

The Normal Pointer

VOLUME XX

Stevens Point State Normal, Friday, May 28, 1915

NO XVIII

ASSEMBLY REFUSES TO REPEAL APPROPRIATION FOR NORMAL DORMITORY

MADISON, May 26.—The Hoffman bill repealing the \$100,000 appropriation for a dormitory for the Stevens Point Normal school, was acted upon in the assembly this morning.

Immediately upon its introduction, Assemblyman Krembs of Stevens Point moved its indefinite postponement.

Effective speeches in favor of the dormitory, and against the Hoffman bill, were made by the following assemblymen: Krembs of Portage county, Hambrecht of Wood, Kent of Milwaukee, Schindler of Green, and Ofstie of Eau Claire.

Opposing speeches were made by Hoffman of Calumet county, Harrington of Walworth, and Ellingson of Rusk.

The "aye and "no" vote was demanded, and the result was as follows:

For indefinite postponement, 48.
Against, 29.

Assemblyman Woodard of Chippewa county, changed his vote from "no" to "aye."

The vote reveals a substantial majority in favor of the dormitory; while several of the absentees would have voted in our favor.

All of the Stevens Point people on the ground rendered high service, but the largest credit must be given Assemblyman Krembs.

GEO. B. NELSON.

The above telegram was received by THE JOURNAL from Stevens Point's member of the Board of Normal School Regents, at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon.

The action of the assembly in indefinitely postponing action on the Hoffman bill, saves for Stevens Point the \$100,000 dormitory authorized by the legislature of 1913, and awarded to the local school by the Board of Regents in February, 1914.

The credit for the victory is well placed by Regent Nelson. Ever since the Hoffman bill was introduced, Assemblyman Krembs has

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Tom Dugan, by his Friend

DOROTHY DICKINSON.

Tom Dugan is a fellow that will play with all his mind and strength and then work just as hard. Last evening proved to me that he is one of the finest men on the whole force. Yesterday, Tom and I had received invitations to dine at his uncle's home. Tom always makes the most of his opportunities, so he insisted that the occasion was great enough to merit the wearing of our black claw hammers and pinching low shoes. Every one respects Tom's judgment, and so our sacrifice of comfort was mutual, which was the only comforting thing about it. The evening was a hilarious one as only an Irishman, and that one Tom Dugan, can make it. Not a serious thought entered my head, till we were tramping back to the rooms at the station, Tom was in the middle of a story when the bell at our station, three blocks away, gave the signal for a fire on the east side.

Dugan is a born fireman, and nothing can keep him away from the scene of action. He stopped a moment to listen; and said "They are going straight down the street. Quick, this way and we'll catch them."

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Young Womens Christian Association

Father GEAR talked to the girls Tuesday of last week. His theme was "What am I?" and the talk was very inspiring as well as helpful to all the girls.

Last Tuesday the chairman of the Social Committee, and the chairman of the Social Service Committee had charge of the regular meeting. These girls selected various topics of interest to the association, and together with members of their committees rendered a good program.

The Association members are still enthusiastic about our "Geneva Friend," and we hope that because of our interest and efforts now, we may have a large delegation to represent "S. P. N." at the Annual Conference at "Williams Bay."

All's Well That Ends Well

HATTIE KRUEGER.

He was a multi-millionaire, and was just returning from a fishing trip. Now a fishing trip is not in harmony with fine clothes; so to gaze at him no one would imagine there was accredited to him a large bank account, or that he was the land-lord over many mansions. But Phil, did not care; for he was one of that kind who do not desire to exhibit their wealth by presumptuous airs or gaudy clothes.

Standing on the bank of the river Tiber, he was dreaming of past College days, when a young voice awakened him, and turning he saw the sweetest face with a most serious expression on it. Smiling friendly at this beautiful maiden, he asked her how he might aid her.

"Oh," she said, "there is something the matter with my car." "I was trying to run it alone, when something gave way and I can go no farther." "Do you suppose you could fix it?"

"I'll pay you liberally," she added, as she noticed his somewhat tattered garments.

He turned to suppress a smile, then answered, "I'll take a look at the thing, anyway, and see what I can do."

She led him to the car, and anxiously watched him as he deftly repaired the damages.

Then he assisted her in, and offered to run the machine home for her. She thankfully submitted, and during the drive home, could not help but admire the wavy curly locks which persisted in creeping from under his cap, and the broad shoulders which were so indicative of an athletic life. "Poor man, he must have met with adverse circumstances."

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THE IRIS

Faculty members who had their picture taken this year for THE IRIS owe us \$1.50, as we have paid up the entire photographer's bill.

Those who did not have one taken owe us \$.25 for the re-print from the old plate.

Those owing \$1.50 may pay this, obtain an Iris and secure their individual copper plate for \$3.00.

Those who owe only \$.25, may pay this, obtain an Iris, and secure their individual copper plate for \$2.00

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A SOLDIER OF THE FLAG

BESSIE BECKLER.

"Now children, how many of you would like to serve the flag?"

Thirty-nine eager hands went up in answer to Miss May's appeal. Nicolò did not respond. His thoughts were still intent on the story he had just heard.

"How can little children serve the flag?" Miss May went on. "Well Gretchen, what can you do?"

"I mind my ma, like der soldiers," Gretchen's tone was exceedingly virtuous. As she resumed her seat she glanced disapprovingly at Pete, who did not mind his "ma."

"We can all serve the flag by telling the truth." This was Percy's contribution. Percy with his curls, his starched ruffles, and elegant speech, was out of place among the little aliens of the First Grade of the Lincoln School. Neither was he a favorite among the children.

Black eyed Yetta cast a disdainful look at Percy. She did not think much of his speech, but was fairly bursting to add her mite of information.

"Teacher lady, when I sees things what I wants much, I never takes 'em 'til I gets premishun," Yetta sat down triumphant.

Miss May's eyes sought Nicolò's corner. "Nicolò, what are you going to do for the flag?"

Nicolò came back with a start. He had been far away from the sunny school room. Mounted on a great charger, with sword and shield in hand, he had led a host to victory against a savage horde. He was returning victorious to receive the cheers and plaudits of an admiring populace. Miss May's question rudely interrupted the dream of glory.

Nicolò looked frightened. What did "teacher" want? Involuntarily his grimy little hand sought his pocket and closed over an eraser. His eyes furtively sought Miss May's. No, the grieved look was not there. She did not suspect him this time, at least not yet. What could she want? Miss May repeated her question. Was that

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NORMAL DORMITORY

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taken a strong personal interest in the fight, and the final result is in the nature of a personal triumph for him.

Among many others who ably assisted Mr. Krembs, and who are also deserving of credit for the victory, are Regent Nelson, President John F. Sims of the Stevens Point Normal, Miss Francis C. Bannach, county superintendent of schools, and Dr. George D. Whiteside, president of the Portage County Board of Education, all of whom have co-operated in every way possible to defend the repeal measure.

JOURNAL.

LATER Fight Still On

Madison, May 27.—At this morning's session of the assembly, Mr. Woodard of Chippewa county, who on Wednesday changed his vote from "nay" to "aye" on the motion to indefinitely postpone the Hoffman bill for the repeal of the \$100,000 appropriation for the Stevens Point Normal dormitory, introduced a motion to re-consider the vote.

The motion was made a special order of business on next Wednesday's calendar.

This means a continuation of the fight. GEORGE B. NELSON.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

(Continued from Page 1 Column 3)

stances to be in such a condition." she murmured.

From the scant conversation which he managed to carry on with her, Phil. learned she was making a tour in this part of the country; that her chaffeur had taken ill and would not be able to continue the journey with her for some time, and that her dear old Dad in England was lonesome, but firmly resolved that her education would not be complete without a year of traveling on the continent.

Arriving at her hotel, he courteously helped her alight, and then hat in hand, humbly asked if he might not be her chaffeur until the other one should have recovered. She gratefully accepted, pressing a coin in his hand the while.

Just then, the hotel door opened and he heard some one say, "Oh, Annette, we thought you were lost, and had—"

But Phil. heard no more. "Annette," so that was her name; he might have known, however, for no other would have suited her so well.

Then he gazed down at the coin in his hand, and mentally resolved to keep it always as a souvenir.

A week later, Mr. John Sindor of London, received the following letter:

Monday, May 1.

DEAR DAD:

The most wonderful thing has happened. While here, Jim took seriously ill, and had to be taken to a hospital. As the weather was so fine, I resolved to try to run the car myself. When I was about five miles from our hotel, something gave way, and I was left standing in the middle of the road. For a while I didn't know what to do, but soon I saw a poor young man and asked him to help me. He did, and asked to be engaged as my chaffeur until Jim should get better. Well, he is. But, Daddy, he's so queer. Sometimes I get so angry at him, I don't know what to do; but there's something about him which won't let me say anything sarcastic or mean.

Sometimes I wish your Philip was like this strange man, then may be I might please you. But, as it is, I am, and will always be,

Your loving Daughter,

ANNETTE.

Mr. Sindor gazed out of the window for a long time after reading this, then sadly shook his head. Hewas older than Annette, and he knew.

So the weeks passed; nay, the months, and still the new chaffeur clung to his position. His mother had written him a letter, begging him to come home; for, she said, "The marriage alliance between yourself and my College chum's daughter is as hateful to her as to you." And still Phil. lingered.

It was December, and again John Sindor was seen reading a letter.

This time its contents seemed to Please him; for a smile lighted up his face as he read:

Thuro, Dec. 24.

DEAR DAD:

I'm so happy I don't know where to begin. It's all so strange. You remember I told you my new chaffeur was so different from the ordinary kind. Well, father, one day I had been real horrid, and had angered him so that he ran the car at its greatest speed. I was frightened, but wouldn't let on. I don't know how it happened, but the car tipped, and the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground with the chaffeur bathing my face. I wasn't hurt. Daddy, so don't worry. But after I was able to comprehend any thing, he told me who he actually was, and do you know, father, he's our Philip—ours because he's mine, too, now. And to think we had both been running away from each other. When I think of how I treated him as a poor man, and even gave him a coin, it makes me feel faint. He has promised never to mention it again.

Oh! I'm the happiest person on earth; but I'm still

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A SOLDIER OF THE FLAG

(Continued from Page 1 Column 4)

all she wanted? Yes, of course, he knew what he would do for the flag. The words fairly tripped over each other in their eagerness to come forth.

"I lika to be a soldier. I lika carry the flag in battles, and rida da horse, and carry da sword lika da knight. I be brave soldier."

Unconsciously he straightened up and threw back his head as if to challenge the world. Miss May smiled, then sighed. She wondered if this motley assemblage could ever be made over into true American citizens. It seemed hopeless, but she must keep on trying.

"I hope you will, Nicolo, but you must do as Miss May tells you now. You may take your pencils and papers now, children, and draw the flag."

Papers rustled joyously. This was what they liked, but scarcely had the children settled down to work when Rose burst into tears.

"Miss May, my new red and white eraser is gone."

All eyes turned on Nicolo who was busy with his drawing.

"Did you take Rose's eraser, Nicolo?" Miss May's voice showed exasperation, two red spots appeared on her cheeks.

"No, ma'am," the answer was prompt and assured. Nicolo went on with his drawing.

"Turn out your pockets."

Nicolo gasped. He had not expected this. There was nothing to do but obey. "Teacher lady's" eyes looked sorry as she handed the eraser to Rose.

"Nicolo, you can never serve the flag until you learn not to steal. You may sit in that little chair in the corner until you can tell me that you are sorry."

Nicolo sat down. He knew that he was barred out of the morning pleasures. He might not look to see how much his seeds had grown. It was his turn to water the plants, but now some one else would do it. Worst of all, teacher had said he never serve the flag because he was a thief. The black eyes dimmed for an instant. Then he sprang up with a sudden resolution. He would never steal again. Perhaps he might then serve the flag. He ran to Miss May's side.

"I am sorry, Miss May. I never taka da rubber from Rose no more. I never steal nothing no more." The eager eyes looked trustfully into Miss May's, and Nicolo was pardoned.

The sharp clang of the fire gong sent the children out of their seats in a hurry. It was Nicolo's duty to lead the line. At the first tap of the drum, they marched out. Nicolo walked proudly, keeping careful step. He liked fire drills. He hoped Miss May was seeing how well he did it. The children turned, awaiting the signal to re-enter. But this was not a drill, it was a real fire. Little puffs of smoke and tongues of flame burst from the basement windows. The fire engine came clanging down the street. The children watched it, fascinated. Suddenly Nicolo darted from the group. Every one was so intent upon the burning building, that he slipped around the corner of the school house unseen.

With winged feet Nicolo sped to the side door. No one was there to stop him. He dashed into the building and raced down the long corridor. It was filled with smoke. He choked and gasped, then dashed head-long into the first grade room. The flag, he must save it; but it was far beyond his reach. He sprang upon a chair; still he could not reach it. He jumped down and seized the little chair in which he so lately sat in disgrace. It must help him now. Placing it carefully

upon the larger chair, he clambered up. Oh joy! This time he managed to seize it. He pulled and the great flag came down, draping him in its silken folds. Crushing it into a bundle, he wrapped it in his little coat.

Little tongues of flame darted at him as he opened the door to pass out. He ran out through the corridor, tripped and fell. His eyes smarted, his mouth was dry, he could scarcely breathe. Hugging his precious bundle close, he crawled toward the door.

Miss May soon saw that the fire was beyond control, "You children may run home now. Don't stop to watch the fire."

"Please teacher, Nicolo is gone—skipped." Yetta's sharp eyes had discovered the absence of the black sheep. Miss May sighed. She had so hoped that he might reform. He had seemed sincerely repentant but a few moments before.

Just then a little figure staggered out of the flames. It was Nicolo. His hair was singed, his face and hands blistered, but he still hugged his precious bundle. Straight to Miss May he went and placed it in her hands.

"I had to save da flag, Teacher, so I could serve it," he said simply.

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Tom Dugan and his friend

(Continued from Page 1 Column 2)

Almost before I had taken in the situation he had grabbed me by the arm and we were running down the street. With a half block to go we reached the other street just as the engine came up from the station. Tom made a great leap as it was going by and managed to climb on and drag me up after him without any mishap, which was surely a miracle. We were whirled down the street, and came to the fire in no time; but even then it was almost beyond control. They told us that every one was out, and so after a short scout thru the lower building, all the boys came out and started work on the building near by. We started too, but were held up by one of the older firemen. Burns, after one look at our duds, sent us back into the crowd. We had just reached the lines when some one caught me by the shoulder and propelled me toward an open space in front of the next building. Before I had time to twist around and find out why I had been captured, I heard Dugan say. "Follow me, and keep out of sight of the chief." Then he led in a scramble for the door-way of the building next the burning one. As we leaped up the stairs three steps at a time, Dugan explained in his usual way, "Boy in the window—fifth floor. come on—got to get him." We pounded our way thru the last door and out onto the flat roof. Tom rushed to the edge of the roof, almost under the burning building. As we looked down at the row of windows, a few feet away we could see a slim boy with a shock of red hair, hanging over the sill of the last window. Tom lay down on the roof, and telling me to take hold of his ankles, started to wriggle over the edge. By a series of squirms and pawing motions he managed to get hold of the flying curtain, then of the sill. As soon as he got his breath, which was difficult because of the pretty well unfed with smoke, he called out, "All right, Bill, just make believe you're in a derrick." I tried to, but there must have been something the matter with the machinery. As light as he was, the added weight of the boy made my arms and shoulders ache, and I could only raise them about a foot. My chest was crushed against the edge of the roof, and my feet were numb where I had

twisted them in the railing across the corner to keep from slipping. I had seen other samples of Tom's blind faith in my strength, and managed to hang on, even tho my head was whirling. Then I heard the tramp of feet on the roof, and felt myself and the other boys lifted bodily up onto the roof. The chance to breathe brought me to in a hurry; but quick as I was, Tom was up before me and trying to help carry the boy down the stairs. As I clapped him on the back and asked if he were hurt, he said "No, but my only cutaway will never recover from the strain."

Then he asked if I thot the chief had seen us. Burns heard him, and started to jolly him as he always does. "I don't blame you, Tom, for wanting to select your spectators," he said. "That play was most too good for the President, I'm thinkin'."

The roar and cheers of the crowd stopped as we came out onto the street. The people backed up to make room for us and the boy's mother who had just managed to get thru the mass of people. The limp, white look of the boy must have scared her. I happened to be directly behind her, and so for the second time that evening my strength seemed the handy thing for the emergency. We don't carry smelling salts in our equipment, but Dugan has methods of his own for every thing. He shouted for one of the men to turn the water that way. It had the desired effect, as she revived before it came, and was bundled into the waiting ambulance with the boy and you, Brennen. You boys surely made quick work of that fire. Why, the next building hardly got heated. This is my afternoon off, so I thot I'd come up and see how you were feeling after your exhibition dint thru the glass.

Oh, yes, Tom has the afternoon off, too, but the boys make so much of him that he's gone to his room to keep out of their way.

No, I don't mind a bit if you write it up. Your paper THE SUN? Well, I hope you get it straight. It'll help Tom when the chief reads it.

TEACHER IN GERMAN—Wie kommst du her?

PUPIL—Nobody; I comb it myself.

"The barber told me an interesting story, the other day."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and he illustrated it with cuts".

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