

THE

Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1898.

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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume III.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., APRIL, 1898.

Number 7.

LITERARY.

THE MISSION OF THE DESTRUCTIVE REFORMER.

Reform has been the battle cry of every age and of all men. From the highest mountain peaks of morality and spirituality, and from the deep gorges of sin and vice, there has ever been heard the cry of those who seek truer and purer ideals of human life. In the onward march of nations, in the magnificent upward, God-ward, struggle of humanity, in the myriads of fierce battles for the salvation of human souls, the spirit of reform has ever been the inspiring spirit leading on to glorious victory, or cheering wounded souls disheartened by temporary defeat, and spurring them on to final conquest.

This spirit has appealed to the human heart in two ways; and consequently, we have two classes of reformers. The one class seeks to build up and strengthen the good, the noble, and the true, and thus crowd out, as it were, the false and the evil. The other seeks first to tear down the evil, clear the ground and lay the foundation for the up-building of the good and the true. Both schools are necessary in all true reforms.

The first are the constructive reformers, whose praises have been sung throughout the ages, whose noble deeds have inspired the poetry of all nations, and who have been lauded to the skies by historians and orators.

The second are the destructive reformers, whose contributions to the world's goods have been as great and as effective, but whose deeds are unpraised and unsung, whose heroes persecuted in their life time, are often laid away in unmarked graves. But the world is not forever heedless. As the graceful folds of the receding tide-water show the wondrous beauties of the shell-covered beach, so to-day the tidal waves of bigotry and ignorance rolling back, reveal to us the heroism and altruism of their self-sacrificing lives.

To-day, as in all ages, false art, false philosophy, and insincere religion, have built all over our land, and other lands, their huts of clay, and their gilded mansion halls of glittering jasper. Evil communications are corrupting our good manners. Dame Fashion if given full sway, would make dummies of men and women. Social and political theorists are abroad, men who would make new fashions in society, and in the state, whose theories are so finely wrought, so intricately woven, that they make a web spread for the unwary, and ready to gather in its treacherous folds the lives and ambitions of countless thousands,—a web, not woven logically, and like Penelope's able to be un-

woven and understood; but subtle, illogical, and fraught with greatest danger.

But woe to all these. The destructive reformer is abroad, and with his battle axe of truth he breaks down huts of clay, and gilded halls, lays low the false, makes way for the true. Nor is he yet content: with his sturdy weapon and brave heart, he makes a furious onslaught on bad morality and evil living; he grapples Dame Fashion by the throat, snatches the plumes of pride and frills of folly from her, commands "thus far, and no farther," hurls her from the realm of the busy work-a-day world, and bids her reign in her own realm, peopled by prigs and fools. Nor is he yet content. With his critical logic he tears the web of the theorist to the merest tatters, and with the irreverence of the iconoclast he grinds to dust the false ideas of social and political life. He pierces the balloon of the blatant politician and lets him fall with a thud upon the cold bare earth.

But here let it be understood that we have no word of commendation to those so-called reformers whose aim is to tear down merely for the sake of tearing down, to break away from the tenets of the past, to level the glories of the primeval forest and leave only the blackened stumpage as a monument to their folly.

Of these the world has seen too many. Ruin and desolation follow their trail. They have wrought untold misery, have blighted the brightest prospects, and have hardened the hearts of men against all progress.

But we place the olive crown to-night upon the brow of those who, inspired with a love of the right and the true, and fired with a zeal which knows no other limits than the limits of human strength, are willing to brave the cold shoulder of the world, to endure hatred and insult, while they do a work for which others are to receive the glory and the reward. These are the benefactors whom in their own age the world seldom notices, and seldom praises. Their only notice is in the vilest abuse. Bigot, charlatan, peace-disturber, sensationist, are the epithets which have been heaped upon them by the thousands who stand by, and hurl their billings-gate and mud-balls upon their own benefactors.

It is indeed strange, yet true, that our great reformers have not been recognized in their own generation.

Every generation finds heroes in the ages that have gone before, men whom their contemporaries persecuted and reviled. Witness the life history of those who have given their lives to banish religious intolerance, to abolish human slavery, to break down established traditions. Turmoil, struggle, abuse, ridicule, torture, perhaps victory, perhaps defeat. Lives spent in self-sacrifice, hopes broken, ambitions cast aside.

The destructive reformer never knows that great satisfaction of seeing his life work appreciated, never knows the common rewards of service. For him there is only the sublime satisfaction of knowing that his life has ever been a strife for an ideal which his better self pronounces true. Witness the fate of a Savonarola whose life work was a power that moulded a conscience of Florence and all Europe, condemned to death, his body burned to ashes. But the flame that burned that body lit up all Christendom.

Note the life history of John Knox; persecuted, scorned, reviled, yet he instilled into Scottish life a sentiment whose influence lifted the whole nation to a higher plane.

We need hardly mention the heroic career of William Lloyd Garrison; mobbed in his own city of Boston by so-called "highly respectable citizens." Ostracised, insulted, he carried on his work with a courage which commends the admiration of the world. And when he declared that the Constitution which supported slavery was a "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," he sounded the key-note of that great struggle.

These are destructive reformers. Their merit was not recognized and rewarded until a later generation.

Far different is the reward of the Constructive Reformer. The world recognizes him in his life-time, encourages him, and pays him. He is heralded as the harbinger of peace, his brother as a bearer of woe; he is hailed as a messenger of heaven, while his brother is called the envoy of hell.

Both types of reformers have done a grand work. One clears the ground; the other erects the structure. But as the field of golden grain could never be except the lowly oxen struggling against the greatest obstacles, and rewarded by the driver's lash, had drawn the heavy plow and broken the tough and rooty soil, so the grandest fruits of our civilization to-day would be impossible except for the heroic efforts of those who cleared the way.

To-day, in America, we are only beginning to realize the heroism of those pioneers who have laid low bigotry and intolerance, and paved the way for moral and intellectual progress; and also in a material sense, those who felled the forests and braved the dangers of the great Mississippi valley and the West, and made ready for the development of the region which is truly a garden of the Gods. But the day of the pioneer in the development of our material progress is past. The destructive reformer, who does the pioneer's work in our social and political progress, is with us to-day. What is his mission? What his destiny?

The last decade in our own country has witnessed a marvelous growth in the constructive phase of reform. Let the good crowd out the evil is the cry of to-day. Let the struggle go on; re-inforce the good, and hinder the evil, and trust that the good will finally conquer.

There is some philosophy in this. But who can soothe the thousands of wounded hearts? Who can restore the tens of thousands of noble lives that are blighted by the evil that is allowed to remain? When the good does conquer it must look back on a battle field strewn with legions of its own, instead of the hosts of the enemy.

We need to concentrate our forces—the destructive

reformer working side by side with the constructive; the one banishing the evil; the other nourishing the good. Then why hold back the scathing criticism and sharpened darts of the destructive reformer, when he stands ready to exterminate the false? Why heap upon his head calumnies and reproaches, when he too is working for the highest destinies of the race? He needs no other vindication. His mission is to promote the good by correcting the evil; to foster the beautiful by discouraging the ugly; to break down the false and prepare the way for the true ideals of life.

To-night, then, I plead that the heroes of to-day may be recognized in their own generation. That the stigma of neglect may not rest upon us. The world, to-day, has leaped, as it were, into a wonderful age of material possibility. The spirit of the destructive reformer is bid welcome in the material world. He who discovers defects, and lays bare fraud, is hailed as a benefactor; but he who lays bare the false and fallacious, the foibles and follies of our mental and moral life, is not always so kindly received. But this age is far better in this respect than the last has been. A new century is crowding upon us. The wildest dreams of optimism are likely to be fulfilled. New and wonderful vistas are opening up to us in the religious, moral and intellectual life. Possibility seems greater than ever before. But as in the past, by the side of the good, the noble, and the true, we see the germs of the vicious and the bad. Well has the immortal Goethe, in his wonderful story of "Faust," pictured the inevitable life struggle of every nation and of every soul.

While the best blood and the best energy of the world is working out the problems of our material civilization, the Prince of Evil is training workmen to build palaces of sin in our social and political life. Let us hope that men will not dally with the serpent, but crush his poisonous fangs into the earth. And as we stand at the portals of a new century thrilled with hopes for greater achievements in the moral and intellectual world than the last century has given us in the material world, inspired as we are with broader and nobler aspirations, may we see mightier heroes than the past has seen, "tall men sun-crowned," who will boldly attack vice, who will stand in the fore-front of the fray and remain steadfast until they shall attain a glorious victory for Virtue, and clear the way for the angel of Peace. Such must be the men, and such the mission.

Who will be the destructive reformers of the future?
BERT J. CASSELS.

JOHN BROWN—THE MAN.

The advancement of the human race has not been wrought by the submissive millions. Every great revolution and reform hinges on the work and influence of some high-minded few who stand as grand central figures in the world's progress. "All history," says Emerson, "resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons." Such a person was John Brown.

Born of puritan stock, and reared in the rough environment of a frontier life, the future man was early developing those qualities which were necessary for his later work. At twelve, the sturdy lad is entrusted with the task of driving, alone, large herds of wild cattle

through vast forests and over dangerous roads. It was on one of these hardy expeditions that John Brown first came into contact with the awfulness of slavery. Witnessing the brutal treatment of a bright young slave boy, his heart was caused to burn with indignation. How under God's word could the negro be so treated? His benevolent soul could not answer the question, and with the vehemence of youth he "swore eternal war on slavery."

That oath of his childhood was never forgotten. All the rest of the man's life was devoted to its fulfillment. True, he led an active business life, outwardly no different from that of his neighbors; but within himself he led another life consecrated to the cause of the slave, a life which few knew anything about or could even comprehend, but a life which was nourishing that within him which was to make him a figure in the history of the world. Forty long years of vigorous toil, of storms and vicissitudes, passed between the thought and the act—years which steeled his muscles and nerves, yet could not quench the growing fire that burned, hidden in the silent depths of his soul.

Youth, manhood, and middle-age had come and gone; twenty children had sat on his knee and called him father; now, the old man, gray with age and furrowed with cares, was living in that last home which was dearest of all to him—the rugged hut in the severe solitude and solemn grandeur of the Adirondacks.

Here the old man lived, a patriarch, at the head of his family, sharing with them a life of toil and poverty; here, during the long winter evenings, he poured out his spirit to his children and grand-children, who sat as eager listeners about the rude fire-side, stirred by the impressive truth of his words: here, day after day, the old man brooded over the wrongs of his colored brethren, and in the solitude of the primeval forest which clad the mountain-side, he pleaded their cause before the living God.

Four of John Brown's sons were at this time farmers in Kansas. Suffering from the wrongs of the pro-slavery adherents, in their struggle for freedom they wrote to their aged father for aid. As the old man reads the letter, the spirit within him moves; a change comes over his furrowed features; the time has come when patience ceases to be a virtue; the mouldering fire in his soul burns brighter and leaps into a flame which death only will quench. Calling on his devoted band, together they start for the scene of action; at last, the old man has taken up his rifle to seal the oath of his childhood with blood.

John Brown's work in "bleeding Kansas" should make him the hero of an epic. In the field, he was a Garibaldi: with thirty men he met and put to rout four hundred of the enemy; in camp, he was a Cromwell: never a day passed but it began and ended with prayer. In unflinching sternness he was a Wellington: without fear of consequence he did his duty as he conceived it, unmindful of the criticism of friend or foe. In tenderness and magnanimity, he was a Grant: he never killed a man but in self-defense; he treated his prisoners with that courtesy and kindness which in every age is the sign of a great soul. To this rare combination of virtues was added that of perseverance: The whole cause of freedom seemed lost; he and his shattered band were half frozen, half starved; their

property was destroyed; a price was on his head; his most trusted friend had betrayed him; one son was crippled for life; another was killed while unarmed by a cowardly shot; still another was subjected to such cruelties while a prisoner that he became a raving maniac,—yet the old man persevered, and never for an instant, lost sight of the work which he felt divinely called upon to perform. Terrible example of single-hearted devotion to a cause—the father giving up one after the other of his sturdy sons, shedding tears, but never flinching—terrible example! But most noble and heroic when we see through the clear transparency of the man, that his deeds were neither actuated by revenge or ambition, nor tainted by vain or selfish desires, but prompted wholly and purely by a benevolent love for his oppressed fellow-creatures to whose cries he opened his heart. He acted for the sake of Justice and the glory of God.

John Brown had done the work which was destined in the end to make Kansas free. His parting words were: "I shall remove the seat of disturbance." True, he did move it from Kansas, across the continent to the Alleghanies, and in so doing he sowed the seed which in a short time was to spring up into a mighty harvest enriched by the blood of thousands engaged in the struggle he had begun.

Not many miles from the home of the father of his country, at the foot of the Alleghanies which rise like a wall from the edge of the Potomac, lies the picturesque town of Harper's Ferry. The little city, then insignificant, now stands as a landmark in the history of slavery—the Bunker Hill of the Rebellion; for here John Brown fulfilled the oath of his childhood; and here he struck his master blow for the freedom of the slave. The story of the daring raid of those eighteen men, headed by this aged Joshua, need not be re-told. It was a brave blow for Liberty; and even though the world would mark his attempt a failure, John Brown led as a prisoner to the Charlestown jail, felt that his life had been a success. Such failures are victories.

Although wounded and a prisoner, his life was not ended. The work of the sword was ended, but the power of the unschooled words that came from his prison pen, was even greater. Instead of a warrior he became one of the greatest teachers and prophets that ever spoke to the American nation. Virginia loaded his limbs with chains, but his soul she could not fetter. That went forth through the prison bars out into the free world in a fire of testimony to convert millions to its cause, and to make the bitterest enemies of the old man bow in humble respect to his self-forgetting nobility.— "I have asked to be spared from having any weak, hypocritical prayers made over me while I am publicly murdered, and that my only religious attendants be poor, little, dirty, ragged, bare-headed and bare-footed slave boys and girls, headed by some old gray-headed mother." Such are the power and pathos of his simple words, such is the eloquence of the aged prisoner, as he lay chained to the floor of his gloomy cell.

In court room as well as in prison, John Brown's eloquence pleaded—the silent and the spoken. Wan and weak from his wounds, the old, gray-bearded man lay on his pallet in the center of an angry crowd that covered him with reproaches,—yet he listened to his death

THE NORMAL POINTER.

APRIL, 1898.

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

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

Terms of Subscription—50 cents per year in advance.

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EDITORIAL.

ExGovernor Morton of Nebraska has the honor of being the father of Arbor Day. It was mainly through his instrumentality and influence that in 1872 the legislature set apart the second Wednesday in April as a "day for the voluntary planting of trees by the people of Nebraska." Mr. Morton devised the plan, so that a barrier of trees might be raised to protect the land from the fierce winds of the west and south. Since the date of its legalization in Nebraska over 400,000,000 trees have been planted in that state alone.

An important feature of Arbor Day is its connection with the public schools. This is supposed to have begun with the planting of trees in memory of authors and statesmen in Eden Park by the children of Cincinnati in 1882. Soon after this a special Arbor Day was appointed for tree planting by the schools of West Virginia. This idea spread rapidly until now observance of the day may be said to be entirely under the control of the public schools.

Forty-four states have legalized the day. In some of them the date is fixed, in others it is announced by the governor. April 30 was chosen by the legislature of this state for the people of Wisconsin to celebrate as Arbor Day. Gov. Scofield has recently issued his proclamation asking for a wider observance of this day. By an examination of the proclamation it will be seen how the Wisconsin Arbor Day differs from the original one planned by Nebraska in 1872. Not only are the people of the state, but also the schools and colleges urged to take part in the observance of the day. They are expected not only to plant trees, but to beautify the school grounds by shrubs and plants. More than one phase of nature is considered in our observance. Bird life is closely connected to tree life and Wisconsin,

recognizing this fact, divides her attention equally between the trees and birds. Thus has our Arbor Day become to be Arbor and Bird Day.

It seems too bad that some Northern state did not choose May first as the date for the celebration of this day. It would be a delightful blending of old English and modern American customs. The gathering of the hawthorn bough, the "fetching of the flowers fresh," and many of the old songs could be used with good effect during the exercises of Arbor and Bird Day, and would combine to increase the love of nature and the enjoyment of the day.

The Senior class is divided against itself! Ordinarily this statement would cause great excitement, for it is well known what is expected of a house divided against itself; but as the line of division is marked by only a mortar board, or rather sixteen of them, it is felt that the breach may be healed and the strength of union may result. The Senior girls, after long and mature deliberation in the many secret sessions in No. 30, decided that they were entitled to wear mortar boards by reason of their dignified standing, their meditative bearing, their far-away absent-mindedness, and their powerful influence over the other members of the school. After this decision was reached, for some unknown reason, it was tacitly agreed that the boys of the class should know nothing about it. They certainly have the same qualifications for mortar boards as their sisters in psychology, political economy and review geography, but the subject was not broached to them. They remained in the depths of ignorance until the momentous "day of donning" arrived, when they realized how sadly they had been outwitted. The sadness remains, but may wear away in time—meanwhile the girls are rejoicing in their caps.

Our lecture course has been a great success, not only educationally, but also financially. While we realize the first fully, we cannot but feel doubly thankful for the second, as it prophecies lecture courses in the future—what man has done, man can do. This year there were four numbers in the regular course, which were so well attended that two extras were given free to holders of season tickets. Nearly four hundred fifty dollars worth of season tickets were sold. There is a balance of twenty-one dollars in the treasury. With this fortunate material outcome, as a result of our best attempts, what may we not expect in the future?

Then as to the educational value. The benefits cannot all be enumerated. The school has been shown that great work is being done and rapid advancement made in other professions and lines of investigation beside those of the teacher. Our mental horizon has been broadened. We have seen that men are not alone in this great work, but that women, strong and brave, are taking their part and doing their share. All the benefits we expected to gain have been surpassed. It is with confidence that the lecture course of '98-'99 is looked forward to. The precedent has been established. Let the good work go on.

SCIENTIFIC.

It is stated in one of the leading papers that New England abandoned farms are to be reclaimed, restocked and re-operated on a plan that is primarily philanthropic and secondarily commercial. A corporation has been formed, with the secretary of the New York stock exchange at its head, to purchase arable land and farm buildings in the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont, and to resell both on such terms as to attract purchasers in large cities, and to relieve the congested centers of population. It is estimated that more than two hundred thousand acres of rich fallow land under cultivation twenty years ago, lie idle today in the New England states, and it is the intention of those who have associated themselves together to secure by option or by outright purchase, all or nearly all of this vast territory and to populate it with material drawn from the crowded cities. Missionary work will be begun in the large cities, principally New York and Brooklyn, and the assistance of all organizations interested in bettering the condition of society will be invoked.

Scientists are excited over the authenticated discovery of the tomb of Osiris, the chief god of the Egyptians, at Luxor, a village of Upper Egypt, built on the site of Thebes. The news was first received with incredulity, but all doubts were quieted by a telegram from the director-general of excavations to the president of the the Egyptian council of ministers. The discovery was made by M. Amelmean, who in a letter also affirms positively that he has discovered that the tomb of the gods Seth and Horus is in the same necropolis at Abydos. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "There is no doubt this is a great discovery. Thus we know the tombs of the last three god kings of the second of the divine dynasties, which date back 10,000."

There is a plague of rats in Blackburn, England, and wholesale ravages are said to be committed by them in warehouses, basements and shops. Neither the cats nor the local rat-catchers can tackle these animals, and as the dogs are muzzled by order, it has been decided to import mongeese from India. It is suggested that the remedy may be worse than the disease, for the mongeese is, by nature, fierce and blood-thirsty, and will make havoc in the poultry yard. This plan was tried in Jamaica twentyfive years ago, when the rats there overran the sugar plantations. The mongeese that were imported soon killed the rats, but they increased to such an extent as to become a plague.

JOHN BROWN—THE MAN—(Continued from page 61)
sentence with more composure than did his persecutors. "Have you anything to say, John Brown, why your sentence should not be passed?" Painfully the old man rose, and with tones of singular mildness and self-control, he made that memorable impromptu plea, which Emerson has coupled with the Gettysburg speech of Lincoln as being the most eloquent utterance of the century. "I have, may it please the court, a few words to say—

"This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the new Testament. That teaches me that whatsoever I would that men should do unto me, I should do even to them. It teaches me further, to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them; I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is a respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of his despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of the millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by cruel and unjust enactments,—I submit; so let it be done."

It was one month later, and the ceremonies of his public murder were duly performed. He remained calm to the last. He took a kindly leave from his disciples in prison; he talked cheerfully to his jailor as he rode on his own coffin to the place of execution; firmly mounted the scaffold, and for ten cruel minutes with the cap drawn over his face and the fatal rope around his neck, he stood like a statue. "All ready, Sheriff!" and in a moment his body was swinging from the gallows. Not a sign of weakness, not a feeling of regret for his work did he show; the millions that had waited in the anxious expectation for the trying moment, drew a long, deep breath. "He was wholly pure, wholly true."

The cause for which John Brown had toiled, fought, prayed and suffered, he thus crowned with a glorious death—the first martyr in that great struggle, as Lincoln was the last. These two great Americans will ways be remembered. But how different their circumstances! Abraham Lincoln had the support of an armed nation behind him. John Brown was a stranger in a strange land, lonely, poor, and persecuted; the guns of his own nation were trained against him; his own country put him to death. Then compare him with other martyrs. Leonidas at Thermopylae, Joan of Arc at Orleans, Toussaint d'Ouverture at San Domingo, Warren at Bunker Hill, fell for their own liberty, and for their own country. But here is a man who struggled not for his own freedom, nor for the freedom of his country. He died for a poor, weak, despised people, for an alien race, which was not even able to appreciate his efforts for their upliftment. John Brown made no distinctions. He loved liberty for all men. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," constituted the simple code upon which he acted, "even unto death." Can reason offer anything more noble? Can religion offer anything more sublime? Then, truly, both as a liberator of mankind, and as a champion for a higher law, history will exalt John Brown among the greatest of those who sealed their "testament of benefaction" with the blood of their own noble hearts.

"Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right."

ARNOLD L. GESELL.

LOCAL.

N. Dimond has withdrawn.

Ina Fenwick spent the Easter Recess at Chicago.

Ethel Smith was absent a few days on account of sickness.

The Ames brothers withdrew the end of the Spring quarter to teach.

Frank Springer returned to school March 23rd, after over a week of illness.

Francis Parkill, who is teaching near Amherst, visited the Normal March 11th.

In Drawing.—"The Madonnas of Murillo have such a paternal expression!"

W. H. Fuller has been enjoying a visit of several days from his brother of Tomahawk.

The presence and absence of rubbers are the certain harbingers of Spring at the Normal.

Prof.—"Who were Adam's three sons?"

Student—"Shem, Ham, and Japheth."

W. F. Ohde, a student at the Normal last year, spent a few days visiting the "old familiar place."

Some one has said that when the poet talked of the courageous flowers of Spring he meant the thistle!

Minerva Eckels, having finished her term of teaching at Pine Grove, spent a few days visiting at the Normal.

First Student.—"Say! how do you spell Trigonometry?"

Second Student.—"Why, t-r-i-g-eh-eh—period."

A cabinet containing an excellent collection of casts of ancient fossils has been added to the department of Geology.

The male quartette has been re-organized with Messrs. Fruit, Hotchkiss, Rounds, and Springer, as members.

Prof. Sylvester arrived from his home at Boscobel, April 4th, to visit with friends. He returns improved in health.

The elementary class for this year, numbering about forty, were given a reception, March 24, at the home of Pres. Pray.

Kenneth Pray has withdrawn to accept the position of messenger boy and third teller at the Citizens' Bank of this city.

Ray Love, who teaches in the Grammar Department of the Tomahawk schools, spent a few days at the Normal visiting friends.

Vacation is over, and Mother Recuperation has done her work. Naturally, all look hale, hearty, and hopeful. Only ten more weeks.

Elmer Frohmader, who attended the Normal last year, having finished his term of teaching as principal of the Clifton school, has returned to resume work.

At an open meeting of the Womens' Club for the discussion of the present relations between Spain and Cuba, we find on the program Professors Swift and Sanford of the Normal.

Pres. Pray spent part of Easter recess visiting at

Chicago. He reports Mr. McCaskill as being well settled in his work at the University, and as happy as ever.

With the increasing celebrity of Rhetoricals, visitors to the exercises are becoming frequent. It is rumored that some of the students are willing to sacrifice their seats.

"Say, Mr. M——I has got my orange. I bet he'll eat it, sure!"

"Oh! no, not unless he gets some one to peel it for him!"

The Arena elected officers for the last quarter on March 31st. Mr. Gilbert is president, Miss Ogden vice pres., Miss Leahy treasurer, and Miss Kjorstad secretary.

The results of the clay-modelling class are displayed in the hall. Miss Tanner's watch-word "Put life into it," has certainly been heeded, for much of the dead clay looks very life-like.

It has been suggested that the noisy little pencil sharpener in the main hall,—the idol of the practice teachers—is doing all its growling and shrieking just because it wants some oil.

Immediately before the beginning of the Easter vacation, Miss Laura Martin was called home by the sad news of the death of her father. She is again at work with the opening of the new quarter.

The new students whose names we have been able to learn are: Catherine Harris, Minnie Olson, Edgar Button, Alfred Castner, Samuel Young, Maurice Wilson, G. K. Hepler, Nellie McGill, Catherine Johnson, Rollie Harrison.

S. J. Holmes Ph. D., of the Chicago University, comes to fill the vacancy left by the withdrawal of Prof. McCaskill. He has had especial opportunities to pursue his specialty, Biology, both in the East and in the West.

Rev. Meacham travelling with the Baptist Gospel car, favored the school, at opening exercises, March 11, with several solos which were very well received by the students. Mr. Meacham's sermons were well attended by the Normal students.

Prof. Culver has given the last of his series of talks on Topography. The subject for the final number was "Coast Features." The course was generally successful, being well attended throughout by town people, high school, and Normal students.

The February number of The Educational Review contains an article by Prof. Collins on the teaching of Algebra. He recommends that there be more correlation between it and Geometry and Arithmetic. It is well worth the perusal of teachers.

A ladies' sextette has been organized under the direction of Miss Linton. The members are Misses Long, Spalenka, Parker, Barr, Quinn, and Weiting. The sextette has several times appeared at Rhetoricals, and — "you oughter heard them."

Among the "old new" students who returned this quarter we find the following: Misses Eckels, Torkelsen, Enright, Boreson, Rehfeldt, and Messrs. Hanslick and Frohmader. Most of these have been teaching. There are others in the list, but we have been unable

to get their names on going to press. Evidently they are all glad to get back.

Miss J.—How do you translate "halberstarte yunge Blut?"

Miss M.—"The half-staring youth."

Miss J.—"Well, what do you mean by that?"

Miss M.—"Why, with one eye shut, that'd be staring, wouldn't it?"

Prof. Swift spent about four days of the Spring recess visiting the Owatonna reform school. On his return he spent a day at the Winona Normal, where he saw Miss Montgomery who teaches Rhetoric and Literature at that institution. She is well satisfied with her work; but still remembers Stevens Point.

Who can tell what was the cause of that unusual blushing and uneasiness on the rostrum among the "otherwise unphazable" faculty, that morning after the last song had been sung and the President happened to be out of the room? It must have been the consciousness of something. What was it?

Prof. McCaskill, accompanied by Mrs. McCaskill, left the last Friday of the Spring quarter for Chicago. Mr. McCaskill takes work at the Chicago University until next fall, when he will return with his degree. The school are sorry to lose him, but console themselves that it is only temporarily.

A Short Story Club was organized the eighteenth of March, under the direction of Prof. Teeple. The club will study the short selections of recent and living authors especially, considered as compositions. Later on they intend to write short stories, themselves. Meetings are held every two weeks.

On the morning of March 31st, Professor Sanford spoke on the probabilities of war with Spain. He gave a very clear and interesting account of the trouble, and did much to clear away the truth from the untruths which occupy so much space in many of the papers. The idea that patriotism does not necessarily mean war, was plainly shown to the school, as well as the wisdom of President McKinley's course in his dealings with Spain thus far.

The April number of "School Education," publishes the program of the Child-Study Section of N. E. A. meeting at Washington next July. With the names of G. Stanley Hall, and others prominent in educational lines, we find in this program a paper by Prof. Swift on "Heredity and Environment; A Study in Adolescence." Mr. Swift has for some time been carrying on a careful investigation, visiting reform schools, writing letters and sending out questions.

Our garden—what flowers are in it?

1. One of the seniors. (Prefix an adjective.)
2. Our favorite hour.
3. The student who "shines" in his 8 o'clock.
4. What boys have trouble in sewing on.
5. The result of some examinations.
6. Found among the Wills.
7. A brown-eyed miss.
8. The type of perfection.
9. A melancholy belle.
10. Take away the adjective and have a former symbol of the teacher's profession.

Every little while we are reminded that we are not forgotten by an absent friend. A month ago, although

so early in the season, the school, and especially the "fair" members of the faculty, were pleasantly surprised by an offering of very early Spring flowers—violets and lillies of the valley, sent by Prof. Sylvester, then in Chicago. Mr. Sylvester is now at his home in Boscobel where he will remain for some time. He evidently is anxious to be back in Wisconsin.

As time goes on, our walls are being more and more beautified. The Geography Lyceum which has been working the whole year with wonderful energy, presented to the school a beautiful picture in color, of the Colorado Canyon. The presentation speech was given by Miss Kilerin, who pointed out many things to heighten our appreciation of the work of art as we shall look upon it while studying (?) in the assembly room.

Likewise the Forum, working in the same commendable spirit, presented the school with a very appropriate picture—"Breaking Home Ties." Mr. A. J. Lattou suggested in a few fitting words, wherein the beauties of the picture lay and the lessons it has to teach. As an example of realistic art the picture is a masterpiece. At the World's Fair it was a favorite. One cannot look at it without some little stirring within; it is sure to bring up a mingled pleasant and unpleasant recollection of the time you left for the Stevens Point Normal, and perhaps a longing to—but better keep that silent.

The civilized denizen of the primeval forest is no more; he has been launched into eternity, the champagne bottle being broken by the merciless hand of Fate; his life work is over, it is completed, it is done; his course is run; he is dead. The childhood of the deceased is veiled in the obscurity of the shades of Wisconsin wilds 'ere they were touched by the enlightening hand of man. In early boyhood the deceased fell into the hands of a kind hearted trader who foresaw his brilliant possibilities and set about training them. The achievements which the young genius soon attained were marvellous, but too numerous and complicated for separate mention. They will, however, be eternally perpetuated in the heart of posterity. As early as 1890 his permanent residence was at Junction City, opposite the Hotel Rosebud, the location being advantageous for the displaying of his merits to humanity. Every inhabitant of the metropolis, incredible as it may seem, soon came to know him as a brother. Many a travelling agent went homeward singing his praises and glorifying his name. From our Normal students, far and wide, he received many a token of appreciation. Many a weary heart did he soothe, many a tiresome hour did he shorten and sweeten for these oppressed people. And they will praise him evermore. What greater eulogy can be pronounced by man for his benefactor,— "He enlightened humanity." No greater epitaph can we inscribe. As his body lies buried in state near the hills and forests where in the purity of his childhood he was developing those qualities which were to fix his name permanently in the memory of the Stevens Point Normal, may his remembrance march down the avenues of time and continue to be cherished during the lonesome waiting hours at Junction City—the hours when in his existence he was wont to perform his life work. May Bruin rest in peace!

ATHLETIC.

BASKET BALL.

The Phi Beta Psi basket ball team easily defeated the rivals in the fifth game of the tournament, March 12. The score was 17 to 4.

The young ladies first team defeated the fourth in a close game on the same day. Score 6 to 4.

The High School team and the Normal first team played an exciting game on the evening of March 12. The game was well played by both teams. The Normals did the best team work, but the High School were quicker than their opponents.

The score was tied several times during the game. The final score was 22 to 17. The line-up was as follows:

HIGH SCHOOL.	NORMALS.
Johnson.....center.....	Springer
Johnson.....r forward.....	Bremmer
Cashin.....l forward.....	Roseberry
Jolettel.....r back.....	Waterbury
McPhail.....l back.....	Smith

Referee, McCaskill; umpires, Holman and Cashin.

The first Normal team was defeated by Lawrence University, March 18, at Appleton. The game was hard fought by both teams. Lawrence did the best team work, which accounts for their victory. The absence of two of our best players greatly weakened our team. Bremmer was the star player of the evening. Lee did the best playing for the Lawrence team. Several times during the game the score was tied. Final score was 17 to 14.

The following is the line-up:

LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.	NORMALS.
Boyd.....center.....	Bremmer
Lee.....r forward.....	Roseberry
Piffer.....l forward.....	Waterbury
Jolliffe.....r back.....	Culver
Lean.....l back.....	Smith, Capt.

Normal substitutes—Munnell, Werner.

The final games of the tournament were played in the Gymnasium March 24, to decide the championship of the school. The young ladies' first and second teams played first. Each team had won two games before this. The playing was fast and exciting during the entire game. The second team won the championship. Score 6 to 4. The line-up is:

SECOND.	FIRST.
Roseberry.....center.....	Overby
Burce, Capt.....r forward.....	Kingsbury
Pope.....l forward.....	Erickson
Muir, Ogden.....r back.....	Wiesner
Dangers.....l back.....	Martens, Capt.

The Badgers won the championship game by superior team work and faster playing. The final score was 12 to 24.

The line-up was as follows:

BADGERS.	PHI BETA PSI.
Holman.....center.....	Gilbert
Holt, Capt.....r forward.....	Hotchkiss
Roseberry.....l forward.....	Waterbury
Culver.....r back.....	Munnell
Dawes.....l back.....	Smith, Capt.

Referee, McCaskill; umpires, Pease and Lees.

The following is a list of the teams, their captains and their standing in the tournament:

YOUNG LADIES.—	CAPTAIN.	WON.	LOST.	PER CENT.
Second team, Burce.....		3	0	1000
First team, Martens.....		2	1	666
Fourth team, Van Buskirk.....		1	2	333
Third team, Parker.....		0	3	0
MEN'S—				
Badgers, Holt.....		3	0	1000
Phi Beta Psi, Smith.....		2	1	666
Rivals, Thoms.....		1	2	333
Whites, Porter.....		0	3	0

The attention of the Athletes is now turned from basket ball to baseball and field day. The baseball players have been in training for the past two months, under the direction of W. H. Fuller. The team practiced in gymnasium until the weather was warm enough to go out doors. Mr. Fuller has coached the boys on sliding bases, picking up grounders, how to do quick work; and in fact, all the underlying principles of baseball. There are about twenty young men trying for the team, and if they keep up their practice and do faithful work, there is no reason why we cannot have a winning team this spring. From now on, two teams will be picked out and pitted against each other every night to give the boys practice in team work. The team expects to play several games this season. Dates have already been scheduled with Lawrence for May 7 and 21, Oshkosh May 28, Superior June 3. The manager is corresponding with Ripon college and Grand Rapids High school for games.

The track team has been in training for about two months, doing light work in the gymnasium until the school opened for the quarter. We have got to do good systematic practice if we get a winning team this year, but there is no reason why we cannot win if we train properly. We have no star athletes with us this year, no one with a record which he can fall back upon. To those who have never entered the contests there is a hopeful field for honorable distinction through regular and faithful work. However, victory alone is not the only object of athletics. True sportsmanship is to love sport for the sport's sake. Those whose chances for success in athletics are small, can at least be redeemed from a sad and unprofitable monotony by physical exercise and increase their efficiency as a living power in a community of thoughtful men. Let there be thoroughness in our work this spring, that is the only way to get any real good out of athletics.

Field days have been arranged with Oshkosh for May 28, to take place there, and with Superior June 4, to be held here.

Charles Bremmer was elected treasurer of the A. A., to fill the vacancy caused by Jesse Ames withdrawing from school.

Nearly one hundred dollars were taken in from the basket ball games this season.

EXCHANGES.

SUDDEN TRANSMIGRATION.

The Sunday School superintendent who drew on the blackboard what he intended to represent a crown, and who was glibly informed by the irrepressible small boy that it was a soup tureen bottom side up, should have a word of sympathy for the public school teacher's similar trial, related below.

In one of the public school rooms of the primary grade the teacher had been reading Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to her pupils. Of course this is a rather ambitious work for the little ones, but they enjoy it, and the rhythm seems particularly pleasing to them. When they come to a hard word the teacher goes to the blackboard and draws a picture to illustrate its meaning. This the pupils find highly entertaining and it helps in quite a remarkable way to fix the text in their minds.

A few days ago they came to this line in the early part of the poem:—

"At the door in summer evenings sat the little Hiawatha."

"At—th' door—on sum-mer eve-ning sat th' lit-tle—" read the children.

"Go on," said the teacher.

But they didn't go on. The name of Hiawatha was too much for them. They knew who Hiawatha was, but they didn't recognize his name. So the teacher went to the board, and took considerable pains in drawing:—

First, a wigwam with the poles sticking up above it, and a rude aboriginal painting on the side.

Second, little Hiawatha with feathers in his hair, squatted at the wigwam door.

Third, a fine harvest moon.

Then she pointed at Hiawatha and asked what it was.

There was a general craning of necks and shaking of heads.

"Come, come," cried the teacher, "you know what it is."

Then one little girl spoke up:

"I guess I know what it is, teacher."

"You may tell the class, Laura."

"I guess it's a mud turtle."

And instantly, with one accord, the class glibly repeated:

"At th' door, on sum-mer eve-nings, sat th' lit-tle muddy tur-tle."

And the teacher feels that her artistic cleverness received a hard and cruel blow. * *

The following lines are posted at the foot of a stairway in a public building at Bar Harbor:

A baptism in Hades' depths

As hot as boiling tar

Awaits the man who quits this block

And leaves the door ajar.

But he who softly shuts the door

Shall dwell among the just,

Where the wicked cease from troubling

And the weary are at rest.

A fool can be a very busy critic.

Motto for singers:—Sometime B sharp, never B flat, always B natural.—Ex.

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom nature has built many stories high.

"At what age were you married?" she asked inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded. "At the parsonage."

"Oh, Bridget, I told you to notice when the apples boiled over."

"Sure I did, mum. It was a quarter past two."—Ex.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his own image. There is a politeness of the heart akin to love, which springs from easiest politeness of outward behavior.—Ex.

Why is the wind blind? Answer—Wind is a zephyr; a zephyr is a yarn; a yarn is a tale; a tale is an attachment; an attachment is love; and love is blind. Therefore the wind is blind.

Tommy—I'm a little hoarse this morning. How are you?

Hal—Aw, go away, I'm sulky.

Tommo—Say, pard, let's hitch up and take a drive.—Breeze.

Teacher—Come, come, Dick: what comes after ten?

Dick—Eight, nine, ten—er—er I dunno.

Teacher—Bobby, can you tell Dick what comes after ten?

Bobby—Yes'm; jack, queen and king.

Earnestness is a devotion of all the faculties. It is the cause of patience, it gives endurance, overcomes pain, strengthens weakness, braves danger, sustains hope, makes light of difficulties, and lessens the sense of weariness in overcoming them.

Prof.—Now, Mr. X, you must control the range of your voice.

Mr. X—Rut, Professor, in oratory, ought we not to soar?

Prof.—Yes; but, Mr. X, you ought not to make every one else sore.

Promptness is a virtue. The man who is always two minutes late, will never make a success in this world, and he will surely fail at the judgment bar, if he allowed his habits of procrastination to continue. The man who is on time is the man in whom the world places confidence.—Ex.

Norman had a little match,

And with it began to scratch;

Little match began to burn,

Norman's face began to turn.

Teacher looked at Norman quick,

Norman dropped his little stick.

Little stick fell on his book,

Virgil leaves began to cook.

Norman paid his little fine.

Now he carries matches? "Nein!"

MODEL SCHOOL.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

FIFTH GRADE.

AMONG THE PINES.

Several years ago I left my home in Stevens Point and went to a place in Oneida county, about five miles from Rhinelander, to live in a log shanty for six months, my father having secured a homestead among the tall pines.

As my father is not much of a carpenter, our log hut was not as nice as it might have been. It was made of logs which had not been hewn, and you could see the bark on the outside of the shanty. It consisted of two rooms, one which served for a bedroom and sitting-room combined and the other for a kitchen.

The door between these two rooms was so low that my father and mother had to stoop down to go through it. The floor of the bedroom or sitting room, which ever you may call it, was very slanting—so slanting, that if you sat in a rocking chair at one end of the room, and began to rock, you would soon find yourself down at the other end. The windows were so high up that I would have to stand on a chair to see out of them. We could lie in our beds at night and see the stars shining and twinkling through the wide open cracks, which we sometimes used to stuff up with rags.

We had two stoves burning, one near the head of our bed, and one in the kitchen. In the evening we placed our water pail near the stove and in the morning thick ice had taken the place of the clear, sparkling water. But in spite of all the inconveniences we had other pleasures. Not far from our hut was a small lake, which was called "Moen's Lake." The water in this lake could almost have served the purpose of a looking glass, it was so clear and sparkled like a diamond. Many kinds of fish inhabited this lake. There were bass, perch, sunfish and many other kinds.

Sometimes I would catch a little speckled perch by good luck, but that did not happen frequently. My father used to put a piece of meat on my hook and I would sit in the boat and watch it, hoping a fish would come along and take both the hook and the bait. We used to row up near the banks and look down by the roots of the trees, and watch the perch nibbling their food, which consisted of small bugs and other insects.

Our shanty and the lake were on a small place from which all the brush and pine had been cleared. All around us were large forests, inhabited by many wild animals. At night we could go out and hear the wolves howling, and see the dear little rabbits playing on the door steps. I had one for a playfellow quite a while.

We had a dog named Prince who lived with us on the homestead. He was a very good hunting dog and always liked to be in the woods looking for wild animals. The porcupines used to stick their sharp-pointed quills into the dog's flesh, making him suffer a great deal. These quills had to be taken out, and this hurt the poor dog very much.

Winter came and it seemed very lonely and gloomy. We had to stay in the house most of the time, because there was so much snow. One fine afternoon we started on a visit to one of our neighbors who lived about two miles from our hut. The little lake was frozen, and we might have gone across that which would have made the walk half a mile shorter. But the ladies were afraid to go across the ice, thinking it was not frozen as much as it could have been; so we went around by the road.

We visited there nearly all of the afternoon and then started homeward. On our way home we thought we would go across the ice, because we were rather tired and did not like to walk any more than possible. When we got out on the middle of the lake we heard a snap and a crack. What do you think it was? The ice had

broken and we were out on the middle of the lake. We thought that we might just as well go straight on as to turn and go back. So we went on, first one leg going in and then the other. The ice had thawed and frozen again, making a thin crust on the top, and under this the ice was frozen solid.

When we reached the shore our shoes were frozen around us, and we were cold and tired, but we trudged on and finally reached the shanty, tired and shivering. We ate our supper and went to bed early, sleeping soundly till morning.

Winter passed by and spring came with all of its beautiful flowers and berries. Almost every morning we used to go out and pick wintergreen berries and flowers. The arbutus, which we could see among the pine needles, looked like wax. We used to write letters to my sister on birch bark, which we peeled off from the trees.

There are many other incidents that I could relate, but I am afraid you are getting tired of my story.

My father soon sold the homestead, and so we returned to our home in Stevens Point, where we have lived ever since.

ADA H. MOEN—age 10.

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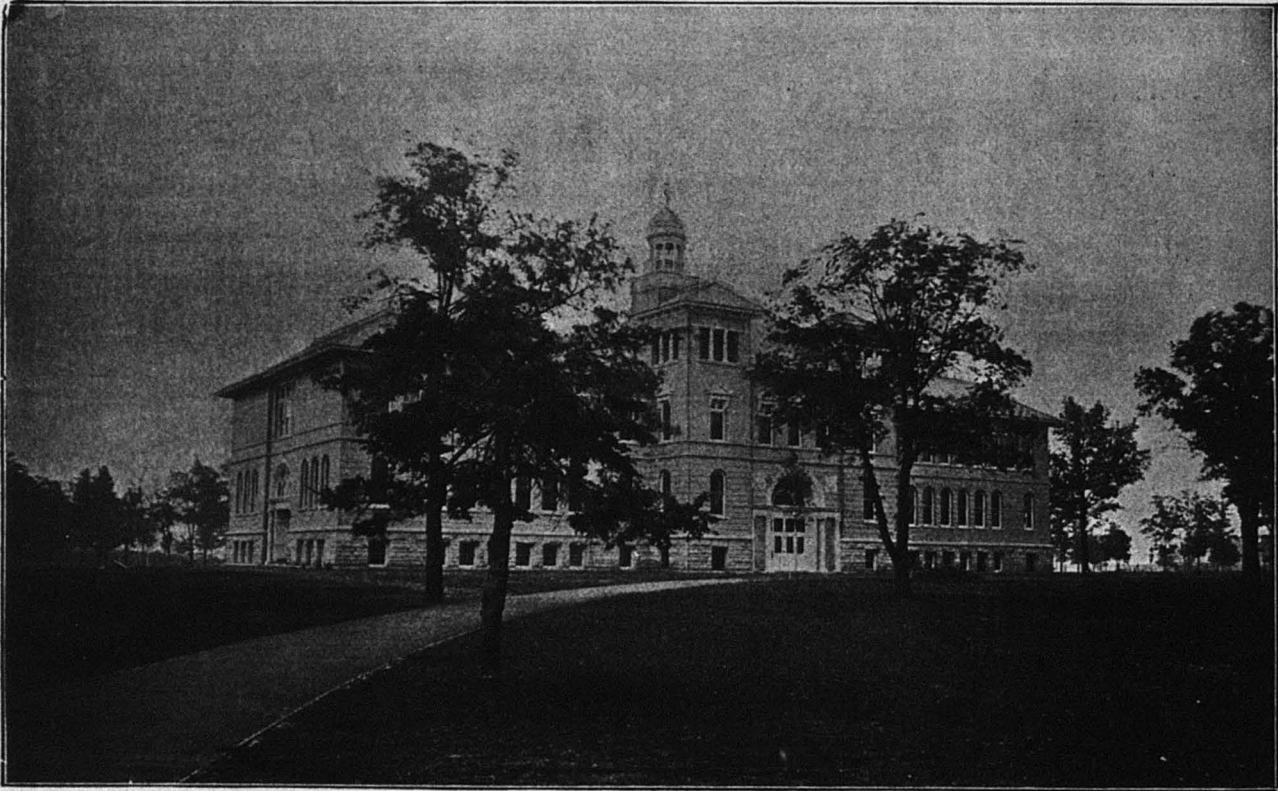
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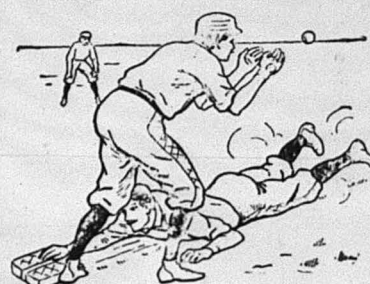
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