

Hand Copy

THE

Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1896.

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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume I.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., APRIL, 1896.

Number 5.

LITERARY.

AWAKENING.

Never yet was a Spring-time,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low ;
Never yet was a Spring-time
When the buds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the Summer
Are folded under the mould ;
Life that has known no dying
Is Love's, to have and to hold,
Till sudden, the bourgeoning Easter !
The song ! the green and the gold !
MARGARET E. SANGSTER in Harper's Magazine.

TREES IN MYTHOLOGY.

Long ages ago, upon the mountain sides and in the vales of Hellas stood the forests in all their native splendor. Man had not then learned to despise the gifts of the gods. Thither came the gods and goddesses to hunt through the rosy morn. or to rest at the sunny noontide. In the mountain glens dwelt the oreads ; and in the brooks and fountains the naiads played. The forests were peopled with wood-nymphs and dryads whose homes were in the trees, and whose lives ended with the existence of the trees they inhabited. Here Pan practiced upon the pipes or danced with the wood-nymphs.

Jupiter, when wearied with the charms of Juno, or annoyed by her sharp tongue, would sometimes visit the groves to enjoy the society of the wood-nymphs. The jealous Juno wished to punish her unfaithful lord, but was thwarted by Echo who detained her until the other nymphs had made their escape. Juno sought revenge by depriving Echo of the power of speech—except in way of reply. She was granted the "last word," and that alone.

The nymph Echo vainly loved the beautiful youth Narcissus, and to conceal her blushes hid among the cliffs and caverns. Her form changed to stone, yet her voice still repeats the words of wanderers in the wood. There is a suspicion that Juno has relented somewhat, and that the modern Echo may say, "That is what I meant to say, only I did not clearly express my thought," whenever something worth saying is spoken in its presence.

In one of the groves sacred to Ceres, there once stood a mighty oak, the home of a wood-nymph. Against the advice of his friends, Erisichthon resolved to fell this tree. At the first stroke of the axe, blood flowed, and the wounded dryad warned the destroyer of the punishment awaiting him for his cruel deed. Erisichthon

persisted, and the monarch of the grove fell, bearing many of the surrounding trees to the earth. The wood-nymphs appealed to Ceres, who sent for Famine to punish Erisichthon. Entering his bed chamber, Famine breathed upon Erisichthon who began to dream of food. He waked so oppressed by hunger that he consumed food enough to feed a city, but became hungrier as he ate. His fortune was soon spent, and his daughter sold as a slave to obtain money for the purchase of food. The daughter assumed other forms, eluded her masters, and returned to her father to be again sold. At last his hunger became so distressing that he fed upon his own body until death relieved his sufferings.

Sometimes at the pleasure of the gods mortals were transformed into trees, either for temporary convenience and protection, or as a reward for worthy deeds. Daphne, a water nymph, became a laurel, and so escaped the unwelcome wooing of Apollo, a victim of Cupid's malice. The sisters of Phaeton, who lost his life while rashly driving the chariot of the Sun, were changed into poplar trees, and their tears turn to amber as they fall into the stream upon whose bank they stand.

Perhaps the most pleasing tale of this sort is that of Baucis and Philemon. This worthy couple, for hospitality to strangers, were taken into the favor of the gods. Neither wished to live longer than the other ; so they requested that death might overtake them at the same instant. This petition was granted, and after living to a good old age, they were both at the same moment changed into trees, each saying, "Good bye spouse," as the bark closed over their mouths. There, by the temple they served, stand an oak and a linden tree, the monuments of the good Baucis and the worthy Philemon.

EDWIN SCOTT.

SKETCHES.

The "Best Room."

It was in an unpretentious cottage, set back some distance from the road. The front windows were facing the east, where the first rays of the morning sun peeping through the snowy white curtains, danced gaily upon the home-made carpet and yarn rugs as if trying to bring out all the brightness that was in them. In the Summer afternoon when the Sun had moved toward the west, and every other room was hot and sultry, a cool, shady retreat could be found in this pleasant corner. Several books and a few pieces of bric-a-brac were scattered about where they might best be enjoyed. The furniture although well dusted and tastefully arranged, was not so highly polished that one feared to touch it lest the marks of his fingers be left to mar its beauty. This was the "best room," where winsome Kate, with dancing eyes and face all wreathed with

smiles, met her faithful William who found this plain little parlor the most attractive spot in all the world to him.

William is long since dead and Kate a sad-eyed widow, with silvery hair, and face seamed by many sorrows; but through the tears for child and husband gone, the smiles still come and linger at the memory of that "best room." — EDITH BREMMER.

In the Old Garret.

That garret was an awful place. All the skeleton-like ribs of the room showed in the dim light, and the boards between the big, brown rafters were stained darkly with the rain storms of many years. The floor of rough boards that bridged the lath and plaster, was full of cracks and knot holes.

A great mysterious brick tower climbed through it,—it was the chimney, but to my childish imagination, it looked like a horrible cell to put criminals into.

The whole place was festooned with cobwebs—no light films, such as the house-wife's broom sweeps away before they have made a permanent residence—but vast, grey draperies, thick with dust, and sprinkled with yellow powder from the beams where the worms were gnawing day and night. Here dwelt large, hairy, many-legged spiders, that had spent their whole long lives among these rafters, and would leave them to future spiders to grow as old and huge as themselves.

In a dim corner, under the eaves of this garret, I found an old trunk covered with dust and cobwebs. The mice had gnawed through the leather hinges, and threatened to destroy it all. In the chest I found piles of old books and papers, which had been used in bygone years, but had long since been banished to the garret. These piles grew larger and larger as each generation added to them its worn-out literature.

It was a strange collection; one that nobody had cared to meddle with, and that no one was willing to destroy, so it was left until some new generation should bring it into light again.

I found it a very interesting amusement for a rainy day, to read and wonder about these people who lived so long ago and of whom all that remained, except a dim memory and an old tradition or two, was to be found in this heap of rubbish.

CAROLINE V. OLSEN.

The Baby's Flowers.

When I first saw her she was standing near a flower-stand gazing wistfully at the beautiful blossoms heaped in such profusion there,—the roses, the carnations and the dainty violets nestling among their green leaves. She only looked at the flowers, with a world of longing in her patient eyes—a small, bent figure with a face not old in years, but in want and experience very old. In her arms she carried a baby, a smaller edition of herself, perhaps a little brother, whose great solemn eyes looked out from a little face which was not as happy as a baby's face should be. A few days afterward I saw her again. She was alone, and I heard her say to the woman who kept the flower stand, these words which explained the dingy old black dress she wore: "Here's his pennies as I was a savin' for him. Give me all the white uns they'll buy. He allus liked the white uns best."

FLORENCE C. CURRAN.

"HIS FATHER'S SON."

Perhaps one of the best books to be found on the shelves of our library, and one that has an interesting lesson to teach in these times of corporate greed for wealth and corresponding suffering of the poor, is Brander Matthews' "His Father's Son."

The father, Ezra Pierce, a shrewd, practical man, possessing a financial mind unhampered by the "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" idea, built up a large fortune by manipulating stocks in a method known to the magnates of Wall Street, intending to transmit to his son, wealth, power and influence. Still he clung to his code of morals, and looked upon himself as an up-builder of his country's interests, instead of a wrecker of fortunes and a destroyer of other men's hopes.

The son, educated and accomplished, and imbued by his mother with a firm belief that his father was all that is good and noble, entered upon his business career with high ambitions to emulate his father's example. Entering the office, he soon became aware of his father's policy by which corporations were wrecked at his will, and the small investments of the poor transferred from their pockets to his overflowing coffers.

Witnessing this, the son was dis-illusioned. "Like father like son," is an old maxim, and the son, not possessing his father's far-reaching intellect, fell into deceit, falsehood, and finally crime.

Mr. Matthews takes one into Wall Street, picturing in detail its ins and outs. He gives us an insight into the minds and motives of the votaries of wealth, and the schemes and struggles of the successful financier, permeating his work with a silent sarcasm that unveils the evils and analyzes the motives of those who make and wreck fortunes.

The Ezra Pierces who obtain twenty millions from the people, and found a college or a public library with five millions of their ill-gotten gains are often held up for emulation. Brander Matthews' book gives us a look behind the scenes, and should be universally read.

GENEVIEVE WEBSTER.

THE FIRE.

The house was dark and silent, except that in the library the open fire burned with a soft, cheerful light, and a low, subdued crackle. The heavy onyx clock on the mantel struck the hour of mid-night, and the fire, as if awakened by the chimes, seemed to arouse itself from its drowsy musings. It leaped up and danced wildly about in its narrow cell, hissing and stretching out its sinuous arms toward the rich drapery upon the table standing near.

Many times, as if half affrighted at its own boldness, it crouched and covered and slunk down into its lair beneath the logs, trembling with guilty fear; then creeping cautiously from its hiding place, slowly, half timorously, yet gaining courage with every move, it wound its way through the intricacies of the crackling knots. Again upon its wonted height, it waved its arms defiantly. Gathering up handful after handful of sparks, it flung them high up the wide mouth of the chimney, to perish when they reached the cold, night air.

At last, with a supreme concentration of its strength,

it burst asunder one of the charred logs, and with this force, threw a dozen glowing coals into the middle of the thick rug before the fire-place. The soft wool shriveled, smoked, and flared up into a blaze that caught the cover draped upon the table, and the books and papers scattered there.

And then the fire feasted on long-forbidden joys. It laughed and leaped and sang; louder and louder grew its voice, wilder and wilder its mirth. Mad with pleasure, it whirled and danced from curtain to curtain, from chair to chair, from wall to wall. It stole through the open door way, and grinning and chuckling crept on tip-toe up the wide stair-way and down the long halls. It knocked at the doors of the helpless sleepers, and roused them only to smother with its heavy breath their last despairing cries.

Then the fire laughed louder than ever. No need to be quiet now. It shouted and howled, leaped upward in malicious ecstasy, and flung its gleaming tresses aloft against the wintry sky.

"THE CHURCH OF THE BLACK SHEEP."

Now a-days, when people are becoming more liberal in their views and more tolerant of others' opinions, some of the anomalous growths of reform and humanitarianism are being regarded more than ever before in the light that they deserve. One of these institutions, which is gaining the respect of intelligent people, is the "Salvation Army." Founded on and actuated by pure love of suffering humanity, it could not but win the admiration of the thinking world, even though that admiration were grudgingly bestowed.

True, we smile at the strange jargon sung to the airs of our revered old "gospel hymns," and regard with a mixture of curiosity and contempt the little groups in blue uniforms and poke bonnets, that we find the center of a noisy crowd on some muddy street corner. Their methods seem, to us, strange and often unnecessarily coarse, but if we stop to think, we recognize the fact that it is only by such methods that some classes can be reached. The aim of the Salvation Army is not to save the righteous—its mission is to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Its plans and modes of operation are certainly not adapted to the needs of the higher, more cultivated classes, but that they are suited to the moral requirements of the low and degraded, the records of the Army will show.

Day after day and night after night the sweet message of the gospel—what though it be heralded by the discordant scream of tambourine and drum?—is carried to those whose surroundings of poverty and wickedness have never before permitted them to hear the "glad tidings of great joy." Many noble women and men from the Army's ever-lengthening ranks, give up their whole lives to this work among the wretched dwellers in the slums of the larger cities, and their patient efforts are seldom unsuccessful. They must, however, exercise infinite skill and perseverance for the people among whom their work is laid are hard to win. With no other thought than of the rescue of these degraded tenement dwellers from their lives of filth, ignorance, and crime, women of education and refinement, such as Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, go among

these miserable specimens of humanity, as those of their own kind. Clothed in garments which with the one exception of cleanliness are no better than those of the poverty stricken beings about them, these good Samaritans hire rooms in the meanest portion of their allotted district, stock them with only the cheapest and most meagre furnishings and, living there in this humble fashion, begin their labor of love. They attend the sick, minister to the dying, institute new and less filthy modes of living, and partly by example, partly by well directed action, taking care not to make themselves, by any radical measures, offensive to their neighbors, they effect marked changes for the better, among the forlorn dwellers in the foul rookeries of back-alley tenements and lodging houses. Not a pleasant work, this, nor a paying one. It is not done for diversion, nor glory, nor emolument. It is done in the interest of humanity, for the sake of Him whose demand in proof of love is, "Feed my sheep." Perhaps we find those in the ranks who are fickle, insincere, joining the Army merely for love of excitement and not from any great desire to aid their unfortunate brothers, but passing these by as not real representatives of the motive and spirit of the organization, let us recognize the Salvation Army for what it is—a powerful agent for good, among those whose need is greatest. Let us examine more closely into its work and we will soon find ourselves looking with new respect, upon its poke bonnets and blue uniforms.

A PROMISE UNFULFILLED.

In one of our most famous and beautiful master-pieces of American literature, *The Marble Faun*, there is one character charming indeed, but withal so lacking, so unfinished, that for me it is utterly spoiled: Hilda—the loveliest of earth's creations. That fair, white soul, lovely as a dream, pure as a snow-drop, I say, does not possess complete, rounded character. She professed to be Miriam's dearest, truest friend. One would suppose from the first portrayal of her, and from the feeling existing between the two, that she would die for her friend if need be. Miriam, in her hour of need, in her terrible sorrow, when her heart was rent asunder by the pent up forces of anguish within it, naturally turned to Hilda, no longer able to bear the burden alone. But Hilda, grieved to her heart's core that Miriam should be guilty of a deed so wrong, shuddered and turned away. Her friend once dear to her, now became repellant; and that, too, through one sinful act. Hilda did not have the love that overcomes all difficulties, the love that would have made her cling to Miriam under all circumstances and conditions. If Hawthorne, in molding this image, had put life and warmth into the matchless statue, we should here have a perfect type; not "a flower without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume."

BELLE MITCHELL.

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Extract from "Longing."—LOWELL.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

APRIL, 1896.

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EDITORIAL.

Among the marked changes that have taken place in the last few years in the methods of education, perhaps none is more noticeable than the increased use of the library. This is true not only in the departments of literature and history, where a wide range of reading has always been recognized as necessary, but in every branch of school work. The successful teacher in these modern days must know his subject thoroughly and equally well the literature belonging to it. Whether the topic be in history or science, in civics or mathematics, the teacher who knows but one book is not in the current of progress.

A feature of this school that attracts the notice of every visitor is the attractive library and the large number of students found reading there at all hours of the day. Some one is usually waiting for the doors to open at eight o'clock in the morning, and half past five always finds some to be warned that it is time to close. A decidedly modern innovation is putting the books on open shelves with no glass doors or other hindrances, and allowing every one free access to the shelves without the intervention of a librarian. Instead of calling by number or title or topic or author's name, the reader may take from the shelf and examine any book he wishes, or thinks he would like to read. In thus exploring the shelves he forms an acquaintance with the volumes, and learns to know the existence and character of books he would otherwise never see. He may often find that the book he wanted to get is by no means the best on that subject that the library contains. While looking for a History of our Own Times to get some facts regarding the Reform Bills, passed about 1832, one finds on the shelf a volume of the Epoch Series devoted entirely to that subject. While

consulting the popular books about our common birds he is surprised and delighted to find a five volume set, quarto, with illustrations and two or three pages of description of each known variety of North American birds. The problem of how to get books into students' hands is partly solved by giving students free range among the shelves. *

Though there has been a marked change in all departments of work in our school, the progress that has taken place in the department of music is especially noticeable. Owing to the fact that few had ever received any musical training prior to their entrance to this school, new pieces were learned in the beginning only after the most persistent practice; but at present it is surprising to see with what accuracy and expression new pieces are sung.

In addition to the work done by the regular chorus, a ladies' octette, and a male quartette have been organized, and furnish music on special occasions. The work throughout seems to be taken up with pleasure and profit, and several students have entered the school for the purpose of making a specialty of this subject. On the whole the reputation and high grade of work thus far attained, reflect much credit upon the director, Miss Linton, who, after graduating from two higher institutions of learning in Michigan, studied under Norman McLeod and Leonard B. Marshall of Boston.

Considerable interest is manifested in educational circles throughout the state relative to the question of choosing a president for the next normal at Superior. Many prominent names appear on the list, among which is the name of Prof. Sylvester. Although it is understood that he is not personally seeking this position, his wide experience with the teachers and schools of the state together with the organizing and executive ability which he possesses, well qualify him for such an office; and we believe the board would make no mistake in entrusting the interests of a new school in his hands, though we feel that his acceptance of such a position would materially weaken us along those lines of work which he has been pursuing.

On all sides we hear and see unmistakable evidence of the return of spring. This means to many that they are nearing the end of a profitable and successful year's work. To others it means a few more weeks which if used with redoubled effort will enable them to crown the year with success rather than stamp it with failure. To all, however, it means the exercise of a greater or less degree of self-restraint in order to resist the temptations which the warm, bright days will constantly offer, though it does not mean that any should abstain from that amount of healthful, out door exercise which is necessary for the proper development of both body and mind.

Owing to the intervention of the regular spring vacation since our last issue, and to the strong aversion of student humanity for any task of a literary flavor at such a time, we were not able to appear on schedule time with this issue.

LOCAL.

GENERAL.

The library and reading room continue to grow, both by increase in the number of books and in the number of magazines and papers. It is worth a great deal to a teacher to be acquainted with a library in its arrangement and its bearing on different elementary subjects, even though our acquaintance with the minute treatment of that subject by each author may not be extensive. It was President Adams of the U. W. who said that the best alternative to knowing a thing was to know where it could be found. When going through the library in our leisure moments it is well to have this question in our minds: "Which of these books am I going to buy to place in my own library?" Take any subject, as physics, or physiology, there are perhaps fifteen or twenty volumes treating of it. We cannot afford them all. Which one of them, or two of them, will best suit my purpose and my purse? It is one of the unfortunate things about a Normal School, perhaps, that text books are loaned to the students; first, because so few of them buy the books either when they leave school, or when they go out to teach. And again because marginal notes or other addenda are of course forbidden. In short, then, one cannot become too well acquainted with books and their relation to ourselves and to each other.

The local oratorical contest will be held in the assembly room Friday evening, April 24. The number of contestants is not nearly as large as was anticipated, or as the importance of the event justified. Those who have entered are Walter Cate, Leslie Everts and Allan Pray. The judges for the contest are Prof. H. A. Simonds, of the High school, Mrs. Mary D. Bradford, Supervisor of Practice, and Rev. A. S. Badger of the Presbyterian church. The winner of this contest will be sent to Whitewater, May 15, to represent this school in the Inter-Normal Contest, and the one who comes out second will also be sent to Whitewater at the same time as a delegate to the Inter-Normal Oratorical Association. At that time a permanent organization will be formed, embracing all the Normals of the state, for the purpose of encouraging oratory by giving annual inter-normal contests.

The biology cases which during the winter were empty and bare enough, are now the most attractive features of the assembly room. The collection of birds and mammals which Prof. Kumlien of Milton College prepared for us last summer, has been carefully arranged, the professor himself coming up to attend to the work. Among the two hundred or more birds, there are an American eagle, a golden eagle, and several herons, owls, hawks, ducks, and geese of different species. A beautiful white swan recently procured by Mr. Wm. Pier, near Packwaukee, on the lakes, has been sent away to be mounted, but has not been returned. A brown bittern is also to be added to the collection soon. Among the more noticeable occupants of the mammal case are a lynx, red fox, gray fox, opossum, woodchuck, black squirrel, pine squirrel, and prairie dog.

The fourth quarter opens under very favorable auspices. A great many old students who have been teaching during the winter, have returned; and many new faces presented themselves for enrollment. Every student takes a great deal of pride in the institution, and the result of their advertising is noticeable when glancing over the postoffice addresses. Any of the little courtesies which when extended help to brighten student life here, find their reward after a term or two in the greater number of students who are induced to come here. It is evident that the seating capacity of the assembly room will have to be largely increased to accommodate those who will enter next fall.

Several cross-country runs have been made this spring which afforded those participating in them a great deal of pleasure. These runs are among the best exercises to develop wind and endurance. No one can take them without being greatly benefitted. Like all exhilarating sports, however, it is apt to be abused by beginners. They attempt runs that are much too long, and then actually sprint back to goal and become so utterly winded and fatigued that they do not recover for several days. The cross-country runner must train to the work just as the wheelman or vaulter does. Distances at first should be short and the speed slow. *FESTINALENTE.*

The following clipping was taken from some editorial correspondence in The New England Journal of Education on the Wisconsin Normal Schools:

"But the surprise and professional delight of recent years is the Sixth School at Stevens Point opened two years ago by Mr. T. B. Pray. It is already nearly as large as some of the other schools, and has developed its constituency from its own territory, without having reduced the attendance upon any other school. Mr. Pray at once demonstrated his peculiar fitness for the work, and his success is little short of wonderful, nearly two hundred and fifty professional students of high grade having been gathered from a section of the state that had contributed almost nothing to the constituency of any normal school previously."

During the month, and especially during the week, just preceding vacation a great many visitors were present and enjoyed hearing the various recitations. Among them were to be noticed several last year's students who beheld with pleasure many improvements in building and equipment. A large number of public school teachers and pupils were also welcome guests, and not a few of the Normalites took occasion to return the compliment during vacation week by visiting the ward schools and higher grades.

PERSONAL.

Miss Edith Hetzel is teaching in Dakota.

Miss May Latham has withdrawn on account of ill health.

Miss Anna McDowell is teaching the Hetzel school at Almond.

Will Voight has withdrawn to accept a position in Dr. Atwell's drug store.

Prof. Sanford conducted a two days' institute at Clear Lake, April 3rd and 4th.

The business manager acknowledges the gift of a receipt book, from the First National Bank.

During the month Prof. Sylvester has conducted institutes at Phillips, Menomonee, and Wausau.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Everts of Rice Lake, visited the school, the former officially, April 16th and 17th.

Prof. Cheever of the Milwaukee Normal, and Prof. Ewing of River Falls, are among the recent professional visitors.

During the vacation Henry Manz and Frank Paral walked from Stevens Point to Madison, a distance of one hundred ten miles, in three days.

Will Culver is able to be out again after a long illness. He will not enter again this year, however, but occupy his time in the study of ornithology.

Miss Lizzie P. Swan the expert cataloger is expected here in a few days, when she will finish cataloging the library according to the Dewey-decim system.

Prof. Paulus of Marshfield with his assistants and about twenty-five high school pupils spent a pleasant March afternoon looking through the class rooms.

President Pray and Miss Crawford attended the meeting of the Northeastern Teachers' Convention held at the Oshkosh Normal in March, and both took part in the program.

W. P. Roseman, principal of the Merrillan schools, and his corps of assistants, H. C. W. Schultz, Miss Ella Fulton, and Miss Mollie Roche, spent several days at the school previous to vacation.

Miss Sadie Dickson who is teaching at Hamburg, and Miss Hattie Stevenson who is teaching at Wausau, both formerly of Vernon county, spent their vacations in this city, guests of the Vernon county students.

Otto Leu, one of last year's elementary graduates, spent several days of his vacation here. Otto has developed a leg since leaving here and now manages to move along very well and passes easily for an ordinary biped.

The physical laboratory has received several very expensive pieces of apparatus within the last few weeks, among which are a fine barometer, Wheatstone bridge spectroscope, induction coil, inclined plane, and an electric coil winder.

Prof. Culver and the geology class have taken several jaunts about the country on foot, and once to Grand Rapids by train, to study the various rock out-croppings. The river bed near the Whiting mills is also an interesting field in which to work.

The Chicago Times-Herald for Sunday, April 12, in the course of a write up of Stevens Point, devoted nearly two columns to a description of the Sixth Normal, its faculty, and its work. A cut of the building, and a cut of Mrs. Bradford illuminated the article.

A number of subscribers have withdrawn from school without leaving their addresses with the business manager, and consequently there are a number of copies of last month's issue still in his hands. Please notify this office when about to change your postoffice address.

Walter Cate withdrew at the end of the last quarter, and will attend to the farm during the spring and summer; but he will probably be with us again in the fall. He is still numbered among the oratorical contestants, having prepared his oration before he had fully decided to withdraw.

By special arrangement with the editors of The West-

ern Teacher we are enabled to offer both The Teacher and The Pointer at the rate of \$1.20 a year. The Western Teacher is the leading educational journal of the north west, and prospective teachers should take advantage of these greatly reduced rates.

Miss Anna La Mere of Medford devoted several days to observing the methods in the lower grades. Miss La Mere is so deaf as to need the constant aid of an ear trumpet but she still maintains her reputation as a very successful primary teacher. Several years ago she was a teacher in the Stevens Point schools.

Prof. McCaskill spent his vacation at Cincinnati; Miss Faddis at St. Paul and Mankato; Prof. Swift at Madison; Misses Montgomery and Tanner at Berlin; Miss Patterson at River Falls; Miss Stewart at Delavan. The other members of the faculty remained in the city, or took some little visiting trips to neighboring schools.

The program to be carried out next Friday evening at the local oratorical contest is as follows:

Piano Solo.....	Miss Frances Kuhl
Oration.....	Allan T. Pray
Vocal Solo.....	Horace Dowsett
Oration.....	Leslie S. Everts
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Linton
Oration.....	Walter S. Cate
Indian Clubs.....	Will Bradford
Decision of Judges.	
Music.....	Normal Quartette

An admission of 15 cents will be charged. The exercises begin at 8 p. m. Each oration is limited to fifteen minutes.

Among the new students are Myrtle Atwood, Grand Rapids; Elbert Cannon, Marcellon; Ruth Cobb, Belmont; Conrad Christ Jr., Montana, Buffalo County; Emma Dobie, Stevens Point; Emil Hanke, Rib Falls; Thomas Henry, Viroqua; Sophia Hetzel, Almond; Edward Higgins, Custer; Albert Lecy, Arkdale; Mamie Lombard, Amherst; Olga Neuser, Eau Claire; Walter Pearson, Amherst; Lauretta Schilling, Lone Pine; Martha Taylor, Blaine; Maine Timlin, Lanark; Fannie Tobler, Lancaster; and May Weller, Amherst. Among those whose faces are familiar, who have been teaching or otherwise occupied for some time but have again returned for study, are Helen Jeffers, Anna Frohmader, Mabel Pratt, Miss McDonald, John Fernholtz, Emil Bauch, and Anton Roesch.

The Wednesday afternoon of examination week was devoted entirely to rhetoricals, the following program having been carried out very successfully:

Piano solo, Miss Kate Rood; Sandalphon, Mary Agnew; Opening the Piano, Anna Wright; Deathbed of Arnold, John Mudrock; The House that Jack Built, Anna Dunegan; Two Portraits, Alma Neuman; Our Duty to our Country, Joe Miller; Music, Double Quartette: Forest Hymn, Nellie Nelson; Harmosan, T. R. Johnson; The Black Horse and His Rider, Anna Oleson; Ballad of Cassandra Brown, Florence Curran; Nauhaught, the Deacon, Anna McDowell; Vocal Solo, Kate Ball; The Soldier's Pardon, Mabel McKee; The Lights of Laurence, Hattie Parkhill; Speech of Adams, J. T. Clements; Virginia, Chris. Bruemmer; The Mountains and the Sea, Ethel Scott; Grattan's Reply to Curran, Edwin O'Brien; Vocal Duet, Misses Bunge and Furro.

ATHLETIC.

FIELD ATHLETICS.

Field athletics in this country, in point of years, may be said to be in their infancy. Not many years ago inter-collegiate contests were looked upon with ill-favor; but the marked success which some of our older colleges have attained in combining athletics with mental training have placed the advantages of college sports far beyond the experimental stage.

In view of entirely abolishing field-day contests in Harvard, the committee appointed in the spring of 1888, after a thorough investigation reported that, "Inter-collegiate contests stimulated athletics, stimulated general exercise, and thus favorably affect the health and moral tone of the University."

The real benefits to be derived from athletics are often overlooked or wrongly interpreted. Strength of mind depends largely upon the physical condition of the individual, therefore the first and most important question to decide in physical training is, will it strengthen and invigorate the body. Surely, if these ends are obtained there can be but one answer.

Success in athletics as well as in studies requires that grit, determination and stick-to-it-iveness to meet and conquer difficulties that only a vigorous constitution can give. The muscles must be trained to obey the mind as a mode of expression. If the only and sole purpose of athletic training was to develop the muscular power of the body, in order to defeat an opponent, it should be condemned at once.

True athletic training will develop both the mental and physical powers. The athlete must learn reliance and self-control; for to secure success he should acquire the ability to decide quickly and definitely. Rev. Parkhurst says: "The most important thing a young man can learn is to get ready."

And so with the return of the invigorating influences of spring, the love of out door air leads us naturally to seek the enjoyment of field sports. There can be no question but that our school has the material to form a strong and successful track team if it is properly developed. However, to be a successful athlete requires work and self-denial; but the gain in physical and moral stamina will greatly repay all sacrifice.

In order to accomplish anything toward successful training it is necessary to keep a few hygienic rules. First, take regular and systematic exercise. A certain amount of training, along the line which the member wishes to pursue, should be done every day and at regular intervals. The amount of time spent will depend largely upon the physical condition of the trainer and the nature of the work. Upon no occasion should the exercises be continued after the muscles show signs of fatigue, and for this reason two short periods every day are better than the same amount of work done at one time.

Second, keep regular hours. Regularity is the key to success. The body demands a certain amount of rest to renew its exhausted energies, and no student can disregard these natural laws without mental and physical injury.

Third, proper diet. As the power of a steam engine depends largely upon the kind of fuel consumed; so the strength of the body depends mostly upon the quality of food that is taken as nourishment.

It should not be necessary to make a classified list of the articles of diet that ought or ought not to be used; suffice to say that only wholesome, easily digested, and muscle building food should be taken into the system.

However, athletics in general are not given a fair chance by many of our educational institutions, whose faculty look at the question in a prejudicial way and decide without due consideration that they take time from mental work, and hence have no place in student life. But this decision is contrary to all psychological reasoning; for, if mind and body are directly related, then surely a healthy vigorous body must aid in supporting an active mind; and evidence shows that among the athletes are some of the best and most conscientious students. But one general principle should be kept in mind, that of subordinating physical to mental training. Athletics must be a means and not an end of education.

H. L. GARDNER,

FIELD DAY.

The executive committee have for some time been busy making arrangements for field day contests the present spring, and have experienced some difficulty in getting satisfactory results.

The understanding with Lawrence university of Appleton since last fall, was that of a field day in return for the foot ball game played in this place last fall. Much to our disappointment, however, a delay made the arrangement of a definite date satisfactory to both schools impossible, and in consequence it became necessary to postpone the field day for this year.

This of course, threw all previous arrangements of the executive committee into confusion and it was only with difficulty that they were enabled to arrange for any field day this season. After corresponding with Ripon college, Oshkosh and Whitewater normals, we learned that the first one of these schools could not give us a date, and the latter has not been heard from up to the present writing; satisfactory arrangements, however, have been made with Oshkosh normal, and the field day will be held at this place, May 16.

The contests will be the same as those presented at the Lawrence-Point field day last year, with the addition of a 220 yard hurdle, and half mile bicycle race.

Tennis is at present the topic of conversation with all enthusiasts in that line. The courts which were clayed last fall, are coming out in fine condition, and will very soon be in trim for active work. There is some talk of a tournament here this fall, and it is hoped that it will develop into something more substantial than mere discussion.

Several of the students took part in a cross country run a short time ago. The first race covered a distance of about a mile and a half and was won by King: Horton, second and Paral, third. The last run, a half mile stretch, was desperately sprinted by the contestants taking the first two places. The race was won by Horton: King, second; and Paral, third.

Several new hurdles are in the process of construction.

EXCHANGES.

The Dial contains an excellent article entitled *Portia as a Lawyer*.

The University of Pennsylvania has sent a geological expedition into Central Africa.

Nearly all of our March exchanges contain interesting articles on Prof. Roentgen's discovery.

The Argus, for March 20, has a cut of the high school on its first page. The building is a fine one.

The oldest college in the world, the Mohammedan of Cairo, was 1800 years old when Oxford was founded.

Nearly one hundred women graduates of Oberlin college are missionaries, of whom one-half are in foreign lands.

Some excellent work in language reproduction by the third grade pupils of Reedsburg, was printed in The Students Journal.

'Tis the lesser thread of duty
In the wondrous loom of life,
That will make a cloth of beauty
For the wearer after strife.

E. W. in THE LAWRENTIAN.

As the campus became dry unusually early, the Athletic Club has decided to indulge in a little foot ball until the weather shall become sufficiently warm to permit of other sports. The Sophomores and Freshmen have organized a team to meet that of the Seniors and Juniors.

It seems rather strange that an original poem written for a March exchange should have been known several months ago by some of our students. I fear that some of those chemicals affected the would-be poets head; or, perhaps, he has been rising too early.

"As Providence willed
By her bicycle killed,
'Twas thus that her epitaph ran:
'In bloomers and cap
Though sad the mishap,
She went to her death like a man.'"

James Whitcomb Riley; "the Hosier Poet," has retired from the platform. The poet does not say he will never appear upon the stage again, but says he has retired from the platform indefinitely. Hours before every public appearance, he suffered greatly from nervousness, which together with a distaste for travel, led to his withdrawal from the platform.—THE ARGOSY.

The Baldwin-Westinghouse electric locomotive just completed is the first one of the kind in the world, and besides the fact that it is expected to make seventy five miles an hour, it has many other claims to attention. This new locomotive is thirty-eight feet long by nine feet wide. It is mounted on eight wheels, forty-two

inches in diameter. The machine without the motor weighs thirty tons. The electrical equipment will add thirty more.—THE CHRONICLE.

□ The discovery of the X rays will be useful to the business manager in ascertaining whether or not the delinquents have the subscription price in their pockets.—THE ORACLE.

Possibly the business manager of The Normal Pointer may make use of the X rays for the same purpose if about twenty of the subscribers do not pay up.

North-western is going to have a ladies tennis team next Spring; and The North-western says that the manager is in correspondence with Illinois and Wisconsin for the purpose of arranging contests between ladies' teams from the two Universities. The enthusiastic "co-eds" at Evanston are meeting in their gymnasium Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

The Argosy says: The portion of the human race that delight in late morning slumber will, no doubt, greatly rejoice at the opinion of Dr. Talcott, of the State Insane Asylum at Middleton, New York, that early rising may induce brain disease. This opinion is endorsed by The British Medical Journal.

Should any one have a curiosity to know who among the students are the least liable to brain fever, I refer them to the roll.

The University of Chicago boys had a grand jollification on the college campus, the other day, to celebrate John D. Rockefeller's last gift to the University. A song appropriate to the occasion was sung to the tune of "Daisy Bell," the chorus being as follows:

John D. Rockefeller,
Wonderful man is he;
Gives all his spare change
To the U. of C.
He keeps the ball a-rolling
In our great 'varsity.
He pays Dr. Harper
To help us grow sharper,
For the glory of U. of C.

The following poem is taken from The Mercer Student:

The Beautiful Snow is Thawing.

(A la Bill Nye.)

The beautiful snow is thawing,
Is thawing all around,
Thawing on the earth,
Likewise on the ground.

The beautiful snow is thawing,
Thawing beneath our tread,
Thawing on the house tops,
Likewise on the sheds.

The beautiful snow is thawing,
Is thawing pro and con;
And when the snow stops thawing,
The snow will all be gone.

The beautiful snow is thawing,
Is thawing bit by bit;
And when the snow's done thawing
Then you know its quit.

MODEL SCHOOL.

MISS FLORA STEWART, Teacher,
GRAMMAR GRADE.

THE HISTORY OF A PENNY.

Would you like to know where I once lived? My first home was deep down in the ground, where the light of day never goes.

Many years ago men dug down into my dark home and brought me up to see the bright, beautiful world. Every thing looked so pretty that I did not want to go back.

I was not a penny then. But in a curious place in Washington called a copper mint I was made into the shape I am now.

I have many happy times. I am going, going all the time. There is no rest for me, but I enjoy it. I heard a little girl say I was pretty when I was new.

I think you would like to know about a few things I have done. The same year I was made I was taken to New York by Mr. Smith. When we arrived in New York Mr. Smith gave me to a news boy for a "Penny Press." One day the newsboy, who was very kind, gave me to a blind man who was very poor. The blind man was hungry and he bought some bread with me. I was glad to make him happy. The baker let me go for a tin whistle for his little boy. This man gave me to a girl for a ball, and the little girl went home and gave me to her baby sister, who threw me away. For some time I lay in the dirt. One day the nurse picked me up, and gave me to a poor little boy who was hungry. This little boy was saving his money, and he kept me under his pillow.

One day there was a naughty little boy came there to play, and he stole me. When he was going home he bought some candy with me. I liked to stay in this money drawer as it was locked.

In this way I travel from one person to another.
Don't you think I make some people happy?

MABEL WHITROCK.

SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco is often called the Crescent City.

It is in the western part of California, of which it is the metropolis.

It is situated among hills and ravines, most of which have been filled up, and the ground made more level.

Most of the buildings are of wood, but lately they have been constructed of marble, granite, and brick. This is because earthquakes occur very often, which however seldom do much damage. The Palace Hotel, located here, is one of the finest in the United States.

San Francisco has one of the finest harbors in the world, which together with the discovery of gold, has made it famous.

Golden Gate Park extends from the main part of the city to the sea-coast, and is very finely laid out.

There is a good street rail way here with branches running throughout the city.

In that part of the United States, they do not have much winter, but a wet, and a dry season; yet if you should visit San Francisco you would often see people with seal-skin cloaks on in the Summer time, and

sometimes with a straw hat in January; for cold breezes blow down from the mountains, while in the winter the mountains shut out the cold east winds. During the wet season the average rain fall is about twenty-five inches.

HENRY CURRAN.

MISS JENNIE REBECCA FADDIS, Teacher,
PRIMARY GRADE.

PANDORA.

A great many years ago people thought that many wonderful beings lived. One of these beings was named Pandora. Jupiter told Vulcan, his skillful blacksmith, to make a statue of a woman. After Vulcan had it done, he took it up to Jupiter amid the clouds on the mountain top. The mighty beings on the mountain top said it was the most perfect statue that had ever been made.

"Come now," said Jupiter, "let us give some goodly gift to this woman."

Jupiter began by giving her life. One gave her beauty; another, a pleasant voice; another, good manners; another, a kind heart; and another, skill in many arts; and lastly some one gave her curiosity.

Then they called her Pandora. Then Mercury, the swift foot, took Pandora down the side of the hill to the place where Prometheus and Epimetheus lived. They met Epimetheus first. And Mercury said,

"Epimetheus, here is a beautiful woman that Jupiter has sent to be your wife."

Prometheus had warned his brother many a time not to take any thing that Jupiter might give, because he knew the mighty tyrant could not be trusted. Epimetheus forgot all his warning and took Pandora down to live with him. Pandora was happy in her new home. And ever when Prometheus saw her he was pleased with her loveliness. Pandora had a golden casket which Jupiter had given her when parting, and he told her it held many things. Wise Athena told her never, never to open it. "They must be jewels," she said to herself. And she thought how they would add to her beauty. So one day Pandora took the casket down and opened the lid just enough to peek in, for she had such curiosity that she couldn't keep it shut. When she opened the lid one thousand little things came out. They were cares and troubles. They flew away to find the places of man. They settled in the bosoms of men, and if they had not come, there would never be any sickness. If Pandora had not shut it just as she did perhaps we would be more miserable than we are now, because we would know just what was going to happen all our lives.

HARLO ULYSSES BENNETT.

Third Grade.

SECOND GRADE COMPOSITIONS.

I like to help my papa and my mamma. I can carry things for my papa.

EARLE KELLY.

I like to play marbles. A carnelian is a good shooter. I am going to get a lot of marbles, but I don't play for keeps because I think it is gambling. Do you think it is gambling? Do you think it is right to play for keeps? I don't, because that brings boys up to stealing. I think that marbles is fun to play with, but babies sometimes get them in their throats. It is very dangerous when babies get them in their throats.

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