

THE NORMAL POINTER

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JOAN OF ARC.



THE year 1422 was one of the most critical in the entire historical period of France. With Charles VI dead, Henry VI of England claiming the French throne and at the same time Charles VII crowned king by the peasant people in opposition to Queen Isabelle, her political affairs were hopelessly entangled. The entire country was literally hungry for a true and efficient leader and she was to find it—not in one of the learned sages of the ages, not in the doctor of science, not in the nobility with its royal learning and military training, but in a poor and innocent peasant girl of the marsh of Lorraine.

In 1412 Joan of Arc was born in the little obscure village of Domremy on the Meuse. Her country was a mountainous one, covered with forests and the little village itself, in the valley, was fair, picturesque and fertile.

Joan, the third daughter of hard working peasant parents, was pure and simple in mind, kind, gentle and gracious, devoted to

her church and ever thoughtful of the sufferers about her. She was extremely fond of romantic adventure, but her most striking peculiarity was her piety. When not to be found in the immediate circle, her friends intuitively sought her in the little dark and aged church of the village and found her there alone, holding communion with herself and her God. At an early age, when Joan was young and fair, when she wore her hair simply, in a long braid, when her face and neck were white and childlike, when she was still but a dependent child under the guidance of her devoted parents, she expressed a desire to go into France. She had had a vision. St. Michael had appeared before her and bid her "Go into France!" and had promised her his aid. When she had talked with Saints Margaret and Catherine, her lot was sealed, the sword and buckler were hers, and goaded on by her mighty purpose, she vowed that she would go into France with the aid of the saints.

There had always been a rumor in France that a woman would ruin that nation and that a maid from the Marsh of Lorraine would rise up and save it. Isabelle of Bavaria, the queen who had denied her own son

and sold the entire French nation to the English, was the woman destined to destroy it and Joan was the maid born to be its preserver. Was it not her lot to raise the siege of the mighty Orleans and take the true King, the Dauphin Charles, to be crowned King at Rheims? Was not now the time that the siege of Orleans, the heart of France and the stronghold of the Loyalist party should be raised by some magic and unknown power? Was not this mission dedicated to her? For had not St. Michael appeared before her with the divine sword?

Her father had threatened to drown or kill her with his own hands before he would allow her to go to war and be spoken to by any vile follower of her camp; but in spite of this opposition, amidst the shouting of many enthusiasts and the swelling of many hearts, the maid rode forth in man's apparel to the siege of Orleans. For all time France and every nation has given her sons to war, but this, this was the strangest thing in the world—a daughter was to be given to the hostilities of war. This tender young being, who for so long had been one of them, was now going forth to fight for them. They were giving up one of their own children, perhaps never to return to them again. Joan grasped hand after hand as she leaned from her saddle and women kissed her fingers that had never touched a weapon more deadly than the needle, and thus, with their blessing, Joan departed with her troops, through the gate, which is to this day called the gate of France. How she waged war, how she led troop after troop against French cities that had been siezed by the English, never taking part in the bloodshed herself, but always encouraging and spurring on her men to lofty deeds; how her troops followed her in surging battle, ever successful until the Dauphin was led victorious to Rheims and there crowned by the residing bishop, for it was here that all the kings had been crowned since the time of Charles Martel.

But how did she carry on this warfare? What power was hers? Three various answers are given to account for her ability and virtue.

Some regard her as being successful through the fact that she was a mere puppet in the hands of influential men. Others believed that she was inspired and a third class characterizes her as a genius.

Of this first class, Anatole France is a fit representative. He says that she was merely a creature, unintelligent and feeble minded, a puppet to her imagination and known only through fable. "If she has influenced crowds, it was through the countless legends which sprang up at her heels and flew before her. * * * Those radiant clouds of myth which revealed even while they hid her should be examined. To sum up, the maid was hardly known even in her lifetime, except through fables. (Her earliest chroniclers, men utterly incapable of scientific work, from the very beginning, wrote down legends as facts.)"

Let us not consider this view, for Anatole France was a man of materialism. To him nothing supernatural could exist. We must admit, however, that the visions of Joan were extraordinary and out of the usual course of events, but is miracle beyond the power of our God? Has Anatole France or have we any right to denounce and exclude the miracles of the Almighty from history as impossibilities? No! And that responsibility should not and cannot be assumed by us.

Now let us turn to the second class of admirers—those who believe that she was inspired. Yes, she may have been inspired. Her visions were probably monitions from God, for her purity of heart might well have been used for such communion. And yet she was not inspired to such a degree that she was no longer human, as has been stated by the supporters of this theory, but nevertheless, it was not by any unnatural phenomena that she performed her wondrous deeds. She

was human and like many another with a vivid imagination, when thinking upon a single theme, her thoughts seemed to be revealed to her in voices. Joan did not work miracles, nor did she profess to. If she was supernatural, why was she who had rendered such an inestimable service to Charles and to France, not saved from the stake? But even these voices of warning, which render her character somewhat mystical, would have been of no consideration if it had not been for her wonderful genius.

We have spoken of the condition of France at this crisis. She had come to a desperate pass and lay bleeding at the feet of the Maid of Lorraine. The siege of Orleans could be raised by only the most intellectual mind and striking genius and Joan's genius was equal to the immense task, for did she not turn the tide of war for France? Yes, she did this and more. She raised the spirit of chivalry in France and set that nation again on its feet with a lawful king, Charles VII, at its head. The French troops had stormed and bombarded the English for months but under the guiding spirit of the simple maid, Orleans yielded on the third day. What could this have been but genius?

At her trial, that mock trial which was planned in every way to entrap her, it was her genius that guided her aright, for the judges were unable to force her to commit herself. In spite of this, she was convicted by a hostile jury that was determined upon her death and she died a martyr to her country and to chivalry, friendless and unprotected by those whom she had so greatly benefitted.

Never was such great cruelty inflicted on an innocent woman—a woman of pity and gentleness, of courage and genius. We are led to ask, Where was the noted chivalry of France? Where was the gratitude of a country whose head had been reared from the depths of ruin and disgrace? Where was the protection of a despairing nation which had

been led to victory?

But she has been justified since. Alas! her true trial came all too late and Pope Leo has pronounced her beatified and St. Peter's recently witnessed a ceremony which has declared this genius a saint and now the Maid of Orleans, for the sake of chivalry, is called by all the world, St. Jeanne d' France.

THE FRESHMAN'S INNOCENCE

BY ALICE GARVIN

STRONG feelings of revenge were filling the hearts of each and every Sophomore of the Freeport High school. Someone had played traitor and exposed the intended scheme of that class to tar and feather the Professor of their school. They had been severely punished and as their sentence was about to end they resolved to "get even" with the young scamp who dared to "squeal on them," as they put it.

Suspicion rested on a poor little Freshman who was a pet of the Professor's, and who, somebody said, knew of the plot. Johnnie Franklin was a modest little fellow with no thought of treason to anyone, but the fact that he was "Prof.'s Pet," and aware of the Soph.'s intentions, was strong evidence against him. He was being snubbed by some of his own classmates and all of the Sophs. on account of the state of affairs. Johnnie knew that he was innocent and so did his mother, who tried her best to soothe the troubled child. I say "troubled" because he was troubled. Night after night he cried himself to sleep to sleep and his dreams were always of the cruelty he was receiving. He sometimes moaned and talked of school, saying, "Really, boys, I didn't tell on you. Why

do you pick me out as a tattler; you know I try to be square with you?"

The time was approaching when Johnnie was "to get his." He knew that it was coming, but did not know how, when or where. Threats reached his ears from all sides and no protests as to his innocence would be listened to. The Sophomores knew that Johnnie was in the habit of going for the milk every evening about seven o'clock, so they agreed that this would be a splendid chance to take advantage of him. They intended to bind and carry him to the railroad track and tie him on the track for half an hour. The occasion presented itself beautifully. This particular evening was rather dark and conditions were very favorable for the revengers. They had all met behind a shed near which Johnnie had to pass. There they crouched ready to spring upon the youngster as a lion would spring upon desirable prey. Soon Johnnie was heard coming down the street whistling, never dreaming of the danger ahead. As he neared the group of foul players they edged out nearer the walk and when he came near enough, they rushed out and the leader, a large, rude boy, said in a low, husky voice, "Throw up your hands, John. No need to hesitate, either. You've had your fun, now we'll have ours." Poor Johnnie was terrified and was unable to move. They bound him hand and foot and carried him down a back alley which led to the railroad track. Here they tied him with a rope between the rails and then jeered him and demanded a confession of guilt. He was too frightened to say much, but did succeed in finding voice to again protest his innocence. Thinking his suffering would be greater if they left him alone, they withdrew to a place within a short distance. Johnnie wriggled as much as he was able, but to no avail. He was securely tied.

It so happened that Annie Lee, a little Freshman girl who lived one half a mile from Freeport, had gone into the city that night on

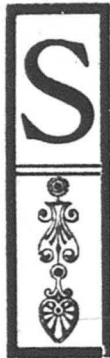
an errand for her mother and was now returning home. She had decided to walk along the track and in this way make the distance to her home one-quarter of a mile less. As she neared the place where Johnnie was tied, she was startled to see the form on the track. She heard a moan and knew that someone was in misery. She approached and much to her surprise, discovered who it was. Her little hands were soon busily at work trying to untie the cords which bound her friend, while he briefly told her of the way in which he had been placed there. At each word Johnnie uttered he could see the face of his little rescuer brighten, while she looked meaningly about her. When he had finished his story she told him of how she knew who the tattler was. She related having been told by her brother, who was a Senior in High school, that Jim Bennett had told the Professor of the plan laid by the Sophs. to do him bodily harm.

By this time the leader of the band of Sophs. had edged his way down to the track to see who was with Johnnie. When he saw it was Annie, he came up to the couple and demanded an explanation. Annie freely told him all she knew about the case without disclosing the name of Jim Bennett. Taking this as evidence enough, he called the rest of the band and they finished untying Johnnie's limbs and set him free. He regained his freedom none too soon, as the evening local train, which was due at 7:30 p. m., came around the curve by the time the group of young people had started up the alley for home.

The Sophs. apologized to Johnnie for their cruelty. He said in reply, "I forgive you for all and am thankful that you now believe me innocent." He then left them and continued on his way to get the milk.

Jim Bennett was never found out and little does he dream of what Johnny suffered, because the Sophs. were too much afraid to tell it and Johnny was too much of a man; while Annie Lee believed that "the wisest word she ever said was the one that wasn't spoken."

LEO TOLSTOI



LOWLY thru the monotonous and uninteresting plains of central Europe winds the Dnyper river. Cradled in its broad valley is a race whose advance has been as slow as the sluggish stream, and whose history as unmarked by great events as those marshes and fens are unbroken by mountainous peaks. Stereotypes of their surroundings seemed the lives of these people. Like the heart of the mighty ocean, they were unmoved by the storms of time. Reformation and Renaissance which swept like a tidal wave the rest of Europe and met in a mighty nation to the westward, found no resting place in the heart of this land. The Russian slave lived on unchanged. Since there was nothing to record, his history was silent—in all the past none had arisen a leader.

The French star of glory rose thru the smoke of rebellion; England's was matured in revolt; our own did not appear until after a revolutionary war. They are in their zenith, and like those of ancient Greece and Rome, will set; but Russia's star is yet to rise—heralded by the pen and not the sword; by example, not force; by peace, not war. And a name shall be written in Russian history.

On the outskirts of the little village of Yasnaya Polyana, Sept. 9, 1828, was born the Luther—Scott of the slav—Leo Tolstoi.

When the baby was a year and a half old the mother died, and three years later the father, leaving five orphan children. Deeply the boy felt the loss of that love so dear to every childish heart. But such seemed Tolstoi's doom; unanswered earnings, unsatisfied longings followed him from the cradle to the grave. As a child he was quick to ob-

serve and had a remarkable memory. Everything about him called forth comment and his active brain wrestled with many a problem which bore fruit in maturer years.

Fortune had cast Tostoi's lot with the rich. Born into the aristocracy and reared by a wealthy aunt, he tasted from childhood the nectar of the social cup—drank it to the full—but it nauseated. Alas! what recompense was such a life for living, was the question ever foremost in his mind? The giddy whirl of existence gave no answer. Unable to solve the problem which had crushed many a noble ambition, the youth grew moody. He realized that he differed from his acquaintances and had no desire to lessen that difference. He took a course in the languages, but school was distasteful to him. His nature rebelled at the methodical monotony of it. It was not the answer to life. Rather from indifference than inability on his part, he failed in his entrance examinations to the university; however, it was made possible for him to try again, and with considerable pleasure he donned the uniform and sword as a badge of success. He did not make for himself friends during those college days. Unconsciously he had a growing aversion for the life others enjoyed. His classmates remembered him as a proud and conceited youth whom they nicknamed "Recluse." Still in spite of the arrogance and pride, in spite of the pessimistic view of life he held, we cannot but realize in this young Russian that higher type of being, capable of attaining triumph and greatness if led aright; but left alone, would drift to blackest ruin. It is the story of many a young man's life—sustaining hope must come or the resistless Maelstrom will engulf him. How near Tolstoi came to ruin few will know, for glory hides the tarnish of a name.

The city of Kazan might furnish more than one example of hopes wrecked. A place of some forty thousand inhabitants, it was a social center for that part of the Russian

empire stretching from the Volga to the Kama rivers. It had no railroad connections with St. Petersburg or Moscow, and the nobility of this region made Kazan their winter capital. Here they squandered the wealth earned by their serfs during the summer. Life was one constant whirl of social functions; and here the Tolstoi home was no exception. In such an atmosphere there was little chance for mental development. Education was defeating its own aim since it created the very class which made it meaningless. What was the difference between these people and the unnumbered thousands who by the sweat of their brow provide that in which they had no share? Education, is the answer. "Education," says Tolstoi in after years to the peasant youth, "has made Madame Trasonia a white fingered lady; without it she had been a degraded mujik."

Yet to support such a system must the mujik exist. The few must be taught the arts and 'ologies and receive the polish of science; the many must supply the means. The peasant must toil and starve that the nobleman may feast and surfeit. The Russian school system had become a factory, providing an idle, pleasure seeking class—a chosen few; while the greater per cent. of the population remained ignorant and in ignominy. And this was civilization! Look through the eyes of Tolstoi at the hollow mockery of its fads and fancies and let him who sees no sham therein first condemn him who does; let him who is above its influence despise him who went down in its grasp.

Convinced of the injustice of this educational cast, Tolstoi drops from it and we next find him laboring to uplift the peasants of Yasnaya Polyana. We blush at the shame of our negro slavery, but here was a slavery in which man and master were one race, one blood, separated only by a superficial culture. The thirty-three million peasants of Russia were serfs, virtually the property of the rich, with no rights of their own. This real

strength and bulwark of the nation was a crushed humanity, degraded by want and privation. Tolstoi recognized in these beings kinsmen and brothers. Here he would labor among them to enlighten and uplift.

But the seal that years had set upon them could not be broken in a day. To the mujik the coming of the master meant a wasted fortune, and Tolstoi's relief measures were to him but means for getting more money. He was met everywhere with superstition. There could be but one result under such conditions, failure. Discouraged and in doubt as to whether life was more than living, the coming winter Tolstoi went to Moscow. Disappointment had lowered him another round on the ladder he was so surely descending. He did not blame the peasants, but the society which had placed them too low to appreciate human kindness. Again he entered the university; but that court life, no where better pictured than in Moscow, which ruins a young man's character without affecting his position, had won its victim at last; and in the spring of 1849 he returned to Yasnaya a man to be reformed rather than a reformer.

Had conscience been silenced, here had ended the story, but the desire to be good was strong in the man, and he determined to run away from a life at once so degrading and yet so attractive. Leaving behind the polluted air of Moscow in the Caucasus, we find Tolstoi a soldier. In this mountainous region with its mountain air, free and far from the taint of city life, the inner man unfolds. The hardships and privations of a soldier reveal to him the hearts of men. Life, after all, was worth living. It was here that the latent powers within him brought forth fruit and he wrote his first book, entitled "My Childhood." Without waiting to know its fate he wrote two more stories, "Boyhood" and "The Landed Proprietor." He was not the first to touch that cord which sounded against exile and oppres-

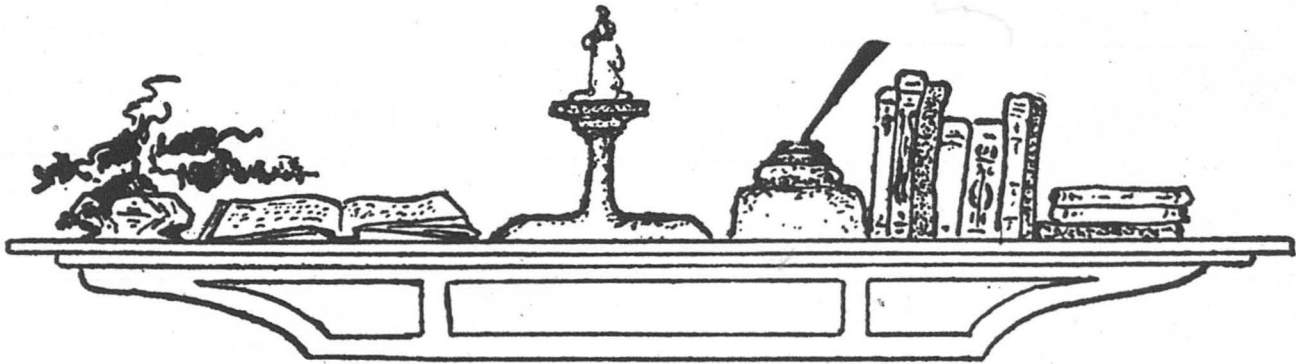
sion, but he was to strike the clarion note. And it vibrated through all his work. The reality, truth and simplicity of these first attempts convinced the world that somewhere in this obscure region was a genius who had struck a note as rare in Literature as in life.

In 1853 Tolstoi left the Caucasus. The quiet he had once thought to find within its bosom had been destroyed by force and war. In 1854 he was reassigned to the Crimean army, which served on the Danube. In 1855 we find him besieged in Sebastopol, that Russian stronghold of the South. Here was the true character of the Russian soldier tried, and it stood the test through eleven months of all the horrors that want, starvation, sickness and death could bring. Not in her nobles, but in her peasants was Russia's strength. These peasants loved peace yet fought at the dictate of their sovereign. Here lay the possibility of a future nation. Masterfully has Tolstoi drawn the scene of a momentary truce between these sworn foes. The opposing forces meet; the men laugh and talk; two officers exchange tokens, the one a Frenchman, the other a Russian. There is no enmity between these men. The white flag is lowered, the word given, again they seek each other's lives, and all is just because this is war.

Seldom has the hand of a soldier penned so far reaching a peace cry as Tolstoi in "Sketches of Sebastopol." Proudly do we claim arbitration and Hague tribunals and talk universal peace. Wherein were these higher ideals, these loftier aspirations born but in such tones as sounded from Sebastopol? Tolstoi had looked upon suffering and death and it had filled him with a desire to live. Henceforth the pen should be his only

weapon. Though still but a young man, he was recognized as Russia's leading author, and the very society he denounced stood ready to receive him.

After his marriage in 1862 he began that famous book, "War and Peace." Critics hailed it as the greatest novel of the nineteenth century. Back of the written words was a mind that read men and gave voice to thoughts that would have lead another to exile. No other Russian had ever held a like place, lionized by the upper class, a champion of the lower; the pride of his nation, yet the menace of his government. By the same tale he amused the idler, he disclosed to the world the startling truth and awoke in many a kindred mind the question uppermost in his own. With the publication of "Anna Karenina" he reached the height of his literary fame and foreshadowed the fame which was to be. Here he drew the contrast between prince and peasant; the one his past, the other his future. No longer a parasite on humanity, he would earn by the sweat of his brow that which he enjoyed. The shadow of doubt had passed with his conversion. He had formed a philosophy of life, love and labor. And no figure in history has lived nearer to his ideals than this man in the afternoon of life. To the world it seemed an idle fancy, depriving them of a great literature; to the peasant this example had a force which roused them from their lethargy as no printed page could do. What they needed was not the civilization, but are spite from the burdens this civilization imposed. 'Tis here that Tolstoi rises to that nobler height that proves the mind master of the man. He would lead, not point the way to a society which should be by all, and for all, and make of Russia a mighty nation.



EDITORIAL

With this issue, The Pointer of 1910-11 gives up the ghost and quietly slips into history. In spite of the storm and stress of the school year, we have managed to get out the six numbers which we guaranteed to our advertisers. We take this opportunity of thanking the members of the staff for the excellent work they have done during the year. The paper has been fairly well supported by the school, but the subscription list might have been much larger, considering the size of the student body. The members of the faculty have been very accommodating in the matter of making contributions, and the scholarly articles found in the Faculty department have undoubtedly done much to raise the standard of the Pointer. Articles such as we have published serve to put a school paper above the others of its kind, and give to it a real literary value.

It is to be hoped that under a new management the Pointer of 1911-12 will far outstrip our humble effort of the present year. Our shortcomings have been many, but should help to make the way clearer for the next staff. To them we entrust the future of our paper with the hope which surely will be realized, that next year will see bigger and better Pointer.

Sad to say, several times it has been necessary to call your attention to a slight matter, so small and insignificant that you have so far neglected to see to it. It concerns the pecuniary consideration in return for which we furnish you with your Pointers. We must close up accounts for the year; we

must pay our bills, but alas, have not the Simoleon wherewithal to do so. Please separate yourself from fifty cents and make us the beneficiary. See?

Now that the Pointer is safely out of the way, the next problem on ye editor's hands is to publish the Iris. This is the school annual, published for the school only, as there are practically no outside sales. The management proposes to furnish this book, equal in size and quality to the majority of college annuals, for about one-third of its actual cost. The book will be of interest to every student; each student, moreover, "will have his name in the Iris," and those more fortunate than the rest, will be enabled to see their fairy faces peering out from its leaves. In return for all this we ask simply one thing—buy an Iris. We want to sell three hundred books. That means one apiece. May we count on you, YOU?

Attention is called to the cast and synopsis of the Senior class play, "The Reckoning," published in the Senior notes. This play, a modern society comedy drama, will be a distinct departure from the ordinary run of light, "frothy" class plays ordinarily presented. The class has been exceedingly fortunate in securing a cast who, from much experience in amateur theatricals, are well able to put on a play worthy of professional production.

The play is a combination of humor, pathos and intense dramatic situations, which cannot fail to appeal to the most cosmopolitan audience. Every Normal student should see this play, and if possible bring his or her friends and relatives.

Exchanges

As this is the last issue of "The Normal Pointer" for this school year, we wish to bid our exchanges a fond farewell. We have enjoyed you each and all and have taken great pleasure in reading you. We have profitted by your mistakes and have benefitted by your good points and hope that we have been able to return the compliment.

The Marquette University Journal contains some helpful scientific articles. The best one of these is the one on "The People and Public Health."

The Literary department of the Messenger is good. The story entitled "A Baptism on Big Sandy" shows a keen sense of humor.

Boy and girl out driving.
Period of silence.

Boy—"What's the matter?"

Girl—"Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."

Boy—"Never mind; God loves you and you can sit on your hands."—Ex.

So many of our exchanges do not contain a Table of Contents. We hope that those who lack this will not fail to add it to their issues next year. Many students are interested in one particular department and a Table of Contents would greatly enhance their work in looking up the column.

A good literary department always is the mark of a good paper. This is what some of the exchanges have said about our Normal Pointer: "Your last issues, Pointer, have been exceptionally fine; your literary material is excellent, and your class notes and locals, lively and entertaining."—The Nooz. "Your literary department is up to the standard, and we hope to see your next number."

**Dedicated to Board of Regents
on this, the 2d day of
May, 1911.**

Oh! tremble, worthy elements,
The great decree is past.

Nineteen thirteen's the limit,
Your time is slipping fast.

From far and near, O scattered flock
Return unto the fold.

The year that now is ebbing
To thee means more than gold.

What if the purse be empty,
If scanty be thy hoard;

Return, O now or never.

Thus saith the Regent Board.

"The world has need of teachers
More qualified by far.

We'll make the thing compulsory
And see to't that they are.

Cut out that first certificate,
And add an extra year,
Then double the requirements
Of those who enter here.

But goodly plant before us
Then ably meet its needs."
But the problem left unanswered
Is the problem of the weeds.

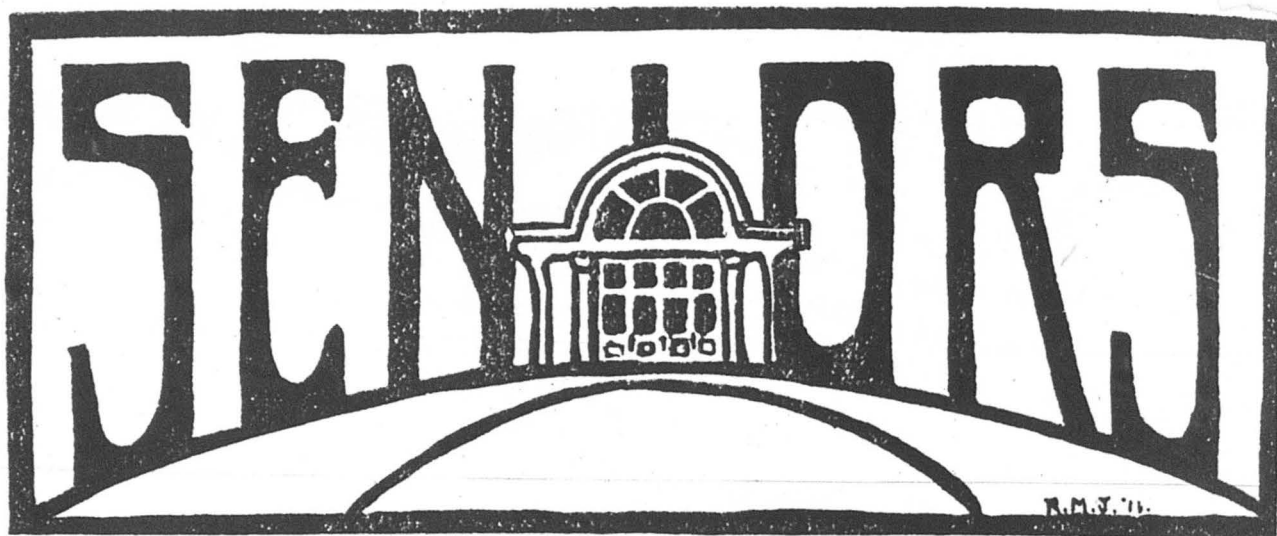
Back in the country districts
Are a hundred noxious things
That grow and grow, 'neath untutored
hands,

That cannot find the springs
Of hidden life and beauty,
That only wait the touch
Of the hand by the trained mind guided
And ye supply not such.

Never back to country districts
Go the students who have paid
Five years of time and money
To win a Normal grade.

To him who could taste your learning,
Then share of his scanty lore,
As he paved the way for his future
You henceforth close your door.

Anon.



Work on the Iris is progressing rapidly, and it is our purpose to have the very best Iris possible. The following is the staff:

- Editor-in-chief—Nugent Glennon.
- Ass't Editor—Myrle Young.
- Faculty—Fred Ambrose.
- Art—Bessie Burdick.
- Organizations—Alice Keegan.
- Athletics—Raymond Birdsall.
- Music—Blanche Hill.
- Practice—Dorothy Salter.
- Seniors—Louise Diver.
- Arts and Sciences—Mabel Darms.
- Business Manager—Thomas Olson.
- Ass't. Business Managers—D. W. Kumm, Henrietta Moehrke.

The Senior class play, "The Reckoning," will be given May 26th. The following is the cast of characters:

- Father O'Neill, pastor of St. Michael's church, New York City...Nugent Glennon
- Dick Stanley, in Wall street.....Paul Collins
- Courtney Dale, of the Union League Club.....Fred Ambrose
- Tom Corcoran, Boss of the Ward.....Walter Horne
- Herman Hauser, Sexton of St. Michael's.....R. B. Woodworth
- James, Stanley's servant.....
- Louise Stanley, Dick's wife....Myrle Young
- Frances Marvin, her sister..Rosetta Johnson
- Bedelia Gratton, Father O'Neill's house-keeper.....Alice Keegan
- Nora Gratton, her daughter.....Blanche Hill

- Act I—Library of Stanley's home.
- Act II—Father O'Neill's study.
- Act III—Club room of Corcoran Democratic Club.
- Act IV—Same as Act II.

Scene—New York City. Time—Present.

The play is a society drama. Dick Stanley gets into financial difficulties in Wall street and steals from the church funds. Dale tries to expose Stanley, so as to get him out of the way, for Dale is in love with Stanley's wife. Father O'Neill makes good some of Dick's debts from his own funds and saves him from exposure. Bedelia Gratton and Herman Hauser are both very humorous characters.

These parts are played by people who are talented and well adapted to their parts. All have had previous training in former class plays or farces. Those who saw the class play of last year, remember very well the excellent work of Nugent Glennon as Hicks. R. B. Woodworth did splendid work as the Dutchman in the impromptu minstrel show given at the Fair last winter.

With this number of the Pointer, the present staff complete their work. This reminds us that the end of the school year is almost here. We Seniors are busy writing final theses, sending applications to all school boards we hear about, planning commencement dress and preparing for the Regents' exam. We are reading every daily paper and magazine, besides studying spelling and other common branches of study.

JUNIORS

MARGUERITE HARSHAW

The Diary of a Junior.

Sept. 5th—Papa left for home this afternoon and I am all alone. I just know I'm going to be lonesome. Papa helped me find my boarding and rooming place, so now I'm all settled. We found lots of rooms just pleading to be rented. Every other house in Stevens Point has a student's "Room to Let" card in the window. The trouble wasn't in finding a good place, but trying to decide on some one place. For a while it looked as though I should either have to live in five different houses or give up going to Normal. We dragged up and down all the quiet side streets, ringing bells and asking questions until the words, "should, like to look at," and "What is the price of" began to sound very foolish to us. But it's all over now and I'm sitting at my desk trying to decide whether I ought to begin my diary now or wait until Normal opens tomorrow. Guess I'll wait.

Sept. 6th—We registered this morning. Such a big Junior class, about ninety, I guess. Not much doing today, but everybody seemed horribly busy except me. Saw a large number of important looking individuals; guess they must be Seniors. But then, there seem to be a lot just like me, strangers in a strange land. School begins tomorrow. I made out my program, paid my tuition, drew

my books and so am all ready for business.

2nd week—Well I've learned a lot of things the past week that aren't advertised in the catalogue. I've neglected to make note of them until now and it has been my misfortune, not my fault. For the first few days the whole Normal and all the streets and buildings near it seemed to be in such confusion that I could not walk a block without feeling terribly excited. Everything's going fine in school. Am quite well acquainted and like the girl across the hall very well. We've got the nicest teacher in observation. The old girls call him "Hippy." He's fine! And then there's the chemistry teacher. A great tall old man with the kindest smile. He's known as Daddy Culver. Guess there's pretty good faculty here. Heard a lot about a fellow called "Spin" and wish I could take something under him. And our library reading teacher, he's a pretty good old scout, too. I hear the awfulest stories about a man called Pat. Have a study under him the 2nd quarter, so hope he's not as bad as he's painted.

5th week—Classes just beginning to get together. Seniors and Juniors having such a time lowering one another's colors. They do that here every year, I'm told. Our fellows seemed to hold their own for a time, but the Seniors finally downed them. Both classes show a lot of spirit.

7th week—Such a lot of things have happened since I last wrote and I just let them happen. We've had tests, but they're not so bad. Have gone to several receptions where everybody just strain themselves to make believe they're having a good time. You know the kind. But there's a good time coming. Help it on! The Seniors are going to entertain the Juniors on Hallowe'en.

10th week—That Senior Hallowe'en party is over and such a time as we had! The invitation asked us to spend a night in Senior Hell and we sure did it. It was pretty good fun; the Seniors enjoyed it immensely. Funniest thing happened to me while waiting for guides to take us. Saw what I took to be a Junior girl standing in the corner, but different ones around whispered that it was a boy fixed up as a girl. I asked him to tell me who he was, but he grew impatient and told me to be quiet. What was my horror when I found I had been talking to the same Pat. above mentioned. He went thru Senior Hell, too, I guess, and found it rather warm. We Juniors enjoyed the fun that occurred after the preliminaries were over.

Month later—Back again from Thanksgiving vacation. Seemed good to be at home again, but I'm glad to be back. I must have the Normal spirit. My program is rather stiff this quarter. Got that man Pat. and I like him.

Dec. 15th—Christmas is in the air and everybody talking about going home. Our president gave the nicest talk today. He's such a nice, nice man and we all like him so well. I've got my suit case packed and it's amost train time. More later.

January—Have been back a week. I really did intend writing in this diary while at home, but just didn't get around to it. Anyway, had a perfectly delightful time. Mr. Sims gave us a "spiel" on debate work today. It seems that the Juniors of this Normal and those of Oshkosh debate each year. Quite a few going to enter the preliminary contest. Hope we win.

February—Preliminary contest held last night. Henry Schulz, Tenia McCallin and Mrs. Thomas won out. They will meet Oshkosh team sometime in April. Here's hoping they win! Basket ball season has opened. Quite a few Junior girls are trying to make the class team. I imagine it would be fun to play boys' rules. Our boys have had some lively games with outside teams. The girls' games interest me, however. I do hope our team will win the cup.

March—The class team in basket ball has been picked out and the girls are practicing hard. I'm just sure we're going to win. Ruth Bennett makes a dandy captain.

The tournament is over. We've won the cup just as I said we would and we're feeling mighty fine. Now we've got to win that Junior debate! Third quarter is almost over, too. Exams. next week and then—home.

April—Back again! Had such a fine time at home, hated to come back. Only one quarter left and such a lot to do. Lots of the girls came back late. Must have lived on the Portage branch, Spin said. That Spin.'s an old peach!

April 27th—Hated to write this, so put it off. We got beaten in the Junior debate, 2 to 1. Get that? Yes, we, the class of 1912, got beaten! Our people put up a good fight, tho, and we are proud of them.

May—We Juniors are planning on giving the Seniors a return for their Hallowe'en entertainment, in the form of a Junior Banquet. It's going to be nice all the way through for everybody. It's going to mean a lot of work for the whole class. The last issue of the Pointer has gone to press and the Junior editor feels that her burdens are lightened considerably. Fourth quarter finals are about here. Regents have come and gone and everybody has a lot of work to finish up. It's funny how things pile up at the end. Our Junior year is almost over, and although we've had good times, I think we've proven ourselves worthy of the "Cherry tops."

FRESHMEN

The following students left school at the end of the 3d quarter: Isiah Butcher, Ruth Frank, Anna Riedel, Jessie Curran, Mabel Kreuger, Chas. Blume, Westina Wysocki, Ruby Thorn, W. E. Schneider, Irene Heaney and Irene Sherman.

Mr. Dingeldein, who was with us during the 1st and 2nd quarters and who has been a salesman in this city, visited us at the end of the 3d quarter. He was togged up with a plug hat, which we all enjoyed. He is going to be a brakeman on the Soo line. Good luck to him.

The Freshmen dreaded the word "theory" when they saw it on their programs, but after hearing Spin for about two minutes they cooled down and said "Ain't he a la! la!"

Steiner had a little class,
A funny class it was,
It took them 'bout an hour,
To send him to La Crosse.

Mr. Clifford Anderson, the "electrician," who was out of school during the 3d quarter on account of illness, is with us again.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all Freshmen, who sit in, or have their books in, or are in any way connected with room 215, that it is not a studying place, a visiting place, an ice cream parlor, a theatre, a studio, a spooning place, a hiding place for chorus skippers, but merely some imaginary, systematic, unparalleled, ferocious, undignified place where we must never be found unless we have 1,000 reasons for being there or unless we have at least 4 professors with us who are experienced men as far as—as far as—I can see.

Notice No. 40, 116; reg. No. 35xy 126.

We Wonder Why

Gladys doesn't stay in 215 around sweeping time?

Blume went home?;

Gerdes takes gym?

Shimek doesn't teach in some university?

The Sophs. didn't challenge the Freshmen?

L. F. doesn't talk with S. W?

Boyington doesn't come late for roll call any more?

Resolved: Never to

Experiment with an egg in botany again.

Take pictures till I learn how. J. E. S.

Throw stones in gym. again.

Carl Gerdes.

Try stunts in gym. till I get older.

Shimek.

Waste time talking with M. C.

Henry the "Giant"

Miss Marie Carver has been absent from school for a while on account of illness.

Notices to be Read at Morning Exercises.

Will the person who has been continually taking charcoal from my desk come to me some time today and I'll take up a collection and give him or her about a bushel or so, so he or she won't have to accidentally borrow (?) anybody's property. L. A. Gordon.

Will the person who got the idea to take my Japanese brush get another idea and bring it back. Henry Welch.

Mr. Gordon has been appointed to do Pointer work for the last issue as Mr. Butcher has withdrawn.

SEEING NORMAL

A personally conducted tour thru S. P. N. under the guidance of ye editor

Lady, please tell your little boy to keep with the rest of the party, or the savage faculty may get him. Everybody ready? No, madam, you must leave your dog outside; Laddie Sims is the only dog that has the privilege of the building. Here before us is the west door, chiefly used as an unloading place for Fred Ambrose's boxes. To the left as we go down is that enterprising hive of industry wherein the Seniors and seventh graders turn out match boxes and folding beds respectively; also other useful pieces of bric-a-brac.

Down the passage to the right are the apartments of George and several other Breitbachs. George's duty is to make the heating system behave. He has so far been unsuccessful, and eagerly welcomes the warmth of summer. To the left we see what is nominally the boy's bath room, but actually Fred Leonard's study room. Down the hall we come to the boiler room, otherwise known as Hades, sometime presided over by Carlyle Whitney, to the great discomfiture of the Juniors. Across the hall is a room which serves as Albert's private office and Carl Gunderson's resting place. To the left is the place where the young ladies change from fashion plates to horrible realities in bloomers. No, madam, that is not a slot machine; it is a sanitary drinking fountain. Here we are at the scene of many a handout and many a theft of Freshman ice cream, the old kitchen. Up we go to the first floor. To the left is the primary room, wherein are found Edna Becker and many other small children. Opposite is the kindergarten, whose function is to furnish the piano for gym dances. Around the corner to the left is the emergency room. This chamber of horrors serves as an excuse for the D. S.

girls to maltreat their fellow beings. There is no case known to history when the room has ever been used in an emergency, but it is a nice place to show to visitors. Passing down the hall we come to the practice teachers' storeroom. This room is run on a co-operative basis. Each student makes as much disorder as possible. The next room is the sanctum sanctorum, occupied by Prof. Hyer and two typewriters. This room is shunned by practice teachers through instinct, and in individual cases through unpleasant memories. Across the hall is the source of the tantalizing odors of "beefsteak and," burned cheese, etc., which occasionally waft through the building. Going up this winding stair to the upper regions, we turn to the left. Here we have cell number 215, wherein are imprisoned Freshmen who are too green to know their right to something better. Yes, madam, that is a Freshman, Sandy Butcher. His overbearing and autocratic air is probably due to the fact that he is assistant janitor. Opposite is the drawing room. Here the near-artists draw pictures, Eva Schutt draws a cup of water, R. B. Woodworth draws his breath, Miss Flanagan draws her salary, and Bessie Burdick draws the line on some of the pictures handed in for the Iris.

Going down the hall, we come to the library, shunned by William O'Connell because it does not contain the Police Gazette. Across is the office occupied by Miss Johnson and her smile. Like Lewis Carroll's Cheshire cat, the smile remains even when Miss Johnson goes away. In the inner office you see on exhibition the President, whose duties are to sign excuses and to provide entertainment for the students from 11:45 to 12:00 daily. Here to the left is the intellectual recreation

hall for the prisoners, watched over by armed guards. This is where Mark Billings studies in his few rational moments. Here is the room devoted to the gentlemen members of the faculty, the tennis net and two pairs of gym shoes. No, madam, that is not the violent ward. It is merely the ninth grade room. No, we have no negroes here. That boy with the kinky hair is Curly Garthwaite, who is perfectly respectable, I assure you. Up we go to the third floor. To the right are the headquarters of the agriculture class. This class is very bright, as one of its members knew a man that had a cousin whose uncle had a garden. Opposite is the botany lab. and photograph gallery. This is the scene of the awful carnage that took place when the faculty had their countenances transferred to paper. Behold the laboratories, noted for explosions galore. That room there is where so many people nearly pass in chemistry. Passing on, we come to the seat of learning in which Freshmen mentally devour the touching fable of how Crossington washed the Delaware. Next door is the joke factory. Yes, ma'am, that desk is rather untidy, but it is kept so to remind Mr. Spindler of his happy bachelor days. Across is the home of the skeleton. No, madam, it is not William Dineen's skeleton, as its jaw is missing. Here we are in the museum. It is no longer of any value as a museum, but makes a fine place for class play rehearsals and is proving to be an ideal study room for Don Waite. That little room tucked off to one side is the music room. The reason for its being situated in such an out of the way place is obvious when we remember that Alvin Anderson is taking music. Leaving the best for the last, let us now pass to the Pointer office. This room would be the best in the building if Tom Olson would only clean it up. Note the artistic decorations on the wall, especially the picture of Mut, the office dog. Taking a farewell gaze, we will now leave. Right down these stairs. Don't fall, little girl. Here we are where we started. All ready for the next trip. See the Normal for 25 cents. This way everybody. This wa-a-y!

OHIYESA

A is for Adams, superintendent of worth.
 B is for Blank, so full of mirth.
 C is for Carroll, a friend of all.
 D is for Darms, who answers the call.
 E is for Esther, a wee little lass.
 F is for Foxen, who misses no class.
 G is for Glenn, with eyes so brown.
 H is for Hansen, with never a frown.
 I is for Inga, quick and sly.
 J is for Jennie, modest and shy.
 K is for Kollath, our worthy cook.
 L is for Lottie, who ne'er carries a book.
 M is for Moehrke, a worker of fame.
 N is for Nelson, who has good aims.
 O is for Omet, who takes delight in nature.
 P is for Peterson, bound for Scandinavia.
 Q is for Quimby, a lost member.
 R is for Ruth, who came not in September.
 S is for Schwochert, our president.
 T is for Thompson, who on work is bent.
 U is for all of "U," may you have a good time.
 V is for Vomestek, from the northern clime.
 W is for Wage, who loves country life.
 X is for Excellence, for which we strive.
 Y is for Young, may she never grow old.
 Z is for Zest, which the Indians hold.

The officers elected for the fourth quarter are as follows:

President—Anna Schwochert.
 Vice President—Kate Pyatt.
 Secretary—Anna Arnold.
 Treasurer—Myrtle Sitzer.
 Sergeant—Gladys Stowe.

We are making preparations for the inter-society declamatory contest to be held soon. Every member of the society is planning to enter the preliminary contest and excellent results are confidently hoped for.

This final write-up of the year 1911 finds the Ohiyesa with its year's work nearly completed. Every member looks back with pleasure upon the evenings we have spent together. We feel that great gain and profit has been derived from our faithful work. The work consisted of debates, current events, readings, musical numbers, impromptu debates and impromptu speeches, and talks by members of the faculty and by members of the society. Our best wishes for success along every line are extended to the society for years to come.

ARENA

April 28.

At this meeting it was voted that the society give a miniature carnival in the gymnasium to help defray our Iris expenses. Janet Johnston was appointed to direct the affair and a committee chosen to assist her. This means a great deal of work for everyone and every member is expected to do her share toward making the venture a success.

May 5.

First business before the house was the installation of officers for the last quarter. The following now direct the affairs of our society:

President—Alice Keegan.
Vice President—Hazel Sinclair.
Secretary—Ruth Bennett.
Treasurer—Fay Holum.

The committee appointed to look after the carnival to be given by the society brought in its report to the society. The gym. has been secured for the 13th of May and a program has been planned which includes a farce, "Mrs. Busley's Pink Tea." Katzenjammer Castle. Minstrel show. Fortune teller's booth. Vaudeville. Curiosity tent.

Arrangement have been made for holding the annual declamatory contest between the two girls' societies. We have a number of members who are quite gifted in the art of public speaking, and our prospects for winning the prize this year are bright indeed.

Our year here is almost done. A few more meetings and we shall leave the Normal school with its associations of work and play, and go out to take up the tasks which lie before us. We shall never assemble again as a society, perhaps, yet, as we meet or hear of our members in the future, the thought of their advancement will be a measure of our own.

We shall judge our happiness by theirs, our progress by theirs and our prospects by theirs. As we view their happiness we shall seek to trace out the way by which it has been wrought. When they win distinctions, we shall fall to thinking how they, our classmates and fellow members, have outrun us. And it shall spur us on to renewed efforts.

There are some forty of us, 'all to scatter in a few short weeks. In the future we shall meet one here and there at wide distances apart; and we shall talk together of old days, and of our life and work. We shall review the work we did, the work we tried to do and the fun we had among our society sisters during the year 1910 and '11. The Farmers' party, the informal dances, the presentation of "My Lord in Livery" and "Mrs. Busley's Pink Tea," the winning of the declamatory contest. All these things and many more shall be lived over and we shall treasure each memory as among our most valued Normal school experiences.

Forum-Athenaeum

About the middle of the third quarter the two societies, Forum and Athenaeum, decided to hold joint meetings because of the small attendance in either society. We have

held several such meetings and the results have been very satisfactory. The attendance has been good and considerable interest is shown in the work.

The first meeting of the fourth quarter was held April 28th and an interesting impromptu program was carried out. The first impromptu debate, "Resolved, That a bald head is better than a long beard," was argued pro and con. The decision of the judges indicated that the bald head was better. The geography contest was characterized by the many new cities which had sprung up in the United States to meet the demands of the questions asked by the president. The meeting was closed by a scientific discussion as to which came first, the egg or the hen. We were glad to have with us on this occasion, Carlyle Whitney, who has made an extended study of the origin of life. He very deftly traced the egg from a unicellular structure to the young chicken, but in his conclusion he was much surprised to discover that he had not accounted for the origin of the egg. During his treatise on the subject Mr. Whitney made the statement that many cells were brought together and the result was an egg. One of our Senior members arose to correct the speaker by saying, "A collection of cells is called a jail." After the laughter the speaker calmly informed his interrupter that he had been in a jail and the cells were not together, but separate. After hearing the critics' report, the meeting was adjourned. This proved to be one of the most interesting and successful meetings we have held this year. It was a fair criterion of what we can do if we go at it with the right spirit. The speaking and extemporaneous debating demonstrated what society work has done for those who take an active part in that line of school work. We are anxious that every male student of the school shall avail himself of this opportunity to get a training along literary lines, and we therefore ask all male students to attend our meetings.

The officers for the Athenaeum for the fourth quarter are:

President—W. C. Hansen.

Vice President—Edwin Steiner.
Secretary—Lancelot Gordon.
Treasurer—Henry Schellhouse.
Sergeant—Leone Carley.

The Forum officers are:

President—Thomas M. Olson.
Vice President—Sandy Butcher.
Secretary—Will Greening.
Treasurer—Carl Oden.
Sergeant—Walter Horne.

Program for May 5, 1911.

- Roll call—Respond by giving some unique fact about some city you have visited during the past year.
- Talk.....Prof. W. F. Lusk
- Debate—Resolved, That it would be educationally advantageous for the state of Wisconsin to retain the elementary course in the Normal schools of the state. Affirmative, Otto Schreiner, Carl Oden; negative, Will Greening, Leone Carley.
- Debate—Resolved, That the bear lost its tail through a process of evolution.
- Critic's report..... Prof. W. F. Lusk
- Adjournment

Looking backward over the year of society work, one naturally asks himself the question, "What have I gained from my affiliation with the literary society?" One who has been a faithful worker in the society would answer, "Everything." It is difficult to state specifically just what influence the training and social contact of society work has had on one's education, but if the history of our great leaders and reformers may be a criterion, an organization like the literary society is an influential factor in moulding our future. One obtains many things in an organization of that kind which he can obtain nowhere else, and no other work will better fit a student to cope with the obstacles which will confront him as soon as he leaves school.

Wit and Humor

Outline that was submitted to one of the members of the faculty for rhetoricals.

"Why I Love my old Geography."

I. INSTRUCTOR

1. Knows everything about geography.
2. Makes work easy(?) and interesting.
3. Never sarcastic in the class room.
4. Always wears a smile. Especially for me.
5. Always assigns short lessons.
6. Never gives any outside reference work.

II. SUBJECTS

1. Roller Rink.

- (1.) 50 degrees latitude, 23 degrees east longitude.
- (2.) Climate—Very agreeable.
 - a. Warm in evening.
 - b. Moderate in afternoon.
 - c. Cold in morning.
- (3.) Position—Convenient for surrounding people.
- (4.) People.
 - a. Normal students and faculty (?).
 - b. All engaged in same occupation.
- (5.) Industries.
 - a. Roller skating.
 - b. Dancing.
 - c. Gossiping.
 - d. Rhetorical speaking.

2. Church.

- (1.) 0 degrees latitude, 0 degrees longitude.
- (2.) Climate—Sometimes cool and sometimes 'hot, generally too warm for comfort.
- (3.) People.
 - a. Good ones like "Hebard bunch."
 - b. Recreation after church.
 - (a.) Out walking.
 - (b.) Calling on Normalites.
 - (c.) Receiving callers.

Spin—"If a fellow gets up at the U. of Wis. and recites fluently, he is called a Normal rook because he has learned his lesson. Here in school the girls make better recitations than the boys because they study their lessons and memorize them, but twenty

years from now the boys will be—well, there's no telling what they will be then."

There was a young fellow named Paul,
Who bluffed and bluffed and that's all.
In history of ed., he stabbed himself dead.
Says Spindler, "I'm afraid for you, Paul."

There is a young lady named Maurer,
We know that she has mighty power,
In German she's a peach,
In mathematics out of reach,
Oh, this wisest of students named Maurer.

Mr. Collins—"Why is carpeting like matrimony?"

Edyth Wallace—"We must consider the waste."

Mr. Collins—"Yes, or rather, the match."

Little Freshman—"If you wuz out in a great big woods all alone, an' you saw a 'normous big el'phant comin' to eat you all up, wouldn't you be scared?"

Mr. Olson, (speaking of the geography of disease)—"It's just as important to know where you would expect to find disease bacteria as to know where Podunk is."

Mr. Spin.—"What is the difference between idealist and realist, Miss Glenn?"

No response.

Mr. Spin.—"Haven't you had that in literature?"

Alice Glenn—"Yes, I had it, but—"

Mr. Spin.—"Yes, I had the measles, too."

1st Student—(After nature study trip)—"Did you see the butcher bird?"

2nd student—"No, but I saw Doctor Bird."

1st Student—"Why, I never knew there was a doctor bird."

Prof. Olson—"Are there apt to be typhoid bacteria in the Mackenzie river?"

D. W. Kumm—"No sir, the Mackenzie river isn't inhabited."

Miss Menaul—"Mr. Steiner, you may sing the scale."

Mr. Steiner—"I don't seem to be able to get up to do."

Miss Menaul—"You must be made differently than other people."

In Case the Normal Caught Fire

- Would Lulu Herrick whistle?
 Would Miss Menaul say, "Just a minute please?"
 Would Tom Olson singe his curly hair?
 Would Mr. Spindler run for his satchel?
 Would Mr. Sims say, "Well, what of it?"
 Would Myrle wait for Esther?
 Would Wilbur save Marie?
 Would Don Waite long?
 Would John Shimek tumble down the fire escape?
 Would Nugent try to save the pictures for the Iris?
 Would Fred carry out his counter-plans?
 Would Mable Rice lose her dignity?
 Would Genevieve Clifford hurry?
 Would Carlyle Whitney say, "Well, within the growth and scope of my opinion?"
 Would Mrs. Short say, "Where is that fine?"
 Would Mary Carroll put on her cooking cap and apron?
 Would Jenny Wadleigh run?
 Would Mrs. Thomas give an imitation of the fire whistle?
 Would Mark Billings try to save all the girls?

Mr. Sims, at morning exercises—"All those who belong to the bacteria class return their books to the text library at once."

Mr. Culver, in current events—"Of course none of you people notice the change in markets. You do not have to pay the bills."

Edward Shea—"I should say we do."

A Composite Conundrum.

Now just suppose—A young man with Kumm's laugh, McCoy's gait, Klein's disposition, Olson's nose, Horne's eyes and Paul Collins' speed should meet on a narrow plank another fellow with Billings' trousers, Bird-sall's chest and a flow of ideas like Reid McWithey's. Would the right-of-way be decided for the first or the second, and which side would you bet on?

Arts and Sciences

The people in the nature study class are taking that oft prescribed "beautifier," e. g., a good brisk walk in the morning air. These trips are not only enjoyable, but also very instructive. The class usually divides, one section going one place and the other to some other place of interest. The study of birds is being taken up now and the purpose of the trips is to observe birds, their colors and characteristics.

The unfortunate chemistry class that had to prolong the study into the fourth quarter is in the last stages now and will soon be out of quarantine.

As the delicious odors come from the kitchen, the Senior D. S. girls realize with regret that they are all through with that part of their work. When once in a while, not only a smell, but the real thing comes to them, the Seniors also realize that the Juniors are equalling, if not excelling, them in that art.

The Senior D. S. girls are working with the Snow System of drafting patterns. One day as we were laboriously working out the method of cutting the skirt draft, Miss Hitchcock looked up, laughed and said, "Oh! girls, if you could see the looks on your faces, you would laugh, also." And we did laugh then.

The work of this quarter is drafting patterns and the making of a shirt waist suit and the graduating dress.

One of the best social functions lately held in school was the one given by the domestic science department to the faculty and students in the gym. The chafing dish refreshments were the main feature of the evening, consisting of Welsh rabbit and shrimpwiggle, with coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts and pickles. The refreshments were served in the early part of the evening, after which followed general dancing and a few special dances.