THE

Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1897.

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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume III.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., NOVEMBER, 1897.

Number 2.

LITERARY.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

This is one of those happy years when we need noreminder that the last Thursday in November is approaching. There have been times when we could "scarcely realize that Thanksgiving day was so near," when it seemed hard to attune our hearts to a song of gratitude, when our president's proclamation jarred on our feelings as a verbal makeshift, nice sounding but sorrowfully untrue. Now that has changed. A joyful tone runs through our hum of business-no need to enumerate the causes of our good feelings, the bountiful harvests, the steadiness of the markets, the presence of peace-enough that the spirit is here and that we have caught it. It does not have to be aroused by exortations, nor pried out of the people by clerical levers. It is here, and is going to make this a Thanksgiving day not only in ceremony, but in deed and truth.

You who are going to make the most of the day, will see that you give some one else cause for thankfulness. You will share your good thing. Absorbed happiness, like absorbed light, neither lightens what it falls on, nor anything around it. Diffused joy brightens the world.

"Doan' yo' t'ink fo' a minit," says Unc' 'Rastus, "Dat youah tukky ain' gwine taste es good ef yo' gib away one ob de drum sticks. Recerprocity am de only c'rect princ'ple ob de day. An' de fack dat mos' erstonishes dis niggah is dat so powahfu' many rich folks air shuah dat gibin sumpin to de po' 'll spile dere oun tanksgibin."

A PEDAGOGUE, OR A TRAMP.

Are we Americans too distrustful of the Stranger? And if we are, is it because of the number of "tramps" which have infested every locality, imposing on kindly and honest folk, until now many good people fear to trust any unknown MAN under their roofs?

You may judge from the following which is told by a Wisconsin school teacher, who while awheel away from home, was overtaken by night and a storm. Here is his story:

The west had taken on a storm; black. Occasional drops were falling. Darkness was coming down like a cloud. Twice had I been refused lodging. The first time the door had been shut in my face, with the assurance that at the "next house a half mile on" I would be accommodated. At the "next house," how-

ever, they were unable to take me in, because they were "not prepared." "A mile farther on," the farmer said, was a "tavern where they liked to keep folks," and both he and his dog earnestly advised me to try the tavern. All arguments were useless, and through a mile or two of mud I waded, dragging a wheel clogged with sand, stumbling into mud-holes in the darkness, and getting soaked with the drizzling rain. Many a time I wished I might awake and find I had been dreaming. Many a time I thought of the warm dry bed at home, but home was many miles away.

But my thoughts were cheered somewhat by a light ahead. It shone from a large house, which I thought must surely be the "tavern where they liked to keep folks." With a confident air I told the old lady at the door that I wanted to stay over night. "Wy, we ain't keepin' no hotel," she answered. "We used to thirteen years ago, me an' my man, but law, he's dead now." And then followed an account of the family's history, half an hour long. "I'd keep ye, though," she continued, "only the last tramp we kep' skipped with my son's shoes and overcoat, to say nothin' about payin' fur lodgins', an' we've just had to shut down on keepin' of 'em. I reckon they'll keep ye, though, at the next house on the hil! yonder."

I offered her money in advance, but she said it was only a week since a peddler had given her a bogus half dollar in change; and she too advised me to seek rest elsewhere.

About that time I began to look around for a suitable barn, thinking that that might shed rain better than the "next house." But, seeing no barn, I tried the house. I made a new plan of attack here. When the rather elderly young lady met me at the door I said: "I am a school teacher just returning from an examination at Eau Claire. I have been caught in the rain, and am unable to proceed further. Could you accommodate me for the night?" "What y' say?" she asked, with her hand ather ear, and speaking in the short catarrhal accent of a deaf person. "You're a poor creature who had to leave the railroad train because you couldn't pay your fare? And you want me to pay it for you? You think I might! Well, I think not."

Just then an older lady with gray hair and glasses, appeared. Turning to her, my fair entertainer continued, "That's the way with living by a railroad track. Fourteen beggars a day, with the same story."

"But, Mary Jane, he looks so hungry and pitiful, poor man. Let me get him a bite of bread," said the old lady. "Not a bit," said the other. "Likely he stopped at the last house and got stuffed. Move on,

sir," turning to me, "at the next house on the right they may keep you."

"Oh!" said I, "they'll keep me, will they? I'm so glad to know they'll keep me. Thank you so much, Mary Jane. Good night."

So, for the fourth time, I went out into the night, a cast-a-way. But I resolved that, come what might, I would stay all night at the next house I stopped at. I concluded that my weakness had been my lack of resolution.

Accordingly, when the door opened, I coolly put my wheel into the summer kitchen, hung my cap on a nail, cleaned my shoes, walked boldly into the house and sat down.

"It's rather damp outside," I blandly suggested. The farmer and his wife, his children and dogs, stared at me in wondering silence.

Presently I continued: "You are bothered a good deal with tramps here, I suppose? Do you ever keep them over night?"

"No," said the farmer, moving uneasily.

"Well, I'm not a tramp. And I may as well say that neither am I a burglar, horse jockey, cut-throat, showman, or travelling dentist, much less a book agent." Noticing the farmer casting anxious looks toward the Winchester on the wall, I added: "Nor a lunatic. No. I'm simply a common man, who has worked his way up in other lines of business. Now, four times to-night I've been refused a night's rest, and I leave it to you if four refusals-in one nightaren't enough for any man?"

This question got the man to laughing, and that was half the battle. In two minutes he was persuaded that I was not such a bad fellow after all. In five minutes we were all laughing heartily at the people who had turned me from their homes; and in less than half an hour I had been assigned a cosy bedroom fit for the chamber of a king.

OLD MAN SCHMOKER'S HOME.

It's about a mile from town, and certainly worth the stroll to go out and see where the old man lives. He chose, for some reason or other, to locate his home on a steep side hill which slopes to an old, abandoned road not far below. Being almost hidden by tall oaks and hickories, the passer-by would hardly notice the log hut; but should his attention be called he would certainly stop to look at it. It's a low, square oneroomed, one-storied box, with a shed roof. The pioneers say it is the oldest house in the country. It looks as though they told the truth. The logs are weather-beaten, old and cracked, some already decayed; the plastering between them has almost all fallen out; and there are more old trousers and shirts in the two windows than panes. We know nothing about the interior; but we find that the old man has left no marks outside. There are no sheds or fences; he seems to have no use for them; all he needs is his old bench. On this he passes away his sunny afternoons smoking his pipe and playing with his pet kitten. Here he hears all the while the bark of the squirrel and the song of the birds, building their nests near by, with no one to molest him.

STUDENT.

THE NEW LONDON GAME.

Last fall when the foot-ball team went to Appleton to play with Lawrence University, they were obliged to wait about two hours at New London Junction. It was proposed that this time be spent in practicing signals, so they crossed the track and entered a field near by. They had gone through several plays and were lined up for another. The captain began to give the signal, "seven, nine, twenty-sev-when suddenly the center, without waiting for him to finish, picked up the ball and made a rush for the nearest fence. The rest of the team, catching the alarm, although ignorant of the cause, streamed after him pell mell. Once safe on the other side of the fence they turned to find the cause of their precipitous flight. There at the other end of the field stood a big Jersey bull, with his head down, pawing the ground and bellowing furiously. team recognizing the weakness against such opposition decided not to play the second half and surrendered the game to New London. W. B. F.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

To no two persons, perhaps, do the words Little Boy Blue, suggest exactly the same idea or picture. To some he is a bonny boy, eyes of blue, and dressed daintily in velvet of the same color, and with his fresh complexion and flaxen hair, the picture might serve as an illustration for Little Lord Fontleroy.

But the Little Boy Blue I have in mind would have presented no such picture; and if you had asked of him his name, he would probably have told you William, as he was christened, or Willie, as his mother lovingly called him. But there was another name by which he was often called, and that was Little Boy Blue.

One evening when Willie was a boy of three his father came in from the fields, tired with his day's work, and worried by other cares, and he did not greet Willie in his usual jovial way, whereupon the little fellow in his own baby way demanded the reason.

His father answered carelessly, meanwhile watching the effect of an answer, which he knew the little baby would not understand, "Papa is tired, papa's got theblues."

The answer apparently had little effect in satisfying the child, and after gazing a moment in wonder at his father, Willie turned away and the incident was forgotten-all but that last sentence.

The next day, in his capers with the cat, puss retreated under the stove, and Willie tried in vain to dislodge her from her stronghold; but he found his little arm too short to reach her from any side. Discouraged and tired, the little lad began to cry, and on being asked by his mother what the matter was, his answer was, "I'se dot de blues."

From this on that little sentence told all his troubles. whatever they were. If he fell down or cut his finger, his answer was always the same, "I'se dot de blues." After this his mother called him mother's little blue boy, then Little Boy Blue.

Willie is ten now, but the name still clings to him; and like the Little Boy Blue in the old rhyme, he keeps the sheep out of the clover and the cows from straying into the corn. But unlike him he has no horn to blow; his call is a shrill whistle, promptly answered by Carlo

the shepherd dog, and together they scamper over the fields and drive the intruders out.

But if you could see him, as he stands in the kitchen door of that little farm house, feeding his flock of chickens, that have gathered so closely about him, you would hardly have associated the title, Little Boy Blue, with what you saw.

There is only one point that would correspond with your ideal picture, the eyes of blue. Instead of the velvet suit you would have found a pair of jean trousers and a brown, checked shirt; instead of the flaxen curls, you would have found short straight hair that just escaped being red; the fresh complexion replaced by one of tan, generously sprinkled with freckles, while the smile that lit up his face, as the old speckled hen stole cautiously up and took the kernel of corn that lay so close to the little brown toe, only seemed to accentuate the slight tilt of the nose.

K. Fulton.

STEVENS POINT'S COMING LECTURE COURSE.

I say "Stevens Point's Lecture Course" advisedly, because although the movement began at the Normal, it has become the city's project as well. We have invited all to come and share the treat on equal terms. Although no date has been definitely fixed, probably the first lecture will be given December 1st by Prof. M. V. O'Shea of our University at Madison. His topic will be chosen from the line of work which has brought him his unqaliffed success and national reputation—Child Study.

About December 15 will be the next date, a lecture, "The New Era," by Prof. Wm. A. Scott, also from Madison. Prof. Scott needs no introduction here. W. M. R. French, director of Art Institute at Chicago, will deliver the first lecture after the holidays. It will be in the nature of a "Chalk Talk," interesting to every one. Then will come Geo. C. Comstock, professor of astronomy in our University, with the deeply suggestive subject, "Is There Life Outside This World?"

Last will come a concert. No definite plans are yet announced, but we can safely promise that it will not be the least interesting number of the course. You will be glad to hear it.

We believe that there are few things more valuable, more essential than intercourse with strong minds; few things more fruitful of pleasure than meeting with great men. We are here to grow. We want to broaden and enliven our lives. For these reasons we want to get in touch with these men who have new things for us, practical truths to talk over with us, new-life to infuse. They will not come from dusty libraries, giving us dry, abstract ideas, but from the outside world and contact with wide awake men. They will be charged with the thoughts live men are thinking.

THE STORY OF KNOUKOUNT.

Old Knoukount lived in a little backwoods village called Rickrack. He was a good enough fellow, but he had some very queer notions. A few people even hinted that he wasn't "just right." Knoukount thought that Rickrack was the only decent town in the world, and that Rickrack people were the only decent people. The few strangers that ever came to the village, he regarded either with contempt or distrust, always avoiding any intercourse with them. He knew

that honest people lived in Rickrack. He could not believe that there were any others.

Knoukount was especially fond of the schoolmaster, a great, stout, knowing fellow of kindred mind, who taught the boys and girls to patronize home industries. Another crony was the postmaster, an equally learned man, who knew it was the sun that went around, because he had been awake midnights and found the earth right side up.

Knoukount lived on, never hearing anything new, nor believing it if he did hear it, and grew more and more set in his ideas. He got so that he never wore any clothes except those that were spun by the Rickrack women, nor ever ate any food unless it grew around Rickrack—never read anything new, nor learned anything.

One day he was taken very sick, and the doctor, a Mr. Pilerams, came to see him. Knoukount was suspicious of Pilerams, who had, he thought, a little too much book learning. At first he would not take Pileram's medicine at all.

"But," said Pilerams, "you must take some or you'll surely die."

Finally Knoukount consented, provided that the drugs were home made, but Pilcrams answered him that only foreign medicine would act on him. Then, leaning back and sighing, he said with a determined air: "I never took any of your miserable stuff and I never will. I'll die first."

And he died.

HUNTING FOR AN AMOEBA.

The biology class is in deep trouble. Last Monday the professor announced that laboratory work for Tuesday would be the task of finding an amoeba. On the following morning, therefore, when the hour for laboratory work arrived, the members of the class were provided with microscopes, glass slides, and amoeb-iferous water, and the search began.

At first the amoeba hunters were lured from their search by the sight of such an abundance of life in the apparently lifeless water. They saw odd looking animals swimming about amid patches and tangles of equally odd looking plants, but to the naked eye there was nothing in the water except a few tiny specs of "dirt." Soon, however, they remembered the object of their search, and began to scrutinize carefully the animals they saw, hoping to find one which was colorless, which looked like jelly, and which moved very slowly, for the amoeba, they had been told, is such a one. A short interval of silence followed. Each hoped to be the first to find an amoeba, and every eye was strained to the utmost. At last the silence was broken by an exclamation of delight from one of the hunters. "Here's one," she said. The professor looked, shook his head and said, "No, that's a paramecium." Soon someone else announced a discovery, only to be told that he had been looking at an air bubble. Another was found, which turned out to be another paramecium. Another—"No, that's a vor-ticella." Another—"No, that's a rotifer." Thus it went on. The professor was kept running from one microscope to another, but when the end of the hour came and the time allowed for the search was up, only two of the class had seen and recognized amoebas. The rest went away unrewarded, disgusted with them-selves and their ill fortune, and muttering that the WILL CULVER. amoeba is a myth.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

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.

The following remarks from the pen of our librarian, Miss Simpson, will be of interest to all:

"Standing room only" is frequently to be observed in the library these days, hence chairs are at a premium.

In answer to the query "Do we exceed that?" in last month's Pointer, we give the following figures which may help in the solution of the problem: Total number of books issued for the month of September, 1,531—current magazines 206—making a total issue of 1,737. The most popular classes, if we can judge from a numerical standpoint, are fiction 399 volumes, geography and history 320 volumes, followed by science 266 and sociology 253. The daily average was 69 volumes. Shall we have a better record this month? We think so.

Seventy-five new volumes were added during the month and although a large number of them were duplicates of the more popular books in history, biography and sociology, the strangers among them found a warm welcome, for where is the person who does not enjoy a perfectly new book, bound in an attractive manner and printed on good paper?

A fine illustration of the binder's art is shown on a book entitled "Authors and Publishers," a manual for beginners in literature. Look at it some day if only to admire its garb, but if you are looking forward to a literary life, read it, as it contains no end of things you ought to know.

"Briefs for Debate" by Brookings and Ringwalt is a treasure for all the debating clubs, as it not only offers subjects worthy of consideration, but gives references for the affirmative followed by those for the negative.

The twenty volumes of the "Library of the World's Best Literature" are on the top shelf of the magazine case, and though they look somewhat exclusive and reserved away from the other books, they are delightful acquaintances.

Reference books are always a joy, and the New American Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica has met with a warm reception from all. It has a good index in Vol. V. Look it over when you have time.

Shinn's "Story of the Mine" in the "Story of the West Series" gives some valuable information for any who may be planning to dig for gold in the Klondike, or any other region.

Our Normal has the name of being a self-governed institution. We are proud of this fact. However, we all feel that there ought to be more care and thoughtfulness on the part of the students with regard to the general order, and especially the order in the assembly room.

Some one has very aptly said that the amount of talking in the assembly room varies inversely with the amount of training and common sense of the students.

Each student has a portion of this responsibility to bear and the amount of courtesy and thoughtfulness shown by the individual is what will determine the atmosphere of our school.

Shall we conduct ourselves as men and women, mindful of the rights and privileges of others, or must we be constantly admonished and reminded of the duty we owe to our fellow students?

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the box fastened to the bulletin board in the hall.

This box has been placed here for a purpose. As editors of the school paper we are very anxious that the news items placed in our columns shall be of interest to all.

It is imp ssible, with the amount of work we are doing, that we should know everything that is going on in our midst.

Help the editors out with a joke: tell them when you leave town or have a friend from home visiting you. Every little helps, even the crackers and bits of glass occasionally found there—i. e. to fill up the box.

There is a strong personality which is making itself felt in every department of our school, spurring on the lagging minds of some, encouraging and feeding the ambitious souls of others, urging all to a higher sense of duty and a life of greater usefulness.

The results of this diligent worker are becoming apparent in various substantial forms. The lecture course we so much desire is an assured fact and the new pictures in the assembly room show his touch.

The literary department of our paper is to be enlarged. Beginning with this number and continuing throughout the year we shall devote a page to science.

The contents of this page will be gathered from the written work done by students in the various science classes and will include articles both interesting and instructive.

There are several beautiful pieces of statuary in the building. How many are prepared to name and give the myth connected with each?

SCIENTIFIC.

DIPHTHERIA.

Until recently nothing specific has been discovered in regard to this disease. In other diseases the internal organs and the blood contain minute organisms, but in diphtheria these organisms are found only in the false membranes in the throat. from whence it is supposed that the poison is absorbed and carried to various parts of the body, thus causing paralysis, heart failure and the accompanying organic difficulties. So many micro-organisms are able to grow in these false membranes that it is very difficult to discover the right microbes and cultivate them.

In 1875 Klebs found in the false membranes two forms of bacilli, one a small bacillus with rounded ends and clear spaces here and there in the substance. These bacilli, which were not easily stained, were found to grow luxuriantly in broth and when inoculated into animals gave rise to a peculiar dirty, fibrineous looking slough at the seat of inoculation. This bacillus was sometimes present and sometimes, when absent, a micrococcus arranged in masses or short chains was in its place.

As a result of his observation he said there were two forms of diphtheria, one resulting from the presence of one and the other resulting from the presence of the other microbe.

Later experiments by Loffler show that there are many organisms present in the false membrane but that all are near the surface, with the exception of the Klebs bacillus, which, lying deeper, is most numerous in the oldest part of the membrane.

Specific diphtheria bacilli were found to be easily stained; they occur in groups as short, straight or curved rods with ends sometimes rounded, sometimes curved. They are never absent in the early stages of true diphtheria and sometimes the membrane consists of an almost pure cultivation of the bacillus. In the later stages the bacillus changes so that it is not readily distinguishable.

Recent experiments have proved that a case of diphtheria may be followed day by day with a microscope and that the fatal or favorable issue of the case may be predicted from the number of bacilli present. It has also been found that some of the micro-organisms present in the membrane interfere with the growth of the diphtheria bacillus.

It was a long time before a pure cultivation of diphtheria bacillus could be obtained, owing to the fact that the putrefaction germs would out pace them in growth. It was finally accomplished by growing them in a peculiar preparation. It was then discovered that diphtheria bacilli would grow so rapidly as to form in twenty-four hours time colonies visible to the naked eye.

Experimenters found that the cultivated bacilli were smaller than the Klebs bacilli, probably caused by the interference made by the growth of putrefactive and other organisms. They also found that the diphtheria bacilli has a tendency to lose its virulence on cultivation. It was at first supposed that the clear spots on this bacillus were spores but as a moist temperature of

58 °C is sufficient to kill them, they can not be spores. However they will remain alive and potentially active when dried.

Rouo and Yersin by experimenting with animals discovered and demonstrated the true relation existing between this organism and diphtheria. They concluded that, as the bacilli would leave the place of inoculation and go to other parts of the body, local symptoms in a case of diphtheria were due to the action of a specific bacillus on a weakened mucous membrane or on a wounded surface; that once having gained a foothold it gives rise to an acute inflammatory process, probably by the direct action of the poisonous material that it forms in the cells and on the blood vessels in the immediate neighborhood. This caustic action is so intense that the epithelial cells undergo degeneration the fibrinous lymph and leucocytes, which are exuded, become more or less rapidly degenerated, thus giving rise to the gray membraneous patches, so characteristic of true diphtheria.

When the growth of the organisms, especially when they are deep in the tissues, is rapid and poison is formed more quickly than the inflamed areas can dispose of it, the poison is absorbed, but not the bacilli, into the system and the characteristic constitutional symptoms of the disease are set up. We must, therefore, distinguish carefully between the local action of the bacilli and its products and the toxic constitutional effects of these products.

It was proved that these products were the active agents in the constitutional symptoms, by separating the bacillus from its product and injecting the product in animals, which caused all the symptoms of diphtheria but no gray membrane was formed. It is the diffusion of this product, through the system that causes death.

When the microbes are taken into the stomach their virulence is somewhat modified by the action of the pepsin and it has also been found that air and sunlight modify the virulence of the poison, although it will regain its old virulence when closed again in a dark place or put in a preparation favorable to growth.

Healthy throats are not easily affected by this disease but throats subject to tonsilitis, swollen and inflamed tonsils and ulceration form a good soil. Antiseptic washes, plenty of fresh air and sunshine and nourishing food will help to obviate the difficulty.

It has been partially proven that cats are active agents in carrying diphtheria; also that cow's milk when the animal is inoculated with the poison, becomes an active agent for carrying the disease. Experiments are being constantly made to discover a remedy for this disease and physicians hope that the new discovery, anti-toxine, will prove the long looked for cure.

Mississippi voyagers have often noticed that the bluffs on the west side of that river are remarkably regular in shape, while the opposite ones are of various rough and jagged formations. Some scientists claim that the reason is that most of the storms there come from the west, and so beat down harder on the east bluffs, washing and tearing the dirt away, and leaving the tougher rocks. Many other theories are advanced, but whatever the reason, the singular contrast remains—the straight, level-topped hills on the west, on the east the grotesque, scraggly, rocky knobs and peaks.

R.

LOCAL.

GENERAL.

Hurrah! The senior class has organized! Now, if you cannot distinguish a senior by his grave, authoritative, intellectual looks, you may find out and have any doubts satisfied by consulting the scribe of the order, and ask him (or rather her) to show you the records. At the organization-meeting, Father Harrison presided, and did nobly. It would be unjust if two of his sayings were not handed down to posterity, namely: No. 1-"Have all voted that wish? If not * ' I'll declare the ballot closed." No. 2-"Shall we throw out the tie between Mr. H- and Mr. W- and call the ballot unanimous in favor of the other lady?" There is another matter which shall here have to be called attention to-the fact that there are active, pernicious, political machines in our school. having been extended to the girls of the class, they now control all elections, because of their large number and power, We find only one officer of the opposite sex in the list-John Lees; and he will have neither influence nor right of word because-why?-because they have kindly elected him vice-president. O! corruption of the nineteenth century! The other officers are: Maude Brewster, president; Emma Carpenter, secretary; Mary McMillan, treasurer. We understand it is the warm purpose of all members of the order to graduate this year. May their aspirations be realized.

A geography club called the Lyceum has been organized under the direction of Mrs. Elliot, for the purpose of general research and observation along geographical lines. The following officers have been elected: F. J. Thompson, president; Edwin O'Brien, vicepresident; Howard Cate, secretary; Leona Wieting, chairman of social committee, Elvira Cowles of the program committee, and Edith Nugent of the committee on constitution and by-laws. The club is in a flourishing condition with a membership, at present, of sixty. Several trips have already been made about the city for original observation, and a picnic to Yellow Banks-for further information apply to secretary. Geographical debates, talks, papers, songs and games. constitute the programs, which thus far have been both entertaining and instructive.

The "Up-to-Date" club remains up to date. Rudyard Kipling was the subject at one of the recent meetings, Miss E. Hamacker giving a full, interesting talk on his life and works. A feature of the society, which is very profitable to its members, is the open questioning and discussion which follow all talks. Although the room in which the meetings are held is generally crowded, there is room for new members. You'll not be sorry if you join.

Enthusiasm and talent in musical directions appear to be as prominent as last year. Three members of the M. E. church choir are Normalites, namely: Ruth Roberts, Frank Springer and Mr. Nelson. An attempt to organize a Normal octette was made at the beginning of the year, but proved unsuccessful for lack of a tenor—that rare specimen of humanity. The quartette composed of Messrs. Fruit, Hotchkiss, Thompson,

and Springer is working hard and promises soon to fill the air with music.

The faculty's time for rhetoricals has come and we may expect more sympathy from the teachers in that direction than usual. We understand that we are to have speeches from the platform at morning exercises-two each week. Although the faculty may be sorry, the students aren't, for this certainly is a bright idea. Thus far we have had four appearances. Prof. Sanford discussed an interesting but not widely known phase of Wisconsin history, namely: resolutions concerning Wisconsin's boundaries drawn up by Moses Strong, after whom our avenue is named. Prof. Strongs McCaskill gave a short but interesting talk on a subject which probably many knew nothing about-"Where some of our friends spend the winter." made known the fact that flies, beetles, frogs and snakes do not die when winter comes, but practically freeze up and melt to life again when when spring comes. Many of these curious plans of nature, he said, one could easily find out for himself if he only kept his eyes open. Mrs. Elliot spoke on one of the important questions of to-day-Chicago's sew-She pointed out interesting facts coner system. cerning the defects of the present system, and the question of their remedy by the canal across Illinois which is now in process of construction and not far from completion. Miss Crawford discussed the subject of anthropometric measurements, illustrating her points by charts drawn on the board. student in physique was of course mentioned. Many of the facts stated were interesting and new to us.

The boarding club had a "swell" oyster supper the 23d in honor of the marriage of their cook, Mrs. Frost. It goes without saying that there wasn't much soup left.

It appears as though the much rumored lecture course is to become a reality. To propose the question to the school, Prof. Livingston, at morning exercises gave a rousing talk on "Why shouldn't the Stevens Point Normal have a lecture course?" Having warmed up affairs by his remarks, he promiscuously called on different students to give their opinions in regard to the matter. All the speeches were in favor of the course; they showed all the inspiration and variety found in a Methodist camp meeting. Right here, although unrelated to the topic under discussion. it will be interesting to note and remark on the variety and expansibility of the English language. It certainly was remarkable to see how many times the same thought could be expressed in a different manner. After these speeches, a standing vote of all those who were willing to support a dollar lecture course of five or six lectures, was called for, and nearly every seat was emptied. Then, at the suggestion of Mr. Livingston, the whole school decided to hold a meeting and take immediate action on the metter. Mr. O'Brien was elected to preside. By motion the president of the meeting was empowered to appoint a committee of five to arrange business matters relating to the course. The committee as appointed consists of Leona Wieting, Maude Brewster, Ralph Rounds, Victor Minnehan. Frank Thompson. This committee will act in co-operation with the faculty committee appointed by Pres. Pray, which consists of Mr. Livingston, Miss Tanner, Mrs. Bradford, Mr. Sanford and Mr, Collins.

Although the news (?) is rather late, the students will be glad to know the "what" and "where" of last year' graduates. Nearly all of the class of '97 are putting school management, methods and theory into practice. Margaret Ashmun and Mame Meyers teach in the grades of the Elgin, Illinois, schools; Lillian Arnott in West Superior; M. O. Hill is principal at Bangor. La Crosse county; James Phillips, Elizabeth Stevens, Nellie Hart and Margaret Sutherland ably represent us in the Eau Claire schools; Allan Pray is assistant in the high school and principal of the grammar grade in Medford; J. D. Beck is principal at Westby; Guy Blencoe at Hammond; H. L. Gardner at Plover; Andrew Larkin has the position of assistant in the Appleton high school; Jesse U. Barker is travelling as solicitor for the Chicago Record; W. C. Ruediger attends the State University; Florence Pray is staying at home.

PERSONAL.

Miss Edith Nugent has returned to school.

Miss Ella Byrnes spent the 23d and 24th under the parental roof at Grand Rapids.

Edith Mallow who was absent for a few days on account of sickness, has returned.

The entire faculty from the Centralia schools spent October 29 visiting in the Normal.

A sister of Prof. Livingston will spend the winter here and take special studies in the Normal.

Herman Kohorn has withdrawn to accept a position in the drug store of Taylor Bros. of this city.

Walter Perry came up from Amherst, where he teaches, to see our boys down the Lawrentians.

Pres. Pray at morning exercises gave an interesting exposition of New York politics before the election.

Florence Pray made an extended visit with friends at Whitewater. She is now visiting relatives in Chicago.

Andrew Larkin came up from Appleton to look after his social interests here. He appears to be wholly as hale, happy and hearty as ever.

Mrs. Elliot made another trip to Minneapolis, leaving early the 22d. Miss Wheelock and Mr. Thompson took charge of her classes while she was gone.

Mr. Pease was favored the first part of last month by a visit from his mother, who stopped over on her way home from Kenosha, where she had been visiting.

Architect L. A. Conover and Regent & E. McDill have visited the Normal and inspected the ventilating system which does not work satisfactorily on the third floor. The rhetoric and literature classes will certainly be happy if conditions are changed.

The occasional letters from Mr. Sylvester, inquiring after the school and especially for his old pupils, make us feel that he is still interested in ue. At present he is staying with his sister at Yonkers, N. Y., and is feeling much better than during the summer.

Those of the Normal who went to Grand Rapids to see our second eleven defeated are: Misses Quinn, Erickson, Van Alstine, Felch, Dangers, Ogden, Hefffon, Martens and Shear, Messrs. Holman, Hotchkiss, Boyington and Fruit, and Mrs. Elliot, Misses Cate, Lamoreux, Curran, Messrs. Cassels, Bradford, Pease, and Mr. and Mrs. McCaskill.

Among the withdrawals which are usual at the beginning of the year we find the following; F. McHugh, to teach at Custer; Lillian Eldridge, to teach at Carryville; Hattie McDonald and Grace Murray, in Eau Claire county; Francis Parkhill, near Amberst; Minerva Eckels, near Almond; Jennie Boreson, near Waupaca. Where the following will locate we have been unable to learn: Genevieve Webster, Hattie Huntley, Viola Potter, Belinda Archiquette, Bret Spear, Pearl Roser and T. H. Tronson.

DABS, DIGS, DRIVES, DUBS.

Vicktora! where art thou?

"Aint she a peach?"

Blessed be they who wish to be counted among the blessed.

We have a romantic young man in school who calls freekles "blossoms of summer."

Miss C-w-d: "May I have your skeleton to-day?"

Mr. McC-k-1: "-----

Miss —, one of our recent visitors, says she thinks this a nice school because there are so many "cubby-holes" for fun.

It is said that the Stevens Point foot-ball team is sure to win because it has CASTLES at right end.

First Student: "Where was the fire last night?" Second: "I hope it was at the Normal."

First: "Well, I don't. I've got my foot-ball suit up there."

Student, (Scene—student's room. Midnight. Lamp going out. Lesson unfinished) despairingly: "I do wish that I could get along with less sleep. I haven't near time to get all my studying done."

Room-mate (yawning): "Well, I wish I could get along with more. I don't get near time to do all my sleeping."

Maestitudo fills the air—
Foot-ball comae—they are where?
Clipped et case, cut and shed,
Alas! alas! the poor shorn head.

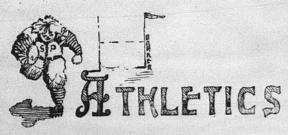
This classic was written by one of the students inspired by the event described. It certainly will live.

Mr. A. (watching Mr. B., carrying a stray canine from the room): "Blessed be they who help to make things go."

The hills of Duluth seem to have struck our foot-ball boys as being enormous. In fact they are higher than the widely-known Clark street hill, and some feet higher than the world-renowned Plover Hills.

Broken Loose and Now Astray.—A temper, which owner would like to recover. When last seen it was in company with a tennis ball violently knocked over the tennis court fence.

What's the difference between a dead dog in the ventilating flue and a bottle (cork out) of chlorine in the chemical laboratory?



STEVENS POINT WON.

Score 14 to 8-Stevens Point Defeated Superior Normal by Strong Team Work.

Stevens Point won a hard fought but clean game of foot-ball from the Superior Normal October 16. There was nothing that could be termed "kicking" during the entire game. The Superior Normal has a right to feel proud of the good. clean foot-ball that her team plays. A more gentlemanly set of boys are not often met with.

The game was called at 2:45; the teams lined up as follows;

Stevens Point. Cassels	Right End	Superior.
Manz	Right Tackle	Grace
Tronson		
Cowan		
Mathe		
Minahan		
Lees		
Holman, Capt		
King Bradford		
Pease	Quarter	Hamilton
Fuller	Full Back	Capt. Gillin
Bradford, Dignum.	Subs	Ban, Chapman

Referee—McCaskill. Umpire—Lynch.

Superior won the toss and chose the south goal facing the high wind. Holman kicked to Hamilton on the 30-yard line without any gain. J. Deering attempted to go around right end, but Cassels pulled him down with only a yard gain. Giffin bucked the center without gaining. G. Deering went around left end where he was downed by Lees after gaining two yards. Stevens Point got the ball and by a series of line plays carried the ball to the 5-yard line. Then Fuller was pushed through the line for the first touch-down. Holman failed to kick goal. Score, 4 to 0. Giffin kicked to Pease who was down on the 30-yard line. Again by a series of line plays Stevens Point carried the pig skin to the 3-yard line. The ball was given to Manz, but he failed to gain. Mathe was pushed through the line for the second touch-down. Again Holman failed at goal. Score, 8 to 0. Giffin kicked to Minahan before he was tackled. Stevens Point, employing the same tactics as before, carried the ball to the 25-yard line, where Pease went through the line for the third touch-down. Holman kicked goal. Score, 14 to 0.

Giffin kicked to Lees, who gained ten yards before he was tackled. Again by line plays Stevens Point carried the ball to the center of the field Here Stevens Point changed from line bucking to end plays. Holman attempted to go around right end, but Deering broke through the interference and tackled him five yards back of the line. Then the pig skin was passed to Lees, but he also was unable to gain and on the next play Superior got the ball on downs. At this point Superior took a brace and on a pretty criss-cross

Moran gained eight yards. Giffin went through the line for five more, and G. Deering, well guarded by J. Deering, made a beautiful end run of twenty yards and a touch-down. Grace failed to kick goal. Score 14 to 4.

Holman kicked to Hamilton. Giffin bucked the center without any gain. Moran, on a cris-cross, attempted to go around left end, but Lees downed him eight yards back of the line. On the next play Stevens Point got the ball and was hurrying towards the goal when time was called for the first half. Score, 14 to 4.

After ten minutes rest Giffin kicked to Fuller who was downed on the 45-yard line. By sure and steady rushes the oval was carried to the 3-yard line. On the next play Stevens Point fumbled and the ball rolled over the line where Moreland fell on it, making a touch-back.

Giffin kicked from the 25-pard line. Stevens Point got ten yards for a foul tackle. Superior got the ball on downs. Then by a cris-cross from Deering to Moran, gained thirty yards before he was tackled by Fuller. Moran was injured by the tackle and Ball took his place. G. Eeering went through the line for fifteen yards and then around the end for five more and a touch-down. Giffin failed to kick goal. Score, 14 to 8.

Holman kicked to the 30-yard line. Stevens Point got the ball on downs and carried it to the 5-yard line. Again Stevens Point fumbled and the ball rolled over the line where Grace fell on it. Giffin kicked from the 25-yard line, the ball was downed at the center of the field. Time was called with the ball in Superior's territory. Final score, 14 to 8.

The features of the game were the strong team work of the home club and the excellent individual work of the Deering boys and of Moran.

The best of feeling exists between the two teams, and the cheers with which each hailed the other at the end of the game were given with a will

of the game were given with a will.

The Stevens Point foot-ball team never received bettreatment than that at Superior. The boys came away more than pleased and they hope to return the pleasure at some future date.

The Normal second eleven met the Appleton high school eleven on the gridiron Saturday, November 6, and succeeded in defeating them by the score of 26 to 0. The game was called at 1:30. The teams lined up as follows:

lollows.	
STEVENS POINT.	APPLETON.
Wellsright en	dA. Ernbeck
Tickferright tack	kleErnbeck
Carlright gua	rdDosev
Sagercenter.	Madler
Dignumleft guar	d Larkin
Minahanleft tack	le N. Madler
Leonardleft end	1Smith
Bremmerquarte	rWalters
O'Brien, Captleft ha	f Rogers
Beachright ha	alfNorriss
Munnellfull ba	ck Tracv
Cassels, Bradford, Leessubs	Schall, Kelley, Franklin

Referee—Prof. Johnson. Umpire—Prof. McCaskill.

Both teams played a clean, snappy game from beginning to end. The Normal boys outweighed the Appleton boys, they also did better team work, which no doubt won the game for them. Of the visitors Norriss, A. Embeck and Madler deserve special mention. Beach, Tickfer, Minahan and Leonard did the best work for the home team. O'Brien and Wells made good gains. Munnell made long gains on the kick-off. Bremmer at quarter played a snappy game.

EXCHANGES.

Let the teacher study the child as the physician studies his patient.

The Kodak, Eau Claire, ranks among the best of the school papers on our exchange table.

Do not forget that the value of your education is measured by what you are able to do with it.

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

There are numerous teachers of arithmetic, and geography, and grammar, and what not; there are few teachers of CHILDREN.

Garret A. Hobart recently said: "A college education fits a man for business by showing him how to concentrate his energies."

The Laurentian contains an interesting article on "Study of Latin and Greek as a means to Mental Development" by Prof. Henry Lummis, M. D.

Hard study is not injurious, unless it is in the line of how to avoid as much work as possible. Too much study along this line is extremely hurtful.—Ex.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the ears more acute. Perhaps this is the reason that some people close their eyes while listening to a sermon.

Went to college, Joined the eleven, Played one game, Went to Heaven (?)

Yankee Doodle went to class Depending on his pony, The student body rose amasse And stopped the ceremony.—Ex.

Chauncy M. Depew says that sixty per cent of the positions of high trust in this ceuntry are filled by college graduates, and the other forty per cent are very largely controlled by college men.

With weary and aching fingers, Wielding his graphite mace, At midnight the editor lingers, He is writing against space.

GUARD AND TACKLE.

"THE WINTER'S TALE."

Cram, Exam., Flunk, Trunk. "Tempus fugit," said the Romans;
Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on;
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short and soon 'tis gone,
But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge."

-Ex.

The following papers have been placed on our exchange list: The Green Bay Fly, Olla Podrida, Teachers' Opportunity, The Laurentian, The Kodak, The Argosy, the Carroll Echo, The Argosy, The Normal Badger, Wisconsin Times, School Bell Echoes, Williamson Life, Mercury, College Days, Acta Duirna, The Lake Breeze, The New Era, and The Student. There are many interesting and amusing pages in all these. It will pay you to look them over.

READ AND PROFIT THEREBY.

- 1. He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a Freshman. Shun him.
- 2. He who knows not and knows that he knows not, he is a Sophomore. Honor him.
- 3. He who knows and knows not that he knows, he is a Junior. Pity him.
- 4. He who knows and knows that he knows, he is a Senior. Reverence him.

THE ALL-ROUND MAN.

In the fall he played foot-ball,
And played the season through.
In winter he played a banjo,
And sang in the Glee Club too.
In the spring he swung a racquet,
And base-ball, too, played he.
In one year he graduated,
With the degree of "G. B."

"After exams are over,
After the cram is done,
After the Freshman's exit,
After the Grind's begun,
Many a heart is aching,
If we could see thro' shams,
Many conditions are given after exams."

WHAT IS LIFE.

A dainty kiss, a little hug, To the parson's then skedaddle; For food and raiment then to tug, Then o'er the Styx to paddle.

Foot ball team went off to play; Came back later in the day, Sick and sore and out of joint— Oh, how sharp is Stevens Point!

LAURENTIAN.

-Ex.

WHAT OUR GRANDFATHER'S SAID.

"'Tis Education forms the common mind, And with a twig we whip it in behind."

MODEL SCHOOL

George Washington's Picture Talks to the Sixth Grade.

LANGUAGE.

If George Washington's picture could see and talk, I think it would tell a story something like this: I can see everything that is done in this school. I used to hang in front of the room, but when the clock came I moved to the back wall, from where I look down to see if the desks are in good order.

Some of the stories I have heard the teachers and scholars tell are just beautiful. I could listen all day to such good stories.

The boys have trimmed up the room with autumn branches, and it looks to me like a little forest. A pretty oak branch hangs over my picture.

Every year I have a birthday party; pieces are spoken, songs are sung, and the room is prettily decorated with flags, and red, white and blue. Last year we had bananas, popcorn, apples and nuts to eat on my birthday.

I would like to stay in this room always, it is such a pleasant school. Beulah Nelson, aged 11 years.

October 22, 1897.

In the back of our school room hangs a picture of George Washington. If the picture could talk I think it could tell us a great many things that our classes have been doing these seven weeks. Many things, maybe, that we would not be very glad to hear. But I should hope that there would be a great many things that would please both us and our teachers.

He would like to tell us about our hands and nails and if we keep them clean, and no doubt would tell us that we behave very orderly most of the time. I think that he would tell about the boys when they had the pea shooters and got them taken away. But I think we wouldn't like this very well. Do you?

He seems to have very sharp eyes, and looks very sober when we are bad.

He says that he enjoys the holidays, and the way they are observed in our room, very much.

JAMES FORSYTHE, age 11.

Barbara Frietchie.

During the civil war General Lee and his army marched through the town of Frederick, in the state of Maryland.

In the morning forty flags were waving, "but the sun of noon looked down and saw not one," for the rebels had shot them all down.

But as Stonewall Jackson was marching through the streets, he saw a flag waving out of a garret window, for Barbara Frietchie, bowed with her "four score years and ten," had picked up a banner from the ground and was waving it.

"Halt! The dust-brown ranks stood fast.

Fire! Out blazed the rifle's blast."

They tore the flag from its staff, but as it was falling Barbara put her head out of the window and grasped it, and waved it, to show that one heart was loyal to its country yet.

Then she cried, "Shoot if you must, this old gray head, but spare your country's flag." And the captain said, "Who touches a hair of your gray head dies like a dog. March on." The flag waved in the breeze all the rest of the day and the sunset between the mountain gaps bid it a warm "good-night."

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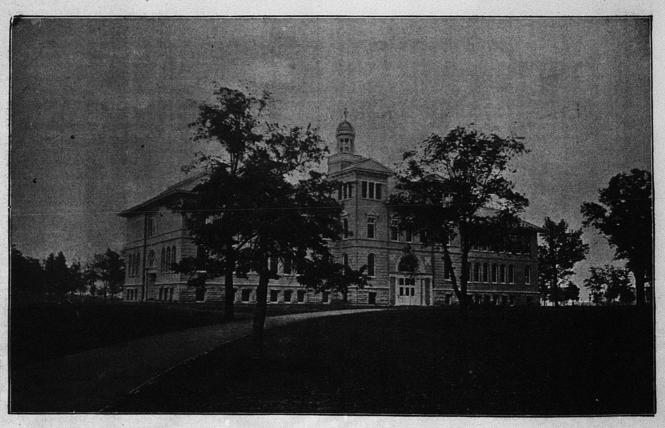
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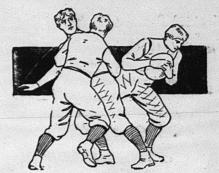
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