

THE Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1896.

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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume II.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., OCTOBER, 1896.

Number 2.

LITERARY.

OCTOBER.

The days are still, and the long nights hushed,
And the far sky burns like the heart of a rose;
And the woods with the gold of Autumn flushed,
Lavish their splendor in crimson snows.

The quail pipes shrilly; the robin sings
A low sweet song of a Southern world.
At early morn when in delicate rings
The mists from the marshes are upward curled.

The school-boys shout on the windy hill
Where mists lie thick in the matted grass;
And the maidens who trip by the moss-grown mill,
Sweetly sing as they lightly pass.

The world is caught in a wonderful net
Of beautiful, tremulous, golden haze,
And is laid asleep to dream, and forget
That winter cometh and stormy days.

—SELECTED.

EVANGELINE.

Years ago in the little Acadian village of Grand Pre, with its vast meadows and fruitful orchards, there lived a happy, peaceful community of farmers. Nothing remains of them but tradition, whispered by the plaintive murmur of the pines and repeated with sobs by the ocean. The delicate ear of the poet caught their message, and in EVANGELINE with its rippling measures and minor chords, he has repeated the song for us. The whole poem is but a beautiful setting for the jewel-like creature of his fancy, Evangeline, the heroine.

Longfellow paints her picture in a few strokes of the brush, but throughout the poem a delicate touch is given here and there. Every reader may form an ideal for the heroine; but he tells us that she was a dark haired beauty, a bright-eyed maiden of seventeen. Her picturesque garb, the Norman cap above her dusky tresses, the kirtle of blue, and the ornaments, handed down as heir-looms, added a quaint charm to her beauty. She was light of step and of graceful carriage, with movements full of natural dignity and harmony, for "when she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." Her loveliness, however, was but the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. She was a child of Nature: for, as Emerson says, "When one lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn."

Evangeline's name is almost a synonym for the womanly qualities of devotion, constancy and love;

but before these, we notice the simpler, more practical domestic virtues. No mention is made of a mother, but she was her father's pride, and beloved by all the village. As a child none was happier or merrier than she when playing with Gabriel, her play-mate in youth and lover in manhood, watching the blacksmith at his forge, or drinking in, at the old notary's knee, the marvellous tales of the village folk-lore.

Her maturity at seventeen is shown, in that she looked well to the ways of her father's household, attending to garden and dairy, and making her spinning wheel hum as cheerily as the modern maids do theirs of a different kind. It was her duty to bear ale to the reapers in the field, and to dispense the hospitality of her father's home with smiles and words of welcome for all.

One glance at a girl's room will tell much of her character. Let us picture Evangeline standing in her chamber in the moon-light, looking down into the orchard. It was exquisitely neat and pure, with its curtains of snowy white and its spacious clothes press filled with the results of Evangeline's labor, the proofs of her skill in the household arts. Her girlhood passed happily and quietly up to the time of the separation from Gabriel; for her innocent, trustful nature was secure in the affection of her father, her lover, and the good cure.

One can hardly imagine Evangeline apart from her religion, for it was a part of her daily life and the guiding force of her natural goodness. The profound simplicity of her faith and trust was as beautiful as it was characteristic of her nature. It was her religion that gave her the grave peace and cheerful serenity even in the hour of darkest despair when she lost both father and lover, one by death, the other by separation. She was like "an angel-watered lily that near God grows and is quiet." Under her calm exterior was a courage and patient endurance born of her love for Gabriel and her determination to find him.

But the key-note of her character was love, the love which conquers difficulty and out-lives disappointment. It was heroic, for it was persistent and unflinching; and Emerson says the characteristic of heroism is persistency. Though Evangeline had many lovers, her constancy would not permit her to give her hand where her heart was not. She went her way alone through the world, the object of her search always before her, even as some ideal which we would grasp but which is always just beyond our reach.

As the years of her wanderings passed, something taken from her physical beauty shone with a more spiritual beauty in her patient eyes and weary brow. Her character was beautiful and strengthened by the trials she had undergone, and the world was better for her love for Gabriel. The abundance that she yearned

to lavish upon him overflowed with compassion for the sick and the sorrowful. She was a ministering angel where want and death dwelt, and time healed her wounds while she soothed the anguish of others.

While engaged in her work of mercy, her search finally ended. She found Gabriel, old, weary with life's struggle and dying; but in that moment there was no disillusion. The death angel was kind, and in the eyes of the old man, there shone the light of love and youth.

Had the story been different, had Evangeline been happily united to Gabriel, she would never have attained the almost perfection of character, the result of her patient endurance and self-sacrifice. She would never have reached such a spiritual height, and we would have been denied a character which for pathos and beauty has hardly an equal.

FLORENCE C. CURRAN.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON EARTH.

"Paint me a picture of the most beautiful thing on earth," said the rich man to the artist; and the artist went back to his studio wondering WHAT could be the most beautiful thing on earth, and where he was to find it?

So he sat awhile and pondered; but all his pondering did not bring him nearer to the truth; and in the evening he went to a grand reception at the house of a very celebrated man.

"I shall see something beautiful there," he said; and he hurried through the streets to be in good time, so that he might find a subject for his picture.

And the lights flashed, and the music sounded gaily through the great rooms, but the artist did not see anything that was the most beautiful thing on earth.

"There is the prettiest girl in the world!" said a man near him.

And the artist's heart rejoiced, for now he thought, "I shall find the most beautiful;" but when he looked at the lovely Constance he saw only the coldness of her blue eyes and the artificial curve of her full red lips; and he turned away disappointed and weary.

The next day the artist went away into the country, and wandered about the lanes and meadow-paths in the hope of finding the most beautiful thing on earth.

"I am sure to see it here!" he said to himself, as he passed a white cottage covered with creepers and gay with flowers. But he only saw the roses, and they were lovely indeed.

"These are the most beautiful things on earth!" said the artist; and he put out his hand to gather some of the crimson-red blossoms, but a sharp thorn ran into his fingers, so that when he drew them back they were wounded and stained with blood.

"They are not the most beautiful, after all," said the artist; and he turned homeward again with a tired heart.

Some weeks passed away, and the artist was busy with other pictures so that he had no time to think about his painting of the beautiful. The empty canvas stood upon an easel in his studio. One day, as the artist passed it on his way out, he said to himself that it would never be done.

He went down into the busy city on business—down among the narrow courts and streets: farther on still,

where the sunbeams forgot to shine, and where the air was hot and close, and everything was dark and miserable. And when his business was done he quickly retraced his steps, glad to get away from such scenes of poverty and want.

As he passed down a quieter court, the fragrance of mignonette greeted him, and, looking up, he saw on a little window ledge a pot of the pretty, perfumed plant, and at the same moment, a sweet voice sounded from the open casement; and the artist, hearing it, forgot his weariness and his hurry, and went up the narrow broken stairs leading to the attic room.

The door was half open, and he caught a glimpse of the bare interior—the wretched, dreary room, whose only beautiful object was apparently the pot of mignonette; but the owner of the voice was there, bending over a poor bed in the corner, on which lay the wasted form of a dying child.

They were both children—beautiful, despite the pallor that rested on the face of the younger, and the deep sadness on that of her sister. She was holding the thin hands in her own. She was speaking again:

"Darling!" she said, softly, "darling! you are going home to where the star-flowers grow! The angels will carry you, dear: so that you won't be tired any more! But oh, darling! I love you so much, and you love me; and you will never, never forget me, will you, dear?"

And the pale lips of the dying child murmured something.

The artist guessed that it was the sought-for answer, for the sister laid her fair head down on the small pillow, and together they slept—the sleep that was to end in death for one of them.

"I have found the most beautiful thing on earth," said the artist: "It is Love!" And he hurried away.

But he brought help very soon, and food and clothing for the little living sister, who was weeping for the child that had been carried home by the angels to rest; and then he took her with him to his own bright home, and told her that she should live with him and be his sunbeam and his little girl.

And when the rich man saw the picture the artist had painted—the two pale children in the lonely room, with the Peace of Love on their calm faces—he remained looking at it for a long time, with tears in his eyes; and, when he turned away at last, he only said: "For of such is the kingdom of heaven!" **

"THE GOOD OLD MAN."

He was one of the familiar friends of my childhood, and though it is many years since I saw him, his face is pictured in my memory as vividly as when I saw him last. He was wrinkled and bent with age, but his love for and sympathy with childhood made his face beautiful to look at. Perhaps it was this sympathy that first attracted us children to him, for I do not remember the time that we didn't know him. He represented to us the personification of kindness, and in our childish way we called him "the good old man," and loved him as we did Santa Claus. I can remember him as he used to come slowly up the road past our home, on his way to town; and no game that we were engaged in was ever interesting enough to keep us from running to the fence to see him. He always expected to see us,

and would come to the fence and place a hand on each of our heads in turn, smiling kindly and talking to us in his broken English all the time. Sometimes he brought us presents of sugar, candy, raisins, or gorgeously striped peppermint sticks, so dear to childish hearts; but strange to say, he was not the less welcome if he came without.

Looking back now to those days, I think that he appreciated our childish affection and felt amply repaid for his kindness by the gratitude and love which we freely gave to the "good old man."

HERESA MORAN.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is said that General Wallace is the most laborious and pains-taking of writers, working all day, frequently, and far into the night; then often rejecting wholly the results of his continued application. It has been stated that Mrs. Wallace has been of great assistance to him in his literary work, but it is one of his peculiarities that he neither seeks nor desires assistance from any one. Plan and plot must be evolved from his own brain, and every detail elaborated in his own mental work-shop. He regards lecturing as the hardest work he ever did—and he has done a great deal in many fields—and confesses that he has neither liking nor natural fitness for the rostrum. His personal popularity, however, was greatly increased, and in several cities, notably Boston, he was winned and dined and accorded other honors which Americans ordinarily reserve for foreign celebrities.

The study in which much of Ben Hur was written, is up stairs, a large, well-lighted, airy room with an eastern and southern exposure. The floor is stained a dark red, and is bare, except the center, which is covered with a rug. The table stands on the rug—a table, not a desk—and is probably four feet in length, by four in width. It is covered with heaps of paper arranged with the greatest order and neatness, which is a peculiar characteristic of the General.

On one corner of the table stands a magnificent majolica vase, which came from Florence, while reference books, dictionaries, pens and ink are placed within convenient reach. Near the blotting-pad is a huge shell, a grim reminder of his military exploits, of the stirring incidents of the war in which he took so prominent a part, and which he lives to relate this day, "fighting his battles over again," like the true soldier that he is. A portrait of his friend the Sultan, standing upon the mantle, seems to regard the visitor with a forbidding gaze, and the open music book in one corner of the table gives a clue to the tastes of the author.

Is it Emerson who holds that versatility is a proof of genius? If this be true, then Gen. Wallace's claims to distinction are well founded, for he is lawyer, soldier, politician, diplomat, painter, musician, and author.

A prize was offered recently by a literary paper for the best answer to the question, "What is home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received:

The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in. Home is the blossom of which Heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and grumble most.

Home is the central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

It was asserted the other day by a literary man that all clever women who had distinguished themselves above the common herd of their sisters, were plain featured, unattractive, if not positively ugly. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that almost all the great women of letters, Mme. de Stael, Mme. Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Browning, and Miss Austen, were plain women. The question then arises, is this the fault of Nature, whose niggard hand will not deal out simultaneously beauty of feature and power of brain; or is it the fault of women who are content to accept the appendage of beauty as a kingdom and a power in itself, and seek no more so long as there are slaves ready and willing to be attached to their car? Or, is it that the plain woman, handicapped in the race of life with her beautiful sisters, has carved out a new career and a new triumph for herself. The new woman might refute the assertion triumphantly by growing beautiful as well as clever. Poetesses at least ought to be lovely with the example of Byron, Keats, Shelley, Schiller, and Goethe, Alfred de Musset, and Tennyson before them. Nature, so generous to male poets, surely cannot refuse to women the privileges she lavishes on the sterner sex.

One of the attractive traits of Whittier was his gratitude to the surroundings of his soul's life. When he had been on this globe seventy-seven years he sung:

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest seasons wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue?
Was never earth so white before?
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's design
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?

Fortunate the lover of Nature, for her hold on his affections can scarce give out. She is a perpetual study to the observant mind, year after year revealing herself more deeply to the thoughtful and admiring student, soothing his heart, and taking him away from earth's petty cares and disappointments.

THE NORMAL PONTER.

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EDITORIAL.

Before the next issue of the Pointer appears, the suspense will be over—two suspenses, in fact—and we will know whether we have “passed” and who is to be our next president. But don’t worry about either question just now. They’re too far ahead. Take a good thing when you see it and subscribe for the Normal Pointer.

We regret that it is impossible to bring out the present issue of the Pointer in its new cover, as we had intended; but various considerations having arisen since the last number was printed, the completion of the cover must be postponed for a short time. The cover designs submitted have been considered very creditable, but unfortunately were such as would entail what seemed an unnecessarily great expense in preparation; so it has been decided to allow those who handed in work of this kind to make such changes as, from a financial standpoint, seemed advisable, and to submit them for reconsideration together with such new designs as might be handed in. Where pecuniary situations are as uncertain as in the case of a school journal something must be sacrificed to economy; and designs (artistic or otherwise) though they be in general most-satisfactory must be altered to fit finances, for as we are all too painfully aware, finances cannot always be altered to suit our design.

The organization of a Girls’ Athletic Association is a recent event, which shows the attitude of the young ladies of the school toward their gymnasium work. The interest exhibited by its members and the plans laid for future work indicate that the fair creatures are in earnest with regard to this matter, even if their noble resolves to eschew pastry, pickles and fudges are to be viewed with a trifle of allowance for the native frailty of woman. Beg pardon! The old aphorism doesn’t apply, does it? Woman is no longer frail, as she was when the odious quotation was invented. Are such things as athletic clubs the cause of the difference, or is the difference the cause of the athletic clubs? We are unable to answer the question but perhaps some member of the association may be. However,

our young ladies are resolved to be athletic, and with laudable zeal they assemble after school hours and run, vault and jump for many minutes together. Such is their energy and ambition that they bid fair to become excellent athletes, and will no doubt during the winter or spring challenge some sister normal to an “indoor Field Day contest”—if such a term is admissible. At any rate they will come forth from their course of training with a better physical development and better ability to meet the requirements of any position in which their fate may place them.

One of the most noticeable marks of progress in educational lines of late years is the increase of good literature for children, and following in its footsteps is the increase, or rather the beginning, of good art for children. One has but to unearth from that box of old books in the attic a set of school texts of even ten years back, and to compare them with some of the children’s books of later date, in order to see what strides have been made in the direction of art for young people. The school books and other juvenile literature of today we find illustrated by some of the best artists in the country and who can doubt that these books exert a highly educational influence by the mere beauty of the pictures they contain.

Our library contains many such books, but one of the most beautiful as well as the most recent of the additions to the number is Walter Crane’s Wonder Book—an exquisitely illustrated edition of the well-known Wonder Book of Hawthorne. The illustrations are about fifty in number, each one perfect in design and coloring. The cover, and the frontispiece, which represents Bellerophon and Pegasus are especially beautiful. The book is worthy of the highest praise, and the child who is brought into contact with its delights is fortunate indeed.

Have we a Senior class? One would scarcely imagine so, to see the interest in it which is manifested by its members. There may be a few seniors roaming at large some where in the school, but who would ever think it? Why, the poor things haven’t even a class yell, and what, may we ask, is a senior class for, if it is not to invent a class yell and yell it on all possible occasions?

It is becoming more and more the proper thing for the senior class in any educational institution to organize itself into a well regulated body, for the transaction of business, the squealing of freshmen, the yelling of yells, and other important functions of a like nature; and why should we be content to remain so far behind the times as to have no senior organization? To be sure, an attempt was made, at the end of last year to form some sort of a “senior society,” for this year. The chairman of the meeting held then was to appoint an executive committee, but by the time school opened this fall he had forgotten whether he had appointed the committee or not, and the committee—if there was any—had forgotten that it was appointed; nobody knew anything about what had been done, and the whole scheme fell through. Now, can’t we do better than that? Let the “grave and reverend seniors” in spite of any misgivings they may have as to how that political economy or psychology is going to turn out, unite themselves in some sort of a bond of brotherhood, if only for the purpose of showing those outside that the Stevens Point Normal school is alive.

LOCAL.

GENERAL.

The model department is soon to have several new recitation rooms. Mr. Kelly, our janitor, has moved his family from the rooms he formerly occupied on the basement floor to a residence on Clark street.

The two literary societies of the school are preparing for a grand debate. This is a step in the right direction. There is good material in both the Arena and the Forum and when they meet in joint discussion it ought to call out a large audience. One or the other of these societies must carry off the honors of the inter-Normal oratorical contest next spring. It will be remembered that our school took third place at White-water last year.

Mrs. Elliott's geography classes have made a number of visits to the neighboring hills and fields in search of specimens of rocks and soils. Their first trip was made to several islands situated in the Wisconsin river a few miles from the city. Of late they have been examining the soil as left by the glaciers along the ridge between here and Plover. All the students realize the benefits to be derived from this method of teaching geography and much interest is taken in the work.

State Superintendent Emery was with us one day in the last week of September, and while here gave a talk during the morning exercises. He spoke of the advantages afforded us here in the way of buildings, faculty, apparatus and so forth, and then explained what the state demanded in return for the privileges offered. It was a very practical address to teachers and no one who listened could help realizing the great importance of the profession. Mr. Emery's remarks are always inspiring and his visits to the Normal are welcomed by both faculty and students.

Everyone knows that we have a large, new and well equipped library; yet we are always being reminded of the fact. The last time it was Mr. Hutchins, the president of that board of gentlemen who are interested in traveling libraries. Mr. Hutchins is an enthusiast in his work, and was connected with state superintendent's office for four years before taking up his present work. While visiting the school here he gave the students an address on the traveling library system. He informed us that one of the libraries is soon to be placed in Junction City. In the future all students who wait for trains at this delightful place, can divide their time between the bear and the library.

At the morning exercises a short time ago President Pray made a few remarks on the pleasing effects of flower gardens and flowering plants in general and then announced that each student might have an opportunity to help prepare for spring flowers by contributing something to a fund for that purpose. Nothing but small change would be accepted, we were informed, and when the box was passed the next morning it was surprising how much small change there was among the students. Each one must have con-

tributed to the fund, as nearly eight dollars were collected. We don't expect to see the results of this work blossom forth till next spring, but the seed has been sown. Last week a large crate containing several handsome flower jars, was left at the building which perhaps they will have something to do in producing "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la."

Our school is no longer the newest Normal. The seventh Normal school began its existence last month with an attendance of nearly two hundred. The building is located near the central part of the city of West Superior and within sight of the waters of Lake Superior. In shape and size it resembles our building. It is made of cream colored brick and contains between thirty and forty rooms and halls. Mr. O'Neill, formerly superintendent of the Kansas City schools, is president of the institution and has the support of a very able corps of assistants. The school fills a long felt want, as the older Normals were practically out of reach of the teacher of the extreme northern part of the state. It will be interesting to know that the seven Normal schools of this state have grown up within the last thirty years; the oldest one, at Platteville, having been organized in 1866.

Have you seen him? If not you may do so by glancing over the assembly room. We are happy to be able to state that he is not a Normal school product, for the school has been in existence two years and we have not, until the present quarter, had anyone with us who might, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be called a dude. Boys there have been who wore pointed-toed shoes, immaculate collars and cuffs, well brushed coats—who were, in a word, faultless in dress, yet they failed to answer to our conception of a dude. Webster does not define the word, yet we are sure such individuals are in existence, even though the word used to designate them is not in good use. A description of his appearance is entirely unnecessary. Whether or not he has come to stay, we cannot tell. If he remains, we will endeavor to make what we can of him, saying, submissively, with Shakespeare: "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

The students here are just beginning to appreciate the courses offered them in drawing. This department is under the charge of Miss Tanner, who is a graduate of the Art Institute of Brooklyn, New York. She has created a great interest in her department and at the present time all her classes are filled to the utmost. In addition to the regular work in drawing, those whose work is of sufficient merit, may become a member of the Sketch Club, which was described in last month's Pointer. An Art Club has also been formed by some of the younger boys and meets each Monday evening for the purpose of extra work in sketching, clay-modeling and wood-carving. The officers of the club are: Ben Moran, president; Herman Kohorn, secretary and treasurer. The work is under the supervision of Mr. Barker, one of the seniors, who has always taken a great interest in this work and who has shown great skill with his pencil. Several of the pen sketches that are reproduced in our school catalogue for 1896-7 were furnished by him. The members of the societies realize the benefits to be had from such organizations and intend to make the most of their opportunities.

PERSONAL.

Wm. O'Connor has withdrawn from school.

John Clements '96 was a visitor at the school Oct. 15. Charley Boles visited at his home in Centralia, Saturday Oct. 10th.

Miss Bay Scott, who attended school last year, is a frequent visitor.

Miss Hamacker has lately withdrawn from school on account of ill health.

Frank Bean, formerly of this school, is playing on the University foot ball team.

Mr. McGinnis withdrew from school and returned to his home at Nevins October 14th.

We need a new school yell. Our old one has done good work and should be retired.

The Normal Octet has re-organized. We expect to hear from them soon at morning exercises.

Miss Mildred Simons, elementary class of '95, is visiting her uncle, Supt. Simons, of this city.

Prof. Upham, the instructor in biology at the White-water Normal, visited our school Oct. 15th.

'Tis not Mutch to be Wright; a Priest Ames high; Millers may be White, but a Beyer cannot lie.

According to a new rule of the Reading Room, magazines and other periodicals can be drawn over night only.

A number of new desks have been placed in the assembly room, but still there is not room for all the students.

Why should not this school adopt a school pin? This is an age of buttons and pins and we should have one or the other.

The first eleven boys feel rather broken up over the Oshkosh game. There is only one whole man (Holman) in the team.

A startling example of brotherly Love was shown when Ray met his brother Lee on the foot ball grounds at Grand Rapids.

The young men's gymnasium classes have taken a great interest in basket ball and several interesting matches have occurred.

Prof. McCaskill spent Friday, October 9th, visiting the Oshkosh Normal school. He remained over Saturday to see the football game.

Dr. Nansen has returned from the Arctic regions. In his report he makes no mention of football among the people of the far north.

The phrase "for conscience' sake" is no longer allowable. The psychology class has discovered that there is no such a thing as a conscience.

The psychology class are now studying Morgan instead of Sully, as formerly. Morgan goes very deep into the subject, as many of the class can testify.

Both the composition class and the rhetoric class are preparing essays on the political issues of the day. The political economy class is also studying the money question.

The first eleven were given two receptions at Oshkosh. Most of the team enjoyed the one given in the evening more than they did the one given them in the afternoon.

Prof. Sylvester, Prof. Swift, William Bradford and Arnold Gesell rode to Grand Rapids on their wheels to witness the game between our second eleven and the high school team of that place.

Owen Clark sprained his ankle one day last week; soon after he broke his nose. Then last Saturday he sprained his wrist and since then he has chopped into one foot. He has lost one day from school.

Judging by the din that comes from the physics room the first period of each afternoon, one would conclude that the physics class must be studying the subject of sound. It sounds that way, at least.

Our Normal is not the only one that is over-crowded. The Milwaukee Normal has had to refuse applicants on account of lack of room, and the River Falls Normal has more students than can be seated in the assembly room.

Mrs. Elliott and ten of the young ladies of the school took a pleasant ride to Grand Rapids, October 10th, to help the second eleven win. The party had their carriage decorated with the school colors and drawn by four horses.

Prof. Sylvester recently gave the students a very instructive talk on the game of foot ball. His purpose was to explain the game so that those who may witness the coming contests can understand what the two elevens are trying to do.

The State Board of Examiners will be here at the end of the second quarter to examine the candidates who expect to finish at that time. Two of the senior class will finish and twelve students hope to complete the elementary course.

Why should we not have a class organization? By so doing class mates could become better acquainted with each other, and in many other ways such organizations are beneficial, both to the members and to the school. In union there is strength.

The first eleven need a mascot. That seems to be what keeps the second team winning, at any rate. At the Waupaca game it was Henry Curran who carried the colors and yelled every time a gain was made, and at Grand Rapids it was Frank Bigelow. Why don't the first team try this scheme?

Oscar Gunderson, who attended school here last year, is at present principal of the schools at Scandinavia; Walton Horton is teaching near his own home at Rome; Anna McDowell, in the city schools at Onalaska and Wenzel Prausa, at Euren. Miss Minnie McDonald, who took a special course in music, is teaching that branch in the city schools of Green Bay.

Lawyer Fruit, member of the Board of Normal Regents, was an official visitor Oct. 19. Mr. Fruit is well known to most of the students, being one of the Board of Examiners who were here last June. At that time Mr. Fruit gave a very interesting talk from the rostrum, and when at this visit he was announced to speak, by the president, he was greeted with applause. He did not disappoint his audience as the talk was full of good advice and good natured cheer. Mr. Fruit spent the whole day in the various recitation rooms where he generally took part in the discussions. Mr. Fruit has a great faculty of making himself at home among the students, and his visits are always welcomed.

ATHLETIC.

During the week preceding the Whitewater-Stevens Point game Philip S. Allen, the famous center, now a Chicago University post graduate student, was employed as coach for the teams. Allen played centre for Williams college in the team of '91, which won the New England championship game, and in '92 played the same position with the Chicago Athletic team. Later he taught in the Shattuck Military school at Fairbault, Minn., at the same time having charge of the school athletics. In '94 he took a post graduate course in the University of Berlin, returning last year for post graduate work in the University of Chicago and playing centre in the eleven. "Phil" Allen, as he is popularly known, has played centre against all the great teams of the country and is considered one of the best.

The return game between the Waupaca High school and Normal second elevens was played Saturday, October 17th, in the presence of a small crowd of spectators. The game was a complete walkaway for the home team, which did all the scoring, and resulted in a score of 46 to 0. The touchdowns were made by J. Clark 3, Love 2, Pray, King and Fernholz, 1 each. The special features of the game were the runs by Love and King, and the strong centre smashes by J. Clark. A few minutes before the end of the second half a telegram was received from Whitewater announcing the score of the first half, 12 to 0, in our favor, and the game was brought to a close, amidst cheers for the first and second elevens.

LINE-UP.

Waupaca..		Stevens Point
Nickel.....	Right End	Fruit
Holmes.....	Right Tackle	Fernholz
Churchill.....	Right Guard	Almy
Devore.....	Center	Henry
Dale.....	Left Guard	Tickler
Kraner.....	Left Tackle	Rivers
Smiley.....	Left End	O Clark
Koontz.....	Right Half	King
Pope.....	Left Half	Love
Evans.....	Quarter	Pray
McCarthy.....	Full	J Clark
Ward and Whipple.....	Subs	Wood and Bradford

On Oct. 10th the first eleven met defeat for the first time at the hands of the Oshkosh Normal team. The only excuse the boys give is, that they did not play together, thus losing the game to the opposing team. The Oshkosh papers of the following day contained a notice that the man who had played center for the Oshkosh boys, had returned to his work in the Chicago University, after a short visit with friends in the city. The visit was conveniently arranged for the Oshkosh eleven, it seems.

In the evening the Stevens Point boys were tendered a reception by the Oshkosh team, at the Normal building, and they report a most enjoyable time.

After the defeat of the first eleven at Oshkosh, Oct. 10th, the business men of Stevens Point began to think that the outlook for the game of the season, namely, that with Whitewater, was somewhat dubious, and that something must be done to insure success. Accordingly Phil Allen was engaged and had the boys

in hand until after the game, accompanying them to Whitewater. At 2:30 the teams lined up as follows:

Stevens Point	Positions	Whitewater
Ohde.....	Right End	Carncross
Manz.....	Right Tackle	Rankin
Gardner.....	Right Guard	Anderson
Beck.....	Center	Miller
Paral.....	Left Guard	Brierton
Polley.....	Left Tackle	Hazard
Lees.....	Left End	Anthis
Pease.....	Quarter	Dixon
Holman.....	Right Half	B Hake
Blencoe.....	Left Half	Reidelbauch
Dewey.....	Full Back	Sweet
Barker, Ruediger.....	Subs	Hahn, Crew.

Referee—Troutman, Whitewater.

Umpire—Prof. McCaskill, Stevens Point.

Linesmen—Barker, Pierce.

After a wrangle over the length of the game, in which our boys were obliged to agree to halves longer than either team had previously played, the toss was made, our boys winning and choosing the north goal. The ball was put in play by Sweet, of Whitewater, who kicked off to Blencoe. By a neat criss-cross with Holman the ball was carried back to the S. P. forty-five yard line. S. P. soon lost the ball on downs, and W. quickly forced the ball by hard center smashes to the S. P. thirty yard line where S. P. recovered the ball. By a series of tackles and end plays the ball was soon landed on S. P. fifty yard line, when Holman, with magnificent interference, carried the ball around right end for sixty-five yards and a touch-down. Blencoe kicked goal. Time 15 minutes. Score S. P. 6; W. 0.

Sweet again kicked to Blencoe who by a criss with Holman advanced the ball to the center of the field. Polley and Manz each smashed the line for five yards. Dewey went through the center for eight more. Polley gained three yards around right end, but carried the ball out of bounds. By a quick line up and snappy play Polley again gained four yards, once more carrying the ball out of bounds. Upon the next line up a criss-cross from Polley to Blencoe completely fooled the opponents and scored the second touch-down. Time 20 minutes. Score, S. P. 12; W. 0.

No more scoring was done in the first half.

In the second half the Whitewater team played desperately and slowly forced our boys down the field to the one yard line. Sweet smashed center but fumbled the ball. Manz secured it and without opposition made a run the entire length of the field. The referee, however, called him back and awarded a touchdown to Whitewater. Sweet failed to kick an easy goal. Time, 12 minutes. Score: Stevens Point 12, Whitewater 4.

Blencoe kicked to Kirwan who was dropped without gaining. By fierce playing and several changes in the possession of the ball Whitewater scored a second touchdown and Sweet kicked goal. Time, 20 minutes. Score: Stevens Point 12, Whitewater 10.

In the remaining three and one-half, minutes the playing was hard but no more touchdowns were scored. The game, as reported by Phil Allen and Prof. McCaskill, was one of hard fighting throughout. The Whitewater crowd was prejudiced against our boys and our referee was hooted at upon every decision. The Whitewater boys were so determined to win that they lost their heads and indulged in playing which was not entirely above reproach, but in spite of all this the victory is ours.

EXCHANGES.

George Du Maurier (author of Trilby) died in London Oct. 8.

Teacher—"James, how is the earth divided?"

Scholar—"By earthquakes." —Ex.

The School Out-look, of Fond du Lac, is one of the bright papers on our exchange list.

The Normal Badger is to have a science column hereafter, notes to be on the topics of the day.

The gymnasium of the Oshkosh Normal has lately been refitted and equipped with new apparatus.

Booker T. Washington has been engaged for one of the numbers in the lecture course at Whitewater.

The Williamson News, of Williamson Pa., is one of the interesting high school papers on our exchange list.

The Green Bay Fly says: "The Green Bay High School has for the first time in its history a literary society."

For the first time since the war there will be no Democratic Club in Yale University during the present campaign.

All the other nations combined cannot equal the individual gifts to educational institutions in the U. S. in recent years.

Prof. W. C. Hewitt of the Oshkosh Normal, has recently published a geometry which the classes of that school are using this year.

We are pleased to note upon our exchange list—besides papers elsewhere mentioned: The High School Junto, Beloit H. S. Ephor, and The Climax of Beloit.

Irwan Shepherd of the Winona Normal School advises a continuous session, or four quarters of twelve weeks each, making the school year forty-eight weeks.

The new congressional library is said to be the finest library in the world. At present it contains 750,000 bound volumes, and has a capacity for about 4,000,000 volumes.

The growth of the Platteville Normal has been remarkable during the last two years. In 1894 the number enrolled was about 280; in 1896 the number has increased to 520.

The Lincolnian society of the Whitewater Normal has challenged the debating societies of the Oshkosh Normal to a joint debate to be held next May. The challenge has been accepted.

That school teachers take to bicycling is evident from the fact, that at the close of the institute held in Marinette, a short time ago, sixty of the members took a pleasure trip on their wheels.

Kate L. Sabin was renominated by acclamation for sup't in the first district in Dane Co. She resigned

the position of science teacher in the Stevens Point high school to accept the office of sup't. two years ago.

Five new high schools were added to the free high school list last year, at Palmyra, Loyal, Albany, Union Grove and Tomahawk. Palmyra and Tomahawk have full four year courses. The others only three year courses.

About one-half of the basement of the Superior Normal is devoted to the bathing department, which is conceded to be the most complete of its kind in the north-west. In one corner is the swimming tank, which is intended to be a special feature of the school.

A farmer once had 10,000 bushels of popcorn stored away in a barn. The barn caught fire one summer day and all the corn popped, filling a ten acre field. A blind mule in a neighboring field, on seeing this white mass, thought it was a snow storm, lay down and froze to death.—EXCHANGE.

Prof. Fisk, official physician at Yale, says: "Of a class of 147 students, 77 who did not use tobacco surpassed the 70 who did by increase of weight, height, chest girth, and lung capacity. The highest fourth of the class in scholarship were almost all non-smokers; the lowest fourth almost all smokers."

Booker T. Washington the colored founder and president of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, is beyond doubt the foremost living man of his race, and one of the most useful and notable men in America. He has clearly worked out a system of education that is adapted to Southern conditions.

C. H. Thurber of the Chicago University is to be at the head of a pedagogical museum, which will exhibit all the latest and best mechanical appliances in school management. Everything in fact that will be of interest to teachers. Such museums are common in Europe, but are unknown in this country aside from that in the Bureau of Education in Washington.

This is Browning's explanation or interpretation of his style: "I never designedly tried to puzzle people as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I have never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I got my deserts and something over; not a crowd, but a few I value more."

Chicago has just added to its already extensive educational institutions another important school. Twenty years ago one of its citizens, Allen C. Lewis, left his entire estate to a board of trustees for the founding of a literary and industrial school. All of the original trustees have since died, but the present board has just dedicated a splendid building on the west side, which is to be as good a school for that part of the city as Armour Institute is on the south side. It is named after its founder, the Lewis Institute, and aims to give young people a practical education. It is evident from the increase of such institutions that Chicago is becoming the greatest educational center of the world.

—THE ARGOSY.

MODEL SCHOOL.

SIXTH GRADE.

LANGUAGE.

The long, soft hair on the back of a sheep is called wool. There are a great many kinds of sheep, the French and Merino being the finest. If the wool would be left to itself it would drop off in summer, for the sheep has no need of it then to keep him warm, but men do not let it drop off but cut it just in time to save it. They then tie it up in squares and pack it in bales.

I once rode a sheep and it ran so fast that I fell off its back. Once I helped shear a sheep. As soon as wool is packed it is sent to factories, where it is spun into thread and woven into cloth.

The flesh of a sheep is called mutton and is very favorable to eat.

WILLIE LEONARD,

Aged 10 years.

Autumn has been called the dreariest season of the year. But it is not dreary to me, for it brings winter with its beautiful mantle of snow. There is nothing I like better than to don my thick woolen cloak and play in it. Would you like to know where the wool came from that made my cloak?

People say you can make a story for everything and surely there is an interesting one about wool.

We get the wool from the sheep, and unlike most hair it is wavy rather than smooth. The wool keeps the sheep warm in winter, but in the summer it has no need of it, and so the men who raise sheep shear them. Often their skin is cut and it is very painful to hear them bleat. The wool from each sheep is called a fleece. Each fleece is placed by itself into bales and shipped to a manufacturing establishment where the hair is sorted, cleaned and dyed, and then woven into woolen goods. In the olden times wool was woven into cloth and the skin used for writing on; the milk was used for drink and the flesh for food.

Sheep pasture on hilly lands and can be profitably raised on land that is not adapted to raising crops.

The first sheep were introduced into the United States in 1609.

There are many kinds of sheep; also many goats that produce wool.

JEANNE KIRWAN,

Aged 11 years.

SECOND GRADE LANGUAGE.

After collecting seeds and talking about them, each child selected one seed and described it for the rest of the class to guess. Below are some of the results:

We made the boxes for our seeds. We made little boxes to put into the big boxes. We took a piece of pasteboard and we made it 8 inches wide and 12 inches long. Then we cut an inch slit in the corners and then we folded corners. We sewed them tight.

SAM WADLEIGH.

I am a seed. I am flat. I live in a green house. Next to the green is white. I am black. My house is quite large, and there are a great many with me in the house. The inside of my house is red. And my house will roll. Cows like my house and people like my

house very much. The house has got water in and I am sometimes in the water, and sometimes I am not. What am I?

KITTIE TOWNSEND.

I am a seed. I am one-fourth of an inch around. I am brown and I have a little white place in the back. My house is green in the summer. When the frost comes the pod is brown. When you pinch my house it breaks open. The flower I make is red and sometimes it is white. Sometimes the blossom is pink. My pod house is about one inch long. Can you tell what I am?

REGINALD WELLER.

These letters, from two little girls in the Oral School for the Deaf at Eau Claire, Wis., were recently received by a student. Maude Burnett, deprived of her hearing by diphtheria when but a year old, has spent two years in the Sign school at Delavan, Wis., and is now entering her second year's work in speech under the instruction of Miss Jennie C. Smith. Both girls are doing between third and fourth grade work.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., October 9, 1896.

Dear Miss Kate: Maud received your letter day before yesterday afternoon. We had five ladies come to help my mamma because she can not sew any more. I was so glad to have the ladies come to my house. Your sister was sewing on my dress. My dress is very pretty. Miss Smith staid to supper with me because they had not finished their work. Mrs. A. P. Smith made my silk waist. I have many new dresses. Miss Smith said I was stylish. I told my mother and your sister said you must not gossip. Perhaps we will move next week because the work is too hard. Maud is very funny. Maud is sick in bed today. I went to see her. We have one boy in our room, he is deaf like Jennie Dinger. His name is Charley. He did not know what did Miss Smith said. He is a young boy. Julia Johnson gave some candy to Mr. McGeogor.

I must close now. Good by.

From your friend,

ESSIE STRAIGHT, Age 13.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., October 10, 1896.

Dear Miss Kate: I am going to write a letter to you. I was glad to get your letter. Miss Smith is gossiping with Mr. Cross. She is not polite. Charley is deaf. He is not a very nice boy. He is a bad boy to Miss Smith. He played in school. Mr. McGregor gave some plums to Julia and Ragna. I can't understand Mr. McGregor because he has whiskers. I can understand my father because he has no whiskers. I don't like whiskers. I am funny again. Miss Smith will come to see me this afternoon. I am sorry you are lonesome at school. I have to work hard. Mary has gone away. She will stay home. Charley is foolish in school. He don't remember anything. He is a lazy boy. You must read my letter. You must laugh because my letter is funny. I am a good girl in school. We will be surprised. Jennie will come to our school next Friday. You must not tell Essie. Essie was sick. She was mad at me last Wednesday afternoon. Essie didn't come to school yesterday because she helped her mother. The ladies are making a new dress for her. I love you very much. Good by.

MAUD BURNETT, Aged 12.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

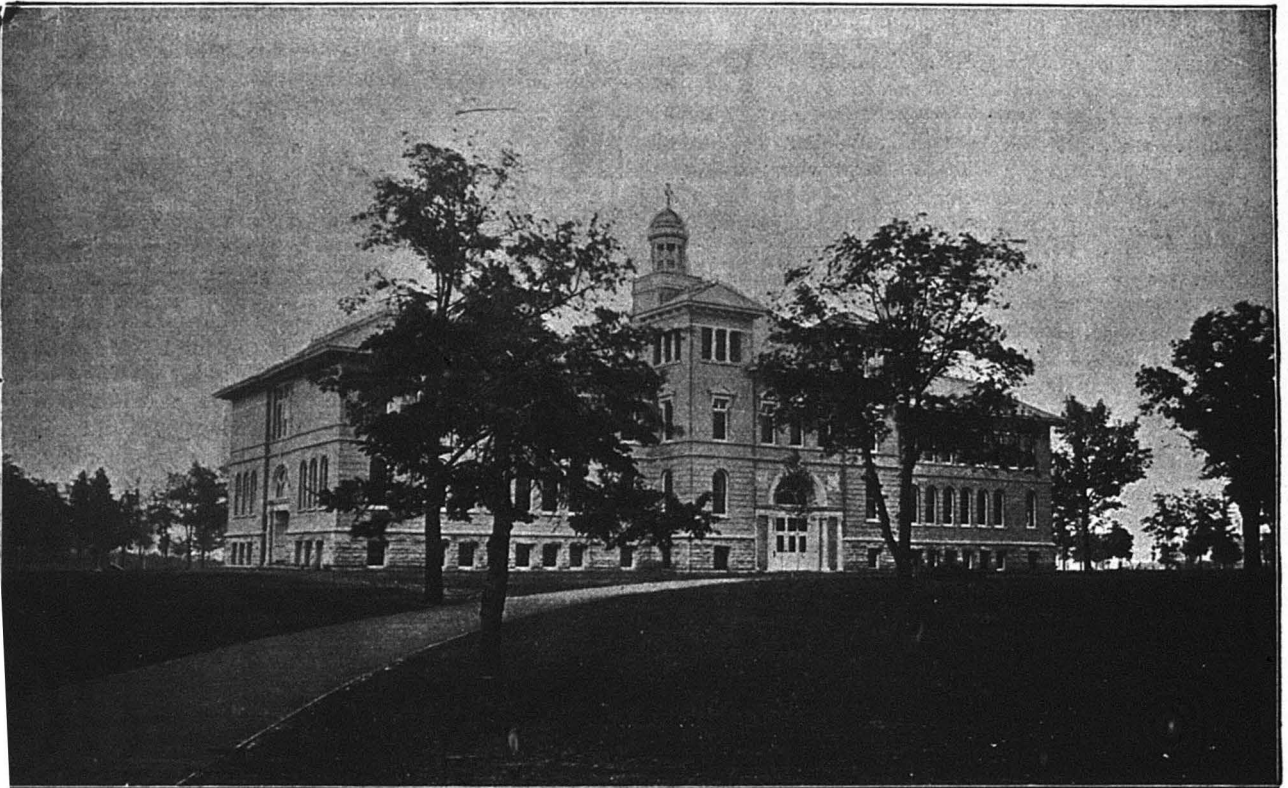
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