

Office Copy

THE

Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1896.

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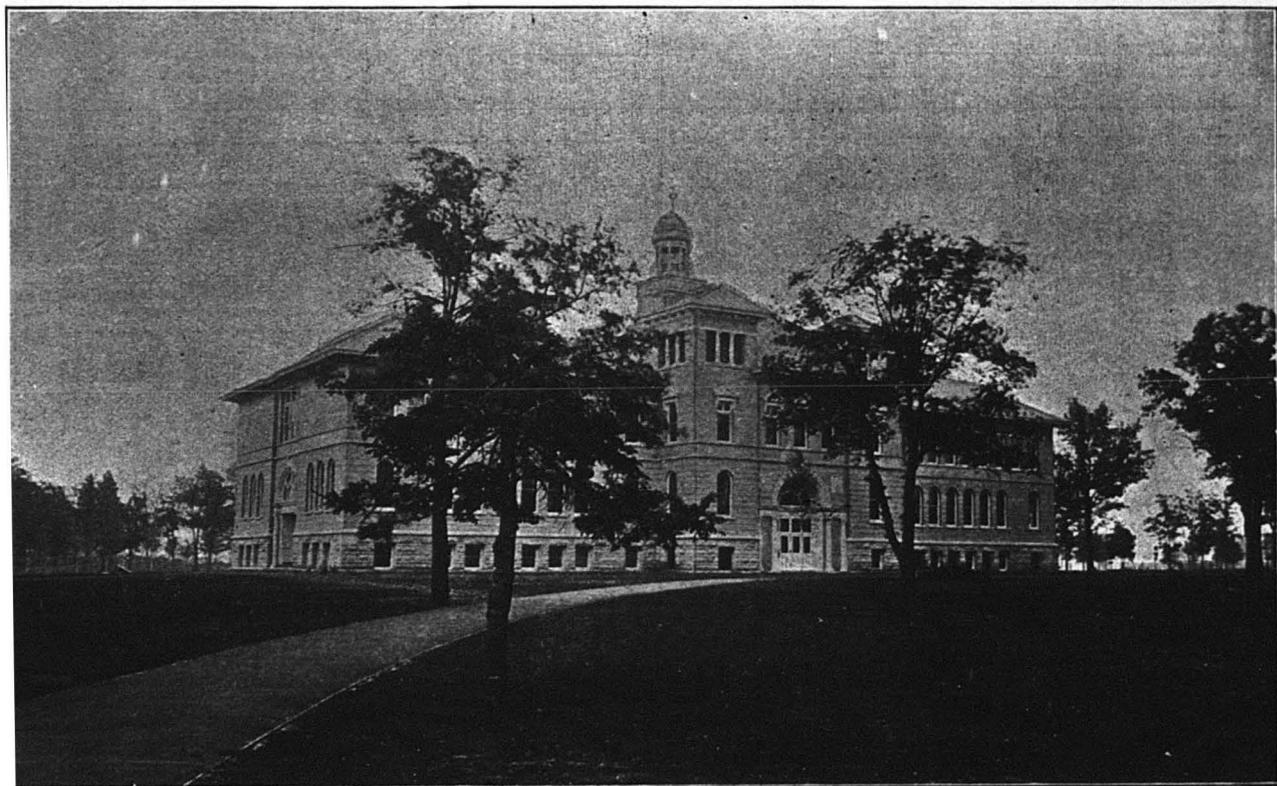
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume I.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., JUNE, 1896.

Number 7.

LITERARY.

A WISH FOR JUNE.

If a fairy should give me a wish to come true,
I'd wish that I only had nothing to do;
Nothing to do but to lie at my ease
In a hammock out under the wide-spreading trees;
Just to list to the song that the yellow-bird sings,
As high in his tree-top he merrily swings;
And the low, lazy hum of the bee as he sips
The nectar from each flower's sweet-scented lips;
Just to gaze at the clouds that float over my head,
And to dream of the joys and the hopes that are dead—
Of the days such as these in a long-ago June,
When with nature and life all my heart was atune,
And I heard love's sweet undertone, tender and plain,
In the bee's drowsy hum and the yellow-bird's strain.
Yes, I'd dream of that season, June's long hours
through—
Alas! if I only had nothing to do!

—MAXWELL ALTON.

IMAGINE THEIR HISTORY.

Yes, one sees all sorts of sights when he travels, but I am not certain that a vivid imagination is at all times a pleasure.

I recall a bitter morning in midwinter and a train leaving at a most unpleasantly early hour. The cars were cold and the windows frost-covered, but I had cleaned a little space through which I could dimly see the platform and its stamping, bustling occupants.

It was then that she attracted my attention as she leaned against the depot rail wiping the tears from her wrinkled face. She was thinly clad and had for extra covering only a small black shawl which now hung dejectedly from her shoulders, leaving her chest entirely unprotected. Sentiment rather than sight told of the threadbare clothing and the mended gloves. She was little and frail, and bowed more by trouble and hard work than by years, I thought. In that setting of snow-covered platform, rough, busy railway employes and hurrying travelers, she was a most pathetic figure. When the train began to move she raised her head, gazed fixedly after us and was turning brokenly away when she was lost to my sight.

With more than a passing feeling of sadness, I turned just in time to see entering the car a youth whose appearance was odd enough to attract the attention of a less observing person than myself. He was tall, slightly stooping in the shoulders, with rather

long colorless hair, and good features wearing a half apologetic smile. His eyes were a little red and I could see about the mouth faint twitchings that spoke of recent emotion. His clothes might have fitted him a year ago but they were a world too short and too small now. The hat he wore was a derby of antique style, too small for his head and so narrow in the brim that one was forced to smile at the peculiar look it gave to his head. In his hand he carried one of those shining, black patent leather valises, that in its palmiest days had spoken of nothing but simplicity and poverty in the buyer. Now it was worn, cracked and torn and hung from a single handle. It was corpulent enough and its knobby exterior suggested a varied contents. The lock was evidently broken for the sides of the satchel were drawn together and tied with a piece of packing twine.

He was coming unsteadily down the aisle, evidently unaccustomed to walking on a moving floor, when the car gave a sudden lurch to the side and he swayed over one of the seats striking his valise heavily on the back of the next. The string parted and in a moment he held nothing but the empty valise, while its miscellaneous contents flooded the car.

Of course the passengers laughed—who could help it? There stood the personification of awkwardness, a veritable Ichabod, blushing furiously and smiling inanely at the passengers one moment and the next looking helplessly at his property scattered along the aisles and under the seats. I suppose I should not have given it a second thought after the amusement of the moment had passed, if I had not happened to glance at what had fallen near me. I saw two big apples roll down the aisle, and from a partially broken package a piece of coarse bread protruded nearly hidden by various garments. Nearer me was an English grammar, and I am sure I saw the corner of an arithmetic half concealed by a flannel shirt. But right at the end of my seat was as touching a sight as ever brought tears to the eyes of a son. There lay with its covers thrown back, open at its fly leaf, a small pocket bible, and across it lay a coarse woolen stocking old and worn, but most beautifully mended. The yarn was of a different shade but the darning was as precise as though the work was on lace. I stooped a little and could read on the flyleaf of the bible the inscription written in a delicate trembling hand:

"A life boat—Will anchor in the Haven of Eternal Rest.
MOTHER."

That was all. But the two figures I had noticed that morning connected themselves and I felt no further inclination to smile at the boy who was now clumsily trying to restore to their places the things which defter hands had packed there. C. H. SYLVESTER.



WALTER S. CATE. LESLIE S. EVERTS. ALLAN T. PRAY.

[The following oration by Allan T. Pray, took first place in the local, and third in the internormal contest. In the local contest Mr. Everts won a close second; Mr. Cate, third.]

HEROISM; ITS BASIS, AND NECESSITY.

A French writer has said that every mistake in life may be traced to fear.—This, though given rather to shape an epigram than to state a fact, is more true than we are wont at first to believe.

Wendell Phillips says: "There are three tests by which races love to be tried. The first, the basis of all, is courage." According to this test each nation has its own matchless hero. The Spartan points with pride to Leonidas and his three hundred holding the pass against the Persian host. The Roman remembers Regulus defying and scorning his captors. The heart of the Switzer thrills at the thought of the man who gathered in his arms the Austrian spears and fell with the cry: "Make way for Liberty!" And as long as these states are free, what American will cease to cherish the name of Nathan Hale?

The heroes of the past have not all exhibited the same kind of courage. Xerxes attacked Greece, brave, because of the million at his back. His was a courage often shown by armies, "a shoulder-to-shoulder courage," as one writer calls it. Spartacus, the hero of the amphitheatre, resisted Rome with the courage of despair. Socrates, strong in the courage of high purpose, smilingly drank of the fatal hemlock. With what but the courage of faith could John Huss have suffered at the stake, when one word would have freed him?

But why dwell longer among men of by-gone ages? Is the spirit that directed their actions and guided their thought dead? Is the heart of the modern world so numb and immovable that neither the oppression of peoples nor the denial of free thought has called forth the spirit of the hero?

When our fathers declared their independence, they did it in the face of war and possible defeat, with a spirit which the world admires. The great St. Domingo chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, affords an example of a man as heroic as any in ancient or mediæval history. The American slave thanks for his freedom, not the

conservative element who realized his degradation yet dared not speak, but rather the Radicals, who, knowing his condition, took their lives and property in their hands and began a battle to be fought to the bitter end.

Standing before a Boston mob, in the name of Free Speech, Phillips throws into the teeth of men infuriated almost to frenzy, the simple, bold remark: "Gentlemen, you have hissed me before!" In an old attic window among the hills of Maryland we see the form of a woman "bowed with her four score years and ten." Her fearless act and stirring words attest in the strongest manner the heroism of her soul. The courage of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai; of Florence Nightingale in the hospitals of Crimea; of Grace Darling among the rocks of Farne Island; of John Howard in the prisons of Europe, and Clara Barton in the hospitals of the world—such courage is more than heroic: It is sublime.

These are but few of the many famous examples of heroism. Is it a mere coincidence that heroism and courage are so closely linked? Is it an accident that the heroes in all lands and in all fields of human activity have been men who have dared to do? Is there no reason for this association, and is there not a principle upon which heroism rests? Courage is a principle and not an effect. The greatest call for true courage comes in that discipline of life which a man must have before he can make the most of his opportunities and of his talents. The person who has the courage to be true to himself is a hero. The fame which comes to such a one is but an incident and not an essential. The men and women we have mentioned were heroes long before they were brought into prominence by the circumstances with which their names are associated. Courage is a principle of the heart. Without it there is no basis of heroism, and no combination of circumstances can make the cowardly man a hero. With it the whole nature is alive to highest attainment, and heroism may display itself in the thoughts and actions of the commonest man.

But you say, "Yes, this is all true, but there is nothing now which calls for courageous action; and, therefore, there is no need of the hero. In case of war, other men would be as valiant as those in history." Aye, but though there is not the roll of musketry, though no foreign army pillages our coast, though there are no batteries to charge, or hardships to endure, there are harder battles to fight than Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, where courage is demanded to-day as much as one hundred years ago.

In politics it takes courage to resist the party boss, and trampling under foot corruption in either candidate or platform, to vote independently. The impartial and vigorous execution of the law calls for courage in every officer, from the chief executive of the land to the clerk of the smallest district. The educational, as well as every other reformer, must endure public derision and the term fanatic. Foreseeing this, it takes courage to break from old customs, no matter how ill suited to the times, nor how unsound they are. The editor, who in the face of opposition and unpopularity, tells the whole truth, although offensive to his party, certainly shows strength. The merchant who shuns the trickery and deception for which so much chance

is offered shows another form of courage. The minister shows his courage when he finds his illustrations at home in a dishonest speculation or violation of public trust. He may offend his congregation, but he takes the risk and follows his duty. Does it take no will and resolution to resist the temptations of fashion and society life? When the young man is tempted by his associates to indulge more freely some habit or appetite, it requires courage to hold himself above their taunts and jeers. The acts of courage in private life are not as marked nor as well known as those of the soldier or statesman; but it is often as hard to scorn an under-hand trick, to stem the tide of public opinion, to say "No" to vulgarity and vice, as it is to storm a battery or resist a charge.

Every person cannot do a heroic deed which the world will note; but to the professional and the business man, and even to the hermit in his solitude, there will come the call for courageous action.

The past with its army of martyrs who suffered for our gain, and fell for our freedom, watches our every movement, and demands that we be brave and strong. The future with all its possibilities and all its hopes, hangs upon our lives and thought. The past generations were brave; let us be braver. In the name of purer politics, better government, better schools, higher morals, nobler Christian character and manhood, and in the name of humanity itself, strike forever from our language the word "coward." Scorn fear, that all life may be inspired and guided by dauntless, unflinching, God-like courage.

A SUGGESTIVE LEGEND.

There is a Russian legend which runs like this:

Once upon a time a peasant died and went to hell. Surrounded by the spirits of other unfortunates like himself, he lay upon the burning lake. Finally he petitioned St. Peter to save him; and St. Peter sent him a message in reply saying that mercy would be shown him if had ever during his life done a kind deed.

Sorrowfully the peasant set himself to reviewing his life; for well he knew that it had little of kindness to redeem it. At last he remembered that once during a time of extreme famine he had given a piece of carrot to a starving peasant. This he made known to St. Peter. The records of heaven were searched, and sure enough the item named was there alone to his credit.

By and bye, as he lay in torment, he discovered coming down from heaven a little yellow speck. Eagerly he watched it, and as it came nearer he saw that it was a little piece of carrot suspended by a slender thread. Something within him prompted him to grasp it, when to his surprise he felt himself slowly lifted from his fiery bed and slowly drawn towards heaven.

Other spirits seeing him ascend clung to his garments, and still others to these, until a large swarm of spirits was being slowly but steadily lifted heaven-ward by the slender thread.

How anxiously the peasant's eye glanced from the mass of spirits below to the little thread above! How impatiently he measured the slowly lessening distance! At last he was almost there. Heaven was almost within grasp. His strength was heavily taxed, what if he

should have to let go? The thread was strained to its utmost limit, what if it should give way? What right had these spirits to cling to him and spoil his chances of eternal happiness? It was his petition, his act of kindness, and his the consequent salvation. And now his ear caught the sound of celestial music, and the sweet breath of heaven cooled his brow. At this his anxiety became so intense that he turned and said to those below: "This is MY carrot."

The string broke and he went down to endless woe.

M. D. BRADFORD.

PHIL. DOUGHERTY'S ESCAPE.

One hot August afternoon in 1864, a party of rebel soldiers were hurrying along a Louisiana road. They were guarding a band of Union prisoners, who were being taken to the prison at Andersonville, and they were making every effort to get as far as possible from the territory occupied by Federal troops, to avoid pursuit. The band of prisoners consisted of a Lieutenant, twenty-five soldiers, and a trusty guide, who had been captured only a few hours before.

Guards and prisoners marched on in gloomy silence, these thinking of the horrors awaiting them in the prison pen; those bending all their energies towards getting as far on their way as possible before night. But as the afternoon drew to a close, the guards felt themselves safe, so they slackened their rapid march a little, and began to eye their prisoners more closely.

Suddenly Phil. Dougherty, the Union guide, found a rebel soldier staring him squarely in the face. After a moment's scrutiny, the rebel shouted to his commander, "I say, Captain, here's a deserter!"

The company was at once halted, and the prisoner carefully examined. One or two other soldiers agreed with the man who first thought he recognized the guide, and advised that they hang the man at once. Phil however, denied the truth of the statement; and his fellow prisoners corroborated his story. But in spite of all they could do, the rebel captain was preparing to hang his prisoner, when Lieut. Earle, the officer who had commanded the captured party, interposed.

"You had better not hurry this matter quite so much," said he, "we hold twice as many of your prisoners as you do of ours."

"What difference does that make?" asked the rebel captain.

"Just this difference," said Lieut. Earle firmly; "if you hang him our officers will surely retaliate."

"What! retaliate for hanging a deserter?" asked the rebel.

"That man belongs to our regiment. He enlisted with us at Sparta, Wisconsin, in 1861, and he must be treated as a prisoner of war."

The rebels hesitated, and finally moved on without having settled the matter. As darkness approached, a storm came up which settled down into a steady all-night rain. The company camped for the night—if stopping in the rain, without fire or shelter, can be called camping—in an old cane field well back from the road and only a few rods from an old rail fence which ran along the edge of a cypress swamp. As they ate their scanty supper the rebels began again to talk of the guide, and some one proposed to hang him then

so that there would be one less prisoner to guard in the rain. Another warm discussion followed, and the rebels were a second time preparing to execute their threat when Lieutenant Earle, with an air of perfect confidence, again interposed:

"You had better think twice," he said, "before you hang that man. Remember we are not yet out of reach of the Federal troops, and if you should be captured after hanging that man without any trial, every one of you who had a thing to do with the business would swing for it just as surely as you live to-day. Besides you have no authority to hang him even if he were a deserter. It's your business to turn him over with the rest of your prisoners to your superior officer as you were ordered to. Then make your charge, and let him be tried and sentenced by the proper authority."

The captain knew that his prisoner was right; and though he had no doubts about his being able to answer satisfactorily to his superior officer, he had some little fear of the Federal troops, and finally decided to let the matter rest till morning. Lieutenant Earle was not much relieved at this, however, for he saw the temper of his guards could not be trusted, and he feared that in the morning they might repent their leniency, so he laid a plan by which he hoped to effect the guide's escape. The prisoners were huddled together for the night and surrounded by sentinels. This gave them a chance to converse without attracting attention, and Earle confided his scheme to his men. They were to ask permission to build a fire of rails from the old fence, and as they were getting them the guide was to spring over the fence and run for the swamp. If the sentinels missed him, he could easily elude any who might follow him, and so gain a whole night's start of his pursuers. "Besides," said Earle to the guide, "you might better be shot in attempting to escape than stay and be hung, as you surely will be if you are in their hands in the morning."

Accordingly the request was made, and the unsuspecting rebels, chilled with the rain and wind which by this time had grown quite cold, readily granted it. The prisoners all walked to the fence and began to tear it down and bring the rails to the camp. Phil, as he reached the fence, glanced around at the sentinels. They were watching him, and so near that his heart failed him, and picking up a rail he brought it back with the rest.

"Why did'nt you go?" whispered Earle as soon as he could get near enough.

"They'd be sure to hit me, and besides, I don't believe they'll hang me," answered Phil.

"Yes they will!" said the lieutenant. "We can never bluff them out of it again. This is your last chance for life. Go!"

By this time the fire was blazing up brightly, and the darkness outside the little circle of its light seemed intense.

"Bring some more rails for the fire, boys," said Earle, "let's get all the good we can out of that old fence."

Phil rose as if to obey, walked slowly to the fence, then suddenly sprang over the few scattered rails and made a dash for the shadow of the woods. The sentinels fired at him as he ran, but they were blinded by the glare of the fire and missed their aim. A dozen

more of the guards caught up their carbines, but they fired at random for the guide's form was already lost to sight in the shadow of the woods. Several of the troopers dashed after him, but it was too late, for the sound of his retreating foot-steps was already drowned by the storm. After an hour's search they returned, disappointed and sullen, to await daylight.

Meanwhile Phil. was bending every energy of mind and body toward getting away as rapidly and as safely as possible. The bullets that whistled past his ears only added speed to his flight, and when once in the woods, his heart beat high with hope. On and on he went, never heeding the thorns that tore his flesh, until suddenly he plunged knee-deep into a sluggish creek. Water will conceal a track as nothing else will, and turning he followed the course of the creek. After two or three hours of wading he ventured to leave the stream and take to the main road.

He knew the country perfectly, and started boldly along the road towards Baton Rouge, the head-quarters of the Union troops, walking as a man walks only when life is the prize, or death the forfeit.

When day dawned he had put thirty miles between himself and the scene of his escape. He now left the road again and went into the swamp, but he still pushed on further and further, in spite of the fact that he was tired and almost faint from hunger; but during the afternoon, though not daring to quit the swamp, he kept near its edge and watched anxiously for a sight of Union troops which were likely at any time to be scouting the country. Towards evening his watching was rewarded by the sight of a company of horsemen clad in blue. Rushing out of the swamp, he succeeded in attracting their attention, and they waited for him to get out to the road.

It proved to be a strong party sent out to gain tidings of Lieut. Earle's party. Phil. gave an account of their capture, and his own escape; and the congratulations he received from officers and men on his good fortune were hearty, for all felt that he had narrowly escaped being hanged.

Some weeks later Lieutenant Earle eluded his captors, and after great hardships succeeded in making his way back to his regiment. The rest were taken to Andersonville where they suffered with thousands of other poor fellows until a timely exchange of prisoners released them some six months later. H. S. PERRY.

WHAT THE POETS SAY OF SPRING.

In that mysterious East where men, women, nature, and the gods were jumbled in a confused administration of the affairs of the universe; where imaginative astronomers saw in their fancy the cluster of orbs assume the shapes of earth, it became the habit to personify all things. Thus their imagination stamped upon the twelve signs of the zodiac the semblance of an earthly figure as a sign symbolical of a month. To the month of June was given the cancer or crab which has for generations served the poet's fancy. It has been portrayed in the early Anglo Saxon tongue by the fertile imagination of Spenser:

"And after May came jolly June, arrayed

All in green leaves, as he a player were;

Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,

That by his plow-irons might well appear.
Upon a crab he rode, that him did bear
With crooked, crawling steps—an uncouth pair:
He backward rode."

The impersonations of the months served also as a theme for the painter. A series of paintings representing these symbolical forms was found in the Royal library at Constantinople, and have been interpreted by a Roman poet. Of June he says:

"Because of summer heats, June is quite nude,
And bears a torch, the symbol of Sol's rays,
That make Earth's bosom fruitful; and he shows
On Solar quadrant that the sun has gained
The highest point of all his heavenly path.
Now the ripe fruits of Cancer's torrid zone
May garner'd be; and ripe corn, by Ceres
Cherish'd, is waiting for the sickle sharp."

We will now leave the land that produced so many illustrious nations, and turn our attention to some of our own favorite poets, to see how they "Hail the peerless goddess of the year!" Of all the descriptions that have been written of June that of Lowell's is perhaps the most beautiful:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

"Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebb'd away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer."

No matter where we look or listen we see or hear something of life. Every lump of earth feels a force within it which, reaching for the light above it, finally appears in the form of a soul of grass and flowers.

Grief goes to give place to joy. The heart forgets its sorrow, and the rifts of passion, "Like burned-out craters healed with snow," lie buried beneath a deep silence.

We leave behind us the sadness of the past, and participate in the surrounding happiness, to harmonize with Nature, which is now supreme in every charm. This month,

"When the flush of life may be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys,"
seems to be just the one to lull the poet to a dreamy mood.

In the very midst of the season's beautiful show, Bryant wished to be laid away in his last resting place.

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break."

With James Whitcomb Riley it was the month of indolent repose. The time to
"Jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!"

When school drags along to the middle of June, we are all of this sentiment:

"Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in
Work at kind o' goes ag'in
My convictions!—'long about
Here in June especially!"

It is only the poet's soul that is enriched by Nature's wealth. Some one has said: "The sense of beauty of Nature, even among cultured people, is less often met with than other mental endowments." The key to Nature which has been given man has not in many cases had a chance to become polished with use. We are continually longing for advantages that are not possessed, but renounce any that are within our reach.

"No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer."

NETTIE STEWART.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

On the banks of the Wisconsin, nestled among the trees, stands a little log cottage. Its moss grown roof, its leaning chimney, its shattered window panes, tell more plainly than words, of the many years which it has withstood the elements. In front of it the purple lilacs still thrive, and every spring they offer their sweet perfume to the weary traveler. Behind the cottage is a gentle slope, at the foot of which bubbles a clear, cold spring and from this flows a little brook, beside whose gurgling waters blossom each year, in May, the modest violets, butter cups and daisies. A short distance from the house stands the old well, with its long sweep still keeping guard over it, like a sentinel.

Deserted and lonely the cottage stands. Long years have passed since its last occupant left it; and since then it has been the playhouse of the winds. If its walls could speak, what stories they might tell of the happy days long since past away, when they echoed to the sounds of household labor and the merry voices of childhood. But those who loved the cottage then are gone forever, and its only comfort is the murmur of the brook and the softly breathed lullaby of the trees.

M.

DISILLUSIONED.

She looked so divine and bewitching
As she sat in the old easy chair,
With her creamy white draperies about her,
And a single red rose in her hair,
That my heart went a-thrill with a rapture—
A passion—that could not be stilled;
So I stole up behind her and kissed her—
Ah! that moment with ecstasy filled!

She started, and trembled with feeling,
As she sat in the old easy chair,
And in rich flecks upon her white garments
Dropped down the red rose from her hair;
In silence I waited the out-come,
The words that her lips would let fall—
But I turned and fled from her forever,
When she said, "You're a lala for gall!"

O. L. M.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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ANDREW LARKIN.....	Editor-in-Chief
MARGARET ASHMUN.....	Literary Editor
ELIZABETH JONES.....	Exchange Editor
JOHN T. CLEMENTS.....	Local Editor
LESLIE S. EVERTS.....	Athletic Editor
H. L. GARDNER.....	Business Manager
FLORENCE A. PRAY, {	Assistant Business Managers
E. F. PRIEST, }	

Address all business letters to the Business Manager.

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EDITORIAL.

It is with great pleasure that, through the co-operation and hearty support of all concerned, we present this souvenir number to our fellow students, teachers, and friends. With this as our last effort we lay aside the keys of our sanctum, which will be taken up by our successors in due time. Whatever has been our success, we may at least believe from the many words of encouragement, borne to us from time to time, that our attempts to maintain a school paper have not resulted in complete failure. We are, however, conscious of human imperfections, and seeing errors along our way we modify the plea of the petitioner and freely confess that we have done things we ought not to have done and left undone those things we ought to have done—or in phraseology more expressive of editors' sins, doubtless published those things we ought not to have published or left unmentioned the things which would better have been told. As a consolation, however, we know that out of repeated failures success finally emerges, hence we hope that the day may come when, supported by earnest students, our paper will take its stand among the leading school journals of the state. It is only natural to suppose that some difficulties would arise during the first year's publication. The obstacles, however, with which we have had to contend, have been, in point of number and seriousness of character, below those anticipated. There has been no clique or faction to thwart our plans. We have received a liberal patronage from students in all departments. A limited minority, here as elsewhere, has manifested a lack of interest in us, but the number has been so small as to demand little comment, and we hope that, even the few disinterested ones, may in the future lend their influence to the success of our paper. In unity lies strength. This case is no exception to the rule. Moreover, the influence that a paper has in fixing the stamp of the institution and the students under

whose direction it is published, is incalculable. This has been the leading thought in determining the character of this paper up to the present time, and we hope that during each succeeding year it may so increase in literary excellence that it shall do honor to the character of the students and the institution which it represents.

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Although to the students of the Stevens Point Normal school the building and everything pertaining thereto are very familiar, to the outside reader a little information concerning these may be of interest. As shown in the engraving, the building is a long two-story structure of cream-colored brick, with trimmings of white terra cotta. Surrounding it is a large plot of grass, constantly receiving the attention requisite to its development into the regulation sodded "campus." Beds of flowers, thrifty trees, asphalt walks, and a tennis court add greatly to the appearance and convenience of the grounds.

Within, the finishings are of Georgia pine, and the halls are laid with rubber matting to deaden the sounds of many feet constantly passing to and fro. The apparatus for heating and ventilating is of the most improved style, and the whole building is supplied with a convenient water system and electric lights. It being the prevailing idea that cleanliness is next to a high percentage, bathrooms have been fitted up in connection with the gymnasium, and the student may take his choice among the tubs, basins and shower baths.

The laboratories, physical, chemical and biological, are exceptionally well-stocked, and for the benefit of the classes in zoology several large cases of stuffed specimens are arranged about the building. Whether there is any educational value in the presence of the crafty red fox on the top of the case in the assembly room, is a question hard to decide, but there can be no doubt about the eagles—there is surely inspiration there.

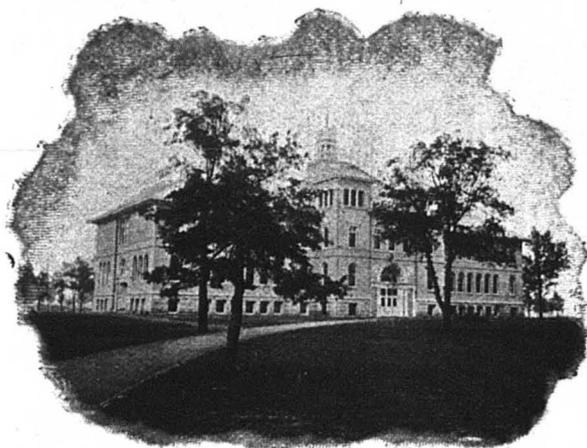
The library also demands a word, for here it is that the students find a welcome relaxation from their heavier work, in browsing among the magazines—all the important literary, scientific and educational journals being found here upon the tables and racks especially provided for them. Here, too, one may wander through the realms of literature, from the quaint narrations of the deeds of Palmer Cox's brownies, to dissertations on "The Comparative Morphology of the Bacteria and Fungi"—from Riley's cheerful verses to labyrinthine tables of statistics. If one wishes to decide a question raised in the perusal of his choice among the 3,600 volumes, he has only to turn to the Century, Standard, or Webster's Dictionary, always at hand, or to one of the four sets of encyclopedias upon the reference shelves.

Books may be drawn, and kept for one week, and the work of registering is made easy and secure by the use of the Dewey Decimal system and the Cutter book numbers. A card catalogue enables the student to find readily any book upon the shelves, and gives frequent reference to suggestive topics.

While the school offers every advantage for a well-rounded course, it is perhaps in the department of science, music and art that the best opportunities for

advanced work are given. The equipments of the laboratories have already been spoken of, and the course in science is arranged to cover a large field. Provisions have been made for extended work in physics, chemistry, zoology, botany, physiology and geology. Great stress is laid upon individual laboratory work and experiments actually performed. Many a protozoa wriggles its life away under the compound microscope; and many a "poor kitty" is sacrificed on the altar of science, with only this thought to console her as the chloroform stifles her last gasp, that she died in a noble cause. Geologizing and botanizing expeditions, in which work and fun are judiciously mingled, are of frequent occurrence in spring and fall.

The course of twenty weeks in music is especially adapted to the needs of those preparing to teach the subject in the public schools, but the daily drill in chorus does much more than this in developing the voices of the students, many of whom previous to entering the school have had no musical training whatever, and in giving the ability to read music easily and correctly. Next year there is to be an optional advanced course for those who wish to carry their study still further. The Ladies Quartette, the Male Quar-



tette, and the Normal Octette are drilled almost daily by the instructor of this department, and thus many find opportunity for the most practical assistance in their study. Three pianos are in the building, yielding their sweet influences "at all times and in all seasons."

A very successful entertainment was lately given by the instructor in music with the assistance of some of the individual members of the school and the chorus of 200 voices; the net proceeds of this go to purchase for the music room good pictures of musical celebrities.

The art department offers opportunity for a large amount of work in addition to that of the prescribed course. Beyond the fitting of teachers for the successful instruction of drawing in the grades and in the country schools, it is the aim of this department to prepare students for special work in this line, particularly that of supervision. The full drawing course is completed with a great amount of supplementary work, pencil sketching, pen and ink sketching, charcoal work and the history of art. Before the beginning of next year, arrangements will undoubtedly be made for at

least ten weeks optional work in water colors; a permanent sketch club will also be organized for the purpose of following out more fully the sketching from life of which but little can be done in the regular courses; facilities for carrying on the work in clay modeling will also be provided. For the casts and still-life collection, the school is indebted to the personal efforts of the head of the art department, several entertainments having been given during the year and the proceeds expended for these and for pictures which will soon arrive, to beautify our walls.

The professional work is, of course, of the utmost importance and most carefully provided for. One of its distinctive features is the correlation of its different phases, as for instance, practice, methods and observation. The student being occupied with all of these at once, the work in one is balanced and corrected by the others, making all more practical and helpful. In the three departments of the model school are some 120 pupils under the charge of three teachers and the general supervisor of the model department.

Languages, literature, history, mathematics, geography, rhetoric, and composition receive attention in their proper place under the most efficient instructors, but lack of space forbids any extended review of the work done in these departments. A very important assistance in the teaching of history is the stereopticon lately purchased by the school, with a large number of carefully selected slides, illustrating particularly the civilization of the ancients.

The work in geography is made more interesting and valuable by the making of relief maps by the pupils themselves, from the pulp procured at the paper mills.

So much has been said at different times during the year of the gymnasium and the pleasures and benefits which it affords the students, that it seems almost unnecessary to refer to the department of physical culture at all. It is, however, very gratifying to know that the weights and measures taken this spring show a marked improvement as compared with those taken last fall. Among the young ladies, especially, the work has been very beneficial in developing their chests, correcting curvatures and giving strength to flabby limbs.

Altogether, "we of the Normal," feel (and pardonably we think) very proud of our school and its pleasant surroundings, and we never hesitate to urge others to do as we have done in availing themselves of the advantages it offers.

THE HISTORIC CLASS.

Of the several who at the beginning of the year looked forward to the completion of the longer course, three alone have reached the goal of their expectations. These three to whom belongs the honor of constituting the first graduating class, are John T. Clements, Leslie S. Everts, and Herbert S. Perry. It may, indeed, be truly said, that during their attendance at this institution, there has been no matter pertaining to the welfare of the school or of the students in general, which has been foreign to their interests. At all times they labored diligently to make for the Sixth State Normal a record whereby it might with credit be compared with its sister institutions throughout the state. From their efforts here, alone, we feel justified in predicting that wherever their sphere of influence in the future

may be, it will tell for the best in the community in which they dwell.

To the readers of the POINTER an introduction is hardly required. The former two will at once be recognized as heads of the local and athletic departments of our paper during the year past. The last, as one of our contributors in the same cause.

The first of these, in alphabetical order, Mr. Clements, is well known to the citizens of Stevens Point, having been born and raised in this place. After graduating from the Stevens Point High School, he spent some time in Chicago, returning at the opening of the Normal, he has been with us ever since. During this time he has identified himself with every movement of a literary character in connection with the school. For two successive terms he stood at the helm and, in the capacity of president, guided the destinies of our literary society in a manner which did credit to himself and resulted in benefit to his supporters. In connection with his regular work, he has acted as local reporter for Stevens Point, Milwaukee, Chicago and Minneapolis papers. He will in the future probably direct his talents along the line of literary efforts in which his determined, though unassuming manner, can not fail but bring him success.

The next in the above mentioned order, Mr. Everts, was born in one of the northern cities of the state. Though the vigor of the climate of his section can not be much greater than that of regions farther south, he seems to have inhaled in the air he breathed, all the characteristics which are necessary for success. Whether or not it is a question of climate he nevertheless possesses no small amount of energy and acuteness of mind. Graduating from the Rice Lake High School in '93, he entered this school at the beginning, and while he has been with us he has succeeded in gaining many friends, both among the students and outside citizens. In addition to the regular work of the school, he has been one of the prominent features in the different societies in connection with the school, and has won considerable honor as an athlete. After graduating at this place he will attend the university, and after finishing the course there will attend the law school with the view of perfecting himself in the practice of law.

The third and last member on the list, Mr. Perry, has shown himself to be a thorough, hard-working student. Entering in the third quarter of the previous school-year, he was at somewhat of a disadvantage with the other members of his class, but by perseverance he is able to present himself fully entitled to a portion of the laurel bough. He was graduated a few years ago from the Merrilan High School, and had spent considerable time as a teacher in the western portion of the state before taking up his course here. He intends to make a life work of teaching, and his long experience in this work, together with his breadth of knowledge, argue strongly the affirmative side of the question of his future success.

It has been the policy of The Pointer during the past year to give praise to whom praise is due. In keeping with this policy we desire to express our most sincere thanks to Mr. Le Roy Fisher, the foreman of the printing department of The Stevens Point Journal, who has during the year shown us many favors, and has made our paper "a model of the pointer's art."

LOCAL.

GENERAL.

Wednesday of Commencement Week was a very interesting day to the little folks in the primary department of our school. Each pupil had previously been assigned some special work on birds, which consisted either of declamations, songs, or dialogues; and the manner in which everything was carried out reflected much credit on the pupils and their teacher, Miss Faddis, as well as afforded pleasant entertainment to a large number of visitors. Following is the program:

Bird Day.

All the Birds Have Come Again.....	School
A Spring Meeting.....	Wilbur Estes
A Song of Spring.....	{ Earl Kelly Wayne Bentley Spurr Hoefel Wallace Hoefel Robert Campbell Roy Ennor
My Tenants.....	Harlo Bennett
Two Robin Red-breasts.....	{ Helen Gillett Ruth Wadleigh Gladys Martin
How the Wood-pecker Knew.....	Frank Kelly
Bird Trades.....	Norma Stuart
Sparrow and Child.....	{ Conover McDill Willie Clifford
The Secret.....	Reginald Weller
The Birds' Lawn Party.....	Gladys Park
Robin Red-breast.....	School
A Little Girl and A Little Bird.....	Babins Lamp
Discontent.....	Gladys Martin
What Robin Told Me.....	Olive King
A Bird Lesson.....	Kittie Townsend
The Scare-crow.....	Karl Strobe
A Bird Game.....	First Grade
The Little Bird's Song.....	Lawrence Park
Trouble in the Robin Family.....	Helen Gillett
A Bird's Nest.....	Winnie Carr
A Fable.....	Newton Martin
Mr. Spring's Concert.....	{ Sam. Wadleigh Harold Little Willis Boston Jamie Congdon
The Birdies' Ball.....	Second Grade
Didn't Think.....	Johnnie Moffit
A Song in the Night.....	Everett Huff
To Let—Birds' Nests.....	Roy McAdam
Who Stole the Bird's Nest.....	Ina Martin
Cherries Are Ripe.....	Frank Wheelock
A Happy Couple.....	Louie Glover
The Six Robins.....	{ Kittie Townsend Beulah Lamp Norma Stuart Norma Jauch Edith Eldridge Ina Martin
A Legend of the North-land.....	Ruth Wadleigh
In the Old Pine Tree.....	School

Where the professors and teachers will spend their vacations: President Pray, as usual, will spend the greater part of his at the office, stealing away for a few days' quiet rest during the heated season. Prof. Sylvester will be occupied with institutes with the exception of about ten days that he will spend somewhere in the woods, probably with hook and line; Prof. Culver, at home, with a few geological trips in the immediate vicinity; Prof. Collins and family, at the old home in



COLUMBIA OCTET.

Clara Bunge
Mabel McKee

Elith Bremmer
Florence Curran

Miss Sophia Linton

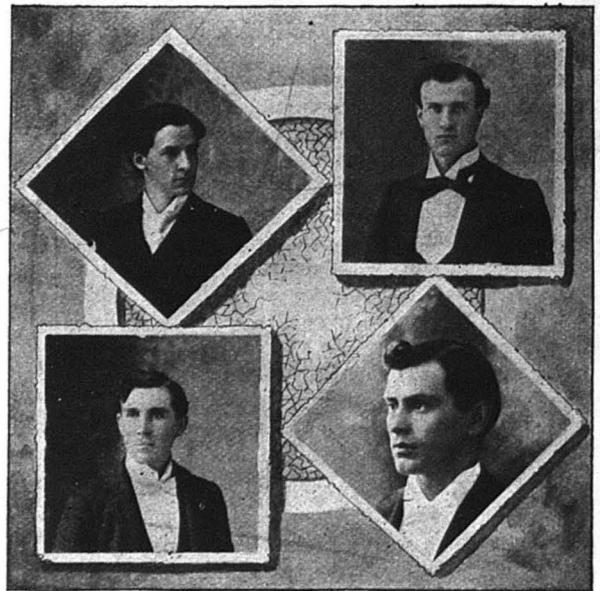
Mary Furro
Nellie M. Hart

H. Ruth Roberts
Minnie McDonald



LADIES' QUARTET.

Katherine Ball Louise H. Vosburgh
Mrs. K. D. Road Minnie E. McDonald



MALE QUARTET.

Allan T. Pray
Frank Springer

Guy Blencoe
Walter Thoms

Wooster, Ohio; Prof. Sanford and family, at home; Prof. McCaskill in Ohio, Missouri, and Chicago; Prof. Swift, Chicago; Mrs. Bradford will teach in the Marathon County Summer School at Wausau and expects to do some institute work; Mrs. Elliot will teach in the Viroqua Summer School and do institute work, taking a few days rest in Chicago; Miss Tanner, at home in Berlin; Miss Montgomery in Minneapolis; Miss Linton in Michigan, and probably a few weeks in the National Academy of Music at Buffalo; Miss Crawford at some eastern summer school, probably Harvard; Miss Stewart, at home, near Elk Horn; Miss Quinn, Chicago; Miss Faddis, Chicago.

The Athletic and Literary society entertained about one hundred guests at an open meeting, Monday evening, June 15. The program was a very interesting one, and was so successfully carried out that it will long be remembered with pleasure by members and guests. Hallie Martin, the president, made a short introductory speech in which he set forth the aims and purposes of the society. The music consisted of a song by the Junior Octet with Miss Linton as accompanist, a piano solo by Kenneth Pray, and a violin solo by Hallie Martin with Miss Edna Saxton as accompanist. Recitations were delivered by Walter Flannery, Herman Kohorn, Evan Townsend, and Walter Murat. A debate on the question: "Resolved, That the Execution of Major Andre was justifiable," was decided in favor of the negative supported by Kenneth Pray and Ensign Atwell against Henry Curran and Lorenzo Leadbetter. Howard Cate then reviewed some of the work accomplished by the society, and invited the audience down into the basement to witness two games of battle ball, one played between the smaller, the other between the larger boys. The gold was in both cases victorious.

In speaking of the various musical societies no mention has been made of their accompanist, for the reason that no one of them can claim her as their own. Miss Frances Kuhl has for the past two years been to the music department like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It mattered not whether it was at morning exercises, at chorus practice, in the gymnasium, in the music room, at the drills and rehearsals of the musical societies, or as a soloist on innumerable occasions; Miss Kuhl has always been found a willing and self-sacrificing worker. In short when one looks back on the amount of work Miss Kuhl has so cheerfully done in the line of music a feeling of pity for those who never find time to do a little extra work can scarcely be repressed. At the piano Miss Kuhl is an artist of rare ability, and is the author of several delightful compositions.

The Columbia Octet was organized early in the year among the young ladies who had shown some musical ability in the chorus practice or music classes. Though its membership has changed somewhat from the time it was first organized, it still retains its general character. It has lent its services unstintingly to the literary society, and other school enterprises; and has also appeared before the general public on several occasions. Under the careful tuition of Miss Linton it has made wonderful progress, and has gained the ability to render selections of very difficult character. Proceeding

from the soprano to the alto the members of the octet range themselves in following order: Clara Bunge, Mabel McKee, Edith Bremmer, Florence Curran, Margaret Hart, Mary Furro, Ruth Roberts and Minnie McDonald.

Vacation has come at last. It will only be a short one, scarcely two months long, and if there is any parting sentiment that The Pointer wishes to impress upon its friends and foes it is "Do not study in vacation." Give the mind complete rest, and the body vigorous exercise. If you live on a farm improve your opportunities to become acquainted with the "Armstrong" machinery to be found there; if in the city try to get into the country. Take long walks, and if possible do some special work for your locality in some of the "ologies." You may make some new discoveries.

The Male Quartet justly deserves the popularity it has won. During the past year it has largely increased its repertoire of songs, and frequently received invitations to sing before the public, and on at least one occasion was invited to appear in another city. All its members were members of last year's double quartet, and have thus had the benefit of two years' training. All are members of the different church choirs. The personnel of the quartet is as follows: tenor Frank Springer, second tenor Guy Blencoe, baritone Allan T. Pray, basso Walter Thoms.

A sketch club has been organized in the school with the following officers: President, Miss Nellie Nelson, secretary, Miss Margaret Hart, and treasurer, Miss Margaret Ashmun. It is to be a permanent organization to which all pupils attaining a certain standard in their work will be admitted. Five sketches are to be sent in to the secretary by each member at the beginning of the school year and one sketch each month thereafter. Miss Tanner will criticise these and then they will be sent around among the members so that all may be benefitted thereby.

Thirteen of the students will receive their elementary certificates at the commencement exercises Friday morning. The register of the class is as follows: Hugh Almy, Necedah; Joseph Baker, Plover; Christine Bandli, Rice Lake; Edith Bremmer, Stevens Point; Henry L. Gardner, Viroqua; Grace Graham, Eden; Marion O. Hill, Viroqua; Elizabeth Jones, Baraboo; Grace Kier, Viroqua; Belle McGregor, Hancock; Anna C. Monahan, Tunnel City; Edwin O'Brien, Eau Claire; Harvey O. Peterson, Colfax; and Nettie Stewart, Stevens Point.

The Ladies' Quartet was formed during the latter part of the winter term by four of the young ladies who are taking special courses in music. They have often contributed their talent to entertainments in which the school was interested and have always met with a cordial greeting. The soprano is carried by Mrs. Ethel Rood and Miss Vosburgh, the contralto by Miss Kate Ball and the alto by Miss Minnie McDonald. With the exception of Miss McDonald, who lives at Green Bay, the members of the quartette are all Stevens Pointers.

The pupils of the Normal department, together with those of the grammar and intermediate grades, gave a "War Concert" at the opera house May 30th. Besides the numbers rendered by the chorus there were several

by the Male Quartette, the Ladies' Octet, and the Ladies' Quartette. The soloists of the evening were Mrs. Hunter, Miss McDonald, Walter Thoms, A. T. Pray, Jessie Barker. Miss Linton took the part of precentor.

PERSONAL.

Walter Thoms has withdrawn to accept a position at Marshfield.

Final examinations began Friday afternoon and will continue until Wednesday night.

Among the many blessings the students have to be thankful for is the coolness of the weather.

Mr. George Patch, a special student in the art department has withdrawn on account of ill health.

President Pray visited in Platteville and Chicago last week. During his absence Prof. Sylvester acted as president.

Chas. Seiler of Alma spent a number of days at the Normal a short time ago attending to matters of duty and pleasure.

On May 28th, seventeen elementaries and three seniors met the board of examiners and passed a satisfactory examination.

Walter Corrigan, recently a graduate of the Des Moines Law School, visited among his old friends at the Normal a few days since.

Some of the students have made pen and ink sketches of different parts of the interior of the building to be used in illustrating the new catalog.

In order that the wheels in our heads may not become rusty from disuse, Prof. Collins has decided to give us several vacation problems.

James E. Phillips in conjunction with Prof. Francis of the Medford High School, will conduct a summer school at Medford from July 6 to August 7.

On account of so much work at the end of the year, the model room's teams of "purple" and "gold" have given up their plan of holding a field day this year.

The Normal Male Quartet sang at the commencement exercises of the Plainfield High School on May 29. Misses Ruth Roberts and Frances Kuhl accompanied them.

The pupils of the second quarter drawing class are decorating the boards in Miss Faddis's room for "Bird Day." The decorations are to consist entirely of birds.

The name of Jay S. Hamilton appears on the faculty list of the Island City, Barron county, summer school. The POINTER hopes for its ex-editor-in-chief unbounded success.

Miss Louisa Brickels has been suffering from an attack of the pneumonia, and as a result she was compelled to withdraw from school and miss the final examinations.

It is quite amusing at times, or if not amusing, at least interesting, to contrast a professor's views on the absurdity of giving examinations, with the examinations he gives.

ATHLETIC.

At the opening of the Stevens Point Normal in the fall of '94, a number of the young men met and decided that the formation of an athletic league would be an advantageous move, thus systematizing the athletic work and thereby making it more regular and profitable. At this meeting a committee on by laws and constitution was appointed, and a date set in the near future for a formal organization. At this second meeting the necessary business was performed, a constitution and by-laws adopted, and the Stevens Point Normal Athletic Association became a permanent society. From that time it has rapidly increased in membership until it at present embraces a majority of the male students, and several of the lady students, the ladies having been made eligible to membership in the fall of '95.

The association embraces three departments, that of foot ball, track athletics, and base ball, there being a special organization for tennis.

Football.

The first uprising of the athletic spirit found vent in football; the forming of which team took place in the fall of '94, being the first venture in the athletic line, this team was not of the most perfect organization, although very good for the experience of the men. During that season one game was arranged with Lawrence University and played at Appleton. On the whole the game was a good one, and though lost, it cast no discredit upon our boys to be beaten by as experienced a team as Lawrence. This game closed football until the fall of '95. Then preparations began early.

One of the first moves of the team was to secure the services of Prof. Raycroft, Chicago University, as football coach. And with his arrival practice began in earnest. Some of the material was rather raw, but a week under Raycroft's instruction brought the fellows out in very promising condition.

During the season four dates were made, and games played with Green Bay, Appleton, Eau Claire and Whitewater. All of these contests resulted in shut outs. The first three were won by the Point Normal team; in the latter the Whitewater people carried away the laurels.

Those playing on the team of '95 were Thos. Johnson, Black River Falls, left end; John Lees, Mondovi, left tackle; Frank Paral, Kewaunee, left guard; H. L. Gardner, Liberty Pole, center; Chris. Bruemmer, Kewaunee, right guard; Henry Manz, Waumandee, right tackle; Walter Thoms, Stevens Point, right end; H. S. Perry, Merrilan, right end; Leslie Everts, Rice Lake, quarter; Joseph Miller, Kewaunee, left half; Guy Blencoe, Alma Center, right half; John Clark, Stevens Point, left half; Morris Weaver, Loyal, left half; Jay S. Hamilton, Cumberland, full back; Subs; Chas. King, Will Bradford and Allan Pray, all of Stevens Point.

The prospects for football next fall are of the brightest, and it is hoped that a full schedule of games can be arranged for the season.

Track Athletics.

The next out-cropping of athletic action was in the field day contest held with Lawrence University of Appleton in the spring of '95. The spirit of this contest worked up a good deal of enthusiasm and brought out of more than one man abilities not before known to the individual.

The contest between Lawrence and the Point was hotly contested on both sides, but resulted in a decisive victory for the latter. This contest was of especial importance from the fact that it brought the schools into touch, and aroused a friendly spirit between them. After this contest, track athletics died until the present spring, at which time a great number of the students entered training with a vim not previously shown. During the season but one field day was held, although

were arranged for '95. This year, however, the love for base ball came with renewed energy, and resulted in the formation of what would have proved a strong team had practice been carried on with any system or regulation. One game only was played, and that with Oshkosh Normal, resulting in an easy victory for the Point Normalites, score 29 to 2. That game ended the baseball for the present season; although, it is probable that it will revive again next year. Those playing on the team, this season, were Guy Blencoe, Alma Center; John Corcoran, Stevens Point; Will Dignum, Stevens Point; John Lees, Mondovia; H. S. Perry, Merrillan; Frank Springer, Lone Pine; Art. Dowsett, Stevens Point; Jos. Miller, Kewaunee; and Russell Lombard, Amherst.



Everts Peach Mathe Bradford Gardner Lees Paral Thoms
 Peterson King Horton Clark Krembs

the association tried hard to arrange for others. This contest was between Oshkosh and Stevens Point Normals and proved an easy victory for the home team, although the Oshkosh men put up some strong track work.

In connection with the track athletics of this school, Alex. Krembs has both years won the greatest number of individual points; and is therefore champion athlete. His strong hold is in the jumps.

The track spirit has now gotten fairly under way, and next year promises a much stronger and better team than heretofore.

Baseball.

The Stevens Point Normal has never been especially strong upon the diamond, and for that reason no games

Tennis.

This department, separate from the Athletic Association as before mentioned, was organized at the opening of the school, and has gradually been increasing in membership ever since. The first tournament was held in the spring of '95; and although not noted for strong playing especially, was a starter at any rate. The issue of the contest gave Will Culver championship in the singles, and Lees and Culver in the doubles.

This year more enthusiasm has been awakened over the tournament, the finals will be played Thursday June 18. Each evening sees both tennis courts filled with players, and the coming contest promises to be one of the utmost interest.

PHYSICAL MEASUREMENTS.

Since the opening of the Stevens Point Normal, special efforts have been made by Prof. Sylvester and Miss Crawford to note the physical condition of persons entering the school and then by the use of the anthropometrical system to ascertain the development under proper physical exercise. The physical condition of some of the students when the first measurements were made was somewhat serious, and especially was this true in the model rooms, where the crooked spines were the most noticeable feature.

As the physical imperfections were brought out with these first measurements, the student was assigned special work in the gymnasium in order to overcome the wrongly developed portions of the body or to strengthen the undeveloped parts. And the measurements the second time showed marked effects of this special work, in a more symmetrical and perfect body.

In the fall of the second year the anthropometrical field was broadened by the arrival of instruments for taking the strength tests. These tests, coupled with what had already been ascertained, made it possible to arrive at a very accurate conclusion as to the physical condition of any person in the school, and further to prescribe a course of gymnastics valuable to the individual.

In connection with the work done on the model room boys, photographs were taken of their backs in various attitudes in order to see the natural position of the spine. Each boy was placed with his back against a screen, made especially for the purpose, in such a position that the middle wire of the screen would run vertically up the center of the back. After the picture developed it showed both back and screen and enabled the observer to see the position of the back and compare it with a perfect position, taking the screen as a basis. If perfect, the spine would be just under the middle vertical wire, and the shoulders would be on the same horizontal wire. This, however, was seldom the case; in some cases the back was so crooked that the spine crossed the wire twice and one shoulder was much lower than the other; again the curvature was so great that the spine must have diverged nearly two inches from its proper position. These observations are of special importance from the fact that in many instances the curvature is the result of improper seating early in the boy's school days.

In connection with the work Miss Crawford has been doing, we print the averages of the fourth, fifth and sixth grades. The left hand column shows the measurement of the first year, the right hand column of the second, after a year's gymnasium training. The weight is in kilos, the measurements in centimeters.

	4th Grade, av. age 9½.		5th-6th Grade, av. age 11.	
Weight	27.6	27.9	27.9	29.7
Height	124.4	127.4	135.5	140.3
Chest.....	59.4	60.7	60.6	62.8
Full chest.....	62.2	64.2	64.1	66.7
Ninth rib.....	56.7	58.1	56.7	57.9
Full ninth.....	59.9	61.7	60.9	62.9
Waist.....	52.8	56.4	53.7	55.2
Hips.....	67.3	70.1	68.3	70.9
Thigh.....	38.6	39.9	39.5	40.5
Calf.....	25.7	26.7	25.7	26.8
Upper arm.....	19.2	20.2	19.4	20.0

MODEL SCHOOL.

This department is something of a new venture in school papers. It may possibly be a fact that the same amount of space might be used in a different manner, and suit the taste of as large a number, but the interest manifested in this column by parents and friends, and even by the youthful contributors themselves, has been gratifying to us, and has doubtless been sufficient to warrant its continuance.

GRAMMAR GRADE.

WHAT THE GOOD FAIRY DID.

Mabel was sitting in the bay-window thinking all sorts of wicked thoughts. Her last one was: "I don't care. I won't take care of that baby. I think mamma might stay at home and take care of him herself." Then she heard a little voice whisper in her ear: "Who makes your dresses and buys them? Who puts up such nice lunches for you to take to school? Who helps you with your lessons, and who stays at home that you might go to the picnic? And you won't take care of the baby a little while so that she can rest?"

Mabel was very much surprised. She looked up and saw a pretty little fairy standing on her shoulder. "What do you want?" she asked. The fairy looked at her a moment, and then said: "Did you not hear what I just said to you?"

Mabel blushed and hung her head. She had heard, and she began to think how selfish she was and how tired her poor mamma must be. Then she said to the fairy: "What shall I do if I heard what you said?" The fairy told her that she was the good fairy and helped little girls to be unselfish. Mabel said that she wanted to be unselfish, but every time she tried something stopped her. "That is the Bad Fairy who puts things in your way. Won't you let me help you to keep him away?" Mabel said she would. She looked up and there was mamma rocking the baby. "Well—I guess I must have been asleep," she said. She told her mother about her dream, and after that she always took care of the baby so that mamma could rest. If the Bad Fairy ever came to her, I guess the Good Fairy hustled him away in a hurry, so that Mabel could be a good girl.

DOLLY PACKARD.

THE GOOD FAIRY AND WHAT SHE DID.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear, what shall we do unless I get something to do?" So spoke a young girl while she was going from one store to another looking for work one cold, December morning.

"Little Ned is sick and only one piece of bread is left. To-morrow is St. Nicholas day, and when mamma lived, what a good time we used to have. And papa, how glad little Ned would be to see him! But then, may be the Good Fairy will bring him home soon."

The girl wandered from house to house in search of work, but did not succeed in finding any. Some people even shut the door in her face when they found out what her errand was. Mary then went to the big stores saying to herself; "It is near Christmas time, and generally you can find some work to do."

"No! No! no work for me." She saw the people hurrying home for their dinner, but she was not. Mary

had no dinner to go home for, as there was nothing to eat at home.

She kept walking from store to store: "No! No! No work for me," she said when she had become discouraged and decided to start for home.

She thought of poor little Ned there sick, no fire and no supper. "What shall we do?" she cried out.

When she put her hand to the door knob she could hardly keep the tears back. But as Mary opened the door she exclaimed, "Ned, what has happened?"

Little Ned then told her how in the afternoon a man came and brought a whole load of wood and something to eat.

Mary then came to the conclusion that it must have been the Good Fairy that kept them from starving.

ALICE GROSS.

THIRD GRADE.

PRIMARY LANGUAGE EXERCISES.

STEVENS POINT, Wis., May 22, 1896.—Dear Friend: I want to tell you about a dead blue jay that we have at school. Harlow Bennett thinks that it struck the electric wire and broke its neck, or that it died of old age.

We have a blue jay's nest at school and may be this blue jay built it last year.

Helen Gillett found it on Division street. It was on the gate-post when she found it.

This is a male bird, I think. Its crest or top knot, as it is called, is gray, with a bluish tint on it. Its back is the same and it has a black collar around its neck. His throat is gray and its wings and tail are real blue with white on them. Its claws are curved so that when it sits on a branch it will not slip off. Its bill is curved on the end just the same as the claws.

This is a very pretty bird. Sometimes blue jays are very saucy and greedy.

RUTH WADLEIGH.

FIRST GRADE.

LANGUAGE EXERCISES.

Once there was a boy whose name was Carl and he had many pets. He had a dog who was named Ponto and liked him very much.

Every morning Ponto would bark and wake Carl up. But one morning Carl did not hear any bark at all. He looked out of the window and saw Ponto lying there on the ground. Ponto had hurt his foot and could not walk.

Carl ran and told his father, and his father carried him into the house. Carl would give him his dinner every noon, and after a while Ponto got well.

Carl lived on the sea shore and one day he went into the water to swim and Ponto went with him. Ponto watched Carl's clothes. After a while there came a great, big wave and Ponto saw it, and he ran up and down to make Carl look at the wave, but Carl did not see it.

The wave came right over Carl and he went down into the deep water. Then Ponto swam into the water and got him and laid him down on the sand. Then he ran and told Carl's mother.

KITTY TOWNSEND.

The robin has a rusty-red breast. The robin eats worms, bugs and grasshoppers. The robin has four or five eggs. There is a nest in Aunt Anna's tree. The robin's nest is made of hair, straw and rags. The papa robin's head is black.

GLADYS PARK.

When we went out into the woods to-day we saw a big pine tree, and in the tree we saw four woodpeckers' holes. There was a woodpecker in one of them. At first he put out his red head. He saw us and put his head back again. Then he came away out. We watched him and he began to peck at the tree.

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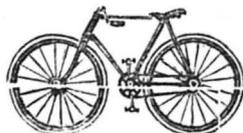
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THE USES OF NOVEL-READING.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be read and digested; some books, also, are to be read by deputy." To what class do novels belong? Our forefathers in considering this question would, doubtless, have placed them in the last class—"those that are to be read by deputy—and then have dispensed with the deputy altogether. But their sons and daughters believe that there are many different kinds of novels, that all are not necessarily bad, and that some may exert a great influence over the lives and characters of their readers. The increase in novel reading can only be explained by this change of opinion which has brought about a more careful consideration of the benefits derived from novel reading.

Mental relaxation and enjoyment are gained from the pages of the novel. Rest is found by forgetting self and all personal trials, and by living the life of those who dwell in the realm of the imagination. Thus novels are indeed

"Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends that can never alter or forsake."

Most good novels aid in cultivating the spirit of altruism. A deeper insight into human souls is gained, and a realization that every person is a character worth studying. Charity toward others is engendered. The inner life of people supposedly common-place is revealed, and virtues hitherto unsuspected and unthought of are seen. The spirit of brotherhood is nourished. The truth is again and again impressed upon the mind, that as the old philosopher says "It is not ye descent of birth, but ye consent of conditions that maketh gentlemen: neither great manors, but good manners that express the true image of dignity."

Historical characters are so represented in many novels that they seem imbued with spirit and life. Ancient and medaeval times, distant lands, and foreign nations are presented vividly to sight. Information is thus easily gained concerning the various classes of society, and an acquaintance is made with people of every type—even those who are shrouded and hidden by the past. Through the medium of the historical novel the ancient peoples of Egypt, Greece and Rome are brought clearly before us. Peering back through the years, we have watched with unabated interest such well-known figures as Rameses, Miltiades, Pericles, Caesar, and Rienzi. We have ridden with the Three Wise Men, have walked the streets of Pompeii with Nydia; and, later, have wandered in all lands with the persecuted Jews. Robin Hood and his merry men, Richard the Lion-hearted, and his brave knights, are familiar persons. Luther, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and William of Orange, have all appeared. The English Round-heads, the French Huguenots, the American settlers, and their tawny antagonists have been portrayed. History has given us the facts, but who can deny that novels have infused into history the very breath of life?

Novels have had a great influence in bringing about

reforms. They have been instrumental in improving the public schools, in awakening public sentiment against slavery, in abolishing imprisonment for debt, in correcting the abuses and vices of chancery court, and in the establishment of sanitary factories. Novel writers of the present age are vigorously assailing the game laws, the over-crowding in cities, sweating, defective tenements, and too long hours of labor. Already, their influence is being felt, and judging from the past it is safe to predict that eventually they will aid in bringing people to a realization of the evils of the nineteenth century.

There are, of course, many evil effects of reading poor novels; but good ones are always well worth reading, not only for the pleasures, but for the benefits received; and it may be regarded as a sign of progress that so many people are awakening to that fact.

LYDIA WHEELLOCK.

Miss Isabelle Patterson will spend part of her vacation at her home in River Falls. The remaining part will probably be spent in a western trip through Minnesota and the Dakotas.

Several glass aquariums have been added to the biology laboratory. They are to be used for plants, waterbugs, and fishes, but at present are occupied by mud-turtles and pollywogs.

President and Mrs. Pray entertained the elementary class at their home Saturday evening, June 6, and on Monday evening June 8, the same hospitality was extended to the faculty and seniors.

Miss Lizzie P. Swan, who has spent the last six months recataloging the libraries of the other Normals, is again with us. She has, since her arrival, placed about 400 new books on the shelves.

Within the past two weeks the president has visited the River Falls and Platteville Normals and also the Merrillan and Westfield High Schools. At the latter place he delivered the commencement address.

Saturday, May 23, the ball grounds were the scene of a unique game between the professors and the doctors and lawyers, all of this city. The game was won by the professors; score 6 to 12. Of the Normal, President Pray, Professors McCaskill, Collins, Culver and Swift played.

The last issue of the Intelligence contains a worthy article by Prof. Sanford on "Making History Real." This is the third of a series of articles on methods of teaching history that Mr. Sanford has contributed to the Intelligence this year. No history teacher can read them without profit.

Prof. McCaskill, Ph. D., of the department of biology, left the city Friday evening for Lindale, Ohio, where he is to be married Thursday, June 18, to Miss Temple. The many friends which his jovial nature has won for him in Stevens Point, all join with the POINTER in wishing them a well-rounded life of happiness.



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