THE Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.

1898.

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STEVENS POINT, WIS.
LITERARY.

CONCORD AND HER LITERARY PEOPLE.

If there be any truth in the doctrine of heredity, Concord was destined from the first to become famous. The leader of the little band of men, who in 1635 settled there, was an ancestor of one whose name must always come into our thoughts at the mention of Concord—Emerson. After having lived for over two centuries and a half, this little city is not famous for her size or number of her inhabitants: for she can boast of only two principal streets, and between five and six thousand inhabitants. But, ah! she can boast of far more. Find another city that possesses as many famous localities and buildings immortalized not only by the deeds of men, but also by their pens.

At almost every turn there is some building, some body of water, or some hill, the sight of which sends the words or thoughts of one of her famous people hurrying into the mind of the passer-by: for the names of Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau have grown to become household words in every cultured family of America: while even the children at the mention of one name, Alcott, will cease their play. Her cemeteries are dotted with white tablets whereon are engraved the names of those who left as a legacy to the world the products of their highest thoughts and efforts: of those who laid down their lives that their countrymen might live in freedom.

Here it was— "the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

And when the monument, which is still standing, was erected in memory of these brave men, it was one of her citizens who stepped forward with the poem so well known to every true American.

Concord was a place of delightful rest for tired men and poets: for both love sunshine and trees, and these were abundant in this little city. "The lovely town was white with apple blooms,
And the great elms o'ertop,
Dark shadows move on their aerial boughs
Shot through with golden thread.
Across the meadow, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed."

The river, too, may well be called the Concord—the river of peace and quietness. It never has a vivacious aspect, except when a north-western breeze is vexing its surface on a sunny day. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow grass, and bathing the overhanging boughs of elder-bushes and willows, or the roots of elms, ash-trees and clumps of maples. In the bright light of a calm and golden sun-set it becomes lovely beyond expression; the more lovely for the quietude that so well accords with the hour when even the wind after blustering all day long usually hushes itself to rest. Each tree and rock, and every blade of grass, is distinctly imaged; and however unsightly in reality, assumes ideal beauty in the reflection.

"Plain living and high thinking," are the words which best express the life of this little city. Her people, simple in their habits, have yet made an intellectual center here: for at all times she has had some connections with literature, history, or politics.

Literature, however, has been most blessed by her. Some one has said that "Emerson is the poet whose inspiration has kindled so many souls; Hawthorne the romancer who has given the atmosphere to rude outlines of New England Homes; and Thoreau the Robinson Crusoe of Walden Pond."

Thoreau was the only one born there. He says one of his earliest recollections of Concord was of driving in a chaise with his grand-mother, along the shores of Walden Pond, and thinking that he should like to live there. The time came when his childish wish was fulfilled, and he spent two years and a half by this same little body of water, living a life of labor and study. It is now one of the most romantic and poetical regions about Concord, made so by his "Walden," the greater part of which he wrote by the side of the little pond whose name was to stand for something in the world, through him who had studied all the beauties of nature about her shores. On the spot where he lived there is a cairn of stones, daily visited by scores of people, most of whom add a stone taken from the shores of the water he loved so well.

Emerson and he were the best of friends. During a visit between an acquaintance of Mr. Emerson and the Thoreau family, the conversation turned on a lecture of Emerson's which had then been recently delivered in Concord. Thoreau's sister made the statement that her brother had in his diary the same thought Emerson had given them. This being questioned, the book was produced, and the idea found to be the same. The incident being reported to Emerson, he desired to make Thoreau's acquaintance. From this time the intimacy began, and Thoreau was at one time an inmate of Emerson's home for over two years.

Emerson was a man whom few men influenced. Among these few were Alcott and Thoreau. Alcott's psychological and physiological speculations interested him as an idealist. Thoreau, who analyzed everything, induced him to write more carefully.

The intimacy of Emerson and Thoreau was so close that there are those who can trace a resemblance between these two, giving as a reason this close union.
of thought. No doubt the constant meeting of these two friends did have an influence upon each other. It was so with all Concord's literary people. Alcott said he always thought of Thoreau whenever he looked at a sunset. "It was at that time that he usually walked down the village street under the arch of trees, with rays of the setting sun glinting through the branches." Emerson had his influence over Louise Alcott from a child. She was in the habit of going to his library when a girl to read. When about fifteen years old, she read Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. She admired Emerson to such a degree that she wished to be a Bettine, and imagined him to be her. Goethe. She wrote letters to him, but never sent them; dropped flowers on his door-step, and sang ballads under his window. Years afterwards she told him of this, and he asked to see the letters, which, however, she never gave to him. She said he did more for her than he ever knew—by the simple beauty of his life, the truth and wisdom of his books, the example of a great good man, untempered and unspoiled by the world which he made the better while in it, and left richer and nobler when he went." There seemed to be an outbreaking inspiration from him. Even Hawthorne, the least susceptible of men, found himself affected by him, and said: "It was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thoughts."

Not only did the thoughts of each of these people affect the other, but they had the same physical and natural surroundings to influence their writings. They lived in the same houses, and learned to love the same rooms, gardens and trees. The Old Manse had been built for Emerson's grand-father, and Emerson himself lived there for a short time when he first went to Concord. Hawthorne's later home, Wayside, was the house in which the Alcotts lived at one time; and in the house where Thoreau died, the Alcotts lived during the most successful years of Louise Alcott's career.

The Old Manse was Hawthorne's first home in Concord. One can scarcely think of the real existence of this picturesque old building which he has described to us. Yet in this same house he spent three of the happiest years of his life, the memories of which are entombed in the Mosses. That was his first home with the woman he had chosen to be his life-long companion. Going there with his heart overflowing with love, the first appearance of the Old Manse burst upon him with all its splendor. To use his own words: "The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the spiritual world; and the mosses of ancient growth upon the walls looked green and fresh, as if they were the newest things and after-thoughts of Time."

This picture was not without its lesson for him. "I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth the hoards of long hidden gold which people seek for in moss grown houses. I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should possess physical substance enough to stand alone." In the rear of the house in a snug little room described in his Mosses, he fulfilled this promise made on the day of his arrival. Here in the same room six years before, Emerson had written his Nature, and many other essays.

It has been said that during Hawthorne's residence at the Manse, he was not seen probably by more than a dozen of visitors.

"Solitude to him
Was blithe society who filled the air
With gladness and involuntary song."

"His walks easily avoided the town, and as he loved the water, a great part of his time was spent upon the river. Ellery Channing, who loved him, often accompanied him upon his solitary journeys. Hawthorne thus speaks of their friendship:

"It might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue to join me in a fishing excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were those when we cast aside all irksome forms and strait-laced habits, and delivered ourselves up to the free air. So, amid sunshine and shadow, rustling leaves and sighing waters, up gushed our talk like the babble of a fountain. The evanescent spray was Ellery's; and his, too, the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed and brightened both our faces by the reflection." Channing has not produced anything for himself of very great value, but his name will always live in the works of his Concord friends.

Hillside was once the home of the Alcotts, but when purchased by Mr. Hawthorne it was called Wayside. This name probably grew from the fact that when a young man, before gaining any literary fame, Hawthorne became very much discouraged, and in a letter to a friend speaks of sitting down by the "wayside of life." He evidently liked the idea of carrying this little sentiment through his more prosperous years. The place seems to be imbued with his character. One end of the house is covered with rose vines and woodbine, symbolizing the happier side of his character; but the dark pines in front speak of his serious thoughts and musing mind. Close beside the porch is a hawthorne tree which serves as a memorial to his name.

Wayside is now in the possession of Daniel Lothrop, the well known publisher. Mrs. Lothrop is the author of "Five Little Peppers and How they Grew." Thus this house still serves as a refuge for those who live in touch with its former inhabitants, even though they have not attained such high results.

The hill back of Wayside was a famous literary resort, and is called in literature Delectable Hill, and Mount of Vision. The description of Delectable Hill is given in Little Women, where they personated Pilgrims bearing their crosses. The Celestial City was represented to their heated imagination by a small pond which could be seen from the summit. Mrs. Hawthorne called it the Mount of Vision. There she used to watch the bent head and measured tread of her husband as he paced to and fro, his mind busy with the plan of some work which occupied all of his thoughts. No doubt but that the web of many a romance, which the world has never been permitted to see, has been spun here. At the edge of a tangle of
trees and underbrush on this hill, there are still traces of a favorite path of Hawthorne which "Nature as if by a secret sympathy with his genius has still left open." Along this path in Spring huddled pale blue violets, of a blue like unto his own eyes, and at death they greeted him in wide profusion as he was borne into Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, apparently in remembrance of his long walks among them at the wayside.

Hawthorne. Emerson and Alcott were all interested in Transcendentalism; although the former two did not carry it to the extent which Alcott did. Louise Alcott never understood her father, and was not in sympathy with his theories; but she loved him dearly, and thought him not appreciated for the good he tried to do. One of his theories was that he could propagate his ideas best by lectures. He gave them; but he was scarcely able to support his family from the amount realized.

Louise Alcott's life was one of love and sacrifice. Her money earned by teaching and writing, was spent to get the necessities of life for her dear ones. We find passages like these in her diary: "Kept their feet warm for another winter. Marmee can have a new shawl, etc." Her dream of success was not for fame or glory, but for the time when she could give her mother the peace and comforts of life which she desired and deserved.

Her first home in Concord was a little cottage, which is described in Little Women as Meg's first home. Afterwards they were able with some assistance from Emerson, to purchase Hillside. This is the home of Little Women, and where the happiest days of her life were spent. Still later they purchased another home in Concord called Orchard House. This is the home in which her mother and sister (the Beth of Little Women) died. She never liked the place; and when they sold it, she said she was glad to have the sale made; although the memories of twenty years clung around it.

Her books are founded on facts, the greater part of them being taken from her life at Concord. "Jack and Jill," especially, is nearly a true story. The scene is laid in Concord, and the characters were drawn from the Concord young people. This story was written at the time of her youngest sister's death in France. "Under the Lilacs" was written in the Old Orchard House during the spare hours she had while watching beside the bed of her mother, knowing that soon the dear one who was ever ready with words of encouragement, was soon to leave her to struggle alone.

Emerson was a near neighbor to the Alcotts. He lived in a square wooden house standing in a grove of pine trees which concealed the front and side from the gaze of the passer-by. Tall chestnut trees ornament the old fashioned yard, through which a road leads to a barn in the rear. A garden fills half an acre at the back, and has for years been famous for its roses. Here Thoreau was a daily visitor, and here Emerson wrote what the world needs—ideals.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country:" was not true of him. "Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world, beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto." On the day of his burial the houses on the road to the cemetery were draped with black" for he whose fame had gone out to the whole world was honored, loved, and lamented mostly in the village circle that surrounded his own home.

One would not think of leaving Concord without a visit to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Here in their last sleep are some of the greatest geniuses in Literature. Most of the marked graves are on the ridge. Hawthorne's grave is surrounded by a low hedge of arbor vitae, as if he sought in death the modest retirement which he loved in life. His epitaph consists only of his name on a plain white stone. The grave of Thoreau is just behind, with a common gray granite block. On the opposite side of the path is Emerson's grave, marked by a monument of beautiful pink quartz; and near him lies his little son, whose monument is Thorealty, modeled with his father's hands, and engraved with words out of the depths of his father's heart:

"The hyaethine boy, for whom Morn well might break and April bloom. The gracious boy who did adorn The world whereinto he was born, And by his conformance repay The favor of the living day, Has disappeared from the day's eye."

The Alcott family are also buried in this beautiful cemetery. Louise Alcott's body lies at the foot of her father's, mother's and sister's graves, that she might take care of them as she had done all her life. Thus at rest they carry out the ideas of their lives.

Edith Hamacker.

John is a ten year old boy, who indicates a disposition to become an artist. In this he is assiduously encouraged by his father. The lad has a box of paints, brushes, pencils, and plenty of rough paper. John's father is devoted to the theory of realism in art; and occasionally lectures his little boy on the duty of trying to represent things as he sees them.

"If you are always accurate, faithful, you will be always in the right way: Don't draw anything you don't see. Do you understand what I mean?" said the father recently.

"Yes, sir. I think I do."

Not long afterward John came to his father with his drawing pad. "Here's a picture of a pigeon, papa."

"Pigeon! I don't see any pigeon. Why, there is nothing but a straight line up and down, and two others niching it at right angles."

"Well, papa, that's the corner of the fence. The pigeon went around the corner just as I was going to begin. You told me not to draw anything I couldn't see!"

Student.

A few years ago when the steam tug was placed on the grand canal of Venice, to take the place of the picturesque gondola, the tourists complained, because they said, such modern improvements were out of place there. A more striking instance of the encroachment of modern ingenuity upon classic ground has recently come to notice. A short time ago when the feast of Saint Cecilia, the patron saint of music, was celebrated in Rome, the Catacombs of Saint Callixtus, which are located just outside the Porta San Sebastiano on the Appian Way, and in which Saint Cecilia was buried in 177, A.D. were brilliantly lighted by means of thousands of incandescent lights.
EDITORIAL.

The blue pencil mark through this article is to call your attention to the fact that your subscription is as yet unpaid. This fact may cause you some surprise. While endeavoring to fulfill all your duties, you have neglected or overlooked this obligation. Will you not kindly attend to it at once?

Those who take charge of the distribution of the Pointers in the school have lately suffered much inconvenience from the failure of some students to call for their papers at the appointed time. Please see to it that you call or send for your paper and thus save someone the trouble of hunting you up and giving it to you. It would not be so much trouble if you were the only one, but remember that while "you are only one, yet you are one," and every one counts, whether in finals or in the distribution of papers.

The large and constantly increasing number of applications for practice work has necessitated a change of plans in the teaching and resulted in the "partnership system." In this the teachers work in pairs, each pair having charge of a class. One member teaches while the other observes and criticizes him. Each makes out his plans and prepares his daily lesson, as heretofore, not knowing when he is to teach or when to observe until the hour for recitation arrives. While each teacher may not be able to carry out his own plans as fully as under the old method, he now has the opportunity of seeing how his colleague meets the same conditions with which he has been struggling, and can profit by the success or failure of his partner. The supervision is the same as ever, and no doubt the same careful work will be done by the practice teachers under the new system.

Probably nothing is more talked about and dreaded by the students of this school than the quarterly examinations by which their progress is measured. Immediately before and during examinations we can see young men and young women, whom we suppose to be strong and healthy, with nervous and fretful looks upon their faces. They are worried, they are excited—indeed, they are frightened, for they well know that much of their future course depends upon the percentage they receive in the present examination. We see that these young people are working with greater zeal and effort than during any other time of the term, and that they are bound to make their goal by not overlooking even the slightest details. They are earnest and faithful in their work, but their mental condition is then such that it is an almost utter impossibility to acquire any knowledge. Fatigue and nervousness are the only results, and when the examinations come these are indeed the most undesirable companions to have at hand.

Is it necessary that these conditions exist? Must we have this quarterly nervousness which breaks down body and mind? If so, why?

To us it seems there is something radically wrong and that these conditions can and must be changed early. It is a serious problem, and one which may be difficult to solve, but, where there is a will, there is a way. The will, both on the part of the students and teachers, is certainly here, and we think therefore that the way is quite clear. The teachers should, at the beginning of each term, place before the students the aim which they wish them to accomplish, and both teachers and students should keep this aim in mind throughout the term. The teachers should then plan the course so that the bulk of the work will come during the first rather than the last part of the term. This seems necessary for several reasons. It gives the students a chance to reflect over the term's work, gives them a chance to rationalize the subjects under consideration, and brings the students to the examinations in a rested rather than in a fatigued condition.

Although we are not disposed to dictate what shall be done, yet we earnestly entreat the heart: co-operation of teachers and students in obliterating the present conditions and in directing all efforts into such channels that will yield more fruit and less nervous strain. —M.
THE NORMAL POINTER.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE ROBIN.

In the early Spring, while the snow is yet lying on the ground in all but the sunniest places, you must have heard on some bright morning the joyous notes, "Cheer up! cheer up!" They impress you as coming from a sturdy throat as well as from a heart that is thoroughly convinced that the year's awakening has arrived. You are interested to know who this optimist may be, and you will not find him making any claim to secrecy. In the top-most bough of some leafless cottonwood, or on some bare post surrounded by snow-drifts, you will see him bravely and confidently chanting his re-assuring notes. Two or three blackbirds may be watching him askance, or a crow may croak out a few discouraging "aww," but for the most part he is alone. He is, however, not in the least abashed or doubtful. Later in the season this lack of bashfulness is shown still more. Then look out for your cherry trees and currant bushes, for the robin, while he is fond of the worms and slugs that cross his path, likes to vary his diet by an occasional meal of fruit. But while Mr. Robin, perched high on some laden bough eats his fill and saucily chatters away, consider that he is only drawing his pay for those solos in the Spring, when amid the cold and snow he chanted happily and confidently, "Cheer up! cheer up! Summer's to come! cheer up!"

THE GRAY PINE.

The gray pine is usually found upon the lightest and poorest of sandy soils. It is a small tree. The largest ones rarely reach a height of more than thirty feet, and are about a foot in diameter. The trunk and branches are covered with a rough scaly gray bark which flakes off easily. The branches grow almost horizontally from the tree, and the ends of all their twigs are covered with short needle-like, dark green leaves. The cones which this tree bears when fully grown and yet filled with seeds, are of slender ovoid shape. When the scales loosen to liberate the seeds, the scales stand out from the stem of the cone in such a way as to make the cone appear almost round. I have sometimes noticed in Spring the fertile and sterile blossoms, the tender green cones, fresh brown cones that had not yet lost the seed, brown cones just opened, and old gray cones which looked as though they had been on the branch for several years.

A. P.

Attention has lately been called to the investigation of Dr. G. S. Hall, president of Clark University, on the things that most arouse fear. Taking the subjects broadly, it appeared that out of 298 classes of objects dreaded by 1,707 individuals, thunder and lightning were the ones creating the greatest alarm and anxiety. And yet, as pointed out by one of the electrical journals, a thunder storm might compare with Mr. John Bright's express train as the safest thing on earth to be in. Records have been carefully kept of accidents and deaths from lightning stroke or thunderbolt, and they are apparently on the decline, the period 1890-98 showing only 193 deaths a year for the whole United States. On the other hand, 200 people are drowned in New York city every year, 150 are burned or scalded to death, and 500 die from falls of various kinds. It is the rarest thing in the world, literally, for any one of Greater New York's citizens to be killed by the lightning, and yet when a thunder storm invades this region most of the three million inhabitants are decidedly fearful and uncomfortable. The statistics show that, in respect of immunity from accident by lightning, the modern city is infinitely safer than the open country.—Scientific American.

It has so long been the custom to have the school exercise boards black, that any other color would seem out of place. Yet it is highly probable that in the near future the so-called "black boards" will be done away with, while more pleasing and more hygienic exercise boards take their place. For, from time immemorial it has been a fact of common knowledge, even among uneducated people, that black is the worst of colors for the eyes. Those who have made a special study of school-room hygiene, state that the best color for such boards is some shade of cream white, which may be varied in degree of whiteness to suit the quantity and quality of light. The crayons for such exercise boards, for ordinary daily use, should be a clear sky-blue color; the extra colors a canary orange and a clear dark green.

A year ago, when the young Italian, Marconi, placed before the British post office department his instruments for wireless telegraphy, it was thought that several years would be required before this new method could be perfected enough to be put into practical use. But this estimate seems to have been too large, for we learn from the Scientific American that a supply company of New York city is about to introduce an apparatus for wireless telegraphy.

The instruments which are to be used are in many ways similar to those of Marconi, but they have undergone several improvements which will enable them to transmit messages to a distance of ten miles with accuracy. Changes have also been made with a view to condensing them into a more convenient shape for practical purposes.

For some time the pith of the elder has been the lightest substance known, but lately it has been found that the pith of the common sunflower is over three times as light as the elder pith and eight times as light as cork. This advantage, together with the cheapness of the material, will, in the future, make the sunflower pith a strong rival of cork in life-saving inventions.

The extent to which American manufactures are used in foreign countries is well shown by the following statement, taken from a scientific paper: "On a trolley line in Birmingham, Eng'and, the rails are made in Pittsburg; the ears in Philadelphia; the boilers in Erie; the engines in Milwaukee; and the electric fittings in Schenectady."

A resolution has been introduced into the House of Representatives appropriating $20,000 for the representation of the United States at the International Fisheries Exposition, to be held at Bergen, Norway, from May to September of next year.
LOCAL.

GENERAL.

Prof. Comstock, the astronomer from the University of Madison, delivered the sixth, and supposedly the last number of the lecture course, Thursday, Feb. 10th. But financially, as well as otherwise, such success has attended the lectures as to permit another addition, which will be a lecture on “The Last Great Hero of the Civil War,” by Prof. Freeman of the University.

Prof. Comstock’s lecture was both entertaining and instructive, its excellency being enhanced by the exhibition of numerous lantern slides with the stereopticon. On the subject of his lecture—“Life in Other Worlds,” Mr. Comstock holds opinions of his own which he presented in such a manner as to be both clear and reasonable to the auditors. According to his views, the chances for life in other worlds are few.

The lecture created much interest as was manifested by the questioning which followed.

By the request of the committee, Mr. Comstock kindly consented to read his ingenuous paper, “A Semi-Scientific Treatise on Ghosts,” which was all that the title suggests.

The closed assembly room, the occasional suspicious-looking rolls, the resounding halls, the trembling forms, have long heralded the existence of the ambitious orators who revolutionized the world, February 8th, at the annual contest. The contest was a success in every way, and not one of the contestants can doubt the benefit of the training received from Professors Teeple and McCaskill, who had charge of the composition and elocution respectively.

Following is the program carried out:

Piano Solo
Miss Grace Corcoran
Victories of Peace
W. O. Hotchkiss
Puritan and Cavalier
Ira O. Hubbard
Saranano Solo
Miss Alice Gross
John Brown: The Man
Arnold L. Gesell
Individual Liberty
Geo. A. McGinnity
Violin Solo
Marion Vosburgh
Because the May-Flower Sailed Away
Genevieve McDill
The Twentieth Century American
Arthur E. Dawes
Solo
Miss Olive Miller
The Mission of the Destructive Reformer
Bert J. Cassels
The Destiny of Our Country
Harry J. Mortensen
Piano Solo
Miss Katharine Pray

After a momentous suspense, R. C. Rounds, as president of the oratorical association, announced the decision of the judges, which gave Bert Cassels, of Tomah, the crown of olive. He won an easy victory, receiving three “firsts” in his delivery which has strength and power. He will be a worthy representative of our school at the Inter-Normal Contest which takes place at Platteville, March 18th.

Necessity is the mother of organization.” Such was the case, at least, when in ages not very remote, there arrived in the President’s office a letter addressed to “The Chairman of the Junior Class.” In vain was the personage looked for, and a meeting was called to establish one who might disclose the contents of the letter to the class which waited in anxious expectation.

Following are the elected officers: Will. Culver, president; Ina Fenwick, vice president; Elsie King, secretary and treasurer. (it was thought the duties involved in the latter office were not too great to hinder the union.) Therefore, be it understood, that the Junior Class is an organized body, ready to defend its rights. Beware!

The letter contained a challenge from the Junior Class of the Oshkosh Normal for a debate with our class to be held at Oshkosh some time next Spring. The question was voted upon, the challenge accepted. At a later meeting, after much casting of ballots, the following were elected to represent the class of ’99: Ira Hubbard, Louise Duvé, W. H. Fuller. Watch for developments!

“The Analogy Between Art and Literature,” was the subject of the lecture by Prof. W. M. R. French, president of the Art Institute, Chicago. The analogy he developed in an interesting way, illustrating all his points with his other “organ” of speech, the crayon, whose “wit and wisdom,” was very expressive. The skill with which, by a few flourishes and touches, he made a blank piece of paper a living picture was remarkable, and held the audience that filled the room in suspense, bringing forth frequent applause. Mr. French as an artist, is a master in pictorial illustration; and this, with his pleasing manner, and easy conversational style in speaking, interspersed with frequent jets of sharp, witty remarks, made his lecture the most entertaining number that has appeared on our list. It is hoped that some time he may speak and draw for us again.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held Tuesday evening February 8, the following officers were elected for the remainder of the year:

Pres.—P. Laurence Pease.
V. Pres.—W. W. Culver.
Sec'y.—N. H. Dimond.
Treas.—John Ames.
Executive Com.—Prof. Culver, chairman. Frank Springer, and Roy Beach.
Base Ball Mgr.—John Lees.
Base Ball Coach—Will. Fuller.
Field Day Manager—Prof. Swift.
Field Day Coach—H. O. Manz.

Wm. Owen, the brilliant young actor, gave an interesting talk on Dramatic Art, at opening exercises, discussing it from an historical point of view and as an educational feature of great value if rightly pursued. He followed his talk by a masterly recitation of Hamlet’s First Soliloquy, and of Queen Mab’s Speech in Romeo and Juliet. Both were well received.

While in the city, Mr. Owen presented Lytton’s Richleau, and three of the best known Shakespearean dramas—Hamlet, Othello, and The Merchant of Venice. Many Normal students and teachers who were in attendance, praised his acting very highly.

R. G. Boon, president of the Ypsilanti, Michigan, Normal, spent a day with us in visiting classes. Thursday morning, February 10th, he spoke at opening exercises on what a Normal school should mean to its students—that it differs radically from the Academy or College, or University, where studies are pursued purely for the sake of knowledge, while Normal students
should bear in mind that they pursue a subject not as scholars, but as possible teachers of that subject. The talk although a short one, was full of good sense.

The following is a list of ——, which we cannot name, although there is a name boldly standing out in each one. The names of the genius and his accomplice who compiled them and put them into the collection box are not appended:

- The Best President.
- Jokes With Literature.
- A Historic Specialist.
- Can Easily Command.
- Grave Enthusiastic Chemist.
- Masters Every Technicality.
- Views Every Microbe.
- Imparts Accurate Education.
- Juggles Various Calculations.
- Minimizes Vocal Mistakes.
- Great Long Themes.
- Scientific Linguist.
- Edeils Et Sapiens.
- Easily Judges Senses.
- Methods Discreetly Balanced.
- Justifies Mr. Whitney.

The report of the general library for the month of December shows the total issue of books to have been 1,874. The library was open seventeen days, giving an average daily issue of 110 volumes. During the month of January the library was open twenty-four days, the average daily issue being 94 volumes. The decrease from the previous month was due probably to the examinations which were held the latter part of the month.

The Normal Forum elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter. last Friday evening: John Lees, president; H. O. Manz, vice president; Bert Cassels and R. C. Rounds, program committee; Herm. Fischer, secretary; Martin Nelson, treasurer; A. J. Lattan, usher.

The attractiveness of the Reading room has been enhanced by the addition of a beautiful new oak case for the accommodation of the current magazines, where every one now has a corner of its own and needs no longer to trespass upon its neighbor's territory.

The drawing desks were spread, and the walls of No. 28 adorned with master-pieces of art, for a social gathering of the Sketch Club which took place there the evening of February 11th. The usual pleasantly artistic time is reported.

Some members of the General History Class have been laboring under the difficulty of not knowing whether Marius carried on his persecutions by means of the prescription or subscription list.

The Arena elected the following officers, last Friday night: Nellie Nelson, president; E. M. Gilbert, vice president; Harry Porter, secretary; Anna Kjorstad, treasurer; Hugh Dimond, usher.

The Geography Lyceum elected the following officers Monday evening: President, Will Hotchkiss; vice president, Victoria Logan; secretary, Will Smith; treasurer, Minnie Wood.

Prof. Sanford, in continuance of his usual hospitality entertained the Political Economy Class at an evening party at his home, Jan. 21st. It need not be said that a good time was enjoyed by all.

Eddy Ford, who finished the elementary course last year, has accepted the position of teacher in the Oakdale school of the Amidon District.

R. C. Rounds was elected president of the Oratorical Association, the vacancy being caused by the withdrawal of Miss Smith.

President Pray gave a reception to the Senior Class at his home, January 19th. An entertaining time is reported.

J. J. Fernholz has withdrawn to teach as principal of the Cranford schools. He writes: "Veni, vidi, vici."

J. C. Fruit enjoyed a short visit with Allan Pray at Medford, stopping at Marshfield on his way.

The number of new students who entered at the beginning of the quarter is about twenty-five.

Prof. Livingston has been conducting institutes at Kingston and Plover.

Edith Hamacker has returned to take post graduate work.

F. J. Thompson and Miss Ada Lewis have withdrawn.

Side-Tracked.

"Note-books impair his memory," a quotation from Emerson's Self-Reliance.

"Why was the year 100 important in Caesar's life?" "He was born then."

Mr. M——l (not a member of the Sketch Club, evidently.) — "Say! who broke Victory's head off?"

After seeing the masonic procession pass: — Did you see him? He had such a white knap-sack on, to !"  

A wise question, by a Normalite: — "Do you get a life certificate for five years on finishing the elementary course?"

Another: — "Do you have morning exercises at noon, too?"

Another: — "How many halves does a basket-ball team play?"

Mr. M——t—n. in the oratorical meeting, while discussing who should be on the jury: — "Well, I want a woman!"

An innocent remark, overheard: — "If you want to be cured of bashfulness go into the Review Reading Class." Sound logic!

The Model Department pupil after hearing a learned discussion in general history from her teacher: — "Say, Miss Faddis, is a Latin an animal, or what is it?"

After Bob. Fitzsimmons had come through Steven Point: — "Did you see Fitz at the depot?"

Practice teacher in Lady of the Lake: — "Who, Fitz-James;"

Prof. — "Describe the muscular system in the Hydra."

Student — "The muscular system in the hydra is very complicated; so complicated that we don't know anything about it."
ATHLETIC.

The first basketball game in the history of the Stevens Point Normal occurred Tuesday evening, Jan. 25, in the gymnasium. The gallery was filled with about three hundred fifty interested spectators, waiting to see which team would carry off the honors. Two games were played—one between two teams of young ladies and the other between the Normal team and Phi Beta Psi.

At seven o'clock the young ladies took their positions on the floor. They had divided the school colors between them, one team taking purple, the other gold. The purples played for the north basket and the gold for the south basket. Both teams played a snappy game from start to finish. After playing for about ten minutes, Laura Burce succeeded in making a basket from the field. The purples determining not to be outdone, soon made a goal from the field. At the end of the first half the score was 2 to 2.

After five minutes rest the young ladies again took their places on the floor, each side determined to win. They did excellent work in their half. Miss Burce made a basket from the field making the score 4 to 2 in favor of the gold. The ball was thrown up at the center again, the purples increased their energies, and Miss King soon made a basket from the field, tying the score. In a few seconds time was called for second half, score being 4 to 4.

The two teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Purple</th>
<th>Gold</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Miss Peterson, Capt.</td>
<td>Miss Riedenback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss King, Capt.</td>
<td>Miss Burce, Capt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Wiesner, guard</td>
<td>Miss Dangers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Erickson, r. forward</td>
<td>Miss Ogden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Hebard, l. forward</td>
<td>Miss Pope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Martens, r. back</td>
<td>Miss Martin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Overby, l. back</td>
<td>Miss Muir</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Goals from field—King 2, Burce 2.
Referee—Mortensen; umpires, Holman and Hotchkiss; timekeeper, Lees.

The young ladies all played a strong game. The playing of Miss Riedenback and Miss Peterson at center was especially good. They were always in the right place at the right time. The defensive work of Misses Dangers and Wiesner at guards was excellent.

At 7:30 the boys lined up for their game. The Phi Beta Psi threw for the north basket and the Normals for the south basket. Each team had been practicing hard for about a month for this game and both were anxious to see the results of their training. There was considerable excitement among the students over the contest. Prof. McCaskill tossed the ball up in the center and the game commenced. The teams had not played long before each recognized the strength of its opponent and realized that it would be a close contest.

After about ten minutes playing Roseberry made a basket from the field. Score, 2 to 0 in favor of the Normals. The ball was tossed up in the center and after a few minutes hot playing Waterbury made a basket from the field. Score, 2 to 2. Time was then called for the first half without either side scoring again.

After five minutes rest the teams again took their position on the floor. The Normals threw for the north basket and the Phi Beta Psi for the south basket. Each team played its best in this half as both were fully determined to win. Holt first made a basket from a free throw, making the 3 to 2 in favor of the Normals. Then Lees made three baskets from free throws, resulting in the final score of 5 to 3 in favor of the Phi Beta Psi. Each team did exceptionally good work considering the time that they have been practicing. The Normals, as a result of their longer period of practice, did the best team work, but they were excelled in individual work by their opponents. In the last half the Phi Beta Psi's played a much faster game than the Normals. The playing of Holman and Roseberry for the Normals was good. Waterbury of the opposing team put a strong game at forward. Smith at guard did excellent playing, the small score of the Normals being largely due to his work. The result of the game was a surprise to some, others had a faint hope of winning, but did not dare put forth any claims to the game.

The line-up was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Normals</th>
<th>Phi Beta Psi</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Holman</td>
<td>Gilbert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holt, Capt.</td>
<td>basket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Culver</td>
<td>Lees</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Capt.</td>
<td>forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roseberry, r. forward</td>
<td>Hotchkiss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bradford</td>
<td>l. forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waterbury</td>
<td>Waterbury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, r. back</td>
<td>back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pease, l. back</td>
<td>Manz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Referee—McCaskill; umpires, Mortensen and Porter; timekeeper, Rounds.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Baskets from field, Waterbury 1, Roseberry 1; baskets from free throws, Hull 1, Lees 3.

After the game an informal reception was held in the gymnasium, the Juniors being the hostess. A grand march and old-fashioned games were the features of the evening's entertainment. At ten o'clock the students began to wend their way homeward, all feeling that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Normal Basketball tournament opened auspiciously on Saturday Feb. 5, before a crowd of 250 people. Two games were played, one between teams composed of young ladies; the other between young men. The first game was very exciting, although the score stood 8 to 3 in favor of the Yellows. The line-up was:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>REDS</th>
<th>WHITES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burce, Capt.</td>
<td>Basket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ogden, Forward</td>
<td>Captain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pope, Forward</td>
<td>Meek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roseberry, Center</td>
<td>Lee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muir, Guard</td>
<td>Dawes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, Guard</td>
<td>Davis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Buskirk, Back</td>
<td>Logan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Referee—Prof. McCaskill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umpires—Miss Crawford and John Lees.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The second game, between teams captained by Harry Mortenson and Fred. Thoms was closely contested, the score being 8 to 8 when time was up. Play was continued until one side should make two points, which was easily done by Fred. Thoms on free throws. The line up was:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RIVALS</th>
<th>WHITES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thoms, Capt.</td>
<td>Basket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angus, Forward</td>
<td>Krembs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holt, Jr.</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brennan, Center</td>
<td>Houk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Werner, Back</td>
<td>Lattion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Karnopp, Back</td>
<td>Falek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leonard, Guard</td>
<td>Manley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Referee—McCaskill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umpires—Roseberry and Holman.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
EXCHANGES.

ADVICE.
If you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down;
Make it short and crisp and snappy,
Boil it down;
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.
Take out every surplus letter,
Boil it down;
Fewer syllables the better,
Boil it down;
Make your meaning plain—express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, 'ere you address it,
Boil it down.
Boil out all the extra trimmings,
Boil it down;
Skim it well, then skim the skimmings—
Boil it down;
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence in two,
Send it on and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

A man who is all reason with no imagination and sentiment is like a marble statue, magnificent to behold, striking because unnatural, but of little practical use to the present-day world. A man all imagination and sentiment with no reason, is like a tiny vase of flowers, fit for ornament now, but of little lasting value. A combination of the three is a common sense man who lives and moves among his fellow men with power to control self and direct others. He is a vital source in the progress of the race.—Index.

Hi Water’s Mitteris.
He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side, fur side, inside—
That’s why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside.
Why he turned them inside outside.
I noticed she was pretty,
I tho’t she smiled at me;
And after I had passed her,
I turned my head to see.
A piece of a banana peel,
My careless feet beguiled;
I cracked the curbstone with my head,
And then I knew she smiled.

A candidate for admission was given the list of questions asked in the last examination in Phonics and told to answer the first three. Not content with airing so little of his knowledge, he tried the fifth, which read, “Discuss pitch, giving examples of selections to be read in different pitches.” “Pitch is a sticky fluid obtained from pine, hemlock, spruce, and tamarack trees.”

Witty Translations.
(IN GERMAN.)

Er trat an dem Tisch.
Translation—“He trotted on the table.”
Er setzte sich an dem Tisch.
Trans—“He sat on the table.”
Er machte die Thur auf.
Trans—“He knocked the door down.”

“Oh! my friends, there are some spectacles which one never forgets,” said a lecturer after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. “I’d like to know where they sell them,” said an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.—Tit-bits.

The true way to be humble is not to stoop until thou art smaller than thyself, but to stand at thy real height against some higher nature that shall show thee what the real smallness of thy greatest greatness is.—Phillips Brooks.

Professor—“Can you remember that figure I put on the board? Is it thinkable, or simply the creation of a distorted brain?”

Student: “I think that is a pretty good description.”

“What name is sometimes given to the study of Zoology?”

Mr. N., recalling what she thought to be an old term—“Bugology.”

Never hold anyone by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—Chesterfield.

“O, for some place
’Neath heaven’s blue dome
Where examinations
Never were known.”

Nearly every Senior you meet counts off on his fingers the number of essays, theses, orations and notebooks he must write up this quarter. Same here.

A grave digger, after digging a grave for a man called Button, sent the following bill to the sorrowing widow: To making one Buttonhole. $1.00.

“Modern Maxim: If thou gettest a zero at one recitation, bewail it not, but bestir thyself that thou mayest receive a four at the next.”

“Better is he that taketh four studies and joineth a literary society, than he that taketh five and hath no time for lectures.”

Some persons have the distressing habit of talking in their sleep: and others while they’re awake.

When writing for the paper use a pen instead of a paint brush, but whatever you use, write.
The two divisions of the grade history side tracked from the common every-day routine recitation one day last week to indulge in a friendly debate.

Question:—Resolved. That the capture of Cornwallis's army was of more importance than the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

Mr. Beach's class had the affirmative and was represented by Ida Wavrunek, Arthur Bliss and Henry Halverson.

Mr. Harrison's class took the negative and was represented by Milo Cooper, Fred Walker and Mamie Huff. Misses Rrewster, Fox and Helard acted as judges. The verdict was given in favor of the negative, but surely both sides won, as you would have guessed had you seen how well these young debaters appeared before the audience. The ability to appear before an audience and think and talk at the same time is no mean accomplishment for student or statesman. W. H.

Last Friday evening the boys of the 8th Grade Reading Club, chaperoned by their teacher, Mr. Pease, gave a sleigh ride to the following girls: Olgia Boreson, Sadie Vanbuskirk, Eliza Lamoreux, Pearl West, Minnie Nelson, Zilla Forest, Birdie Porter, Anna Clark, Ellida Niven and Katherine Clements. They drove to Plover, and although the weather was cold the event was an enjoyable one.

Intermediate Girl—We are going to study phonics now.
Big Sister—What are phonics?
Intermediate Girl—Something about Physiology. I don't know just what.

The children of the Primary department were given a Valentine party by Miss Faddis Saturday, February 11. At two o'clock the children gathered in the gymnasium and by half-past two the parents and friends who were invited had arrived. The children were first engaged in playing games arranged by Miss Faddis, after which they formed for a march and went up stairs to their own department. They found the room beautifully trimmed for the occasion with autumn leaves, pictures and flowers. When they were all seated a valentine song was given by Kittie Townsend, after which refreshments were served consisting of sandwiches, fruit, hot lemonade and candy. While they were eating Reginald Weller appeared dressed as a postman recited and distributed the valentines that the children had made for one another and their practice teachers. They were their own design and the arrangement was very well done.

As the guests looked in the faces of the happy children they could not help but enjoy the party with them and they, as well as the children, went away feeling that the valentine party had been in every way a success.

Out of a snow-cloud cold and gray
Something dropped on St. Valentine’s day
Whirling and twirling, soft and bright.
Like little wee letters, all dainty and white.
And I guess the sky children were sending down
Their valentines straight to the children in town.
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Brown St.  FLORIST.
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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Fourth Quarter begins April 12, 1898.
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Dr. Jesse Smith,
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