. With one eye on the cup and the other on their watch-word, 1915, they will, doubtlessly, be heard more of later.

The Class of 1916, though "Subs," will furnish several good fast teams. Beware! oh, you Sophs. and Seniors! The "Subs" may catch you yet. Little people often mount to great heights.

The girls of the Forum-Arena have challenged the girls of the Athenaeum-Ohiyesa to a game of basket ball to be played on or before December 8. The boys of the two societies will demonstrate their prowess on the same date.

Last year, the Forum boys and Arena girls defeated both the teams from the other societies. This year, it is expected that the teams which make the highest scores averaged together will be the victors.

Dream of a Normalite.

'Twas two weeks before Christmas,
And all thru the Normal
Every student was acting
Much too informal.

Said Sims, "I like fun,
Same as other folks do,
But really can't stand
Such a hullabaloo.
Get home to your mothers,
Each darn one of you."

—Oh, if life were but a dream—
Said the Editor to the staff, "next time
Another page I hope?"
Said the Staff to the Editor, "Where on Earth
Will we get the dope?"





WIT • HUMOR

From the Class Rooms and the Halls.

Mr. Lusk (in Physics)—Ruth, if you lived in the Rockies where water boils before it is hot, what would you do to see if the beans in the bottom of a kettle full of bean soup were done?

Ruth S.—I would run my hand down and pinch them.

At the Freshman - Sophomore Reception

First Junior—Just look, Professor Patterson has got Professor Cavin's lavender socks on.

Second Junior—That's impossible. What would Cavins wear?

Miss Menaul—Now we will sing "From a Railway Carriage."

Lloyd G.—"From a Baby Carriage?"

Ruth A. (while embroidering)—I don't like pearl lustre any more.

Violet F.—Who is Pearl Lustre?

Welsh to Gordon—How do fox squirrels look?

Gordon to Welsh—They look with their eyes I guess.

Note. Dear Reader, please laugh at the above attempt at a joke.

Spindler—Our names are simply arbitrary. There was a time when Smith meant a blacksmith, White meant a man with a light complexion, and Carpenter meant a carpenter.

Wise Student—Then would a clam who lived in a shell be called a Shellhouse?

In Composition—Irene McP. while analyzing the sentence,

"I invited him to come,"

Does not mention the pronoun HIM.

Miss Burce—Irene, what are you going to do with HIM?

Irene—That is what I would like to know.

Delia M. (translating lines from Chaucer)

"And smale fowles maken melodye."

"And small fools make melody."

Overheard.

Beth Sk.—I like my brother-in-law, because his kisses don't scratch.

They tried to fool me; so they cooked some calibash (cauliflower), and put some canine (cayenne) pepper in it.

—Reid Mc.

Note. Reid has gone in for Oratory, and he claims that his Orator's License grants him the privilege of murdering the pronunciation when he does so for Oratorical effect.

Heard in Conversation.

Erwin D-b-e-t—Maybe you will have unluck like that too yet sometime.

At the Pointer Staff Meeting.

R. B. W. - -w- -th—We have two stories, and I am going to write a short story myself. So you see we are going to have a good Literary Department this time.

Art Murphy—Is the Forum going to meet in the ant-artics to-night?

For Sale! Rent! Want! Lost! Found!

WANTED—By the Wit and Humor Editor, a person with joints in his eyes to read the notes found in THE POINTER box.

WANTED—In the Domestic Science Department a one toothed young man to bite holes into doughnuts.

WANTED—A few young men to serve as BEAUX. Must be steady and reliable. No one under seven or below sixty need apply.
BEATTIE AND PAULSON.

LOST—My favorite chew of gum. Answers to the name of Black Jack. Finder please keep half for reward, and return the remainder.
MYRTLE P.

LOST—My stand in with Professor C-v-n-s. Finder please return to row three, seat five, before the final examinations come around.
J. C. W.

FOR RENT—On account of the cold weather setting in, I wish to rent my (once lavender) socks to some responsible party until Easter.
CARL O.

I offer for rent the Treasurer of the Junior Class.
MADGE C.

I offer for sale a well seasoned supply of slams. Also furnish slams for special occasions.
MABEL R.

Does any one know the whereabouts of my BEAU? He is a small fellow about the size of a man. When last seen he was barefooted with his father's shoes on.

ELIZABETH M.

From a Sub Freshie.

DEAR WIT AND HUMOR EDITORS:

I always like to write poetry. So I thought that I would rite a little pome for The Pointer.

I rote a little pome about the snow. I know that poetry is worth lots of money; but I don't want any money for this one. You can send me The Pointer for as long as the pome is worth. If you let me know that you think that the pome is good, I will maybe send you some more.

Snow snow beautiful snow
Snow snow I love you soe
But deare snow it grevz me soe
That every morning when to school I go
I have to step on you, Beautiful Snow.

Signed H. P. BRADY.

Note. Dear Poet: Your poem is very good. It has a lofty theme and splendid rythm. It also gives evidence of the fact that the author is aware of the beauty and grandeur of Nature. Your spelling and punctuation shows room for improvement. We are sorry to say that we have at present a large amount of poetry on hand. This necessitates a fall in price. We would recommend you to send the results of your poetical cramps to Landowski & Breitbach, for they are in need of kindling at this season of the year.

For your compensation the management has decided that you may watch us distribute the next issue of The Pointer when it comes off the press.

A Freshman stood out in the hall
A rubbing his childish paws,
And said, "Dear Senior, please do tell
Who is old Santa Claus?"

DAFFYS.

Would it be wise to Hyer a Smith to make
a Short Spindle(r) out of Hippen steel?

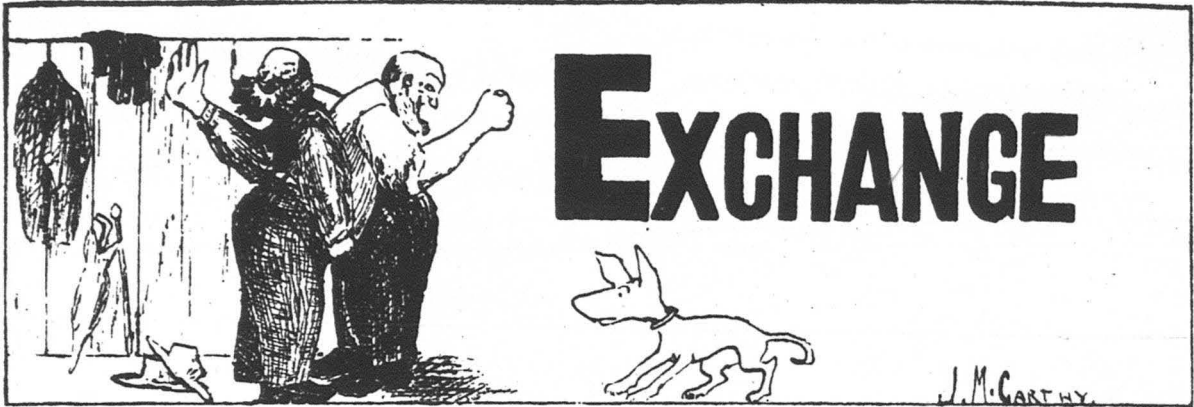
If Miss Gray were a Mansur (man sir)
would Menaul (men all) Patterson (pat her son)?

If a Normalite walked up the street,
would Stevens Point at her?

Why don't the Sophomores haul their
Peas(e) to market with their Shay?

If sausage is bad, is a weiner wurst!

I guess we'll stop,
The end is here,
No more we'll write
In this darned year.



Exchanges, we present to you the Holiday number of our POINTER. We hope you will like it. If you do not, tell us about it. If you do, we will appreciate knowing that also.

Stude—May I borrow your gray tie?

His Room-mate---Sure. But why the formality of asking permission?

Stude---I don't find it, ---Ex.

EXPONENT, Platteville, Wisconsin: Don't you think a few good cuts would improve your paper?

Prior to teaching the "Umbrella Song :"

Miss M.---When you go to school in the rain, what do you take, Miss S.?

Miss S.---A cold.

If all school papers were arranged so that it would not be necessary to instigate a search to learn from whence they come, it would be a great improvement.

The first issue of THE NOOZ, the Stevens Point High School publication, is very good. It shows a hearty co-operative spirit on the part of the students.

A Senior when called upon to give another name for gossip, astounded the instructor by answering, "Woman." ---Ex.

We agree with some of our exchanges that the whole paper should not be devoted to jokes. However—

A spicy joke sprung now and then,
Is enjoyed by the best of men.

(We don't mean the same joke of course).

Spice is what most of our papers lack. If we can't get that in our papers and still show what the school is doing, our contributions are falling far short of a good literary standard.

NORMAL ADVANCE. Terre Haute, Indiana: Your article on "The Factory Acts," was good. What about a few cuts for your paper?

Miss Highsee---But it is time for the guests to leave.

Hostess---Yes; that's why I want you to sing.

STUDENT, Richmond, Kentucky: Your paper is good. It is representative of the school. The only criticism we have to offer is that you have advertisements in your Exchange Department.

WANTED: To know just how many girls each boy in the Normal would have if they were evenly divided?

We feel as though we can not say too much in praise of the Christmas Number of THE COMET, the W. D. H. S. Milwaukee publication. Your paper is scholarly and has class. Your designing is excellent. It is by far the best exchange we have received this year.

Any fool can go to bed. It takes a man to get up---for the eight o'clock class.

---Ex.

THE RACQUET, La Crosse Normal: We would like to see an Exchange page in your next issue.

Teacher---Johnny, what is Switzerland noted for?

Johnny---Swiss cheese.

Teacher---Oh, something grander, stronger, more impressive."

Johnny---Limburger. ---Ex.

He---Would you like me better if I were well off?

She---Yes; about a mile off. ---Ex.

Professor was being cross-examined by an inquisitive Senior:

And why did you break off with that fine young stenographer?

The Professor's reply was fraught with deep feeling:

Why, if I failed to call every evening, she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by the President.

Teacher---What do we call people who undertake a great many things?

Student---Undertakers.

In harmony with this bit of originality (?) we have something for which we are indebted to THE COMET. This:

Be an Undertaker!

Wide awake!	Wisdom take;
Do not shirk;	Pledges make;
Undertake;	Fetters break;
Go to work!	Kingdoms shake!

Agitate:	Do not shirk;
Educate;	Lead the van;
Organize;	Plan your work;
Advertise!	Work your plan!

Eight thousand students are registered at Columbia. This is the largest enrollment of any American University. ---Ex.

The University of Michigan has twenty-seven alumni in Congress. ---Ex.

The attendance at Wisconsin University eclipses records of all previous years. All Nations are represented, including nine Hindoos from Calcutta. Nineteen languages are taught this year. Besides the standard languages, Bulgarian, Bohemian, and Irish are taught.

Teacher---You may write a short theme on your High School.

Pupil---Mine has been torn down. What shall I write on? ---Ex.



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