

# The Pointer

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Student Publication of Stevens Point State Normal School

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**APRIL**  
**1924**

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GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT ISSUE

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# THE POINTER

Stevens Point, Wis.

April 1924

## "THE MOVIE"

The United States is the greatest exporters of moving picture films in the world. One hundred and fifty million feet of film was exported in 1922 to all parts of the world. There is scarcely a country in the world that is not importing at least a few hundred thousand feet. If you enter a theatre in Melbourne, Bogota, Vladavostack or Timbuctoo the chances are that you will be entertained by Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, or some other American film hero or heroine. This is a wonderful accomplishment in the short life of the industry, which is little more than a couple of decades old.

Strange to say that business men and government officials are only just beginning to wake up to the possibilities of this wonderful agent of progress, particularly in foreign countries. Travelers returning from foreign lands are bringing home reports of the movies from all quarters; some of these reports are flattering and encouraging; some of them, not so much so. Taken altogether however, there seems to be no doubt that they are a very important means by which foreigners may gain an extensive knowledge of us. The people of Japan, China, South Africa, Columbia, and every other country are becoming familiar with American customs, manners, clothing, architecture, industries and general standard of living. A Japanese statesman has recently said that every moving picture house in Japan is an American colony from which American influence is radiating in all directions. That may not always be truly representative yet it will become more so as time goes on.

What is true in Japan seems to be true also in the Latin American countries of Central and South America. The people of these countries are looking more and more to the United States for leadership rather than to France and Spain as they once did. This fact is quite evident because of the steadily rising import trade between these countries and the United States. Our standard of living is so much higher than that of France since the war and the wonderful development of manufactures in variety and quality, here, is proving a greater and greater attraction to them. The movie serves to make these people familiar with these facts at once and not ten or twenty years from now as was the case formerly.

When the value of the movie in teaching and in church work becomes better known and when its value as a helper in salesmanship is fully appreciated, perhaps a market for these type of films will be found in foreign lands. When you stop to think that stocks and bonds are often sold with the help of the movie, who knows where the limits of the field are.

There is another effect which the American movie is wielding in foreign lands, an effect we cannot measure, but which is none the less real. Who can estimate the influence of Charlie Chaplin, of Wesley Barry, and of other movie stars of this order, in breaking down age long international peevishness and prejudices. A man may be wrathful to the nth degree but if he can be made to laugh, hard feelings evaporate, and he again becomes approachable. So it is between nations.

We are often told that ignorance is the most prolific cause of war; that ignorance of the government, customs, social life, history, standard of living, industries and every day problems of the other nation, is the chief cause of misunderstandings and national hatreds that cause war. In what better or quicker way can this ignorance be obliterated than through the movie? The motion picture has a universal language that all can understand. It has a universal appeal, the influence of which cannot be overestimated. The influence of its language and appeal will be good or bad according to the purpose and ideals which control its directors.

—Prof. C. F. Watson.

So many of our alumni have returned to visit the school or to their homes here that one might readily believe Time turned back one year. Among our visitors were a number of last year's students: Kenneth Boylan, George Johnson and Gage Taylor, who are attending the University of Minnesota; Miss Helen Battin, a student at the University of Chicago, and J. Foster Owen, who helps to represent us at Madison. From the teaching field came Kenneth Hale, Glen Hart and Henry Haasle, from the schools of Cumberland, Cheatek and Clintonville.

# MUSIC

Activities of the organizations of the Department of Music are now concentrating upon the cantata the "Rose Maiden", which is to be given early in April, probably the night of the 3rd, Thursday. The Choral Union, Men's and Women's Glee clubs, are combined in this work and, together with the Civic Orchestra of fifty pieces, the performance bids fair to be one of outstanding merit. Musicians from the city are augmenting the Normal organizations and when the performance is ready for presentation to the public, it is probable nearly two hundred voices will be heard. The effort of arousing the singers from the city is being made by the Stevens Point Women's Club, of which Miss Bessie Mae Allen, faculty member, is president.

Soloists for the performances are being selected both from among the artists in the city and outside. It is possible to announce definitely at this time that part of the soprano solo work will be taken by Miss Wilma Shaffer, senior in the Primary department, well known to school and city as an experienced and accomplished soprano. Miss Ruth Jeremy, local soprano and teacher of singing will appear in other soprano solos and Mrs. Hazel Higgs, who is well known to the school, will appear in the contralto part. Tenor and baritone soloists are being selected by the committee. They will be announced later.

The Civic Orchestra of Stevens Point, composed of both students and musicians from outside the school, appeared in a concert from 11:00 to noon, March 7. The first movement of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" featured the program, which included as well the "Andante" from the "Surprise" Symphony by Haydn; "Heart Wounds" by Edward Grieg; "Nocturne III" by Franz Liszt, and a number from the "Rose Maiden" entitled "Bloom On O Roses" sung by Miss Wilma Shaffer with the orchestra.

The plan adopted last fall by the Civic Orchestra committee of giving concerts on Sunday afternoon of each month is being followed. No ad-

mission is being charged to these concerts and all donations are used to further music training among boys and girls of musical talent who could not otherwise receive this training. The large attendance at the monthly affairs attests not only to the growing popularity of the Civic Orchestra but to the desire of students and townspeople to assist the cause of music among the coming generation. The March concert was given Sunday afternoon, the 30th, at three o'clock in the Auditorium.

Classes in music are making an intensive study, one day a week, of the masterpieces of music such as are being used throughout the country in Music Memory work among school children. The classes are divided so that students are working in pairs, one looking after the demonstration of the selection before the class and the other student reporting on the history of the selection and the life of its composer.

Mr. Dyer appeared before the music section of the Southern Wisconsin Teachers' Association at Madison at their annual convention. His talk "The What and the What-Not in Grade Music" was followed by a discussion from which much of worth in the field of music teaching was brought out.

The names of seniors who are eligible for consideration as candidates for the Department of Music medals will be published in the April "Pointer." The medal has been on display in the bulletin board. It is of original design, with the embossed figure of a woman playing a harp. In the lower left corner is the raised seal of the school done in purple with gold letters. The medals are of such size that they will make beautiful pendants if won by women, or likewise, artistic and serviceable watch fobs for men. Two prizes, a gold and a silver medal, will be awarded in each department of music work.

## FLORAL TRIBUTE RECEIVED HERE

In commemoration of the memory of her brother, Rex Beechler, who made the supreme sacrifice during the world war and who was at one time a student at the State Normal here, his sister, Miss Daphne Beechler of Clintonville, sent the school a beautiful bouquet of carnations on Monday, the anniversary of his birth. The school has extended its appreciation of her courtesy.

—Stevens Point Journal

## Maybe He Was at a Blowout

Father—I see by the gas tank that you didn't get far last night.

Les R.—Well, father, I'm not complaining any.

Ham—Yes, I was knocked cuckoo in the last game.

Alice—When do you expect to recover?

Have horse sense and eat oatmeal.



## THE BASKET BALL SEASON

The basketball season just closed has been one of the most successful in the history of the school. There have been years when more games have been won, and there may have been better teams representing the school, but never has there been a season when the competition was so keen among the Normal schools or interest and enthusiasm so high with'n Stevens Point Normal.

We won our two pre-season games, from Heidelberg University of Tiffin, Ohio, and St. Norbert's College by comfortable margins and won five out of eight conference games. This does not sound so well until one knows that there was no undefeated conference team in the state and that La Crosse Normal was the only team not losing three or more games. They, however, did not play enough games to fulfill the requirements for a championship. We were beaten out in the championship race by virtue of that school playing one more game than we did so that although they lost one more game than we did, they succeeded in winning one more.

All our games were extremely interesting ones to watch and to play. The team this year was exceptionally clean and always gave the best there was in them. A feature of the season was their come-backs in the second half in nearly every game. This would show condition and the spirit to play hardest when things were going against them.

As to individuals, Captain Davis stood out as our scoring ace, Williams as the long distance artist of the squad, St. Claire for his wonderful ability to cover the floor, Herrick for his exceptional ability to play well any position on the team. Swan was a good guard until he was disabled in mid-season, Kramer was always dangerous as a shot and Vaughn was a fighter who never knew the word quit. Besides these letter men there were Atkinson, Craney, and Leak who all did their bit to make the season a success.

Had we been able to keep Boone eligible we would undoubtedly have been undisputed champions of the conference. All we lacked was a shooting forward.

All the above squad will be back next year except Davis, St. Clair, Kramer, and Leak. This is saying a whole lot but with the nucleus of veterans and a few new men we should again give an excellent account of ourselves in 1925.

## VOLLEY BALL

After basketball season, Coach Swetland had twelve Volley Ball teams chosen, taking care that the personnel of the teams were evenly matched. Games have been played every night after school and on Saturday afternoons. The men in Mr. Swetland's coaching class captain the teams.

The faculty with, "Sock 'em" Dyer and, "Herb" Steiner and we just can't leave out "Charlie" Evans, started out to show the boys how the game was played when they were young. They started out to do it too, until Tess's team landed them a two to one setback.

"Ham" Williams' team is occupying first place with "Dutch" Kramer's second and Davis's third. Knope's and Finch's are scrapping for the cellar.

Ferdinand Hirzy for the past two years has offered medals for the first place. After each team has played thirty three games the one having the highest average wins. Six men of this team will be awarded medals.

These are the standings corrected up to March

TEAM	G	W	L	Pctg	P
XI Williams	33	27	6	818	1
V Kramer	30	22	8	733	2
II Davis	30	18	12	600	3
XII Steiner	33	19	14	576	4
X Wiesner	33	18	15	555	5
IX Ullman	33	14	19	424	6
I Craney	30	12	18	400	7
VIII Tess	33	13	20	394	8
VI Leak	30	11	19	367	9
IV Knope	30	10	20	333	10
III Finch	30	7	23	233	11

After the close of the boys' tournament the girls of each department plan to put on a girls' volley ball tournament. There will be one team from the Junior High school besides the other department teams. The Junior High school won the tournament last year.

Words of our dear profs remind us  
We can use as big as they.  
And departing leave behind us  
People wondering what we say.

Grace—I had a nut sundae.  
La Veeda—I have one calling tonight.

# THE POINTER

Published monthly by the students of the  
Stevens Point State Normal School  
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

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Departmental Editor.....Cecil Card  
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Departmental Editors .....Cecil Card  
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Madge Narron.

Series II      Volume V      Number 4  
April, 1924

One Dollar the year

Much has been said of late in criticism of the Pointer. A part of the criticism is undoubtedly justifiable. We do not lay any claim to the distinction of producing a perfect publication. Some of the adverse comments are, however, entirely undeserved. It may be well to explain the purpose of the Pointer as it is conceived by the faculty advisors and the staff under the present organization.

The Pointer is not a "school paper" in the same sense that the Oshkosh "Advance" and the "Racquet" of La Crosse are schools papers. They are essentially newspapers, appearing at stated short intervals, put out by one staff. It is their aim to give live, up-to-the-minute news. The Pointer seeks not to keep the school posted on the happenings of a few days; the idea of a newspaper published at six-week intervals is absurd in the extreme—a "bound newspaper" would be something of an innovation in journalism. The whole character of our publication is such as to make the newspaper idea untenable.

The Pointer is rather, a permanent record in magazine form of the worthwhile activities of the school, a more complete record than a year-book could possibly be of the things that go on in S. P. N. The school organizations and their activities, the achievements of individuals and teams representing the school, the successes of our alumni in the teaching field, articles by faculty members on matters of professional or general interest, programs and entertainments, classroom occurrences, these are the things which go into the Pointer. It is more or less representative of the whole school, more when individual students take it upon themselves—when **you** take it upon **yourself** to turn in write-ups of the things which come to your attention—less—when as happened recently, a spirit manifests itself in the placing of a large waste-basket in the corridor just outside the auditorium doors, on the day the Pointers were distributed—ostensibly as a depository for Pointers.

Only one edition of the six which are published each year is written by the members of the staff. The material for the others must be handed in by members of the student body. With the active cooperation of the whole school this plan is excellent, without such cooperation the publication of the Pointer is an ordeal.

If a school newspaper is more in accord with what the school wants, the concerted action of the student body can bring about the necessary changes. If a revision of the present system would be advantageous the faculty committee on student publications or present staff members are glad to receive suggestions. But if "panning" or "razzing" simply for the pure joy of finding fault are the objectives of the critical discussions we overhear in the halls, let us suggest another pastime—try writing a little article for the next Pointer, just for the fun of seeing whether or not it gets in.

## WHAT MAKES A STATE TRULY GREAT

The wants of man are classified as health, wealth, beauty, righteousness, sociability, and education. Wealth is a product of three factors—natural resources, native ability, and acquired ability, the first two being practically constant. It is indeed difficult to increase the natural resources of a state, while native ability is about the same the world over, and varies little in the onward march of generations. Moses, Socrates, Shakespeare, Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, Wellington and Napoleon possessed it in superlative degree.

The acquired ability of a people through education is a variable without limit. Such countries as Russia, Italy, Spain and Greece, measured by the scale of appropriations made for it, give evidence of having little faith in its power as a wealth producing factor. Germany, England, France, the Scandinavian countries, and the United States, on the other hand, recognize the power of intelligence, guided by conscience, in safeguarding the nation and in promoting its progress.

A century ago Wisconsin possessed natural resources in greater quantity than it does today. The soil was as fertile, the climate as salubrious, the mineral deposits greater, forest area of wider extent, the transportation facilities as good, and the streams as potential in energy through water falls and rapids.

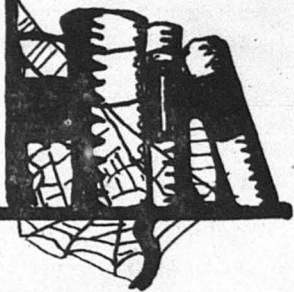
Today, Wisconsin, whose motto is "Forward" and hailed as the "grand old Badger state," pre-eminent in all that makes a state truly great, is everywhere recognized as one of the foremost states in the nation.

What brought about the miracle? What wrought the transformation? What forces were operative? The answer is to be found in its educational system, making the men and women whose intelligence was applied to the natural resources in such wholesome ways as to make the potential

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# LITERARY



## HER TRANSCENDENT MOMENT

The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment.—Ruskin.

Sutherland had been trying for weeks to decide which hour of the day was the one in which he most missed Gloria. He sat down in the little summer house where he did most of his writing at this season of the year to think about her. He took from an inside pocket a large thin case of gold that held her childish face. Was it, he asked himself, that hour in the morning when he heard a faint sound in the nursery adjoining his own room? A stir, a silence, a swift rustle of covers, a dash, and Gloria, sweet and rosy from sleep, plumped herself in the middle of his bed, wide-awake, chattering, full of plans for a new day. Or was it when he saw her coming to meet him down to the wide gate, soft hair flying and slippered feet dancing, waving imperiously to Brooks, the chauffeur, to stop the car and let her get in? Or when she sat opposite him in the big dining-room, pretending to be talking to him, but really smiling and coquetting with her own blond baby loveliness in the mirror above the old mahogany low-boy? Or when very mildly chided for some childish misdemeanor, she threw her quivering little body into his waiting arms, and whispered, "I'm sorry, Daddy."

The summer house, too, held memories. Here at the table he sat to write; there in that corner she often sang softly to her dolls or painted crude, gorgeous sunsets with a sloppy brush. He thought pityingly of the mother who had not stayed with them to watch this flower unfold; her gain was now his loss. He lived again through that week of agony—a slight infection, a little fever, the doctor, a specialist from the city, nurses beside her day and night, her passing into silence—oh, the irony of having money that could not buy.

He could bear these thoughts no longer. He got up and went out of the summer-house, and he began to pace up and down inside the hedge. A slight movement in the bushes attracted his attention, and he looked down to see a pair of bright, dark eyes, set in a sharp elfish face. The sight startled him so that the locket slipped unnoticed from his relaxed fingers and slid to the ground.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" he questioned. "Come here, and let's see you."

The elf crawled through the hedge, and came

up in a standing position. Sutherland saw a thin little figure in a short brown dress that revealed pipe-stem legs, and was topped by untidy wisps of black hair.

"What's your name?"

"Jane Seely. I live with the Carson's. They're my cousins. Some times Cousin Dave lets me come along when he cuts your grass and weeds your flowers."

"Oh yes, Carson. I see. Who gave you the name of Jane?" He was thinking how well it fitted.

"My sponsors in baptism," was the unexpected answer.

Sutherland laughed a little, looking down at her, all angles where the soft curves of childhood should have been, where they had been in his own winsome Gloria. Suddenly he thought of the locket, and began to search for his treasure. "Did you lose something, Mister?" asked Jane. "Yes, a locket. My little girl's picture was in it."

"Cousin Dave told me about her, how pretty and sweet she was. I'll help you look," and she dropped on all fours and began to scratch around in the grass. Their combined efforts were without results.

"Never mind, Mister, I'll come tomorrow and look," she comforted. "I'll have to bring Adolphus, but he'll sit in his go-cart and be good. He's the Carson's baby," she explained. "I take care of him mostly. He's so cunning. Yes, I'm coming," as a call came over the hedge from the tree-hidden cottage. She slipped through the gap she had made and was gone.

Sutherland looked again for the locket the next morning, but he did not find it. After breakfast he drove to the city, for his publishers were clamoring for promised manuscript. As he drove out of the gate, he passed a toiling figure pushing a go-cart with a fat baby in it. Jane pointed to the gate, and he nodded permission. He did not return until late afternoon, but Jane was waiting for him patiently wheeling the baby up and down outside the front gate. She hailed him joyously, waving her hand. He had Brooks stop, and he got out, and sent the car on to the garage.

"I found it, Mister, I found it right under the hedge. It must have rolled," and she held it out in her skinny brown hand.

He took his treasure with relief and delight, satisfied himself that it was intact, and slipped

it safely into his pocket. There was a rustic seat just inside the gate, and he sat down, motioning Jane to sit beside him. Adolphus, placid and phlegmatic, poked his fingers contentedly into a hole in his sandal and played with a wiggling pink toe.

Sutherland reached a hand into his pocket, then changed his mind.

"Youngster," he said, "What shall I give you as a reward? What would you like best?"

"For finding the locket, do you mean? Oh, I didn't do it for that. I looked for it because you seemed so sorry about it, and she was so pretty. I wish I was pretty like that."

"But I want to give you something. Listen! I'll be your fairy godmother, and you may have one wish. Think hard, just one." He looked down at her, studying her rapt face. He wondered that this child, whose whole appearance spoke eloquently of a lack of the things that made life smooth, would most want. A pink satin dress, he supposed, or a diamond necklace, or perhaps, like the story-book children, a college education.

He waited. It was a full minute before she answered.

"If I can have just one wish," she said, at last, looking up seriously at him, "I'd take this: I'd like to be your little girl for just one day, really your little Gloria. And wear her clothes, and play with her things and do just what she'd do."

She stopped before the look on his face, but even that could not tell how big was the thing she asked. Again he felt the irony of money that will not buy. The disappointed look in her face decided him. It would be hard, but he could not bear to hurt the child.

"All right, Jane, you shall have your wish. Come tomorrow."

"If it doesn't make any difference, Mister, could I come on Sunday? It would seem nicer to be here on Sunday, and you see on week days I have to take care of Adolphus while Cousin Mary is working."

"All right, Sunday then, and I'll be home all day."

"Didn't your little girl go to church?" she questioned.

"Why yes, of course. We'll go to church or whatever you like."

"I want to do whatever Gloria did," she answered.

Here Adolphus, who had reached too far over the side of the go-cart, was threatened with the loss of equilibrium, and had to be rescued by his faithful nurse.

"He's such a smart baby," she boasted, "and he isn't a bit of trouble. I'll take him home now, and Sunday I'll come."

THE DAY came, for Jane's sake write it in capitals. Sutherland, who was watching for her, saw her creep through the hedge, and come timidly up the steps. He met her in the hall with a cheery greeting, called a pleasant-faced maid and gave her some directions. The maid took Jane up the broad staircase and down a hall where she unlocked a door and went in. Jane followed, her

cracked shoes sinking into the soft blue rug. The maid crossed the room, and opened another door. "These are M'ss Gloria's things," she said, "and you are to choose what you like."

Some subtle feminine instinct caused Jane to pass over blue and rose and misty white, and choose a frock of pale primrose yellow. Then came the mysteries of a perfumed bath, and fluffy white underclothes, and slippers and silken hose to match the primrose dress. The maid brushed her dark elf locks into order, and stood amazed at her handiwork. Sutherland who waited at the foot of the stairs, was likewise amazed at the child who had been Jane. Her eyes shone, her face was luminous, she walked like a princess. Her voice and manner had changed; there was no doubt, in her own child mind, she was Gloria.

Sutherland rose to the occasion. When he did things, he did them well and thoroughly.

"Good morning, Gloria," he said, "breakfast is ready. Kiss daddy."

The child's joy was complete, a thing to be looked at reverently. Her soft kiss thrilled Sutherland. He led her to the side veranda where a dainty table was laid. There was a bowl of roses on the table—little, spicy, yellow roses that Gloria called hers. After breakfast he said, "Now, Gloria, we'll go and find the rummies and you can take a fairy tale out of Gloria's own favorite book, and then it was time for church. The maid dressed her in an embroidered French frock, and she carried a little white prayer book that had been Gloria's. Then there was luncheon, and afterwards at will through house and grounds, never long away from her "Daddy."

All day a thought had been slowly crystallizing in Sutherland's mind. Wife and child had left an empty house. Should he take this little waif—the Carson's claim on her was slight—and give her the training and education he would have given his own? As he sat on the veranda in the gathering twilight, the child cuddled in his arms, he said, "Would you like to come back tomorrow and be my little girl always?"

An uplifted face with rapturous look answered him.

"Run along then, and get ready. Tomorrow I'll come over and talk to your cousin about it," and he summoned the pleasant-faced maid once more.

When the child came out again, some subtle change had passed over her. It was not the effect of clothes. She had been Gloria, now she was Jane.

"Oh, Mister," she faltered, her face troubled, "I guess I can't be your little girl after all. I thought I could but I can't. You see I'm just Jane inside, and I never could stay on being Gloria. And Adolphus would miss me. It's so cunning the way he says "Dane," and Cous'n Mary and Cous'n Dave, they're my own folks. I guess I'll always be just Jane. But, oh! I do thank you for this Day."

Sutherland looked into the honest little face, and knew persuasion to be useless. A moment later, Jane slipped through the hedge and was gone.

# FORENSICS



**Jennette Wilson**

For the second time S.P.N. is rejoicing over winning the State Oratorical Contest. Last year is remembered by many of us with great satisfaction for we won the State contest at Milwaukee and the Inter-State contest held at Cedar Falls, Iowa, as well. To have won the honor two years in succession is unprecedented good fortune, although we felt both times that we were sending winners there is always a human element to be considered, our opinions do not always coincide with those held by the judges. Jeanette's victory was decisive. She received five "firsts" from the eight judges.

Her oration, "The Great Lakes St. Lawrence Deep Water-Way," is timely, vital to the interests of the country and the Middle-West in particular, well organized, and carefully written. Her delivery was the type at which all modern public speakers aim, the kind that causes the audience to think and judge for themselves. Miss Wilson carried her listeners with her throughout and there can be no doubt that her fine mind, her excellent poise, and her dominant personality aided materially in bringing the victory to S.P.N.

All the contestants were of superior ability. Our representatives at Whitewater all agree that they never attended an inter-normal contest in which the orations were of such uniformly high merit. Miss Catherine Chapman, of River Falls, whose oration was "The Role of American Women" won second place. Siegfried Weng, of Oshkosh, won third



**John Redfield**

with "Shall Liberalism Imperil the Faith of Our Fathers?"

S.P.N. took honors in every phase of the Whitewater contest. John Redfield was awarded second honors in the Extemporaneous Speaking Contest held in the afternoon. We are not thoroughly in accord with the judges in this decision. John is better than second best. Paul Wright, of Oshkosh, who was adjudged first received 17 points. John 19, much the closest decision of the contest. This year marked the revival of the extemporaneous speaking contest in Inter-Normal forensics.

It is customary for each school to send its best musical organization to the contests. We sent a quartette, composed of Mr. Steiner, Charles Macomber, Carl Bacher, and Louie Leak. Competing with the best glee clubs, orchestras, and bands the other schools could muster, the Stevens Point vocalists copped additional glory for the school. Their initial appearance in the morning's "stunt-program" scored so big a hit that they were asked to "strut their stuff" again in the evening. They preferred to rest on their laurels. James Doolittle, our alternate orator, deserves honorable mention for his assistance in making the program the success it was.

So far as we have been able to find out, the conduct of all our representatives at Whitewater was exemplary, but veiled references from the

(Continued on page 10)

it safely into his pocket. There was a rustic seat just inside the gate, and he sat down, motioning Jane to sit beside him. Adolphus, placid and phlegmatic, poked his fingers contentedly into a hole in his sandal and played with a wiggling pink toe.

Sutherland reached a hand into his pocket, then changed his mind.

"Youngster," he said, "What shall I give you as a reward? What would you like best?"

"For finding the locket, do you mean? Oh, I didn't do it for that. I looked for it because you seemed so sorry about it, and she was so pretty. I wish I was pretty like that."

"But I want to give you something. Listen! I'll be your fairy godmother, and you may have one wish. Think hard, just one." He looked down at her, studying her rapt face. He wondered that this child, whose whole appearance spoke eloquently of a lack of the things that made life smooth, would most want. A pink satin dress, he supposed, or a diamond necklace, or perhaps, like the story-book children, a college education.

He waited. It was a full minute before she answered.

"If I can have just one wish," she said, at last, looking up seriously at him, "I'd take this: I'd like to be your little girl for just one day, really your little Gloria. And wear her clothes, and play with her things and do just what she'd do."

She stopped before the look on his face, but even that could not tell how big was the thing she asked. Again he felt the irony of money that will not buy. The disappointed look in her face decided him. It would be hard, but he could not bear to hurt the child.

"All right, Jane, you shall have your wish. Come tomorrow."

"If it doesn't make any difference, Mister, could I come on Sunday? It would seem nicer to be here on Sunday, and you see on week days I have to take care of Adolphus while Cousin Mary is working."

"All right, Sunday then, and I'll be home all day."

"Didn't your little girl go to church?" she questioned.

"Why yes, of course. We'll go to church or whatever you like."

"I want to do whatever Gloria did," she answered.

Here Adolphus, who had reached too far over the side of the go-cart, was threatened with the loss of equilibrium, and had to be rescued by his faithful nurse.

"He's such a smart baby," she boasted, "and he isn't a bit of trouble. I'll take him home now, and Sunday I'll come."

THE DAY came, for Jane's sake write it in capitals. Sutherland, who was watching for her, saw her creep through the hedge, and come timidly up the steps. He met her in the hall with a cheery greeting, called a pleasant-faced maid and gave her some directions. The maid took Jane up the broad staircase and down a hall where she unlocked a door and went in. Jane followed, her

cracked shoes sinking into the soft blue rug. The maid crossed the room, and opened another door. "These are Miss Gloria's things," she said, "and you are to choose what you like."

Some subtle feminine instinct caused Jane to pass over blue and rose and misty white, and choose a frock of pale primrose yellow. Then came the mysteries of a perfumed bath, and fluffy white underclothes, and slippers and silken hose to match the primrose dress. The maid brushed her dark elf locks into order, and stood amazed at her handiwork. Sutherland who waited at the foot of the stairs, was likewise amazed at the child who had been Jane. Her eyes shone, her face was luminous, she walked like a princess. Her voice and manner had changed; there was no doubt, in her own child mind, she was Gloria.

Sutherland rose to the occasion. When he did things, he did them well and thoroughly.

"Good morning, Gloria," he said, "breakfast is ready. Kiss daddy."

The child's joy was complete, a thing to be looked at reverently. Her soft kiss thrilled Sutherland. He led her to the side veranda where a dainty table was laid. There was a bowl of roses on the table—little, spicy, yellow roses that Gloria called hers. After breakfast he said, "Now, Gloria, we'll go and find the supplies and you can take a fairy tale out of Gloria's own favorite book, and then it was time for church. The maid dressed her in an embroidered French frock, and she carried a little white prayer book that had been Gloria's. Then there was luncheon, and afterwards at will through house and grounds, never long away from her "Daddy."

All day a thought had been slowly crystallizing in Sutherland's mind. Wife and child had left an empty house. Should he take this little waif—the Carson's claim on her was slight—and give her the training and education he would have given his own? As he sat on the veranda in the gathering twilight, the child cuddled in his arms, he said, "Would you like to come back tomorrow and be my little girl always?"

An uplifted face with rapturous look answered him.

"Run along then, and get ready. Tomorrow I'll come over and talk to your cousin about it," and he summoned the pleasant-faced maid once more.

When the child came out again, some subtle change had passed over her. It was not the effect of clothes. She had been Gloria, now she was Jane.

"Oh, Mister," she faltered, her face troubled, "I guess I can't be your little girl after all. I thought I could but I can't. You see I'm just Jane inside, and I never could stay on being Gloria. And Adolphus would miss me. It's so cunning the way he says "Dane," and Cousin Mary and Cousin Dave, they're my own folks. I guess I'll always be just Jane. But, oh! I do thank you for this Day."

Sutherland looked into the honest little face, and knew persuasion to be useless. A moment later, Jane slipped through the hedge and was gone.

# NEWS

## FACULTY NOTES

During the past month the following faculty members functioned outside the school:

Addresses were made at the Chamber of Commerce luncheons by Prof. R. M. Rightsell on the "Radio," and Prof. J. E. Delzell on the "Exercise of the Franchise."

President Sims addressed the Rotary club on his trip to California on the occasion of the National Education Association meeting in July, 1923.

Professor Steiner and his quartette furnished music for the Kiwanis club at one of their recent dinners.

President Sims and Prof. W. A. Clark addressed Parent Teacher associations at Dorchester and Westboro respectively.

Prof. O. W. Neale conducted a Teachers' Institute at Eau Claire.

Professors Watson and Delzell acted as judges in a debate at Manawa, and Prof. Steiner as judge at Brillion.

## TRAINING SCHOOL NEWS

The excellent work of the Training School in fitting our students for teaching has attracted the attention of many superintendents who are making visits to the school to select teachers for the coming year. During the past week, the following superintendents were here: J. F. Waddell, Antigo; J. A. Walecka, Granton; Maxwell Jenks, Abbotsford, and Miss May Bernard, supervising teacher, Iron River, Mich. Though this list must of necessity be stale when it reaches you, as the returns have not been received from all of them, these students have been engaged for the coming year: At Abbotsford, Rachel Weaver, Hazel Fullmer, Ruth McCabe, Lillian Rice, Laura Wohlge-muth, and Ella Achteberg. At Antigo, Elsie Rand, Viola Krumm and Margaret Scott. At Granton, Nina McClyman.

Harriet Lewis has secured a position in Weyauwega where she will have charge of remedial work.

Mary Raleigh has taken a position as the head of the Rural Training Department at Shawano. She entered on her new duties at the end of the last quarter.

Esther Smith will teach at Taylor. She and Nina McClyman are the first Home Ecs to be placed.

The Christian Science church of this city has presented the normal library with the "Christian Science Monitor," one of the best current authorities on both foreign and domestic news.

## NOTICE TO ALUMNI

Romo E. Bobb, president of the Class of 1922 and president of the Alumni Association writes to

us from Madison, asking that we give publicity to the notice printed below. We urge every member of the school and every member of the Alumni Association to cooperate with Mr. Bobb, and help him to arrange a successful class reunion.

Dear Class mate:—Will you send me your answer to the following questions, and when you write to any other members of the class of 1922, ask them the same questions and have them send me their answers. It is impossible to reach all of them as I have been unable to get their addresses. 1. Would you be in favor of a class reunion on June 4, 1924? 2. Will you be free to come at that time? 3. Will you come? As president of the class of 1922 and also as president of the Alumni Ass'n, I am anxious that we have a larger turnout this year than ever before. I thought perhaps it would be possible to have a class reunion in connection and in that way get more of the Alumni out. Hoping that you will cooperate with me in this respect, by sending your answer and also by writing to other members of the class that you know the address of.

Very truly yours,

Romo E. Bobb,

Pres. of the Class of '22.

Pres. of the Alumni Ass'n.

308 N. Orchard St., Madison, Wisconsin.

On Thursday evening, March 27th, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Redfield gave a dinner in honor of their son, John, who represented S. P. N. in the extempore contest held at Whitewater, winning second place. The guests were President Sims, Mr. Smith, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Clark, Mr. Steiner, Louis Leak, Charles Macomber, Myron Finch, Earl Mace, Orrin St. Clair, Carl Bacher and James Doolittle. During the evening the quartette, which also won laurels at Whitewater, sang several songs, which, with a radio concert and other features helped to make the evening most enjoyable.

Continued from page 9

platform cause many of us to look askance at Messrs. Steiner and Clark. In a moment of confidence John Redfield intimated that they are headed toward the ultimate destination of the incorrigible unrighteous—we wonder what he means.

Winning the Inter-Normal contest won us the privilege of having the Inter-State contest at S. P. N. This will probably be held some time in May. Let us stand unitedly back of Jeanette to win the Inter-State as well as the Inter-Normal and add to Stevens Point's record as a School of Oratory.

wealth real, and from the ideal, thus far realized to build larger and more enduring structures in the future. Intelligence was the touchstone that brought our natural resources into the service of mankind and enriched both producer and consumer.

Our great university, our colleges, our nine normal schools, our thirty-two county normal schools, our high schools, and our elementary schools are the pride of our commonwealth. Operating under generous appropriations, about \$70 per capita based on daily average attendance, the public schools send out our youth approaching the threshold of manhood and womanhood, fitted to master the tools of the civilization into which they are born. Truly, by reason of their industry, intelligence and initiative, they are equipped to improve that civilization. It is the business of each generation to raise and train a generation superior to itself. The most powerful factor in this process is the public school in the hands of trained and competent teachers. No institution of a public nature should be defended more valiantly and fostered more generously.

Just now forces are attacking the American public school, as they always have when expansion of function, and increase of equipment, both demanding greater expenditure, were proposed. Nicholas Murray Butler, in an address, part of which has been written into the Congressional Record, and quoted by reactionary legislatures and school boards, maintains that the schools are lawless, and the source of lawlessness. Yet we are operating under a representative form of government, which, in spite of the Teapot Dome scandals and their incriminating disclosures, is proclaimed to be the best form of government yet devised by man.

President Henry S. Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation which is camouflaged to be "for the advancement of teaching," questions the wisdom of increase in maintenance costs, because of the growing number of students, the increase in the number of subjects studied, and the extra-curricular activities entered into by present high school students. He holds that the "high school should no longer be the refuge of mediocrity which we have made it," and reaches the conclusion that the high school, as well as the college, has spread its offerings over too wide a field, with the inevitable corollary that the high school should no longer be the people's college, and that our country can not afford to give every American child as much training as we are now giving him. In stead of **equality** of educational opportunity as provided in the great charter of our liberties "The Declaration of Independence," Dr. Pritchett proposes **inequality** of educational opportunity because of expense.

If our reasoning is sound education has made America what it is, but Dr. Pritchett says the saturation point has been reached and we must turn our faces backward. We must sound the call of retreat and say to the growing youth the odor of opportunity to a high school education is

closed to many of you. You are all called, but high officials of the Carnegie Foundation type will see to it that few of you are chosen.

These reasonings of the Butlers and the Pritchetts are a travesty on the spirit and the purpose of our American traditions and ideas. These studied pronouncements backed by the power of entrenched wealth should arouse the fighting spirit of every red-blooded American whose heart pulsates to the measure of faith in our educational system, and whose every desire is to foster and strengthen it in the interest of our boys and girls into whose hands is committed the destiny of our loved nation.

We know our educational system falls short of perfection. The teachers of America should have towards it an openmindedness which will lead them to disclose its weaknesses, eliminate them, and strive towards perfecting it as the greatest agency of our progress as a nation. Let us stand like a stonewall against every attempt to abridge the privilege of equality of educational opportunity. All hail to the American public school! All hail to those who have attended it in the past, to those who are housed in it now, and to those who are to be schooled in it in the future! May it multiply, grow and strengthen, and ever inspire all to higher and higher levels until the summit of real manhood and womanhood is reached.

—John F. Sims.

Miss Perna Stine has been selected as assistant to Mr. Herrick in the Training School and reported for duty on Wednesday. Miss Stine, holds the Bachelor of Education degree from the Illinois State Normal University and will soon secure the M. A. degree from the University of Chicago. She has had experience in rural schools, graded schools, normal training schools, and high schools. For the past four years she was Supervisor of Grades at Gilbert, Minn., and during the summers of 1919, 1920 and 1921, she was employed as teacher of Nature Study at Illinois State Normal University. She comes to us highly recommended and it is our hope that she will enjoy the school as much as we expect, from her credentials and recommendations, to enjoy her.

C. A. Willson, engineer for the state architect, spent today at the State Normal building taking measurements and inspecting library conditions with a view to preparing plans and specifications for supports for the library.

A fund of \$5,000 is available for this renovation and bids will be called for in time to have the work completed before the opening of school for the fall term. The new library at the Normal has been under lock and key for more than a year, having been pronounced unsafe for use until the changes in supports are made.—Journal.

Mrs. Noah—Noah dear, what can be the matter with the camel?

Noah—The poor devil has both of the fleas.

The primary seniors were very pleasantly entertained at Mr. Delzell's at a radio party, Monday night, March 10th. The juniors were entertained Tuesday night, March 11th.

Everyone had a very enjoyable time roasting marshmallows, telling fortunes, and listening to the radio.

The following primary seniors finish this quarter: Bessie Terrill, Gladys Purdy, Irene Kronenwetter, Paulina Altenburger, and Ruth McCabe.

The bulletin containing the account of President Sims' address at the Centennial Conference on Teacher Training held at Terre Haute, Indiana, has recently been received in the library. To report that address and do it justice would be to copy it word for word in its entirety. Space does not permit that but we urge every student to get the bulletin and read at least this one article carefully. The entire bulletin makes interesting and worth while reading; President Sims' address is outstandingly fine. He outlines the changing conditions which have created the need for new and better teacher training and emphasizes the need for vision, "the forward look" in planning new schools and the instruction to be given in them. He further says, in part, "The State Teachers' College is a technical school in the sense that it prepares its students for a life vocation—that of teaching or supervising in the schools of the nation. Education is not preparation for life or living; it is life, living."

"The normal school is a spiritual force resulting in the enlargement of spiritual life. It is the calisthenics of the soul, of teacher touching soul of student in such wholesome ways that the student may teach others how to think and behave—the most important functions anyone is called upon to perform."

He dwelt upon the influence of the school upon its students and the necessity for making the preparation more attractive. He expressed a deep and abiding faith in the much-maligned young people of today and said, "Optimism and not pessimism should be our guiding spirit" in dealing with the problems of educational administration in any capacity.

He made clear the importance of the training school and outlined its requirements as well as those of the Teachers' College itself.

### THE INTELLIGENCE TEST

You meet in assembly,

And no one dare miss it,

You are given a booklet

With instructions explicit,

For instance the statement

May read thus and so:—

If "Teapot Dome" is a lid,

Make three dots in a row.

If Wiesner's complexion

Is changing in hue,

Underline one of these words

Pink, white, red, or blue—

And so on for pages.

And when you are through,  
You are scored in two figures,  
And that's your I. Q.

It's a symbol for something  
But just what it is—  
Irish question? That's settled.  
The Imbecile's Quiz?  
No longer a lady  
When angry at you,  
Says, "I have your number."  
But, "I have your I. Q."

Will instructors respond  
Though we flounder in class,  
"His I. Q. is so high  
That we must let him pass?"  
Now I'd like to know,  
Perhaps you would too,  
The I. Q. of the man  
Who thought up this I. Q.

### RIPON GLEE CLUB

The advent of the Ripon College Glee Club seems to have created quite a furore at the Dorm. As one of the "Inmates" recounted it:

"For a week or more there had been a hurried, excited running about; for a week or more our Dean had been calling meetings and conferences of special importance and for a week or more the girls of Nelson Hall had been waiting for Friday. Why? Because on that day the Ripon Glee Club was to arrive, as guests of the girls of the Dormitory.

"In this, our first business venture, we had many new experiences. Believing that the first impression is the most important and the most lasting, we started an advertising campaign consisting of a house to house canvass. The city was divided into sections; the girls into groups. Each group was assigned a special street or streets. At each house the people were invited to come to the concert, which was fittingly described. At this time people were not requested to buy tickets.

"Then we had our tag day—a tag day different from any Stevens Point had ever seen. Beginning at 8:30 in the morning, squads of girls were on the downtown streets all day. As each group reported at headquarters, its report was eagerly received by the bunch waiting at the Dorm. On the whole, the people were willing to wear the tags and advertise the concert. We girls feel that we now have a much better insight into the characters of the general Saturday "street population", if there is any such thing.

"Part of the proceeds from the concert was used to buy new drops for the Auditorium stage. Four of the Home Ec girls worked late cutting and sewing and the next morning an early visitor would have found two other girls "steaming" them at 5:30 in the morning. The girls, at least, appreciate the improvement in the appearance of the stage.

"Now that the big event is over the Nelson

Continued on page 13



# FOLLY



Herrick—What color is best for a bride?  
Swan—Matter of taste. Better get a white one.

“He looks like a musical sort of fish.”  
“Yes, a piano tuna.”

“The Spring is here!” cried the poet, as he took the back off his Ingersoll.

Rusty—“I hang my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the back yard.”  
Annabel—“Oh, do they?”

Porky—“Oh, doctor, what do you recommend for a tired, fagged-out brain?”  
Doctor—“Well, fish is a great brain food.”  
Porky—“What kind of fish?”  
Doctor—“Why, for you, a couple of whales might be about right to start with.”

A wise man never blows his knows.

The Esk'mos are men of might.  
In summer time they fish and fight.  
And in winter when it's cold at night,  
They make Eskimo pies. Fooled ya!

He—“Your hair net's coming off.”  
She, feeling—“Why, no, it isn't.”  
He—“You wait and see.”

Stella asked her practice class to use the word depressed in a sentence. John wrote, “The man depressed his pants.—It may be the truth at that.

Lorena and Louie were sitting in the same room and were talking earnestly. Miss Hussey came in.  
“Why, my dear people, what are you talking about?”

Lorena—“Oh, about our relatives, Miss Hussey.”

Louie—“Yes, our kith and kin, so to speak.”

Ham (from across the room)—“That's the truth. Louie thaid, “Kin I have a kith, and Lorena thaid, “You kin.”

Atkinson and Jensen were walking down town when they chanced to pass a very pretty girl. Jensen tipped his hat very beautifully.

Atkinson—“For goodness sake, who's she?”  
Jensen—“Oh, one of the girls from our side of

the Dorm.”

Atkinson—“No wonder I didn't know her now; she's all dressed up.”

It's the little things in life that tell said Margaret Burroughs as she dragged Gertrude Morgan from under the davenport.

Registrar (to student enrolling at the beginning of the fourth quarter)—“What is your name, my man?”

Student—Jule, sir.

Registrar—You should say Julius.

(To second boy)—What is your name?

Second Boy—Billious, sir.

During the grammar lesson.

Miss Evans—Now Mr. Cummings, take this sentence for example—Let the cow out of the lo:  
What mood?

Ralph—The cow.

Tearfully—

Jack was the goal of my ambit'on.

Well, dear?

Father kicked the goal.

Mrs. Cordy—“How can you stand lying in bed so late in the morning?”

Kathryn J.—“I don't stand lying in bed. I'm no contortionist.”

“Come, come, Martha—try to talk a little common sense!”

“But Jean, I wouldn't take such an unfair advantage of you.”

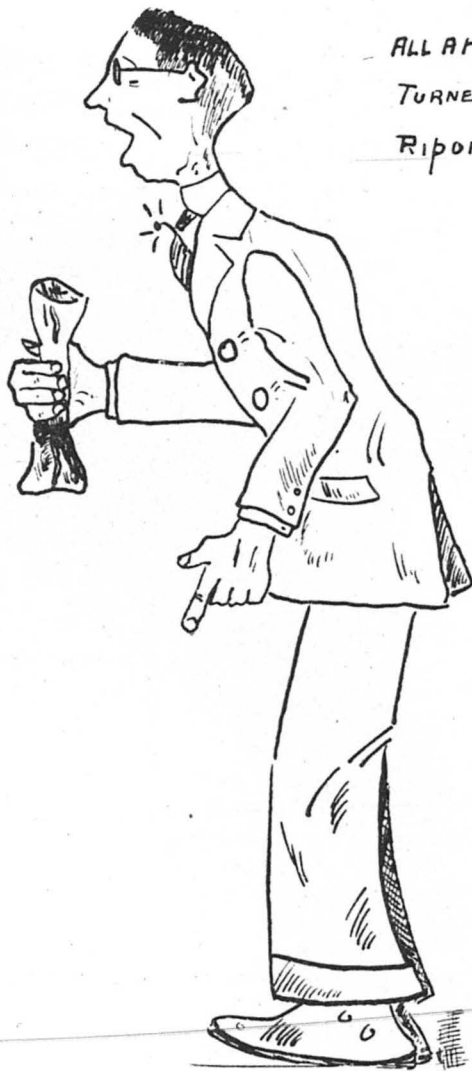
## Perhaps the Snare Drum

Jen—Who makes the music so catchy?  
It must be the traps.

Continued from page 12

Hall family is settling back for a quiet rest.”

The concert was very good, the program was a standard one, varied slight'y by a few interesting novelty acts. After midnight the glee club broadcasted the'r program from “Radiophone W C P Hotel Whiting, Stevens Point, THE CITY WORTH WHILE, Wisconsin.”



ALL ATTENTION HAS  
TURNED TOWARD THE  
RIPON GLEE CLUB



OH!

S.P.N. COED

NIX  
AND I DON'T  
MEAN PERHAPS

HOPPERMAN SWAYING THE DEBATE

THE POOR MEASLY  
100 →

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

HOT CHOCOLATE  
BANANA OIL  
COW BELLS.



Butch H. NOERSON-25



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WE WANT YOUR TRADE  
COME AND SEE US

**Moll-Glennon Co.**



*I'm all right I'm all wrong*

## School Worth While

in the

## City Worth While

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HIGHEST QUALITY  
Groceries and Meats

**C. E. Emmons & Son**

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**Wisconsin State Bank**

"A Growing Institution"

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for

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**In Ladies and Gents Silk Hose**  
You will find a full line of Pure Silk  
Luxite Hose in all Colors

**KUHL BROS.**  
401-404 Main Street

Something for every table

## **Bake Rite Bakery**

All Home Cooking  
at

## **MEANS' CAFETERIA**

## **NEW MAJESTIC**

Stevens Points Largest and Finest Theatre

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Center of Activity

HOTEL WHITING BLOCK

Fur coats and trimmings

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SUIES DRY CLEANED and Pressed \$1.50

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