

Office Copy

THE

Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1896.

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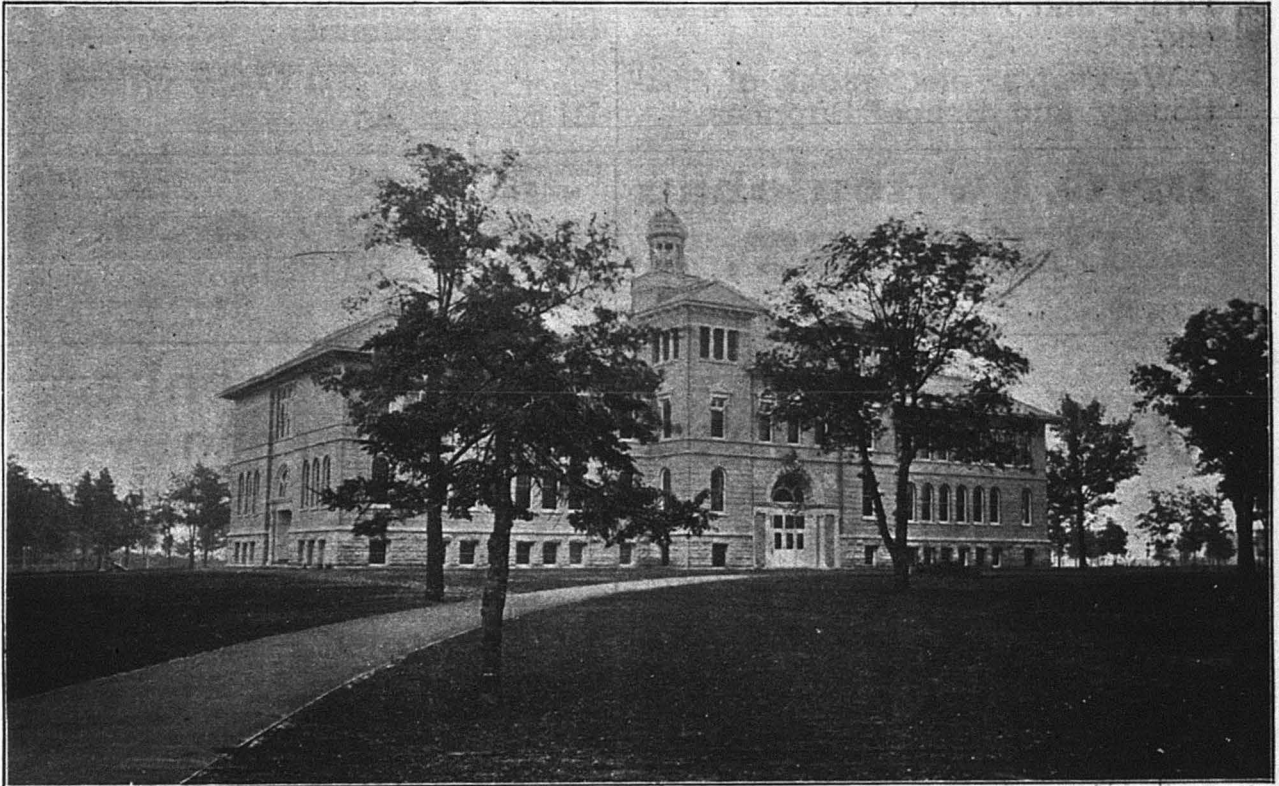
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume I.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MAY, 1896.

Number 6.

LITERARY.

ONE OF MANY.

It was a bright and happy morning in June. The birds were singing merrily on every hand; the flowers sparkled with the dew of the early morning; everything in nature seemed to speak of harmony. It was no wonder, then, that the farmer and his son Ben were unusually cheerful as, with scythes in hand, they walked down the road to a field of blossoming clover.

Hearing the sound of a wagon just beyond the turn of the road, they waited before the meadow gate for the approaching post-man, who drove hurriedly up, handed down the morning paper in an excited manner, and with a hasty farewell, departed.

Somewhat surprised at the man's evident agitation the farmer, whose eyes were already dim with age, seated himself upon a rock beside the gate, placed the paper in the hands of his son, and asked if anything of importance had occurred. "Great Advances of Rebel Forces. Seventy-Five Thousand Union Troops Needed to Save Our Country!" Such were the words that met Ben's eyes. His face grew pale, and the strong right arm, that had always been so steady, trembled with emotion as he read to its close the terrible story of the Confederate slaughter of Union forces.

When the article was finished, he turned with an inquiring look to his father, who, with bowed head, seemed unconscious of everything about him. But how deceptive were the appearances of that moment! Instead of the apparent oblivion, a conflict which touched the depths of his soul was raging in the old man's mind. For one long moment he struggled with himself, then it was settled. The eyes of the father met those of his son. No words were necessary to express the decision. The spirit of sacrifice had conquered that of selfishness, and the privilege and duty of his son was written in the father's eyes.

The field of clover was left unmown, to offer, as it were, its sweet fragrance as incense to the cause which had saved it from the scythe. The father and his son retraced their steps to the old farm house, where the rest of the day and the greater part of the succeeding night were given over to preparation for the departure on the following morning.

The time sped all too quickly by. The songs of sweet voiced birds heralded the coming of the morn: the sun painted with its golden light, the clouds on the eastern hilltops. Ben knew well that these were the signals for his departure. His anguished parents clung to him with trembling blessings and farewells. With a final effort at self-control as the hoarse shout of the

stage driver was heard in the distance, he handed a small, white message to his father, for delivery—a minute more, the stage drove up, stopped, and he was gone.

It was indeed the wondrous faith that looks beyond the grave, which enabled him to pen the words of that message: "Good-by. Somewhere, sometime, we shall meet again." For but two days afterward in the thickest of the fight, he was mortally wounded and died upon the field before any assistance could reach him.

At the usual time on the third morning succeeding the death of Ben, the post-man came once more to the old farm house, but the information that he brought this time cast a lasting gloom over the happiness of that home. The sorrowful news seemed to the aged parents greater than their feeble strength could bear. They were prostrated upon a bed of sickness from which they never arose. Through all their sorrow and suffering, however, there was one who, though her own young heart was filled with grief, proved a source of greatest consolation to them, in their hour of affliction. It was she whom they had hoped to claim in the future as their own dear child. Time alone served to lessen her sorrow; and though she lived a long and useful life, ministering to those in sickness and in trouble, she ever remained true to first and only love.

A. L. L.

THE EASTER SOLO.

St. Luke's church was one of the largest in the city. Her property comprised a whole square. On one corner was the church, an immense brown stone one; and facing the same street on the other corner was the Rectory, with a large lawn laid out between. On looking across this lawn, one could see the rear of St. Luke's hospital, built and supported by her people.

The interest which the people took in this property was second only to that of another kind. This was their interest in the choir. It contained about fifty boys with well trained voices, and no one took more pride in it than the boys themselves. The choir master was a man who loved boys, and he had won the heart of every one. He had a system by which he marked them; and only those receiving the highest averages were permitted, on the festival days, to sing any of the special parts.

It was on the morning of Easter Even, and the boys had been practicing for the services the next day. Tired out, they anxiously awaited the choir master's signal for dismissal. After thanking them for their work, and asking them to come that evening for a short practice of the more difficult parts, he excused them. As they left the church they separated into groups, departing in different directions. Two boys about eleven years old started off together. The careless way in

which they threw their arms about each other, told what good friends they were.

"Well, Franz, which is it?"

"I wonder? Wish we could both have it."

"Mr. Lockwood said he would read the averages before we began practicing to-night."

"Oh Edwin! I can hardly wait when I think of it. You ought to have it, though, because you speak your words plainer than I."

"No, you ought to have it, for you hold those notes better."

"Well, Edwin, one of us has to be disappointed. I wouldn't care so much for it, only it would please mother so."

These boys were the best of friends. Edwin was the only son of wealthy parents, petted but not spoiled. He had been in the choir ever since he was old enough to walk in front and hold a book. Not more than a year ago, coming out in the vestibule after a practice, he saw Franz standing on the steps with a wistful look on his face. Edwin's cordial nature prompted him to speak, and in some way which only boys know, they became acquainted. Before they parted that evening they knew all about each other. Franz was a little fatherless boy who lived with his mother and baby sister. They were in comfortable circumstances, and his mother had taught him to sing. The next Sunday Franz had his place in the choir.

Strange to say they were both among the number selected for the offertory solo. One by one the other boys lost ground, and every one knew it lay between these friends. Both had been well trained, and both longed for the honor; but each was unselfish enough to wish the other to win.

When the evening practice came, the boys were in their places. Every one waited quietly while Mr. Lockwood read his record. Franz had received a mark slightly higher than Edwin's. For a moment there was a dead silence, and then such a hubbub. The honored member must receive congratulations, and by boys this is not done in the quietest manner. Edwin was one of the first to speak to Franz. Turning to him he put out his hand and said, "Let's shake on it old fellow. I came very close."

On arriving home that evening, Edwin went more quietly than usual to his mother's room. Rapping on the door he said "Will I disturb you, mamma, if I come in?"

"No, my boy, I am anxious to know who has the honor."

Opening the door, and trying to speak cheerfully, he said, "Franz sings it: he got one more than I did."

Only a mother can read the thoughts of her boy. As soon as she looked at him she understood his feelings, and Edwin knew it. He went over and knelt beside her and she pushed the curls from his forehead and kissed him. Down went the curly head into her lap, and he sobbed. "Oh mother! I'm so disappointed. Franz doesn't know it, but I—I wanted to sing it—it is so beautiful!"

Passing her hand quietly over the soft brown locks she said, "Never mind, dear, mother is proud of you because you did so well: and then her little man saved his disappointment for her. It would have been so

much harder for Franz to lose it than for you, as he has not so much to make him happy." Thus with many soothing words and motherly caresses she quieted his sobs; and when she kissed him good night he whispered "I don't care now—very much. I'm glad Franz got it, any way."

Easter morning dawned clear, and the bells chimed out the glad news that "Christ is risen!" St. Luke's church began to fill early, and at half past ten there was not a seat to be had. People were becoming anxious; why were the services delayed? In the choir room every thing was excitement. The boys were to have been there by ten, at the latest: it was now nearly half past and Franz had not yet come. Mr. Lockwood became anxious, and sent the sexton after him. When he returned he said no one was at home and the house was locked. They could wait no longer; so going to Edwin, Mr. Lockwood told him to sing the solo.

The services commenced. The great doors swung open, and the choir moved slowly in singing the Processional Hymn. The sun shone through the open windows lighting up the altar loaded with flowers, the boys' happy faces and the earnest countenance of their minister. Only one little boy looked sober; where was Franz? The music was a complete success. The time came for the offertory solo, Edwin stood, his heart beating wildly. Could he sing it? Softly he began, "Chant our Lord's triumphant lay"—and as he went on he was filled with the spirit of the music; he forgot the boys, the people; every word, every note had a meaning, and the sweet tones rang out clear and strong. The breezes took them up and carried them across the lawn and into the Hospital, soothing the hearts of the sufferers as they listened to the glad melody:

Risen to a holier state,
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

* * * * *

Franz left Edwin with a happy heart. Mother would be so pleased, and after all Edwin did not seem so disappointed. He must sing it well—"Chant our Lord's triumphant lay." He hummed it softly; on he went, unconscious of the outside world. Something dashed around the corner, there was a quick cry—Franz never finished the solo.

A crowd soon collected. They picked up the little form, and carried it down a few blocks to St. Luke's hospital. The doctor looked serious when he saw the still white face on the pillow. A hymnal was found in the boy's pocket, and on the fly leaf was written,

FRANZ SCHULOF, from EDWIN.

The Directory was searched, and the distracted mother brought. Not even her pitiful cry of "Franz! Franz!" aroused him. All that night he lay unconscious; and in the morning the doctor came, shook his head, and went away. Thus the long morning was passing, when through the open window floated a sweet boyish voice: "Chant our Lord's triumphant lay." The head moved restlessly on the pillow.—"Risen to a holier state"—The blue eyes were wide open. "Oh! mother, listen! Isn't it beautiful?"

"And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream."

The blue eyes closed. Franz had gone to chant Christ's triumphant lay.

EDITH HAMACKER.

THE PURPOSE OF TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

To the casual reader the poem appears to be simply a eulogy on the life and character of Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson's most valued friend. It seems to have no deeper purpose than to serve in sad remembrance of

"The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes."

It seems to be the passionate out-break of the poet's grief and doubt, the expression of a restless longing for relief.

But "In Memoriam" was not written till sixteen years after Hallam's death. Was not the sharpness of the sorrow healed, and had not Tennyson, in some measure, become reconciled to his loss? And even granting that this was not the case, did Tennyson so wish to publish his grief, to "make parade of pain" in order to win "the praise that comes to constancy"?

The careful reader finds a purpose far transcending this. He sees within it an utterance of the perplexity and suffering of the whole human race.

It embodies the yearning for truth, the longing to know what the end and aim of being really is, that at some time or other surges up in every human heart. It traces the evolution of faith from grief's first wild cry that Nature is a phantom only—a blind and soulless thing—"a hollow form with empty hands," to the final, complete and confident trust in God,

"That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

Through every phase of sorrow the poet takes us, charmed by the melody of his verse and the tender melancholy with which it is imbued. He recounts the days of happy commune, before the rude hand of Fate had severed friendship's tie, recalling every tone and pose,

"Treasuring the look he cannot find,
The words that are not heard again."

He cries out in hopeless protest against the cruel dispensation that had robbed him of that dear fellowship.

But the spirit lifts its voice against a view like this. Something teaches the mourner that life and love have within them that which withstands the blight of death. There must be something better than this poor existence with all its sorrow, pain and sin. But what is that better life? He "vexes his heart with fancies dim," he wonders how it fares with the naked soul stripped of its earthly garment and left to wander unimpeded through the realms of space. Will the Divine Kindness grant a meeting to those who loved in life? Thus he tortures himself with every possibility of evil; he cheers himself with every probability of good. Then from it all he emerges with the triumphant song of hope upon his lips. "Regret is dead," but in its place has sprung up Faith, the faith that fixes her heart upon her final union with Knowledge, and calmly waits that end.

This is Tennyson speaking to and for the world of doubting sufferers. He knows their pain, their anguish and their fear, but he brings to them the heavenly message of comfort, which his own sorrow has taught to him. Not for Hallam's sake alone did he write his "In Memoriam," but for humanity's sake—that we who

suffer should learn to wait the consummation of Nature's plan.

"Believing where we cannot prove."

A SKATING SCENE.

The weather had continued cold for several days; very little snow had fallen, and the ice was said to be in a fine condition. So, about seven o'clock one clear, moonlight night, we started for the scene of the wintry sport. Long before we reached it we could see a huge bonfire, hear the rollicking shout and laughter, and occasionally distinguish the clink of steel.

Coming upon the scene, we found the wide stretch of dark, glassy surface already covered with the lithe, active, gliding throng. Fastening on our skates, we moved off toward the centre of attraction—the bonfire, surrounded by seats of various descriptions. This is the refuge of the wearied and the exhausted; of the novice, who, venturing out with the help of a friend, begs to return after a few one-sided strokes, declaring it much pleasanter to look on. Here also, the expert, who has taken a trip up the river, returning finds a pleasant retreat. From this spot the ever-changing groups watch the dark figures gliding to and fro. Here comes a party of boys, whose sole object, it appears, is to make certain time, regardless of grace or the safety of heads. All endeavor to make way, and we draw a sigh of relief when they have swept by, and we find no serious damage done. To be sure, one unfortunate in his exertions to flee from danger's path, has unfastened a skate, and is now ruefully seated on the ice, gazing after the vanishing squad.

Here is a person who is bent upon entertaining us by his extraordinary feats. He is cheered loudly as he glides through the intricate figures; but he makes a mistake, his skate catches, and he falls—there is a derisive shout, a few pitying smiles—he rises and darts away.

See that couple advancing; we know them; they sweep past, seemingly oblivious to the presence of all; a tall, slight figure darting swiftly along, dashes against them, reels, wavers, regains her balance and is gone.

But the lessening numbers on the ice give token that the hour for sport is over, and we presently leave the scene of the evening's gaiety and make our way briskly homeward through the keen, crisp, moonlight night.

VIOLA LOGAN.

So many gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

What we want is not learning but knowledge; that is, the power to make learning answer its true end as a quickener of intelligence and a widener of intellectual sympathies.—LOWELL.—Books and Libraries.

I am convinced that the majority of people would be generous from selfish motives, if they had the opportunity.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Don't put too fine a point on your wit for fear it should get blunted.—CERVANTES.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

MAY, 1896.

Published monthly during the school year of ten months by the students of the State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wis.

Entered at the Postoffice at Stevens Point, Wis., as second class matter.

Terms of Subscription—50 cents per year in advance.

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EDITORIAL.

War with Spain is a possibility, even a probability as things stand at the present time. If we may believe our most competent authorities on diplomatic and international matters, a declaration of war on the part of Spain would swiftly follow on the steps of our recognition of the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents. The president appears loath to take the final step. Congress has already shown its kindly feelings toward the rebels. The people of the United States are surely with the Cubans. Our own revolution is still fresh in our memories. So much so, that we are able to sympathize with a struggle to throw off the yoke of unjust oppression.

War with Spain would mean a naval contest, and probably not an echo would reach this far inland. Our chief interest is in contemplating the possible complications. Spain, having practically no navy, would probably seek an alliance with some strong naval power. The French Chamber of Deputies is, at present, greatly influenced by French capitalists, who either have or anticipate large interests in Spain and her colonies. And although the French people, as a whole, would veto a war with their sister republic, there is no counting upon the action of the ruling faction. In case of a Franco-Spanish coalition, the latter would probably renounce her claims to Morocco in favor of France, and urge as a powerful argument that the encouragement given by the United States to Cuba might form a dangerous precedent for a revolt of the French West Indian possessions.

However, in the words of Mr. Hazeltine, in the North American Review: "It is possible that even then, when our demonstrations in the cause of humanity and liberty, had brought us to the verge of a fight against great odds, we might not find ourselves without a

friend. That friend might prove to be great Britain, who might announce to wavering France that in proclaiming sympathy for the struggles against Spanish oppression, we have deserved well of mankind. Let us suppose that in the cause of humanity and liberty, England would not suffer us to stand alone. We might then, in truth, believe in our possession of 'kinsmen beyond the sea.'"

J. U. B.

Possibly no better illustration can be found to show the wide difference between the new and old methods of education than the one afforded by the science of geography. It is not necessary to go far back in memory to bring to mind the time when, according to the true significance of the word, the term science would be inappropriately applied to the aimless catechising by the teacher, for the purpose of instilling in the mind of the pupil sufficient geography to enable him to cope with the practical affairs of life. Even at the present time the practical end is never lost sight of, but the scope of the subject has grown broader and broader until to-day it is recognized by the best educators as the unifier of all the sciences. What science can be named whether botany, geology, zoology, physics, chemistry, or pathology, which is not more or less intimately related to this? Its breadth is indeed limitless. If properly taught, the power which it possesses for mental development is no less so. It develops the observing, classifying, and generalizing powers of the mind, strengthens the imagination, and leads the mind to careful and accurate habits of thought.

The work which has been carried on in this department of our school has been in harmony with the latest and most approved theories, and the results obtained show earnest effort on the part of pupils and teacher. If, together with the ideas that the pupils have gained in the short period devoted especially to geography, they become impressed with the fact that so short a time is meant only as a preparation for a life study of so broad a subject, the work of the teacher may be counted truly a success.

The part which Wisconsin took in the Inter-state Oratorical Contest held at Topeka, Kansas, May 7, was at least unfortunate, if not in a manner disgraceful to the state. While some feel disposed to criticise the Inter-state Association in its refusal to settle the disagreements which were presented there for settlement, we commend the action taken in refusing to act upon questions which belong properly to the state, and though the disagreement probably first arose through some technicality of the constitution, as the facts now appear to us we cannot help but feel the sympathy for Miss Evans which her case justly demands.

The June number of The Pointer will be issued in the form of a souvenir, and will contain illustrations of the faculty and several of the students. The size of the paper will be somewhat larger than usual, and it will contain matter of much interest to all our readers. This is the last issue of the year, and it was the wish of the staff as well as of the Press Association that a special effort be put forth to make it an especially attractive one.

LOCAL.

GENERAL.

The local oratorical contest to decide who should represent this school at the inter-normal contest at Whitewater, May 15, was held in the assembly room Friday evening, April 24. The first speaker was Allan T. Pray, who took for his subject "Hearts of Oak," or as he afterwards named it, "Courage, Its Basis and Its Necessity." The second was Leslie S. Everts, who spoke on "Perseverance, the Basis of Success." Walter S. Cate followed with "A Plea for Armenia." The judges were Prof. Simonds, Mrs. Bradford and Rev. Badger. In rendering their decision Mr. Pray was given first place, and Mr. Everts second. The music for the occasion consisted of an instrumental solo by Miss Kuhl, vocal solo, Howard Dowsett, solo, Miss Linton, and a song by the Male Quartette. While the judges were preparing their decision, Will Bradford entertained the audience with a club swinging exercise. Mr. Pray having received the highest honor was entitled to deliver his oration at Whitewater; and Mr. Everts winning second, was delegated to represent the school at the business meeting held there at the same time to perfect a permanent Inter-normal Oratorical League. Mr. Everts being a member of the athletic team which was to hold a contest with the Oshkosh Normal on the home field May 16, decided not to go to Whitewater, and prevailed on Mr. Cate to take his place. As a result of the contest at Whitewater, John McGovern, of Platteville, was placed first; Howard C. Lawton of Whitewater, second; Allan T. Pray, third; and Paul G. Miller of Oshkosh, fourth. After the contest a reception was tendered to the guests in the gymnasium; and later the business meeting was held, and a permanent organization perfected. At this contest only four of the Normals were represented, one having refused to participate for the reason that women were debarred. This difficulty has been removed by the constitution adopted for the permanent league.

What has become of the literary spirit of the school? Has the hard work along other lines crowded it out of existence? It is deplorable that the Arena receives no better support from the school than it does. It started out this term with promises of doing some excellent work, but programs have been so shamefully cut by persons failing to do their allotted tasks, that it has not been as pleasant to attend the exercises as it might be. We all must endure disappointment when it comes, but few of us will knowingly put ourselves in a position to be disappointed; and such was the case with those who have attended the meetings for quite a while. The president and secretary are supposed to be present, and take part in every meeting, then is it too much to expect every member to be present, much less to expect the presence of those who are responsible for the carrying out of a program. A preacher not long ago said that in his opinion it was no more reasonable to expect a minister to be present at every service than for every member of the congregation. The minister contracted to preach, and the people contracted to be preached to. It might be well to apply the same principle to the lit-

rary society. It is not too late yet to plan for and carry out one good, rousing meeting when all who are asked to take part will feel responsibility enough to be there. The coming of warm weather, together with the preparations incident to the closing year, will prevent very much more heavy work being done, so that it might be appropriate to redeem the reputation of the society and close its work for the term at the same time.

The work the students of the art department have been doing this year is remarkably encouraging. Practicability is never lost sight of as the course progresses. Drawing that will be of benefit to us when outside of the classroom; ability to portray some of the simpler objects which confront us daily; the power of seeing things and getting correct impressions; these are the lines which we strive to develop. Many of the students have done very excellently, as the exhibit which was sent to Indianapolis testifies, and they received a partial reward for their labor in the kindly criticisms which their work received when on exhibition. The exhibit was not large, and was selected mostly from this year's work; but it included mechanical drawings, both free hand and instrumental, and sketches in pencil, pen and ink, and charcoal. The exhibit being prepared for the Western Drawing Teachers' Association at Indianapolis, it, of course, encountered the criticism of many thoroughly experienced instructors, and its practical character was frequently commented upon. The exhibit has been returned and now hangs in the upper corridor. Among the more conspicuous pieces are several by George Patch, Roseltha Young, Jessie Barker, and Margaret Ashmun.

The Arena met Friday, May 15, for the first time this quarter, and a few faithful souls were present to listen to a synopsis of an elaborate program. Of the eleven persons who were to take part only four were present. However those who did respond won the heart-felt thanks and the respect of the members who struggled through the rain and mud to hear them. Declamations were delivered by Frank Paral and Albert Shimek; and Jesse Barker and Phillip Koller were allowed to "Resolve, That the U. S. should recognize Cuba as a belligerent Power," without any opposition from the negative. The business meeting that followed was the occasion for the use of more parliamentary tactics than any previous meeting in our history. Motions to amend and to lay on the table, appeals from the decision of the chair, and calls for points of order, were frequent and taxed the chairman's diplomacy to the utmost, and in the end nothing was settled or accomplished. One more meeting will probably be held this term for which a special program will be arranged as a finale to the year's effort or, perhaps more truthfully, lack of effort.

Dr. Stearns, of the University, while in the city inspecting the High school, took time to visit the Normal for a part of two days. Twice at morning exercises he addressed the school in a very pleasant and helpful manner. Through his courtesy also the students and their friends were invited to listen to his interesting lecture on "Sculpture," which he gave Tuesday evening, April 28. It was illustrated with the stereopticon, and was attended by nearly six hundred people.

The many soaking rains have produced a luxuriant growth of rye on the lawn; most of the trees set out last year have lived through the winter and quite a number of new ones have been set out along the inner walks; several new flower beds and rose hedges have also been planted, so that taken altogether this year's lawn is a very decided improvement on what it was a year ago.

The committee which visits each of the normal schools annually to examine all students who expect to complete either the elementary or advanced courses will meet here May 28, with Hon. J. Q. Emery as chairman. About twenty of the students, three of whom are from the advanced courses, will present themselves for examination.

The first annual commencement exercises for advanced students will be held June 19. Only a very limited number of the seniors will finish this year, but quite a large class of elementary students will receive their certificates on commencement day. All are expected to be prepared with orations or essays.

PERSONAL.

Not every school can afford a "big-gun" (Cannon).

Will Culver recently made a visit to Prof. Kumlien at Milton Jc.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox once said that "most men sit on their spines."

Arthur Dowsett has accepted a position in the McCulloch drug store.

When a gentleman flashes a brilliant ring has it any reference to leap-year?

President Pray addressed about one hundred teachers at Manawa, Saturday May 9.

Miss Ethel Allen has withdrawn on account of illness, and returned to her home at Loyal.

One Monday afternoon a number of the Plainfield teachers visited in the various rooms.

The drawing classes are contemplating a picnic and sketching trip to take place before very long.

Morris Weaver, a former student, came down from his home at Loyal to witness the field-day sports.

The rostrum has been refurnished with a new set of oak chairs quite suggestive of "artistic treatment."

If any of the practice teachers need an assistant, a never failing one may be found on the table in room 22.

Prof. J. H. Dersey, of the Black River Falls High school, made this school an official visit May 14 and 15.

On account of increasing work, President Pray has turned over the history of education class to Prof. Swift.

"What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own," is too evidently the motto of some of the students.

Miss Shrieve, who presides over the gymnasium in the Milwaukee Normal, was a visitor Friday and Saturday, May 15 and 16.

Oscar Gunderson has constructed a rather powerful electro-magnet capable of sustaining a weight of one hundred pounds or more.

The botany class has had several field excursions in

the last few weeks. The following is the list (?) of those who participated: Prof. McCaskill.

Miss Livingston of Almond, who is pursuing a post graduate course in physics and chemistry in the Oshkosh Normal, was present Friday May 15.

Miss Swan arrived here on the 20th inst, and is now engaged in cataloguing a large number of books which have recently been added to the reference library.

During the month Prof. Culver and the geology class have prospected along the Wisconsin at Mosinee, and among the dunes and dales of the morains near Plover and at Scandinavia.

The biology room is now provided with several glass aquariums whose only inhabitants at present are several turtles; but before long Prof. McCaskill intends to collect a numerous colony of water plants, bugs, and fish.

Prof. Sanford has a four column article in the May 1 issue of Intelligence entitled, "A Question of Historical Justice," in which he deals with the disagreeable prejudices that exist between Englishmen and Americans.

The physics class spent a pleasant hour and a half one evening, the guest of Mr. Sustins at the electric light plant when he very carefully explained the practical mechanics of electricity as applied to municipal lighting.

Several cases of nervous prostration have occurred in the various departments of the school during the year, due to over-work and failure to observe increasing physical weakness until actual break-down occurred.

The new students who have entered during the month are Osman Kuenne, Medford; Mrs. H. Parmenter, McDill; Thos. Frawley, Curran; Geo. Collins, Warrens; Nellie Bowden, Lanark; and Robert Hanson, Waupaca.

Chauncey Lloyd Jones, formerly a Normal student, has recently been admitted to practice at the bar in this state, and since his return from the University he has entered into a partnership with his father under the firm name of Jones & Jones.

One morning recently, Prof. Culver gave a very interesting talk on the Roentgen experiments with Crooke's tubes. The school has a Crooke's tube, but it was not designed for "skiography," so that no practical demonstration of the new art has been attempted.

Miss Linton, with the assistance of the chorus, the several musical clubs, and a number of soloists, will give a concert in the Opera House May 30. Most of the numbers will be of a patriotic nature appropriate to Memorial Day. It will be conducted very similar to the "war concerts" so popular in the larger cities.

Miss Mary E. Tanner attended the meeting of the Western Drawing Teachers' Association, held at Indianapolis during the first days of May. While on her way home she stopped off at Chicago and visited several art galleries, and also procured some very pretty objects for the still-life case. She also secured a number of sketches and sheets of colored paper work in historic ornament from the Prang offices, which are now hung in the lower corridor.

ATHLETIC.

THE NORMALS HOLD A FIELD DAY.

STEVENS POINT VS. OSHKOSH.

Razzle, Dazzle,

Bish, Boom, Bah;

Stevens Point Normal,

Rah, Rah, Rah!

This was the yell that went forth from the throats of the Point Normalites as their representatives succeeded in winning the field day by a score of 80 to 48. It was a grand display of athletic talent and stubbornly contested by both schools.

The morning set for the sports broke with a sky covered with threatening clouds. The arrival of the Oshkosh team on the 8 o'clock morning train succeeded in so arousing the spirits of all that for the time being all thoughts of rain were forgotten. About noon, however, a drizzling rain set in and affairs looked rather serious for any contests that day, but about 2 o'clock it cleared and the lovers of the sports began to file toward the fair grounds.

The program for the day began about 2:30, being opened by the 100 yard dash, in which Parsons of Oshkosh proved game to the end, and took a good first with Krembs of Stevens Point, second; time 10 3-5 seconds. The track, however, was very heavy from the recent rain and not only did it tend to hinder this race but also put the making of any good time records out of the question during the entire day. The second contest was a half mile run in which Horton, Point, took first; Kowalke, Oshkosh, second; time, 2 min. 22 sec.

During the shot-put two teams of Model school boys, representing respectively purple and gold, the school colors, ran a mile relay race. The race was run hard and had a very close finish, the gold, however, won the day; time, 4 min. 15 sec. In the shot-put, Mathe, Point, took first; Brunette, Oshkosh, second; distance, 32 ft. 1 in. In the standing high jump, the first place was won by Phillips, Oshkosh; Blencoe, Point, took second; height, 4 ft. 5 in. The mile bicycle race proved a victory for Clark, Oshkosh; Everts, Point, second; time, slow.

In the running high jump Krembs, with his usual agility, took an easy first; Blencoe, second, both of the Point Normal; height, 5 ft. 2 in.

The 220 yard dash was desperately contested to the finish. Parsons of Oshkosh won the race by a very few feet and fainted directly after crossing the line; Clark, Point, took a strong second; time, 24 2-5 sec.

In the standing broad jump, Blencoe, Point, took an easy first; Kirwan, Oshkosh, second; distance, 9 ft. 7 in.

The quarter mile run was also a close contest. Backus, Oshkosh, winning by a chest; King, Point, second; time, 1 min. 3 1-5 sec.

Nine out of the sixteen contests had now been completed and affairs looked rather dubious for the Point Normal, which had not looked for such tenacious resistance, the score standing 38 to 34, only four points in favor of the home team. The next two contests,

the running broad jump and the pole vault, however, succeeded in brightening matters up considerably for the Point Normalites, who, during the remaining contests, rapidly pulled away from their opponents. In the running broad jump, Krembs and Blencoe, both of the Point, took first and second respectively; distance, 19 ft. 6 1/2 in. The pole vault was won by Beach, Point; Cook, Oshkosh, second; height 8 ft. 6 in.

The next contest, the half mile bicycle race, rather dampened the ardor of the Pointers, Clark, Oshkosh, taking first; Thoms, Point, second; time, 1 min. 25 1/2 sec.; but their drooping spirits were rapidly raised in the next two contests, the hurdle race and the hop, step and jump, for in both contests the Point Normal took all the places. In the former Clark, first; Blencoe, second; time, 19 1-5 sec. In the latter, Krembs, first; Bradford, second; distance, 41 ft 6 in.

In the hammer throw, Gardner, Point, won first; Miller, Oshkosh, second; distance, 81 ft. 1 in. The mile run closed the program for the day and was won by Oshkosh, Meyer of that place taking first; Horton, Point, second; time, 5 min. 57 sec.

In the evening a reception was held in the Normal gymnasium in honor of the Oshkosh team, and for several hours merry making was at its height. Later in the evening light refreshments were served, after which all returned to the gymnasium and the program ended with several jolly college songs. The Oshkosh team left on the 1:45 train, seeming well pleased with the general issue of the day, which we hope will tend to bind the sister Normals closer together than ever heretofore.

Friday evening, May 1, the physical and musical departments entertained the students and friends in the gym with physical exercises and music. The rain was pouring down in torrents, but the attraction was strong enough to call out between three and four hundred papas and mammas, students and friends. The physical exercises consisted of a grand march by twenty-eight young ladies, dumb-bell drill by the second grade, Indian club swinging by Will Bradford, winding the May-pole by the Intermediate girls, vaulting by the Model-school boys, and dancing by the young ladies,—all under the direction of Miss Crawford, with Miss Francis Kuhl at the piano. The music was in charge of Miss Linton, and consisted of an instrumental solo by Miss Kuhl and songs by the Young Ladies' Octette, the Ladies' Quartette and the Male Quartette. The pleasure of the audience was expressed with frequent encores.

The Normal can boast of but one game of ball thus far this year and that was a local contest between students boarding with J. D. Beck and M. O. Hill respectively, nine at each place. The issue of the contest decided the Hillites masters of the baseball field with a score of 12 to 5.

Next Saturday the baseball grounds will be the scene of the unique baseball game of the season. It is to be played between the school professors and doctors of this city, the receipts, which will doubtless be very large, will be donated for the use of the public library fund. The Normal professors who expect to take part in the game are: President Pray, Profs. Culver, Swift, McCaskell, Sylvester, and Collins.

EXCHANGES.

The graduating class of this year numbers eighty.
THE MANKATONIAN.

Barber—"Want a hair cut?"

Student—"Naw, want 'em all cut."

The Allegany News, Cumberland, Md., is on our table for the first time. Come again.

Bill Nye is no more, but judging from the poem in The Mercer Student he has a successor.

The continued story in the Dial entitled "The Haunted Mansion," shows great ability in so young a pupil.

We are pleased to place the Students' News on our exchange list. It is an excellent paper, surpassed by none on our table.

Mr. Ralph Voorhees, of New Jersey, has pledged himself to give to Carroll College \$10,667 if they raise \$32,000 by January 1, 1897.

Twenty-five years ago the first college was opened to women, and now forty thousand attend the various colleges.—Students' News.

One of the most interesting of our exchanges comes from Charleston, W. Va. The literary department of the April number is unusually good.

The third page of The High School Monthly is very attractive, but it is not the only attractive page. The whole paper is well conducted.

"Newspapers" is the title of a humorous article in The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis. It is a good description of many of our local papers.

The High School Junto is about the only one of our exchanges which contains a Query Column. Would it not be an improvement for all to add one?

An item from The Argus of the Nelson Dewey High School:—"The greater share of the jokes that appear in many of our exchanges are becoming quite stale. Oh! for a few new ones!"

The April number of College Days, edited by Ripon College, has come into our hands. It does credit to the college in every respect. We should be pleased to place it on our exchange list.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed over board and compelled to sink or swim for himself.—J. A. GARFIELD.

In the Argus under "Hints for Boys," is the following: "Would it not be better to leave your gum at home?" Would that some of our prospective teachers act upon this gentle hint, as the perpetual motion of their jaws wearies spectators.

We are looking forward to the publication of the May number in magazine form. This has been the wish of

the management from the start, but lack of funds prevented.—THE NORMAL BADGER.

It will be a great improvement, Badger.

The following men have served as president of the University of Wisconsin: Paul A. Chadbourne, 1867-1871; John Twombly, 1871-1874; Dr. John Bascom, 1874-1887; Thomas Chouder Chamberlain, 1887-1892. In 1892 Charles Kendall Adams, the present president, was chosen.—THE REVIEW, Baraboo.

A word is really one of the most wonderful things of man's creation, and deserves to be respected, properly understood, and carefully employed and pronounced. It may often hide within its noble movements, though lightly used, histories, just as the clod which the ploughman turns may conceal a treasure.

THE CARROLL ECHO.

Milwaukee, Wis.—A resolution authorizing the principals to dismiss the schools whenever the thermometer registers 90 degrees in the shade, was passed.—The Lake Breeze. That is a move in the right direction. Would that the professors on the third floor were allowed to excuse their classes when the thermometer registers 105 degrees.

Says the Students' News: The suit of the government against Mrs. Stanford for \$15,237,000 was decided favorably for her. This decision means much for both Mrs. Stanford and the University. It places the university on a sound footing with an endowment fund surpassing that of any other school in America. The students at large were jubilant when the news was received.

Senator Garfield of the Ohio legislature, a son of the martyred president, has introduced a bill to limit the number of colleges in the state. All institutions of learning applying hereafter for a charter must receive the approval of a university council of ten members, and also must have a yearly income of \$15,000. Existing colleges will be required to show an income of \$7,500 in order to insure their continued life.

OTTAWA CAMPUS.

The High School Monthly, from Bay City, Mich., one of our new exchanges, contains an excellent article on the life of a student at West Point. "Every plebe," says the writer, "is asked at least this set of questions by probably every man in the upper classes:

'What's your name, mister?'

'Where are you from?'

'What's your P. S. C.?' (previous condition of servitude.)

'Who's your pred?' (Who last represented your district here?) From March 15 until June the day of a cadet is spent in some what this manner: Reveille, 5:30; breakfast, 6 to 6:40; clean up room, have shoes blacked, etc., 6:40 to 8; guard mounting for 27 men daily, 7:10; call to quarters, 8; recitation, 8 to 9:30; study, 9:30 to 11; recitation, 11 to 12; study, 12 to 1 p. m.; dinner, 1 to 1:45; drawing in second and third classes, 2 to 4; drill, 4:15 to 5:20; parade, 5:30; supper, 6:15 to 6:50; recreation for half an hour; call to quarters, 7:20; tattoo, prepare for bed, 9:30; taps, 10.'

EDGAR A. SIRMAYER.

MODEL SCHOOL.

The following language exercises, from fourth and fifth grade pupils, are based upon the elementary lessons in natural science which are taught from time to time.

FOURTH GRADE WORK.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Mr. and Mrs. Humming Bird live in Mexico in winters and in the United States in summer.

They build their nest in a nice, green rose bush.

They are very clean birds and keep their clothes neat. They wear pretty, glossy clothes.

Mr. Humming Bird wears a white neck tie, a dark green coat and a blue vest. Mrs. Humming Bird wears a rusty, red jacket and green gown trimmed with a brown color.

Once two humming birds chose a rose bush for their home and then they went to gather fibers of wood to build a nest. They fixed it with horse hair to hold it together. After a while Mrs. Humming Bird went off a little ways to see how it looked, and she saw that it should never do, that anyone passing could see it. So they went and covered the nest with some lichens, so that it would look like the branch of the tree, and the nest was complete. Two weeks after the nest was built two birds were in it.

JAMES FORSYTHE, Age 9.

FIFTH GRADE WORK.

THE BLOSSOM.

The little buds that we have been studying about, have just developed into blossoms, and we are studying about them now. I never thought that blossoms were so interesting 'till we made a study of them and learned the different parts.

The calyx, or cup, is the part in which the crown rests. The green part in the center of a blossom is called the pistil. The colored part of a flower is called the corolla, which means "crown." The apple blossom has five petals, and some have a great many more than that. The stamen is the little thread that holds the yellow powder or pollen sack. All this week children have been taking blossoms to school, the beautiful blossoms that we get off the trees. There never lived an artist that could paint so beautiful as nature does.

I should think that every child should love nature very dearly, because it gives us so many pretty gifts.

LILLIE BENDER, Age 12.

"Spring," the prettiest time in the whole year, is here. We all want to live out doors and inhale the air which is laden with perfume which comes from the trees that are so abundantly covered with blossoms. Have you ever looked closely at one of these blossoms? If you have not, you must, for they are very interesting. The petals of the blossoms vary. The corolla is the colored part of the flower, which makes them so beautiful. The color of the spring flowers are unusually pale and delicate. The color seems to run all through the flower, and gradually it gets so faint that you cannot see it. The calyx, or cup, is the outer covering or leaf-like envelope of a flower. The sepals are the little

points that project from the calyx. The pistils are the thread-like stems that are in the center of the blossoms. The stamens are the threads that hold the tiny balls of pollen.

JEANNE KIRWAN, Age 10.

THE BUD.

What child does not love spring, when the buds begin to sprout and the birds are singing? And besides we have such lovely showers. There is an old saying: "April showers bring May flowers."

Many persons do not pay any attention to the buds on the stem; they tramp on them, burn them and pinch them off of the stem.

Now, let us see how the buds are arranged. The buds on the end of the stem are called terminal buds, those on the side are lateral buds; the buds that are opposite, are called opposite buds, and the buds that are not opposite, but a little distance apart, are called alternate.

Now, how about the colors? Some are red, some yellow, some green, some gray, and some are the dark, dull shades of brown and other colors.

ELIZA LAMOREAUX, Age 10.

When the long cold winter days are over we have the beautiful spring back again, with its birds and flowers. Let us go and get a twig and examine it. When the buds are opposite on the stem they are called opposite buds; and when on all sides of the stem they are called lateral buds. When they are on the stem a little ways off from each other they are called alternate buds. The bud on the end of this twig is called a terminal bud.

We will talk about the scales on the bud now. During the winter the little baby buds are protected by little scales, which are to them like a blanket. The scales are sealed to each other with a kind of wax. This wax keeps out the rain and snow. Once in a while water and snow gets in the buds and freezes them. Sometimes the buds decay, when the water gets in them. If a terminal bud decays, or is harmed any way, a lateral bud has to take its place.

MAMIE HUFF, Age 11.

What person does not like the coming of the merry spring? Even the animals love it, as then they may roam about in forest and field.

The trees grow green with beautiful buds; and the singing of the birds fill the air with a dreamy softness.

First comes spring with fresh buds;

And then the wind blows nigh;

Then comes winter's chilling blast.

And then the buds may sigh.

The buds come in different places on the stem. The one at the end is called terminal, while those at the side are lateral. Those directly across from each other are opposite, and those not opposite are alternate. The lilac has alternate buds.

A bud is an undeveloped branch.

The baby buds are formed in the summer when the trees are nice and green. During the long cold winter these little buds are protected by a number of tiny scales. These scales are air-tight and are a nice warm blanket for the baby bud. In the spring the scales unfold, and the little green leaves peek out. I was never so interested in trees and flowers until we began studying them this spring.

WILLIE LEONARD, Age 9.



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