

THE NORMAL POINTER

Vol. XVI

January, 1911

No. 3

Published Monthly by the Students of the Stevens Point Normal School. Entered at the postoffice at Stevens Point, Wis., as second class mail matter.

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

THE POINTER STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—NUGENT GLENNON

ASSISTANT EDITOR—MYRLE YOUNG

Literary.....	Tenia McCallin	Senior Class.....	Mabel Darms
Athletics.....	George M. Batty	Junior Class.....	Marie Poser
Arts and Sciences.....	Lucile Davenport	Sophomore Class.....	Florence Billings
Wit and Humor.....	Alice Keegan	Freshman Class.....	Isaiah Butcher
Exchange.....	Henrietta Moehrke	Forum.....	Thomas Olson
Art.....	Mildred Kelsey	Arena.....	Mae Greening
Music.....	Blanche Hill	Athenaeum.....	William Hanson
Faculty.....	Clara Dysland	Ohiyesa.....	Myrtle Sitzer
Y. W. C. A.....		Estella Wells	

BUSINESS MANAGER—FRED AMBROSE

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER—LESLIE MCCOY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Literary.....	8	Juniors.....	26
Faculty.....	14	Sophomores.....	27
Editorial.....	19	Freshmen.....	28
Music.....	20	Exchanges.....	29
Arts and Sciences.....	21	Forum and Arena.....	30
Ballads of the Faculty.....	22	Ohiyesa and Athenaeum.....	32
Athletics.....	24	Wit and Humor.....	34
Seniors.....	25		

THE NORMAL POINTER

Vol. XVI

Stevens Point, Wis., January, 1911

No. 3



THE EMPTY HOUSE

FIRST PRIZE STORY—R. B. WOODWORTH

(Owing to the extreme length of this story,
it will be published in two installments)

JT was during my last year at college that my financial affairs became so embarrassing to me that a radical change in my manner of living was necessary at once. This crisis in my career was due to the death of my beloved uncle, Mr. David H. Ferdon, who had been my sole benefactor ever since the death of my father. This kind gentleman had taken me in, housed and fed me, given me a liberal education, paid for all of my youthful extravagances—which were not a few in number—and through all had never grumbled. He was always of a too cheerful disposition to look on the dark side of life, least of all death, which accounts for the fact that when he suddenly died of heart failure, he left no will. My uncle's estate was a large one and soon after he was laid to rest I went to his lawyers concerning the estate. I had no desires on my uncle's money further than obtaining enough to complete my education and I had fond hopes

that my uncle had spoken to someone or other concerning his intention of having me complete my studies in Europe. Alas, this was not to be, for after listening to a consoling little speech from our benevolent lawyer, he graciously informed me that owing to the absence of any will whatever, the whole estate would go to my uncle's maiden sister, whose full name was Maria Ferdillia Ferdellia Ferdon. This sealed my doom financially just as effectively as a death warrant. I was sufficiently acquainted with Maria F. F. Ferdon, aged forty-three years, to know that I could expect nothing from her. Had she not already disowned me; had she not already tried in every way to have uncle disown me? And now she had succeeded.

When my lawyer gave me this notice I had just two dollars and forty-three cents in my pocket and by chance had just received my two weeks' allowance of sixty dollars by check and had not yet cashed it. I had plenty of clothes, jewelry and personal property, but could I live six more months at college on these things? I concluded immediately that I could not, and consequently was obliged to interview my maiden aunt, aged forty-three years. A more or less stormy conversation, a kindly exchange of greetings,

principally "Good byes," and the door was opened wide for me along with a kind invitation never to return.

"And this is the last of my fond hopes," I thought to myself. "My last friend on earth is gone and I've got to pack up and leave school."

It was with these bitter thoughts in mind that I chanced by the door of a restaurant. The pleasing smell of food brought my greatest weakness suddenly into the foreground and made me forget everything else. I swallowed the lump in my throat and gave my thoughts to nothing but my dinner until I had satisfied my appetite beyond any possible cause for complaint.

"Now," said I to myself, "here you are, a man of brains, but without means. Here you are, a young fool who is used to having as much and more in a week than some of these poor fellows have in a month, and you cannot make it go. Well, I might, but what would all of the fellows think of me. At any rate," I concluded, swallowing the last of my coffee, "here is for trying. If I haven't got the brass to do it, who has?"

With these thoughts I paid my bill and got onto the first car for the depot. I determined to go to Bayfield at once and to hunt up lodgings poorer than those of any student in the whole college.

"I'll live for half of what it costs a flea," I said to myself, "and if anyone makes fun of me, I'll—well, I don't suppose I would whip them myself—but I'll play even if it takes a thousand years."

When the train steamed into Bayfield I had my plans pretty well formed. "The first thing to do," I conjectured, "is to go out into the very poorest part of town and find some kind of a room." I swore that I couldn't and wouldn't pay over fifty cents a week, which resolution gave me no end of difficulty. I did learn after about a half hour's inquiry that there was a room in a certain cottage up the street that could be rented for only two dollars a month. I was jubilant over this, but alas, my hopes were destined to

crumble to dust. No sooner had I arrived at the house in question than I learned that the room was already let and that a gentleman from the college, Mr. Hughes by name, was only now arranging his furniture in the coveted apartment.

"Won't you take a peep in anyway?" said the lady respectfully. I said that I thought I would. She opened the door and I started in. I came to a halt rather suddenly, however, when my head collided with something hard. When I was finally able to get squared around I took in a most interesting scene. The object of my trouble was no less a personage than my friend, Mr. Barney Hughes, who was standing on a chair in the act of arranging a little framed motto, "God Bless Our Home," over the door.

"Hello, Mr. Ferdon!" said he, "Ain't after me again, are you?"

"No, indeed," said I, divining at once that he referred to the time that I had taken an active part in throwing his entire six feet of bone and muscle into the lake.

"No, indeed," I repeated, "I'm looking for a room that can be gotten dirt cheap."

"You're joking, ain't you, Mr. Ferdon?" said he, "What's in the wind, anyhow?"

"Just this, Hughes old boy," I said, "I'm broke; absolutely busted! I've only sixty dollars to last me until June. My rich uncle died and forgot to remember me, so I'm on my own hook now and—I've got to live differently now, see!"

"Sixty dollars, eh?" said Hughes absently, "Wish I had that much! But look here, you. You see what I've got here. There's the old cracked stove; there's a bed, a mattress and a few bed clothes, my old trunk, the table there, one chair and with a handful of dishes you come to an end. Of course there's the blessing above the door, but we can only consider that as a decoration. Now, if you really want a place to stay, you can join with me if you want to and that will kind of cut down expenses for both of us. But, stop; while we are talking about cutting expenses, I know where we can do better. Did you happen to

notice that old brown house up the street? Well, it's vacant, and I heard that the proprietor, Mr. Smart, would let the house for nothing if he could find a tenant, just to keep up the insurance. Of course the house is too big for us; wouldn't think of living in it alone, but if the two of us go in together, don't see why we can't use a couple of rooms and shut the rest up. What do you say?"

"What do I say? I'm more than willing," I exclaimed. "Let's hustle around and fix it up right now." Barney and I talked it over for an hour or more and it was finally decided that I should go immediately to arrange for the renting of the house and I departed on my mission with all confidence of making a hasty and satisfactory agreement. Upon arriving at the house I introduced myself to the lady of the house to whom I stated my business. She seemed pleased to see me and hurried to call Mr. Smart from the wood-house, where he was working. He was an oldish man, rather plump, with red cheeks and merry eyes. He came in rubbing his glasses with his handkerchief and when he had finally adjusted them, looked me up and down for several moments.

"Well," said he, "So you want my house? Well, it's twenty dollars a month. Have you any children?" "Children," I exclaimed, "I'm not even married." "A crafty old fellow," I muttered under my breath. "Twenty dollars," I said aloud, "You must be joking. The fact is, my dear sir, I have not a cent to pay you, but hearing you wanted some one to live in that house to keep up the insurance, I thought I might do it as a personal favor to you, seeing you're an old man and that the house was too large for just you and your wife to live in." At this old Smart threw up his hands in surprise and disgust and if I had not been warned against him by Barney I should surely have thought him in earnest.

"Impossible," said he, "That would ruin me. I could never think of it. Gracious me—"

"Well, sir," I replied, "I am very sorry but I see that it is of no use to talk to you.

I go to college, you know, and board with my uncle here in town. Of course he will never take a cent of board money from me and seeing he is not a rich man I determined to relieve him of such a burden as I, and support myself." I really didn't know that I could lie so readily. "But seeing as you are not willing to let your house," I concluded, "I'll be going."

I had hardly picked up my hat and started for the door before Mr. Smart had started to make concessions. "Now how much would you pay a month," he would say, "Surely fifteen dollars is cheap enough."

"Nothing but free gratis will go here," I kept saying.

"How does ten dollars, five, three strike you?" he said one after the other, but I remained obstinate. By the time that I had the door open to go he said with an oath that I could live there if I wanted to.

"Now you are talking business," I told him, "and just to prove that you mean business, just sign a lease for six months, consideration—well I suppose it will have to be one dollar."

"Six months?" he fairly shouted, "A lease for six months? Oh impossible."

This objection brought forth a great deal of arguing and haggling but finally resulted in my gaining my point and marching off with the lease for six months in my pocket.

Barney was more than pleased with my business ability. When I had given him a synopsis of my interview with the crafty Mr. Smart he flattered me graciously when he said that I was the biggest liar in the town and that no one else could have hoodwinked old Smart into giving up the house as soon as I did. After these and a few other complimentary remarks Barney and I planned out our campaign. The next day would be moving day; and to save any unnecessary expense in the way of drayage we would cart our mahogany and leather in that most useful vehicle commonly called a wheelbarrow.

I will never forget how Barney looked the day we moved. If you had chanced to be on the street early that morning you would have seen what you might have called a big overgrown Irishman at work. Most people thought him as such and no wonder. His form, his reddish hair and his whole makeup spelled "Irish" surely, and with his small blue eyes and fat boyish face, anyone would agree that he looked overgrown. I can see him now with his old fur cap pulled over his ears—for it was a cold morning—pushing with all his strength on the overloaded wheelbarrow. With the exception of our lamp with the cracked chimney and a basket of unwashed dishes it had on it all of Mr. Hughes' worldly possessions, including our pride and joy—the general heating and cooking stove—which was yet faintly smoking from the breakfast fire. The table and chairs were strapped to the top of the load legs upward, which gave the whole load the appearance of an "angry porcupine," so Barney said. The wheelbarrow was indeed cleverly loaded and was manipulated in a manner unmistakably professional.

"Well Barney, which rooms shall we take?" said I after we had rummaged the old house over from garret to cellar.

"Out of the whole twenty-one rooms, I should say," began Barney, "I don't see that we need more than two pretty good sized ones. The parlor and parlor bedroom strike me as the ones that have the fewest rat holes in them, and look to be the easiest to close up from the rest of the house.

"Right you are," I exclaimed, "and I move that we cast a unanimous ballot in favor of moving into the front parlors."

It all seemed so like a joke to me that I couldn't quite get over smiling at the thought of this new life. "Here I am," I thought, "rooming with a fellow whom I called the worst rube in college only a few days ago. Here I am sharing everything with a man that's turned out to be the best fellow in all when I'm down and out. This isn't going to

be such a bad life after all. Barney has taken me in, and I'll be darned if I won't stick to him and be a decent friend to him through thick and thin."

Affairs at the "Hard Luck Bachelor's Apartments," as we called them were progressing smoothly. The second week in our new quarters found us nicely established. The election of officers had been held and Barney was elected to the office of chief cook and I was given the honorable position of quartermaster-general. The duties were carefully classified and divided between us and everything went finely until wash day. On this state occasion I stoutly declared that it was up to the cook to do the washing and he just as stoutly declared that as quartermaster I should bring in the linen bright and clean and that he had nothing whatever to do with it. We finally compromised and agreed to do the washing together. This necessitated the expenditure of considerable money in the way of apparatus, a thing which we sorely regretted, but deemed unavoidable. I was accordingly despatched to purchase a washtub, a board and a skein of rope for clothes line. To the experienced person, wash-day may not be a disagreeable affair, but, unaccustomed as I was and having by nature a weak back, I must say that it nearly did me up. Somehow I remember it more than ever because our trouble began that night.

It happened that I retired early that night, having thoroughly exhausted myself over the washtub, and of course I dropped off into slumber almost as soon as I put my head on the pillow. Barney in the meantime had been sitting there reading something or other and with his feet perched up on our study table. It must have been about eleven o'clock when I awoke to find Barney shaking me gently. "Get up, Bill," he was saying, "there's something dumbed funny and spooky about this house. For half an hour now I have heard the strangest noises, just like someone's a tapping on the floor in the

kitchen."

"Go out and see what it is," I murmured, too sleepy to care much about it.

"I have been out there, that's the worst of it," he replied. "When I go out there the noise stops. Hear it? There it goes again." Yes, I had heard it, too.

"Sounds to me like someone rapping with their knuckles on the floor," said I, "surely a rat couldn't make that noise."

I got up, dressed hurriedly, and we started to investigate. Barney carried the light in front while I brought up the rear. For some reason or other I had unconsciously picked up a long stove iron and carried it with me, not that I was afraid, but probably because I expected to get revenge on a rat or two. Barney opened the kitchen door and looked in. It was empty as could be; there was nothing but bare walls and floor, the latter being covered with a thick coat of dust.

"Well, they don't leave any tracks any way," said Barney, examining the floor a little closer. "They must be in another room."

Just when we were turning to leave a draught of air from somewhere suddenly banged the door shut and created such a breeze that the light flickered and went out. Just then we heard three distinct taps, quite loud and close to us.

(To be concluded)

LIZBUTH'S WATERLOO

SECOND PRIZE STORY—ELIZA MONTGOMERY AND MABEL RICE



O Mormonism's done fer, is it?" said old Israel Sharp, settling himself in his comfortable arm chair and puffing at his pipe with energy, for Israel was eighty-two years of age, and privileged to sit about and gossip as he pleased. "So Mormonism's done fer, is it?"

Waal, I allus knew as it wouldn't last fer long. Thet's why I quit it. I uster h'long to a band of 'em at Young's Corners an' they was the loudest, roughest set ye ever hearn tell on."

"I 'member 'specially one night over at ol' Josh Savage's. Thar wus sum es looked down on ol' Josh cuz he only hed three wives, but land sakes! them three wus too much fer ol' Josh. They wus a quirrel-sum set, but crickets! them last two cudn't begin to cum up wth Lizbuth, the first wife. Purty nigh every one called her Lib. She wus allus gettin' into tussels with them other two. They uster lick each others younguns an' then'd fight over it. Lizbuth, she said she'd a right to lick their kids cuz she wus the first wife, an' es wus natcherel like, they sed they cud lick their own younguns. But, holy smoke! if one of 'em jest looked at Lizbuth's boy, Abe, she'd purty nigh finish 'em. But ef it wa'n't for Abe's laigs he'd a died long 'fore he did. When Lizbuth got tight she'd maul the daylights out o' him.

"One time she tuk atter him with the ax an' he run an' then cuz she cudn't ketch him, she cum back an' smashed the stove to smithereens with it. She wus suttinly a bad critter, wus Lizbuth. She didn't care what she sed. I 'member once hearin' her say thet when she died she wanted to be buried in a hemlock coffin so thet she cud go through the next world a snappin'. An' no matter what'd happen she'd get even; leastwise she'd try to. Yep, she'd allus try to. But—waal, I'll tell ye all about it.

"Es I sed, we wus at Josh Savage's thet night. 'Twas the night o' Josh's wake. Josh, he'd turned up his toes thet day, an' we all went an' set 'round the stove smokin' an' not sayin' much. Lemme see, now, thar wus me 'n Job Hayden 'n thet boy o' hisn, Hiram, an' my boy Silas 'n Josh Savage's wife Lizbuth 'n her boy Abe 'n thet wus all.

"Ez Lizbuth wanted to be chief mourner, she'd druv the other wimen out. The corpse wus in the coffin me an' Job hed made fer

im, over on t'other side o' the room, layin' 'cross two cheers.

"Waal, we wus all purty comforble 'til long 'bout midnight Abe says, says he, 'Say Lib', (he never had no sort o' respec' fer his ma, nohow.) 'Say Lib, let's have a bite t' eat. Jest cuz the ol' boy kicked the bucket 'taint no sign we ain't never agoin' t' eat no more.'

"That Abe allus wus a leetle light in the head, but his mother never tuk no notice. She jest says, says she, 'Mebby if you be so hungry you wouldn't mind a goin' down to fetch up a few 'taters. I be a leetle holler myself.'

"So Abe, he takes a cl' pan in one hand, an' opens the trap door, an' takes a light in t'other hand an' goes down the ladder. The trap door wus jest 'cross the room frum whar the deceased laid. Waal, bime-by I hearn Abe a cumin' up the ladder. My boy Silas, he wus a settin' side o' the trap door an' Hiram Hayden, he wus a settin' jest in frunt o' Josh Savage thet wus. Waal, jest es Abe wus haf way up, a ol' big cat cum along with her tail a hangin' in the air. I see Silas reach over kind o' easy like, ye know, 'n ketch thet 'ere cat by the tail an' jest hist her up an' drop her down the trap door onto Abe's head. Waal, the cat she let out a yeoul, an' Abe, he yelled, too, an' then they both let out another apiece an' then Abe, he drapped his lamp an' pan an' hollered, 'By the lunkin man! he's got me this time,' an' cum a fallin' up stairs with his eyes a stickin' out like good sized white onions. He looks 'round an' sees the smirk on Hiram's face. He doubles up his fists an' makes a rush for 'im. Hiram, he dodges him an' Abe, he stumbles

over Hiram's cheer an' them great long laigs o' his'n goes out frum under him an' he kicks the cheers thet the coffin wus a settin' on an' upset the hull thing onto himself."

"Waal, Lizbuth, she took Josh in hand, an' me an' Job, we took Abe by the collar an' yanked 'im out o' the door an' landed 'im in a snow drift to cool off a bit. Lizbuth, she didn't say nothin', but knowin' her exposition, I kind o' kep' on the lookout fer trouble. An' sure 'nough, one day, 'bout two weeks ater, as I wus a skimmin' milk, I seen her a comin' up the road an' I knew by her gait as how she'd had suthin' to drink. Not wantin' no truble with her, I bolted the door an' went on a skimmin' milk. Findin' the door locked, she begun a kickin' an' a hammern' an' purty soon it cum in an' so did she. Not seein' Silas nowhere 'roun', she made fer me; nothin' else handy, I grabbed the hammer. The table didn't stop her. She kicked it over, a smashin' all my best stone crocks, an' 'spillin' the milk 'tended fer my pigs' supper."

"Waal, she came at me with them big fists o' hern 'll doubled up. I met her with the hammer an' give her a clip under the jaw, but it never phased her. She pitched into me agin an' I swung the hammer with all my force, an' took her right side o' the face. She staggered a little, but on she cum agin. I gripped the hammer with both hands an' brought her a good one on the head an' she drapped.

"I took her by one foot an' dragged her to the door an' give her a good kick es she went out an' then I says, says I, 'Now, Lizbuth; you go home, or you'll get hurted.' "



kitchen."

"Go out and see what it is," I murmured, too sleepy to care much about it.

"I have been out there, that's the worst of it," he replied. "When I go out there the noise stops. Hear it? There it goes again." Yes, I had heard it, too.

"Sounds to me like someone rapping with their knuckles on the floor," said I, "surely a rat couldn't make that noise."

I got up, dressed hurriedly, and we started to investigate. Barney carried the light in front while I brought up the rear. For some reason or other I had unconsciously picked up a long stove iron and carried it with me, not that I was afraid, but probably because I expected to get revenge on a rat or two. Barney opened the kitchen door and looked in. It was empty as could be; there was nothing but bare walls and floor, the latter being covered with a thick coat of dust.

"Well, they don't leave any tracks any way," said Barney, examining the floor a little closer. "They must be in another room."

Just when we were turning to leave a draught of air from somewhere suddenly banged the door shut and created such a breeze that the light flickered and went out. Just then we heard three distinct taps, quite loud and close to us.

(To be concluded)

LIZBUTH'S WATERLOO

SECOND PRIZE STORY—ELIZA MONTGOMERY AND MABEL RICE



O Mormonism's done fer, is it?" said old Israel Sharp, settling himself in his comfortable arm chair and puffing at his pipe with energy, for Israel was eighty-two years of age, and privileged to sit about and gossip as he pleased. "So Mormonism's done fer, is it?"

Waal, I allus knew as it wouldn't last fer long. Thet's why I quit it. I uster b'long to a band of 'em at Young's Corners an' they was the loudest, roughest set ye ever hearn tell on."

"I 'member 'specially one night over at ol' Josh Savage's. Thar wus sum es looked down on ol' Josh cuz he only hed three wives, but land sakes! them three wus too much fer ol' Josh. They wus a quirrelsum set, but crickets! them last two cudn't begin to cum up wth Lizbuth, the first wife. Purty nigh every one called her Lib. She wus allus gettin' into tussels with them other two. They uster lick each others younguns an' then'd fight over it. Lizbuth, she said she'd a right to lick their kids cuz she wus the first wife, an' es wus natcherel like, they sed they cud lick their own younguns. But, holy smoke! if one of 'em jest looked at Lizbuth's boy, Abe, she'd purty nigh finish 'em. But ef it wa'n't for Abe's laigs he'd a died long 'fore he did. When Lizbuth got tight she'd maul the daylights out o' him.

"One time she tuk atter him with the ax an' he run an' then cuz she cudn't ketch him, she cum back an' smashed the stove to smithereens with it. She wus suttinly a bad critter, wus Lizbuth. She didn't care what she sed. I 'member once hearin' her say thet when she died she wanted to be buried in a hemlock coffin so thet she cud go through the next world a snappin'. An' no matter what'd happen she'd get even; leastwise she'd try to. Yep, she'd allus try to. But—waal, I'll tell ye all about it.

"Es I sed, we wus at Josh Savage's thet night. 'Twas the night o' Josh's wake. Josh, he'd turned up his toes thet day, an' we all went an' set 'round the stove smckin' an' not sayin' much. Lemme see, now, thar wus me 'n Job Hayden 'n thet boy o' hisn, Hiram, an' my boy Silas 'n Josh Savage's wife Lizbuth 'n her boy Abe 'n thet wus all.

"Ez Lizbuth wanted to be chief mourner, she'd druv the other wimen out. The corpse wus in the coffin me an' Job hed made fer

im, over on t'other side o' the room, layin' 'cross two cheers.

"Waal, we wus all purty comforble 'til long 'bout midnight Abe says, says he, 'Say Lib', (he never had no sort o' respec' fer his ma, nohow.) 'Say Lib, let's have a bite t' eat. Jest cuz the ol' boy kicked the bucket 'taint no sign we ain't never agoin' t' eat no more.'

"That Abe allus wus a leetle light in the head, but his mother never tuk no notice. She jest says, says she, 'Mebby if you be so hungry you wouldn't mind a goin' down to fetch up a few 'taters. I be a leetle holler myself.'

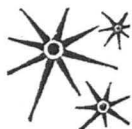
"So Abe, he takes a cl' pan in one hand, an' opens the trap door, an' takes a light in t'other hand an' goes down the ladder. The trap door wus jest 'cross the room frum whar the deceased laid. Waal, bime-by I hearn Abe a cumin' up the ladder. My boy Silas, he wus a settin' side o' the trap door an' Hiram Hayden, he wus a settin' jest in frunt o' Josh Savage thet wus. Waal, jest es Abe wus haf way up, a ol' big cat cum along with her tail a hangin' in the air. I see Silas reach over kind o' easy like, ye know, 'n ketch thet 'ere cat by the tail an' jest hist her up an' drop her down the trap door onto Abe's head. Waal, the cat she let out a yeoul, an' Abe, he yelled, too, an' then they both let out another apiece an' then Abe, he drapped his lamp an' pan an' hollered, 'By the lunkin man! he's got me this time,' an' cum a fallin' up stairs with his eyes a stickin' out like good sized white onions. He looks 'round an' sees the smirk on Hiram's face. He doubles up his fists an' makes a rush for 'im. Hiram, he dodges him an' Abe, he stumbles

over Hiram's cheer an' them great long laigs o' his'n goes out frum under him an' he kicks the cheers thet the coffin wus a settin' on an' upset the hull thing onto himself."

"Waal, Lizbuth, she took Josh in hand, an' me an' Job, we took Abe by the collar an' yanked 'im out o' the door an' landed 'im in a snow drift to cool off a bit. Lizbuth, she didn't say nothin', but knowin' her exposition, I kind o' kep' on the lookout fer trouble. An' sure 'nough, one day, 'bout two weeks ater, as I wus a skimmin' milk, I seen her a comin' up the road an' I knew by her gait as how she'd had suthin' to drink. Not wantin' no truble with her, I bolted the door an' went on a skimmin' milk. Findin' the door locked, she begun a kickin' an' a hammern' an' purty soon it cum in an' so did she. Not seein' Silas nowhere 'roun', she made fer me; nothin' else handy, I grabbed the hammer. The table didn't stop her. She kicked it over, a smashin' all my best stone crocks, an' 'spillin' the milk 'tended fer my pigs' supper."

"Waal, she came at me with them big fists o' hern. All doubled up. I met her with the hammer an' give her a clip under the jaw, but it never phased her. She pitched into me agin an' I swung the hammer with all my force, an' took her right side o' the face. She staggered a little, but on she cum agin. I gripped the hammer with both hands an' brought her a good one on the head an' she drapped.

"I took her by one foot an' dragged her to the door an' give her a good kick es she went out an' then I says, says I, 'Now, Lizbuth, you go home, or you'll get hurted.'"





The Faculty

JENA AND PROFESSOR ABBE'S WORK

Heine tells us in his Harzreise that Göttingen is noted for its university and its wurst. We might say that Jena is noted for its university, its wurst, and the Carl-Zeiss optical works.

Last summer I spent the morning of September first in the assembly room and yard of a Jena school where, in honor of Sedan day, a program was rendered. This was composed of a formal address by one of the teachers, recitations and music by the children, and exercises in the open air under the direction of four eighth grade boys and girls whose commands from the platform were followed by five hundred children on the ground with perfect accuracy. In the afternoon I marched with the four thousand grade children to a beautiful natural park on the banks of the Saale, very appropriately named Paradise Park. There the youthful citizens were seen marching up one at a time, each holding a pasteboard ticket in his hand, to receive a lunch from one of twenty steaming gridirons set up outdoors for the occasion. The lunch consisted of a piece of wurst about six inches long placed between two slices of bread.

The grass was soon covered with future scientists, philosophers, and statesmen, munching the savory sausage and wiping their greasy fingers on their Sunday best.

On previous celebrations of this day the children had each been given a glass of beer with his wurst, but much complaint as to the expense (!) involved had caused the discontinuance of this custom.

On the evening of this day I sat on the veranda and watched the great fire of pitch

burn out on the top of the Bismarck tower which crowns one of the nearby mountain peaks and was thrilled by the thought that on every such tower in the land a similar flame of patriotism was rising.

During the day I had been much impressed with the attitude of teachers and of the press toward this celebration. Great emphasis was given everywhere to the thought "We are not triumphing over the French—not rejoicing at their defeat." One teacher said to his boys, "We have only to think of our own humiliating losses, defeats and mistakes on the field." The children were taught that they were rejoicing because the events of this day marked the welding of the German forces which has led the nation to its present state of prosperity and made the remarkable progress of the last forty years possible. It has even been seriously proposed that this celebration should be discontinued because it keeps alive a feeling of triumph on the German side and of humiliation among their French neighbors. This feeling of consideration is a late, but certainly a very praiseworthy development.

There are many other things of interest in quaint old Jena, the heart of which, more than a thousand years old, is surrounded by a very modern, growing, vigorous life in the form of beautiful villas, great factories, and constant additions to the buildings demanded by the university.

One climbs the dozen surrounding peaks to find each mountain top not only a point from which he has a grand view but the center of some historical interest. From the Windknollen where we sit on the stone mark-

ing the place of Napoleon's bivouac on the night of Oct. 13, 1806, we look down the gorge through which his cannon were dragged up to appear to the dismayed Prussians the next morning as if brought there by magic.

On another peak is an outdoor summer school. The children of weak constitution, low vitality or tubercular tendency are brought up every morning under the charge of teachers, to play or lie in hammocks until the cool evening air makes it necessary for them to return home.

During my two weeks' stay in Jena I found no more interesting spot than the rather dense and gloomy Schiller Garten in which stands the plain little old house where the young poet and professor lived many years. Under one of the great old trees stands a semi-circular bench curving around a stone table. Above on the tree is a tablet assuring us in Goethe's words, "At this old stone table Schiller and I have often sat and talked of many great things."

Just before entering this enclosure which is a sanctuary to all lovers of the two great poet-friends, I read on a bill-board outside "Newest thing from America! Latest Novelty from Coney Island! The haunted castle"—this accompanied by grotesque pictures of red devils. While sitting on the old bench within I noticed that on the other side of the wall rise the observatory buildings, and the earthquake station—representing the forefront of modern science with their lenses and instruments manufactured only a few rods away in the Carl-Zeiss optical works, the glass for whose marvelous products is also made at the edge of this little city of Jena.

These optical and glass works with the history of their development form a chapter in the world's history as interesting to me as any romance I ever read, for they do not stand just for business enterprise and success. They, because of the idealism of two or three men, stand for the best that has yet been attained in the world, a great dream

realized as to the relation of pure scientific knowledge and perfect practical results, as to the relation of higher education and life, as to the relation of the laborer and his work. "The ideal that shall be reached when man's work can be put under conditions which will make it what the scriptures call it, his most perfect possession, not the punishment, but the reward of his life."

That such ideals have been realized instead of mere commercial results being obtained as under ordinary relations, is due to one man to whom grateful Jena is now erecting a splendid monument on the Carl-Zeiss Platz, but no monument can mean so much as the visible results of his life in this town in hundreds of other forms. This man was Prof. Abbe, who while professor of optics and applied mathematics at the university was no narrow specialist, but a man of broadest general education, one of whose greatest interests was the problem of the welfare and progress of his fellow-men. He was an optimist who believed that to every thought that is good and clear and true a reality can correspond.

About sixty years ago a man named Carl Zeiss came to Jena and opened a small shop for repairing delicate instruments and producing simple lenses such as Prof. Abbe used in his instruction and investigation. This business might have deserved no more than this short description indicates had not Providence brought its owner in contact with Prof. Abbe, who felt as a scientific investigator the need of more accurate optical instruments for his research work and who believed they were to be obtained by more exact mathematical calculation of curves and application of the laws of refraction in their manufacture.

A sudden development at that time of scientific knowledge of plant and animal structure and the causes of disease created a demand for much truer, finer instruments, but the science of their production had remained almost as simple as in the time of

the Arabian astronomers. Better instruments when produced were the product of hap-hazard experiment and accident rather than of exact scientific method.

Abbe and Zeiss began to work together along the line of the former's ideals but as is usual, the first products of theory were not equal to those of practical workers based on their many years of experience combined with happy chance—I wonder if pedagogy at the present day could not see a parallel here! The man whose lenses were a practical success according to the ideals of the day sneered at the results attained by the theorist. The lenses made elsewhere were often advertised as "not made as Jena lenses are." But now no firm in the world can present a prouder boast than "Made just as in Jena."

After decades of discouraging work, during which, as one of Zeiss' assistants says, Zeiss often had for breakfast only 3 pfennigs' worth of black bread and was often called from his Sunday rest to mend a miserable pair of 30 cent spectacles, great results began to come rapidly.

These successes were closely connected with the work of a third scientist-idealist named Schott, who worked in the same spirit of self denial and with the same persistency in the pursuit of truth. Through reading Abbe's report of some things he had accomplished, Schott was drawn to Jena and offered his services to the Abbe-Zeiss combination. He devoted himself through exact experiment on a small scale (20 to 60 grams) to discovering new and more perfect kinds of glass by using many new materials in hundreds of different combinations. Up to this time glass had been of but two varieties, crown and flint. These experiments introduced twenty-eight new substances into their meltings and produced a hundred new varieties of glass, each of which they carefully tested as to its optical properties.

These experiments were begun in 1881 and within two years had been so successful

that Abbe felt justified in asking the Prussian government for financial aid in starting the manufacture of these new kinds of glass. Aid was granted to the extent of \$5,000, but within four years the establishment was self-supporting and today is known all over the world as furnishing the highest grade of glass for lenses, thermometers and delicate chemical apparatus.

To the investigation carried on here we owe a large part of the recent inventions of improved instruments which have advanced astronomy, photography and minute scientific research, as in germ study and minute measurements as of heat and other forces, as well as many of the aids to the human eye and human enjoyment connected with field glasses, lanterns, reflectoscopes, etc.

Although making hundreds of inventions and improvements in such instruments, this firm for forty years refused to take out any patents, meeting all rivalry by striving for a superior product.

That these famous glass works and factories for optical instruments are located in a small town and have a very intimate relation to one of Germany's smaller universities adds tenfold to their interest and value through the inter-action of higher scientific education and practical results, as also because of the stronger influence over the life and thought of the workman, the citizen and the scholar.

When the Prussian government, seeing the great future of the infant industry, granted five thousand dollars to the experiments, it made the condition that the glass works should be founded in Berlin, but Abbe refused, at the risk of losing the necessary funds, to leave his university and his little home town; Schott refused to leave Abbe and the brave loyalty of the two men prevented the swallowing up by the great capital city of this unique development which has had so much more favorable ground for its growth and usefulness right here where it originated as a result of natural conditions.

Abbe and his co-workers now saw their fortunes made. Block after block of factory buildings have been added and hundreds upon hundreds of new employes taken into the works, while the demand for their products is world-wide. No kodak lens costing over thirty dollars that you see in use in this country is procured from any other firm. At the same time they are turning out telescopic lenses whose production is at an expense of \$25,000, and a quarter of a year's work each. They are produced with perfection as the aim and the expense is reckoned after completion only.

One can readily see that Prof. Abbe might easily have become a man of wealth on the same scale as Krupp. But money for money's sake was not the aim of his life. He had always been an earnest student of social economy and had given this subject no less serious thought than his optical investigations and in the one realm as in the other he believed that the ideal can be made real by seeking, realizing and applying truth.

Prof. Abbe lived until the day of his death in the same modest little story and a half cottage opposite his factory; he left his only child a very modest income, but as a result of his thought and planning for them every one of the 2,500 men employed in these factories and their families are living in more ideal relations to their work and the opportunities of life than can perhaps be found elsewhere in the world among factory laborers. For Prof. Abbe instead of accumulating the profits of these two great concerns as personal property, had patiently throughout twenty years worked out and set into operation a plan whereby all the profits are divided among the laborers, the town for the improvement of conditions of life for the common people, the university to furnish means for advanced scientific investigation, as in the form of a fine astronomical observatory, and lastly contributions to science in general, as recently exemplified in a large gift for a polar expedition. I can enumerate

only a few of the things which a visitor to Jena has pointed out to him as coming to the town from the Carl-Zeiss Stiftung. (The modest professor even gave his famous work the name of his practical assistant Zeiss instead of his own name.) Perhaps the most noticeable of these public benefits is Das Volkshaus, a beautiful block of buildings containing a fine library and reading rooms furnished with a larger and more liberal choice of periodicals than can be found in most libraries of large German cities, also containing concert and lecture rooms, music rooms, rooms for art exhibits, schools of industry, of arts and crafts, of amateur photography, etc.

Paradise Park has been largely improved by the Stiftung, baths for the people have been set up and play grounds for the children furnished within the park; walks and buildings for rest and recreation have been provided in surrounding forests and along the mountain slopes.

But these more showy products of Abbe's efforts, though highly profitable to the community and very commendable, might have been given by one of our own free-handed superficial-thinking multi-millionaires. They do not, however, speak of the deeper, truer nature of the scientist-idealist to whom I have tried to introduce you, as do the long years of careful, thoughtful progress in the attempt to wisely lead the common workman to his own—his rightful inheritance of intelligent interest in his work and its opportunities of intelligent co-operation with the capitalist and scientist for their and his mutual benefit. Unlike the reformer who leads common laborers to feel that they are suffering injustice, and influences them to ignorant, cruel and desperate struggles for their rights, he has by twenty years of self-sacrificing thought and experiment brought more than two thousand of them into a truer, more natural and vital relations to their own work, to capital, to education and to the opportunities for better daily living.

Among the better conditions worked out for the employes not as charity but as products of their own labor, are a system of pension and retirement funds, hospital and other aids in cases of injury and illness, and a system of semi-annual medical examination of young workers and apprentices to guard against tendency of diseases or injuries inherent in the nature of the work; and many special schools have also been established for the younger employes.

Another movement has been a prolonged and scientific study of the matter of shorter hours of work, with consideration of the improvement of the amount and quality of the work by producing better qualities and conditions in the workmen. The men were asked to vote upon the proposal to shorten the day with the aim in view of producing better work. By a six-seventh majority of the workmen it was voted to try it for one year, during which a careful study was made of the relation of human force expended to recuperation and to quality of work. The results spoke plainly in favor of a shorter day, which was permanently adopted then.

Employes are encouraged to acquire property and build their own homes by an advancement of money under easy conditions of interest and repayment. They are encouraged to more intelligent and earnest interest in their work by a system of rewards for each proposed improvement which proves of use in the business. Young workers of intelligence can not fail of see the relation of their work in all its details to scientific knowledge and higher education because relations to the university are so close and evident here; something like two hundred trained scientists, university graduates, are employed in the two sets of factories.

The laborers are encouraged in becoming members and officers of clubs for the study of political, social and economic questions and in holding public offices. Time is allowed

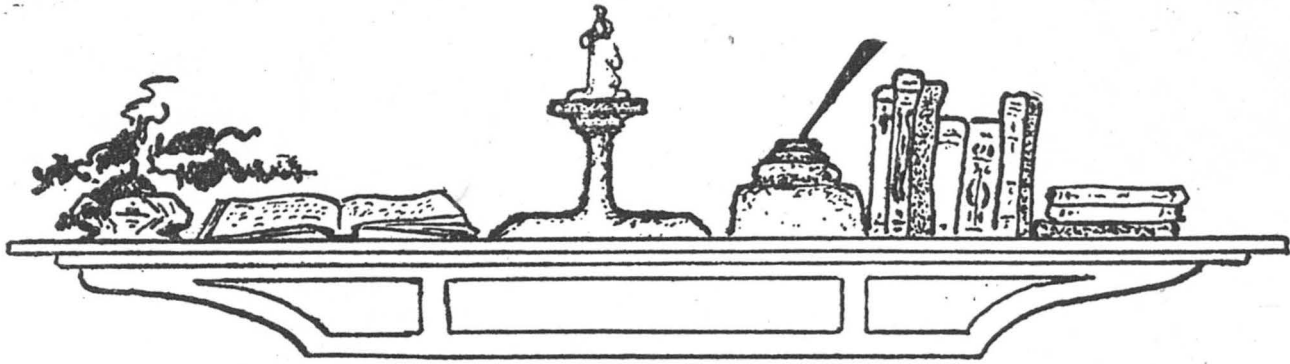
them for such duties without loss of pay; but this principle is never lost sight of in the freedom allowed them, "The freedom which is guaranteed them shall above all be their means of learning the right use of their freedom," while the educated and able directors of the Stiftung are requested to keep ever before their minds the thought that the nation having lost in the development of factory life its independent and intelligent hand-workers is obligated to learn to shape the relation of the factory to its working men so that a firm, wholesome foundation shall be laid for the life of the common people.

After Abbe had worked for many years upon the details of the laws which should govern this permanent foundation or Stiftung, with true German caution and thoroughness he put it into provisional operation for ten years during which amendments and improvements were made and in 1906 it went into full operation.

Abbe had no desire to rank as a philanthropist in our somewhat degraded sense of the word. He was only an earnest thinker and worker, seeking the true relation between labor and life, seeking to know and do his duty in this position of responsibility which had so marvelously become his and which he saw in such a broad and unusual light. He tried to test every step in this movement by the light of truth, just as honestly as he tested his mathematical and optical laws in their application.

Those who are interested in this subject as I have tried to present it, may enjoy reading in Ray Stannard Baker's "Seen in Germany," which may be obtained from the public library, the two essays, "A New Industry Created," and "A Venture in Practical Philanthropy," which relate to the same subjects. The former gives a vivid description of the casting of an immense lens.

Nannie R. Gray.



EDITORIAL

Out of a total of ten stories entered in the Pointer contest, five have been chosen by the judges as worthy of publication. The first prize of \$2.50 has been awarded to the story "The Empty House," by R. B. Woodworth; the second prize of \$1.50 to the story "Lyzbuth's Waterloo," by Eliza Montgomery and Mabel Rice; and the third prize, a subscription to the Pointer, to the story "Following Prescriptions," by Rose Tovrog. In addition to these stories, "How the Game Was Won," by May Greening, and "A Cry From the Hills," by Eliza Montgomery, received first and second honorable mention respectively, and will be published in future issues of the Pointer. The judges in the contest were Miss Rose-Anna Gray, Miss Burce and Mr. Cavins.

The interest in the contest as evidenced by the number of stories submitted was very gratifying. We are sorry, however, that prizes are necessary in order to stimulate student contributions. While all may not possess the ability to write stories, contributions luckily need not necessarily be of this sort. The humorous incidents of the classroom which constantly take place, in themselves insignificant, nevertheless form the

basis for our Wit and Humor department. If every student would jot down such incidents on scraps of paper and drop them in the Pointer box, the "funny pages," at least, of the magazine would prosper.

We will gladly publish articles by the Alumni, also any news items regarding former students which might prove of interest to our readers.

"Brown of Harvard" has been selected as the Senior class play for 1911. This is probably the foremost college play in existence today, and should draw a full house of Normal students. When the play was first put on Henry Woodruff was in the title role. The play had a phenomenal run in Chicago and New York and is still "on the boards." A royalty had to be paid to secure the rights of production. The plot of the comedy centers about the affairs of Tom Brown, a Harvard undergraduate; the play has the true college atmosphere, with moments of genuine thrills and of sentimental interest. Don't fail to spend an evening at college; see "Brown of Harvard."



A. Gordon.

Mrs. Mary Menaul Lawson of Chicago spent a few days in the city, the guest of her sister, Miss Anna E. Menaul, supervisor of music in this institution. Mrs. Lawson is a pianoist of rare ability, which was plainly demonstrated to us while she was here. She has studied under Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler and has spent a considerable amount of time abroad in studying music. On Tuesday, December sixteenth, she gave a very delightful recital which was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by all. Her exquisite technique, simplicity in rendition and elegance of style will long be remembered by all who heard her.

On Friday evening, December 2d, the following program was rendered in the Normal auditorium under the direction of the Treble Clef Club of this school:

- Selection.....Orchestra and Mandolin Club
- Quartet—"When Mable Sings".....Speaks
Misses Hill and Davenport
Messrs. Woodworth and Olson
- Piano solos—Nocturn Op. 15, No. 2.... Chopin
—Ballade Op. 47.....Chopin
Mrs. Mary Menaul Lawson
- Chorus—Treble Clef Club
- "The Village Wedding,".....from Martha
Solo—Miss Jessie Hill
- "Ah, I have Sighed to Rest Me,".....
.....from 'Il Travatore
Solo—Miss Maebelle Thompson
- Reading—"A' Old Played-Out Song" ..Riley
Mrs. J. A. Stemen
- Quartet—"Night of Joy".....Strauss
Misses Thompson, Young, Johnson,
Kelsey

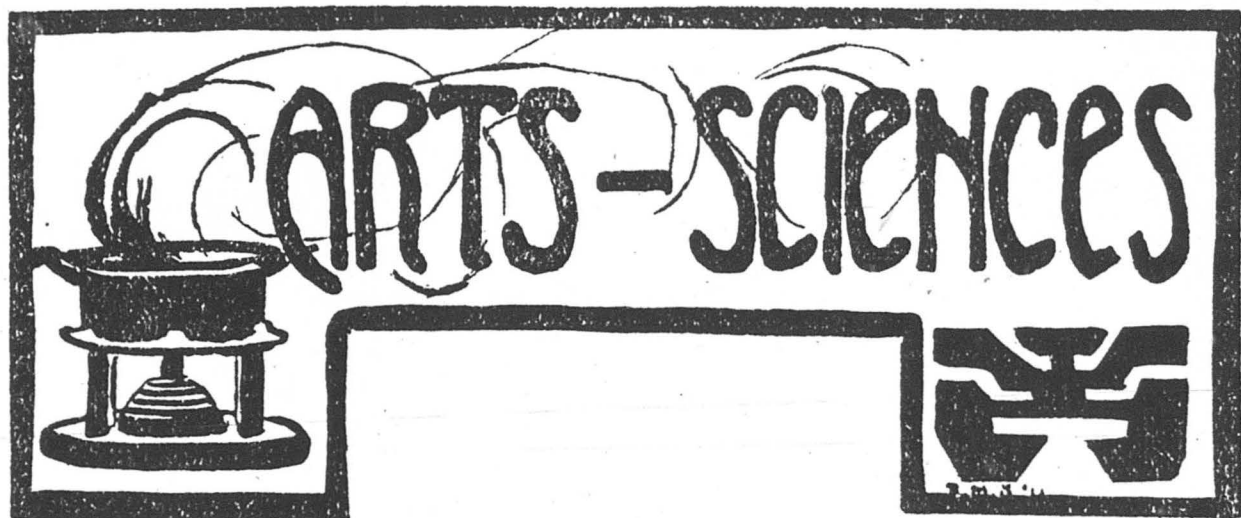
- Vocal Solos—"Guardian Angel".....Lehman
—"Boat Song".....Ware
Miss Anna E. Menaul
- Piano Solos—Prelude.....Heller
—Consolation, Nos. 3, 6...Liszt
Mrs. Mary Menaul Lawson
- Chorus—"Waltz Song".....Peusche
Treble Clef Club

The concert was a success in every way and much credit is due Miss Menaul, who had the concert in charge.

Miss Lucile Davenport, who has taken a prominent part in the musical affairs of this school for the past two years, is among the list of mid-year graduates. She was a member of the Treble Clef Club and also of the Young Ladies' quartette.

Miss Anna Virum in graduating last semester left a vacancy in the Normal Orchestra which will be difficult to fill. Miss Virum leads in first violin and will be greatly missed in that capacity.

Henry M. Halverson, a former student, gave a very entertaining recital on Thursday, January 4th. Mr. Halverson was a leader in the music department of this school, having been director of the Glee club for several seasons and also prominent in solo work. On the same afternoon a quartette composed of Mr. Halverson and Messrs. Albert S. Wells, Lawrence S. Hill and Conover McDill, also former students, sang several selections which were very well received.



The physics department has been unable to purchase any new apparatus or material this year, owing to a misappropriation of funds. It was found that Mr. Culver had no appropriation for the necessary chemicals to carry on the work in chemistry, and Mr. Lusk saved the day for the chemistry students by loaning Mr. Culver the physics appropriation. The elementary physics classes are working on problems of energy. No doubt they can tell us the amount of energy which has been expended on the skating pond.

The physiology classes are studying respiration. Several cats have been dissected for the purpose of studying the chest structure. Several of the lungs examined have shown tuberculosis infection. Statistics show that about thirty per cent. of the cats have tuberculosis and this thirty per cent. consists of house cats, pets, cats which the children fondle and play with. If the real significance of this statement were generally understood, "dear kitty" would be ousted.

The chemistry classes have finished the study of sulphur and are now working with the carbon compounds. The class roll numbers fifty-four this year. Two members of the class are working upon an experiment which has been performed only once before in this school. The class of '98 made a bottle

of sulphuric acid and this year's class aims to do the same. The experiment calls for a large amount of apparatus, which requires careful manipulation.

The class in bacteriology is larger than usual this year. Besides the usual domestic science students, there are nine others taking the work as an elective, making a class roll of 21. The laboratory work is very practical. Many samples of water from wells in various parts of the city and from the river have been tested and many interesting results obtained. Several samples of well water were found to contain six thousand bacteria per cubic centimeter. In every case the surroundings are such that the well receives drainage from stables, vaults and garbage.

An experiment is being made to determine the character of freshly drawn milk and its character after standing for some time. One member of the class is working on the problem of determining the number of bacteria in milk drawn from unwashed udders with unwashed hands, and the number of bacteria present in milk drawn from washed udders with clean hands. Other experiments to determine the number of bacteria present in the mouth, on the teeth, under the nails, etc., are being made.

The emergency room is to be tested for bacteria, then given a thoro disinfection with formaldehyde and a second test made

and other experiments as practical as those we have mentioned, are under consideration. Notwithstanding the value and importance of this work, the laboratory is entirely unsuited for it under the present conditions. Much microscopic work is required and the light is very poor, there being only two windows in the room and two skylights. It is impossible for the students to obtain a good light unless seated in front of a window. The room is a south room and receives direct sunlight, which kills the cultures of moulds and bacteria which the class must have for the experimental work. An ideal room would be a north room with plenty of window space, facilities for washing, for heating water and for sterilizing apparatus.

The course in botany has been rearranged and beginning with this year, the first half of the course will be given the fourth quarter. Germination and plants will be studied in

the spring and will be followed by the study of seeds, fruits and minute plants in the first quarter of the year.

The senior domestic science girls have begun their work in serving. The class is divided into groups of three and each group is given a sum of money with which they are to serve breakfast, luncheon and dinner for three guests and themselves. The group consists of the hostess, waitress and cook. The hostess plans the menu, does the marketing and has general supervision over the day's work. A careful account is kept of every expenditure and it requires very careful planning to arrange the menu for the entire day and keep strictly within the allowance. The hostess reports her menu and its cost to the class and it is very interesting to note the varied menus which may be prepared from certain sums of money.

Ballads of the Faculty

MR. HYER

Who is it practice teachers fear?
 It's Mr. Hyer.
 Who makes them think their time is near?
 'Tis Mr. Hyer.
 Who is it, though he seems so gruff,
 In heart of hearts is kind enough;
 Who is a diamond in the rough?
 Why, Mr. Hyer.

MR. CAVINS

What's the use of ever doing anything
 worth while,
 What's the use of looking pleasant, put-
 ting on a smile,
 What's the use of dressing well, of keep-
 ing up in style,
 When a man can't dance?

I would that Thor, the mighty, when his
 thunderbolt he hurls,
 Would send one down in mercy upon my
 unlucky curls,
 For what's the use of teaching where
 there are so many girls,
 When a man can't dance?

MR. COLLINS

A parallelogrammatical, most problem-
 atical, queer geometrical figure I see,
 And a man diplomatic and never erratic
 who now will attack and solve it for me.
 He talked to it lightly and very politely as
 in his head brightly his plans he re-
 volved;
 He advanced a short distance, but asked
 no assistance—it made no resistance—
 the problem was solved!

ATHLETICS

R. B. Woodworth has been chosen captain of the basket ball team and has general charge of the practice. "Nibs" is an all-around basket ball man and will do much toward turning out a victorious team.

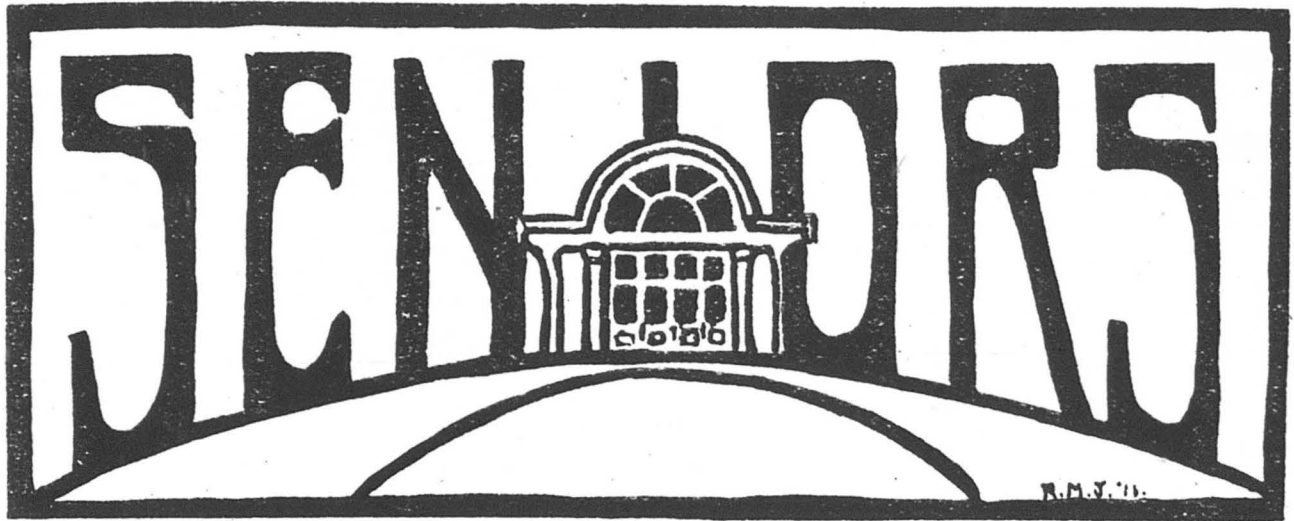
Although our basket ball career last year was not all that it might have been, we are in an excellent way this year to make a better name for ourselves in basket ball circles. The discontinuance of foot ball gave the basket ball squad a chance to begin early practice. This with a goodly number on the squad, has given us a good team and also a strong second team. Manager Birdsall has been at work on the schedule for some time past and now has it practically made up, although one or two games appear on the list that are a little doubtful. The schedule is: December 17, Abbotsford High school at Stevens Point. January 14, Appleton High school at Appleton. January 21, Chippewa Falls High school at Stevens Point. January 28, Oshkosh Normal at Stevens Point. February 4, Merrill High school at Merrill. February 11, Appleton High school at Stevens Point. February 18, Chippewa Falls High school at Chippewa Falls. February 25, open. March 4, Merrill High school at Stevens Point. March 11, Oshkosh High school at Oshkosh. It is likely another game or two will be arranged as the season progresses.

Our first game with Abbotsford High

school was in the nature of a feeler. The boys wished to compare their strength with an outside team. The Abbotsford boys were much lighter in weight, but showed put in team work better than our boys. The game was slow, with few spectacular plays on either side. The game ended with a score of 40 to 17 in favor of Stevens Point.

The attendance was very poor for the opening game. Perhaps it being Saturday evening drew some away. However, we ought to have had a larger audience and must have in the future if S. P. N. is to have a basket ball team. Let us urge both faculty and students to think this matter over seriously, for both are equally backward in attendance. This means only six evenings during the winter. Surely that much time can be given to so worthy a cause and one from which so much pleasure can be derived. Come out to the next game! Be alive, be enthusiastic, be loyal!

Some mention has been made in regard to girls' basket ball, but very little has been done toward it. In fact things look now as if there would not be teams from all the classes. Not a few feel themselves so burdened with school work that they cannot give the required time. Despite this, with someone to get behind the proposition and push, we will have the regular tournament this year. Get busy, someone, and see that we do not backslide.



The mid-year Regents' examinations were held December 8, 1910. The following students who completed their courses at the end of either the second or third quarters, took the examinations: Minnie Ammundson, Neva Adams, Eloise Quimby, Anna Virum, Lucile Davenport, Ella Webert, Hillie Toering, True Hyland and George Batty.

The following members of the Alumni visited school during their holiday recess: Misses Ida Williams, Margaret Dorney, Minnie Faber, Merle Cartmill, Amy Bloye, Ella Pratt, Beth Owen, Emma Protz, Julia Little, Ina Crockett, Inez Fulton, Hazel Sheldon, Ellen Wheelock; Messrs. Albert Wells, Henry Halverson, Herbert Steiner, Conover McDill, Lawrence Hill, Myron Williams.

Mr. Herbert Steiner of Baldwin renewed former acquaintance with the Young folks.

Mrs. Adams of Spooner spent several days after Christmas vacation with her daughter Neva.

The much dreaded rhetorical slips have made their appearance. The first program will be given Jan. 20th. On account of the superb physique of the Seniors, it is expected that the fatalities of former years will be greatly reduced. The emergency room, however, has been put in readiness by Miss Studley.

The domestic art classes are prepared to do all kinds of mending for unmarried gentlemen of the faculty. Anyone desiring a sample of the work done, examine the muffler of Prof. P—.

Some very interesting principles have been discovered by the bacteriology class:

"Bacteriology grows in the alimentary canal."
Emma Loverud.

"Mackenzie river is not inhabited by many people."
D. W. Kumm.

"Predisposition is a theory that we are apt to have a disease before we get it."
Carlyle Whitney.

JUNIORS

NEWS

MARGUERITE HANSHAW

The Junior debate, which takes place some time in April between the Oshkosh and Stevens Point Normal schools, is being worked up very earnestly and a lively contest may be looked forward to. The team which was chosen in the preliminary contest is as follows: Henry Schulz, Tenia McCallin, Emma Loverud. Alternate, Mrs. Thomas.

The basket ball season has opened and the Junior girls have organized their team. Following is the line up:

Forward—Fay Holum.
Forward—Helen Loberg.
Guard—Rose Weltman.
Guard—Catherine Vomastek.
Center—Eleanor Koppa.

The girls are all old players and are looking forward to the winning of the cup. They will play the Senior team as soon as it is organized.

The calendar put out by the class of 1912 is one of the most artistic that this school has ever issued. The calendar contains a picture of our president and several views of the campus and vicinity. The venture of putting out the calendar this year has been a decided success and the Juniors have every reason to feel proud of their work.

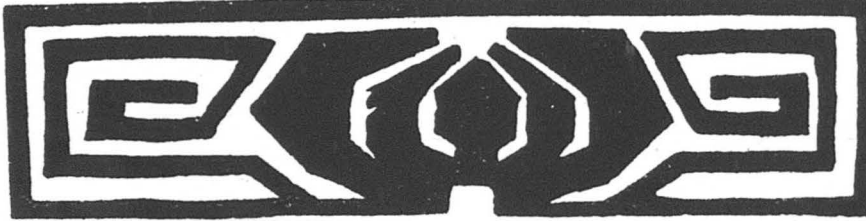
Myrtella Wilbur, who left for her home at Algoma on account of illness before school for the holidays, has again resumed her studies.

A Junior girl, after having read the poem by Eugene Field in the last issue of the Pointer, inquired whether Eugene Field was a member of this school.

Paul Pierce, the class president, has withdrawn from school to enter the University. R. B. Woodworth has been chosen in his place.



SOPHOMORES



I'm the laziest Ed' I reckon that the P'inter ever know'd;
Got items not a one, fur there aint no items grow'd
Fur writin' an fur printin' where most P'inter notes is found,
An' I was too lazy to scratch the blamed things round.

Contented mighty right I am, when ever'thing goes well;
An I'm gittin' marks in lit. that no mortal man can tell.
But when its, "Miss Billin's this class usually calls on time,"
'Cause I'm a minute after, the tables aint so fine.

But I've larned to be contented, tho I'm flunked to pay,
An' I'd rather read the P'inter than write it any day.
Jest laziness, they tell me, an' I reckon they're right,
But the day's so full o' somethin' an I have to sleep at night.

'Cept when there's roller skatin' an tho it's hard on wealth,
It's a powerful good exercise to improve a budy's health.

An' the talkin', talkin' o' someone is such a pleasin' sound
Yer can't blame me much fur likin' to hang round.

So if yer notes is stinted, an' yer P'inter's sort o' dry
Come down to the roller rink an' do the same as I.

Owing to sickness Miss Hazel Sinclair was obliged to give up her school and return to her home near Fox Lake, Wis. However, she hopes to be with us again next quarter.

Two more of our Sophomore girls, Florence Seamens and Roseltha Delleree, have withdrawn from school.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

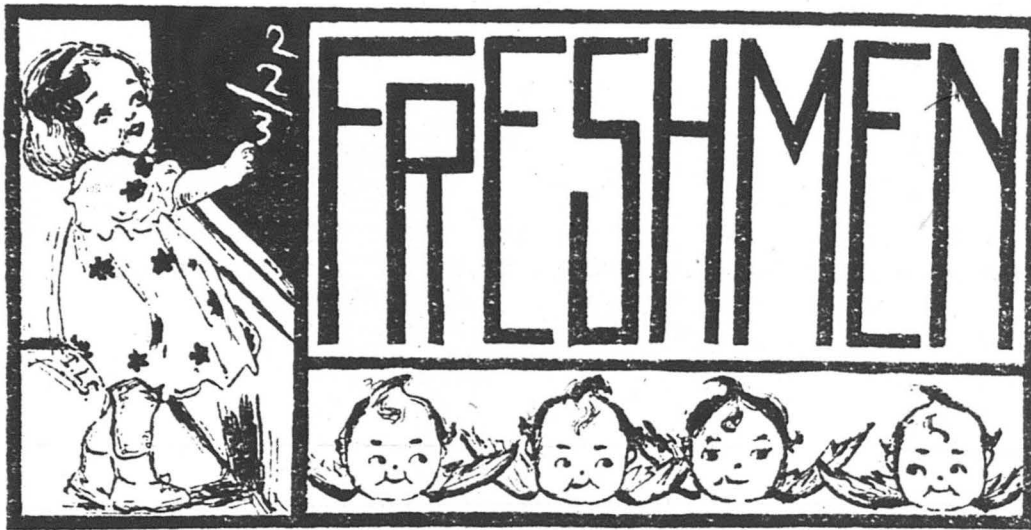
Students: Resolved, To be on time one day behind hand no matter how long vacation lasts.

Mr. Cavins: Resolved, That if people take themselves in hand, they can correct bad forms of language.

A. Keegan: Resolved, Not to bluff in commercial geography—except when necessary and then not to call a trawl a flat-bottomed fishing boat.

Next: Resolved, Not to have the measles unless I catch them.

Miss Alice Gordon is enjoying a special vacation, due to an attack of measles.



Christmas vacation is over and school has begun with nearly all in their places. Several entertained the measles during vacation and some had such a "measlie" time that they aren't able to be in school yet.

The following members of the Freshman class have left school: Marjorie Holland, Lucy Anderson, Ione Lombard, Eva Julier, Zada Vaughn and William Sitzer.

Something new in "greenings." A red one; don't know whether it is northwestern or not. Anyhow, he receives West breezes quite frequently.

Mr. Olson, in geography—"What is one cause of the dryness of Colorado plateau?"

R. T.—"Well, I think it is because it lies in the horse-shoe latitude."

Steiner, in reading the line, "Hector, this heard, returned without delay," says, "Hector, this heart returned without delay."

Lost—Control of his feet while marching in gymnasium class. Louis Dingledein.

Chauncy Boyington joined our class about the middle of second quarter. ;

ECHOS FROM THE LABRATORY.

New steam laundry apparatus for drying clothes—a vacuum full of holes.

The molecular theory does not apply to the soul. (Perhaps this accounts for the usual lack of activity.) The erg per second might serve to measure the power of a mosquito. Why not call the unit "mosquito power?" It would appeal more to the mind.



EXCHANGES

First of all we wish all of our exchanges a most prosperous and happy year. May it be the best year yet!

Marquette University sends out a very neat paper of which we have just received our second number. It does not contain very many personal items, but has notes covering the whole field in general. A large amount of space is given over to athletics in which they show that they are up and doing. This paper includes among its other items a column which so many of our papers lack. It is entitled "Among the Old Boys." A large number of our subscribers are these very same "Old Boys," who would, without question, read the contents of such a column with more than usual interest. The write-up on "The Modern Jurisdiction over Juvenile Delinquents," is interesting, as well as instructive, and is well worth reading. It tells how these youths are treated and gives specific illustrations showing the extent which jurisdiction over juveniles now takes.

The exchange column of The College Chronicle is different from most exchange columns. Instead of consisting of criticisms of other papers, it gives some interesting facts concerning other institutions of learning. One item given, which will be of interest to every one of us, is that the faculty

of Michigan University is planning to give credit for work done on student publications. May they, as well as the faculty of all other schools, succeed in this noble work!

Prof. to negligent student—"Don't you know that it is three times and out?"

Prep.—"But you must remember that there are nine innings."

The December number of the Criterion contains a number of very interesting stories. The story entitled "Grandpa Weston's Christmas" is very well written. Grandpa Weston loses his faith in God and begins to hate every human being because of the death of his wife and only child. The story goes on telling how thru a dream he is again reconciled to the Creator, also becoming a favorite among the people of the village.

The lover of music can take great pleasure in reading the articles brought forth by the Courier. This is a monthly magazine devoted to musical and dramatic art and their literature.

Teacher—"Willie, have you whispered today without permission?"

Willie—"Yes, wunst."

Teacher—"Johnnie, should Willie have said 'wunst'?"

Johnnie, triumphantly—"No, ma'am, he should have said twice-t." —Ex.





FORUM

We are entering upon a new year and there is one resolution that every Forumite should make and that is, "I shall attend every Forum meeting in the year 1911." Of all resolutions you might make, this one will ultimately bring you the greatest good. No one line of work in school can be said to exceed the training one should get by attending a good literary society.

A good society is characterized by earnest, industrious and hard working members, who attend with the expressed purpose of gaining something from its work, and who help the society by putting forth their best efforts whenever they have an opportunity. Do not be a literary parasite. Be a main root of the society and help build it up. Make it your business to see to it that you attend every meeting so that you can say when you leave that the Forum has been made better because of your membership.

Two promising members have been added to our roll, Sandy and Isiah Butcher.

On December 23rd Prof. Olson spoke to us on Sociology. He accompanied his instructive talk with slides, which he has secured thru his own efforts and from friends who are interested in educational work in the community from which these slides were taken. The slides revealed the geographical conditions of the country very well and in

the course of his talk Mr. Olson brought out the influence it had on society. We were surprised to see how far behind the times some of our eastern friends are, due mainly to their environment. Not only Forumites listened to Mr. Olson's talk, but our sister society was invited to partake of this intellectual feast. Four members of the faculty also took advantage of the opportunity.

Prof. Spindler appeared on our program on Jan. 6th. He spoke to us in his usual interesting and pleasing manner on a subject which has he given considerable study, "Right and Wrong." In his talk he disclosed the different standards of right and wrong which exist among different people, and finally gave us a logical standard of judgment in the matter. His talk was fine from beginning to end.

ARENA

Did the Arena and Forum people have a good time at their Farmers' party on Dec. 2nd? I rather think they did. Kitchen aprons, sunbonnets, pigtails, overalls and hayseed were much in evidence. If "Uncle Josh Weatherby" had blundered into the gym. while the party was on I'm sure he would have thought himself back in "Punken Center." Dancing was the chief amusement of the evening. Light refreshments were

served and the party broke up after having had a jolly good "farmery" time. Miss Garwick and Prof. Smith chaperoned the party and their presence added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Our Negro program on Dec. 9th proved to be one of the best given by the society this year. It aimed to give us information on the widely discussed Negro Problem. The program follows:

- Life of Booker T. Washington.. Hazel Sinclair
- Negro melody..... Betty Garner
- Recitation..... Alice Garvin
- Tuskegee Institute.... Alma Stenger
- "When the Corn Pone's Hot".... Idele Borgia
- Recitation..... Alice Keegan

The attention of the society was called to a paper on one exchange table, which comes from Tuskegee Institute. It is printed by the students and a reading of any of the current copies gives one some idea of the work there and how it is being done.

On Dec. 16th the society presented a program dealing with that far off land, Alaska, "The Land God Forgot."

- Vocal solo..... Miss Menaul
- My trip to Alaska..... Miss Studley
- The Cremation of Sam McGee... Marie Poser
- The Trail of '98..... Eva Schutt
- Piano solo..... Blanche Hill

- The Call of the Wild..... True Hyland
- The Spell of the Yukon... Florence Forsythe

Miss Studley's talk was interesting, as well as instructive. She visited Alaska last summer in company with a cousin, leaving Seattle on a rainy day and getting her first taste of the Pacific in the form of a mild ocean blow. She told of her trip up along the coast, the frequent stops at lonely looking frontier towns and the Indian traders who were at the landings with their trinkets for sale. She happened to find a family from her old home town back east in one of these coats towns. She gave impressions of Skagway and other Alaskan towns and her idea of the future of Alaska. She insisted that Alaska is the "Land God remembered," not the "Land God forgot," as the old prospectors named it, and that in a very few years Alaska would compare favorably with other portions of the United States touching the Pacific ocean. The talk was very interesting and we enjoyed it immensely.

On the same evening the Arena joined the Forum in Prof. Olson's room and listened to a very fine illustrated talk by Prof. Olson on "Mountain Scenery and Life in Kentucky."

Our first meeting after the holidays was combined with that of the Forum. Prof. Spindler talked to us in his usual interesting manner on the subject of Right and Wrong.



OHIYESA ATHENAEUM

M. J. INSWORTH '10.

OHIYESA

Stevens Point, Wis., Jan., 1911.

Dear cousin Wenonah:—

The holidays are now over and the Ohiyesa Indians are all back and hard at work. Am very glad to hear you had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. The Indians of this school separated for a few days before Christmas to enjoy their vacation around their home camp-fires.

At our last meeting of the old year we enjoyed an informal program. Thinking it may be of interest to you I will relate a few instances.

Clara Maurer sang a Christmas carol; Rena Sergeant spoke a piece about a woman who was buying a Christmas present for her husband, and instead bought one for herself. Florence Billings told how she learned to skate and now we know the reason why she can skate so well. Christmas charades were given by Gladys Stowe; and some of the Indians made impromptu speeches. Suddenly we heard a knock at the door and Mrs. Santa Claus made her appearance. Santa Claus' reindeer became tired at Plover and needed a rest, so Mrs. Santa Claus came up on the Green Bay. She couldn't bring us very much because that train isn't capable of holding a large load.

After giving each one his share, the tribe

joined in our rousing society yell and then the meeting adjourned, each one to enjoy herself. Neva and Grace Adams and Petra Brunstad, with skates, were seen leaving the building accompanied by some brother Indians. Estella Wells amused herself counting the horns (Horne) on the moon.

On the first Friday evening after vacation the tribe assembled for a pow-wow. Julia Little, a member of our tribe a few years ago, showed us the latest Indian war dance. Mildred Kelsey gave us a reproduction of her first public lecture and imitation of a violin solo. After several songs were sung some of our former Big Chiefs, who were visiting with us that evening favored us with short speeches. Minnie Faber said she enjoyed to be with us and see all of the Indians once again.

Emma Protz, who comes from the northern clime, talked of her experiences in the school-room.

Just as we were ready to depart for the night Ina Crockett and Ellen Wheelock arrived for a short visit.

Thus closed one of our most enjoyable meetings of the year, which was made pleasant by the presence of so many of our former Indians.

Trusting you will enjoy this brief account of your sisters, the Pale Faced Indians, and hoping that you will let us hear of your tribe, I am

Your cousin,
Minnehaha.

ATHENAEUM

- A stands for Athenaeum
 a literary organization.
- T " " Thoroughness
 of its members' preparation.
- H " " Harmony
 with which its members work.
- E " " Experience
 gained when they never shirk.
- N " " Notoriety
 for which they nobly strive.
- A " " Affability
 by which they so well thrive.
- E " " Efficiency
 the aim of all endeavor.
- U " " Usefulness
 which they'll retain forever.
- M " " Meetings
 thru which all of these fine
 qualities are obtained.

The following is a specimen program of one of those meetings:

December 16, 1910.

Roll Call—Responded to by telling a short story.

Talk.....George Batty

Impromptu Debate—Resolved, That a lie is sometimes justifiable. Affirmative, William Hansen, Mark Billings; negative, Carl Nelson, Alvin Anderson.

Parliamentary practice.....Paul Carlson

Regular Debate—Resolved, That a graduated inheritance tax would be a desirable modification of our federal system of taxation. Affirmative, Henry Schellhouse, John E. Shimek; negative, Chas. Blume, Otto Schreiner.

Book report.....Leone Carley
 Business Meeting

Critic's Report....Harry Lampman
 Adjournment

The Ohiyesa and Athenaeum societies held a joint meeting in the assembly room on January 14th. The following was the program for the evening:

- Piano duet.....Alice and Leslie McCoy
 Impersonations.....Leslie McCoy
 Vocal solo.....Lila Blank
 Talk.....Prof. Spindler
 Impromptu Debate—Resolved, That the missing link has been found.

- Reading.....Florence Billings
 Ohiyesa-Athenaeum Chronicle....Geo. Batty
 Story-telling Contest....Everyone
 Piano SoloKatherine Vomastek

The meeting was called to order at 7:30 o'clock with Pres. Ambrose of the Athenaeum in the chair. The musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, were well rendered. Those taking part were obliged to respond to an encore each time. The impersonations consisted of very vivid and humorous descriptions of different members of the faculty and some of the student body. Prof. Spindler responded to the request of the program committee "to be funny." He told how he graded his students by the laughing they did in his class when he told a joke. He also spoke of some of the actions he had witnessed on Friday evening of the preceding week in the dark corners of the lower corridors of the building. In the debate the audience was favored with a very elucidating and scientific discussion of the ambiguous, quite vague and somewhat obscure subject, the missing link. The affirmative of the debate was upheld by William Hansen and Lucile Davenport, the negative by Alvin Anderson and Mildred Kelsey. The decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of the affirmative. Miss Billings favored the listeners with a very well executed humorous reading and responded to the encore with another brief reading. The chronicle read by Geo. Batty was a paper published by himself and edited by Henrietta Moehrke. The paper was devoted to the interests of the school in general and contained innumerable humorous articles. The story-telling contest was one of the main features of the evening, as it was open to all. Competent judges were appointed to decide who told the best story. First place was awarded to Midred Kelsey, second to Alvin Anderson and third to Petra Brunstad.

After the program the meeting was adjourned and all retired to the gymnasium to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening.



Prof. Olson—"What does predisposition mean, Mr. Whitney?"

Carlyle W.—"Predisposition means you are apt to have a disease before you get it."

Mr. Collins (as students in geometry came in late)—"Miss Ostrum, how many boys did you stop to talk with on your way in?"

Miss Ostrum—"Not any before I met you."

Ele-n-r B-n-s-n—"What course are you going to finish in?"

S-lm- P-ff—"In the course of time."

Lila B.—"Say, May O'Mally tore her dress while she was coming out of the library, on a nail."

From a physiology exam. paper—"In order to have good digestion, the mastication must be properly chewed."

Miss Hitchcock—"I don't care what method you use in putting on this ruffle, but remember, each one must have this 'whipping' lesson before we are thru."

Mr. Olson (in seating the students in geography class)—"The first ten will sit in seat one—or row one, maybe, will be better."

On looking over a rhetorical slip we read, "Only 'Your Best' can fulfill this and meet the responsibility resting on you." We wonder if your "Once in a while" wouldn't do.

Miss W-lt-r-ock—"Miss Dunegan, do you know when 'Our Mutual Friend' will be back?"

A Freshman—"The glacial boulders were great holes in the soil."

CAN YOU IMAGINE.

David Kumm as a "candy kid?"

Mr. Spindler in a cady?

Fred Ambrose without a smile?

Grace Welch without a well phrased answer?

Mr. Culver with his patience exhausted?

Leda Otto as friendless?

Georgia Biegler as unkind?

Mary Carroll as "The Athletic Girl?"

Otto Schreiner without Gladys?

Mildred Alexander as a "gym. teacher?"

Mark Billings humiliated?

Stephen Holum as a gallant?

Carl Nelson with his hat on straight?

Alois Klein as "a fusser?"

Ried McWithey with his mouth shut for five minutes?

Carlyle Whitney minus his "thinking cap?"

Wm. O'Connell as "The Spearmint Kiddo?"

Edna Becker as "The merry widow?"

Margaret Tosier as timid?

Tena McCallin saying, "I don't know?"

Janet Johnston as a tailoress?

Lulu Herrick minus her whistle between

8:45 a. m. and 10:15 a. m.?

Esther Gunderson as a coquette?

Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own.

When George Batty doesn't go home to dinner, that means Will Hanson will have two pieces of pie.

When Edna Rezin is late for her eight o'clock class, it doesn't mean that she didn't come quick enough, but that she didn't start on time.

When Mary Gleason can quote poetry from shorthand notes, and not be found out, it means that it wouldn't hurt to have a few of her teeth pulled.

When Paul Collins looks wise in class, that means he has recited the day before.

When Minnie Amundson looks sad, that means she has lost her gum.

When a student raises his desk cover and then gives a ghastly sigh, that means he has received a rhetorical slip.

Mr. Sims' affirmative nod at twelve o'clock means we will now have some time for refreshments.

When Paul Pierce looked downcast he was thinking that Mark Billings and Alma Stenger were going home on the same train.

A basket ball man named Oden,
In playing once stepped on a bean;
He took ninety-two whirls,
And a hundred eight twirls,
With never a moment between!

There was a young fellow named Klein,
Who received as a present a stein;
He knew not how 'twas used,
For he never had "boozed;"
As a shaving mug he thinks it's fine!

Now Laddie Sims is very smart,
He is a noble pup;
He can stand upon his hind legs,
If you hold his front legs up!

Some of Chas. Blume's definitions:
Superannuated—Overdone.
Decorus—Dressed up just so.
Coquette—One who takes in every-
thing that comes.

McWithey, (reciting in economics)—"He oughtn't to have went—"

Laughter by class.

McW.—"Oh, I know, I should have said, 'He had not ought to have went.'"

Spin. (in psychology)—"After this we are going to flunk all the students we can. In this way we build up the summer school."

Quimby (in alarm)—"When are you going to start?"

Miss Quimby had read a paragraph in rhetoric, but had mispronounced the word efficacy (pronouncing it if-fik-a-cy.)

Mr. Cavins—"Miss Quimby, you have the tune, but you haven't the words."

An inquiring youngster named Schneider,

Was surprised at the size of a spider;

He said, "The poor thing is so thin,
If I showed it a picture of Spin,
I wonder if it would grow wider?"

Some books that have been posted on the overdue list:

Whitney—Back Home.

Poser—As You Like It.

Kumm—Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

Pierce—In the Morning Glow.

Kittleson—Travels With a Donkey.

Smith—The Age of Elizabeth.

Helminski—Boy of the First Empire.

Bannach—The First Violin.

Husncik—Telling Bible Stories.

Becker—On the Frontier.

Holum—Our Mutual Friend.

Tovrog—The Last of the Mohicans.

Whitney—A Man Without a Country.

Fulton—Following the Deer.

O'Connell—Jack of all Trades.

Olson—In Chimney Corners.

Paulson—On the Gridiron.

Hansen—Afloat and Ashore.

Olson—Up From Slavery.

Wilcox—The Virginian.

Tufte—Little Pussy Willow.

THE NORMAL POINTER

The following are the full returns from the Pointer voting contest. The names are given in the order of election, first, second and third place, respectively.

MEN'S LIST.

- Most Popular—David Kumm, Paul Collins, Otto Schreiner.
 Best Dresser—Reid McWithey, Don Waite, Mark Billings.
 Homliest—Nugent Glennon, Paul Collins, Ray Birdsall.
 Greatest Fusser—Bill Dineen, Ray Birdsall, Leslie McCoy.
 Most Bashful—Donald Hay, Don Waite, Henry Schulz.
 Handsomest—Joseph Beck, Carlyle Whitney, Otto Schreiner.
 Biggest Joke—Paul Pierce, Edwin Steiner, William O'Connell, Prof. Spindler one vote.
 Best Dancer—Alvin Anderson, Fred Ambrose, John Shimek.
 Woman Hater—Carlyle Whitney, Bill Dineen, Prosper Kluck, Prof. Patterson one vote.
 Note—Carlyle Whitney polled the largest vote of any fellow for any position.
 Jolliest—Mark Billings, Alois Klein, Fred Ambrose, Prof. Olson one vote.
 Most Sorrowful—Harry Lampman, Lancelot Gordon, Henry Schulz, Walter Horne one vote.
 Most Romantic—R. B. Woodworth, Henry Dineen, Carlyle Whitney.
 Biggest Liar—George Batty, Ray Birdsall, Nugent Glennon, Leone Cariey one vote.
 Most Conceited—Ray Birdsall, Mark Billings, Fred Leonard.
 Most Timid—Sandy Butcher, Alvin Anderson, William Hanson.
 School Grouch—Tom Olson, George Batty, Walter Horne; Spindler, Cavins, Olson, honorable mention.
 Biggest Grind—Alois Klein, William O'Connell, Wm. Greening.
 Greatest Bluffer—Davis Kumm, Salvin Paulson, Henry Schellhouse.
 Toughest—Leslie McCoy, Paul Collins, Carl Nelson.

Whom the girls want for brothers—Leslie McCoy, Walter Horne, Prof. Smith.

Whom the girls want for steadies—Walter Schneider, Louis Dingeldein, Prof. Patterson.

LADIES' LIST.

- Most Graceful—Elizabeth Garner, Pauline Bohman, Blanche Hill.
 Prettiest—Eleanor Benson, Ethel Foster, Elsa Ringeltaube.
 Homliest—Eleanor Benson, Neva Adams, Blanche Hill.
 Greatest Flirt—Ruth Hull, Margaret Tozier, Jennie Wadleigh.
 Cutest—Gold Dust Twins, Alice Keegan, Mattie Larson.
 Most Popular—Henrietta Moehrke, Janet Johnston, Edna Becker.
 Best Dresser—Anna Virum, Alice Garvin, Petra Brunstad.
 Most Pious—Grace Welch, Ella Webert, Blanche Hill.
 Quietest—Mildred Kelsey, Hazel Hoffman, Lucile Davenport.
 Greatest Heart Breaker—Rena Sargent, Irene McPhail, Stella Wells.
 Wittiest—Alice Keegan, Ella Webert, Myrle Young.
 Note—Alice Keegan polled the largest vote in both contests.
 Laziest—Neva Adams, Blanche Hill, Celia Burr.
 Angel Without Wings—Hazel Hoffman, Grace Welch, Marie Kates.
 Best Student—Evelyn Oster, Norma Jauch, Eloise Quimby.
 Candy Kid—Janet Johnston, Ringletaube and Phlum, Bessie Burdick.
 Whom the boys want as sisters—Tenia McCallin, Mrs. Thomas, Alice Glenn.
 Whom the boys want as steadies—Marie Poser, Irene Sherman, Fay Holum.
 As "once in a while's"—Ethel Paulson, Leda Otto, Petra Brunstad.

A VACATION TRIP.

Started from Stevens Point—
 Still going at Neenah—
 But snow-bound at Schlesingerville!!!