

the NORMAL ORDER



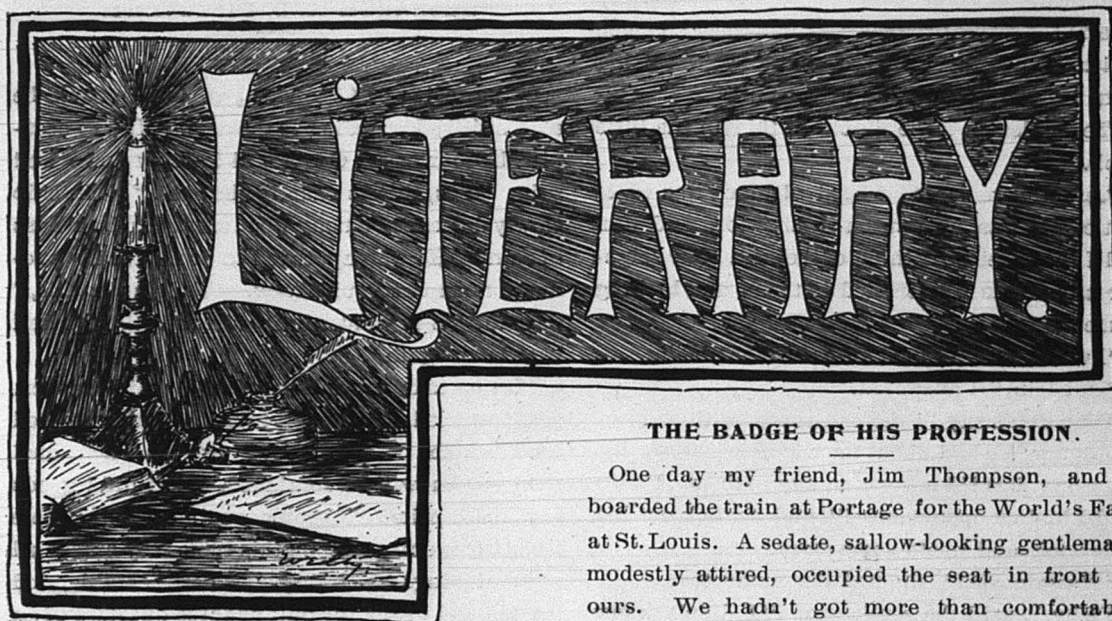
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Vol. XI.

Stevens Point, Wis., October 15, 1905.

No. 1.



OPENING ODE.

Fling forth our banner! the year's breaking
o'er us,
Gilding the future with glittering gold;
Yond' rise the ranges of hope, yet before us,
Capped with pale peaks of the promise foretold

Fling forth our flag! let it flash, let it flutter!
May its bright colors guide each to the goal!
Symbol of song that the soul cannot utter,
Bright as its folds may the future unroll!

Days that have died with our banner above them
Rest 'neath the mound of the dead past to-day;
Days in our school! how sincerely we love
them!

Days full illumed by fond memory's ray!

From the dim vistas of time yet before us,
Flames the fair gleams of the Purple and Gold!
Raised to the height, yet still streaming o'er us,
Brightly our banner shall shine as of old!

THE BADGE OF HIS PROFESSION.

One day my friend, Jim Thompson, and I boarded the train at Portage for the World's Fair at St. Louis. A sedate, sallow-looking gentleman, modestly attired, occupied the seat in front of ours. We hadn't got more than comfortably settled before he turned to us and said:

"I wonder how that place happened to be called Portage?"

Jim and I were only farmers; so the idea that there was any special reason for the name had never occurred to us. In answer to our puzzled expressions he explained:

"Why, you know there are ever so many places that have a reason for their names: Kentucky, for instance, means 'dark and bloody ground,' and Minnehaha means 'laughing water,' etc. Do you know the population of this town?"

Jim did happen to know that, and the gentleman recorded the number in a notebook.

Between Portage and Milwaukee we passed several large fields of beets. The gentleman in front of us had, evidently, never seen a large field of beets before. He looked, and looked, putting his head out of the window to look back after we had passed the first field. Then he turned to us again with the inquiry:

"Can you tell me what crop that is we just passed?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "those are sugar beets."

"O, is that so!" he exclaimed. I have read of sugar beets, but I never had a chance to see any before. Are there many raised in this state?"

"No, not so very many yet," Jim obligingly explained, "but it promises to be quite an industry here in the future; the farmers find them so much easier to raise than tobacco, that they are raising them instead to quite an extent now."

The gentleman made a note of this in his little book.

Presently we passed a herd of black and white cattle. It was an unusually fine lot, and Jim and I remarked something of the sort. Our neighbor seemed much interested in them, and looking at me he said:

"I wonder what breed of cattle that is?"

"Holstein," I answered.

"You don't say!" he exclaimed with evident delight. "We had about them in Agriculture the other day, but I'd never seen any of them. I'm so glad I had an opportunity!" and he took out his little book and wrote some more.

"Wawatoosie!" shouted the conductor.

"Why," said the gentleman, "I didn't know that that is the way to pronounce the name of this city. I supposed it to be Wauwa-foe-sa."

Jim and I said we guessed the conductor was right; that was the way we always pronounced it.

After changing cars at Milwaukee we lost sight of our companion. Jim and I wondered what his business could be; his interest had seemed so general, we couldn't imagine.

One day as we were strolling thru the Japanese Exhibit at the Fair, whom should we run across but our curious acquaintance, note-book in hand, alternately questioning the attendant, and taking notes.

"Hello!" said Jim, as though he were an old acquaintance, "what kind of a time are you having?"

"Glorious! Glorious!" was the enthusiastic rejoinder. "I can hardly wait till I get back to the Normal again! I have gathered such a fund of information that I mean to utilize in school

this year!" and turning again to the attendant; as though loath to lose a moment of the precious time, he resumed his interrogatories.

"A Normal Student!" said Jim as we passed on. "We weren't half bright, were we?"

ELLEN HAMMOND.

RESEARCH AND DISCOVERY.

IVY M. ROGERS.

In the spring of 4780 A. D., an airship could be seen swiftly descending to the earth. It was occupied by four men. One gazed intently down and said, "Yes, this is exactly the spot." The ship slowly descended among what seemed to be a mass of ruins. He who appeared to be the leader produced a map and guidebook. "Judging by this," he said, "it is yonder heap of ruins that we had best investigate."

"Let us take nourishment first," said another, and produced eight small tablets of concentrated food which he distributed two to each one. "Do you know," he continued, "that old legends say these primitive people sat at a long table three times daily. Upon this table they placed all sorts of things which they considered eatable, and feasted and drank for half or three quarters of an hour. About one half the entire time of the females was spent in preparing and clearing away these three daily feasts."

"It has been scientifically demonstrated," said another, "that the stomach of man at that time, held about three pints; and considering the amount they were obliged to eat to get sufficient nourishment, it is not at all surprising."

"We must hasten," said the leader, "for we have only a short time to make our investigations and start back to Mars."

They adjusted their wings and flew to the largest pile of ruins, about half a mile away. They reached it and in a few moments had put together what seemed to be a combination of a jointed plow and a drill. To this they attached a small storage battery and guided it into the ruins. It quickly forced its way into the heap throwing bricks, dirt, stones and other debris to right and left. The men followed in its path and suddenly

found themselves in what seemed to have been a large room or series of rooms. The battery was detached and connected with a huge ball of platinum which glowed brilliantly and lighted up the entire room.

"This," said the leader, "is what was known to the ancients as a store. In it were kept all things which were then considered as necessities and luxuries. I am certain this is one of the very largest which ever existed as these are the ruins of one of their largest cities. An old myth says that the small body of water which we saw some distance from here was once one of the largest of inland waters, and that the southern end of it reached to this city. The long strip of stone to the east of here was built by the ancients as a driveway along the shore of this body of water. Horses were used to haul a kind of rude conveyance up and down this driveway, and every seventh day, which was given to rest and pleasure, many hundreds could be seen moving slowly up and down this stone road."

The men now separated and began a tour of inspection. Many things they saw of which they had heard and read; but many more they saw which sorely puzzled them. The days were very short upon the earth; and at night they met again at the airship each laden with many curios. They placed them in the ship, directed it to their own planet, and settled down to a discussion of what they had found. One of them produced a peculiar tool made of metal and wood. It was four or five feet long and a tube of metal extended two-thirds of its length.

"I have forgotten its name," said the owner, "but I have read of them many times. In those savage days what were known as wars were not uncommon. Different sections of the earth were organized into what were known as countries under a government. When one country was displeased with what another did each armed some of their braves with these weapons. The men were then arrayed before each other. Lead, and later, steel balls a quarter of an inch in diameter were put into these weapons and were discharged at the opposing side. They were very crude instruments, none of them carrying more than a mile or two,

and only a few thousand men could be killed in a day. This would go on for months and sometimes years. Then a Peace Conference would be held which decided the victor and forced the losers to pay a large amount of money because they were not so strong as their opponents."

"What peculiar ideas they used to have," said another; "but what is it that smells so strange?"

"This," said the third man holding up a small bottle of bluish white liquid. "I can not decide what it is. There were thirty or thirty-five gallons of it in a bright blue barrel. Its odor attracted my attention, and I filled this bottle with it."

The leader took it and examined it long and closely. A look of incredulity and then extreme pleasure spread over his face, and he cried out, "Man! you have made the discovery of the age. This is Kerosene, otherwise known as coal oil. Many expeditions have been sent out in search of it. The ancient savages long used it as a source of revenue for building colleges and helping to support their churches. The inventor of this fluid was a man of mighty wealth, and he is said to be the father of our present system of carrying on trade. Truly this is a trip to be long remembered, and will bring much rejoicing among collectors of rare and ancient curios."

The ship was by this time within a few thousand miles of home. They wired ahead that they were coming, and in a short time were relating their experiences to their friends.

—♦— "A RECORD BREAKER."

I tell ye, it was the blamedest ride I ever took!

Ye know it was away back in the fifties, nigh onto forty year ago. I was up in the Rockies a trappin' an' huntin' then, an' I was all alone.

Ye see it was this way: I went out fer grizzlies, an' I had an old muzzle-loader as could shoot straight as a string, but was mighty hard to load.

It was nigh onto the last of September that I took that air ride. I've rid behind some o' the fastest nags in Montana, an' on 'em, too; but I'll be blowed if I ever took a ride ter beat that air; an', by gum, I don't believe any other man did either. If he did, he had a different sort

o' critter to ride from what I had. As I was sayin', I went out fer bar, an' you know, Bill, when a feller hunts grizzly bar with a muzzle-loader, he's got ter be almighty pertickler about his first shot. Well, I'd tramped over the foothills fer an hour or two, when I seen bar signs, an' began ter go a little mite slow. The trail was a big 'un, an' I was expectin' a lively time when me an' that bar got next to each other. But, the Lord knows, I had no idee of the time that bar had planned out.

Finally, I riz over a rocky knoll, and thar, square in the path ahead o' me, slouching down toward the valley, was the durndest biggest grizzly bar I ever slapped my optics on. By gum! I believe that bar weighed over two thousand pounds, but he could step fastern' a blooded three-year-old. I knowed from the way he sniffed, first up and then down, that he was just as hungry as he was big; an', Bill, that was an awful appetite.

Well, ye know, I'm a good shot with the rifle, an' I was better then than I be now. I would have gambled that I could lay that bar cold with one shot if I could only see his face once. I took a hunk of rock an' hustled it after Mr. Bar. He turned partly roun' an' looked at it; then he turned plum aroun' an' clapped his little green eyes on me.

My time had come, an' I thought his'n had too. It was the sosological minnet. I give him a good squint an' then let him have all there was comin'. He got it; but that ball slid off'n his durned old pate like water off'n a ducks back! He jes made one remark, an' then started to pay his respects. I 'spose the remark he made was "You Git"; an', Bill, you better guess I did. I broke all the records fer a hundred yard dash to the nearest tree; an' the bar he raired up clost behind me an' his claw jes took the heel off'n one o' my boots. Lucky he didn't catch one o' the straps!

Well, there I sat an' looked at the bar; an' the bar seemed ter think I was mighty attractive. But I laughed, fer I knowed no grizzly bar ever clumb a tree yet, an' I was safe. But jes as I was settling in the tree to wait fer the bar ter take his trail, I felt a little wee bite on my leg, then another and another, then twenty or thirty, then the square

o' that. That air tree was plum full o' Montana red ants, the kind that bite! They swarmed over my face an' hands an' bit and kep' right on chewin'. I was afeard I'd go clean daft; so I made up my mind to jump. But jes as I swung my leg off, I happened to look down, an' there with his jaws open an' his warm breath floating up into my face, was that cussed bar. I'd clean forgot the bar when them ants began their series of experiments. Bill, it was awful. I began to sweat. Them there ants had jes been playing a sort o' practice game before, but now they went in fer blood. I killed jes six thousand of 'em; but, the more I killed, the harder they bit. I believe the dead ones bit the hardest. That bar he set down an' waited; them ants they bit harder an' harder. Bill, ye wouldn't think it, but if I'd knowed how ter pray, I'd a asked the Lord to deliver me from them ants without temptin' the bar too fer. But when I started ter pray, I'd clean fergit how ter begin; so I had ter quit. Ye see the Lord has a regulation way of beginnin' a prayer, an' if you fergit that, you're done fer.

That bar was patient; them ants was hungry. I knowed I couldn't stand it fer five minnits more. If Mr. Bar would only git the blues an' look down 'stead o' up, I could uv dropped on him an' got away mebbe.

Then, Bill, I felt something in my pocket. Them ants was a stealin' my handkerchief. I shook the pesky varmint out o' it. The bar was still in good spirits an' I was thinkin. I wondered if that bar would eat my handkerchief. I dropped it jes off'n the end o' his nose. He bent his head to smell of it. Then was my time. I dropped down plump on his back like as I would on a horse, an' then I yelled as I grabbed his hair fer to hang onto. "Git out o' here, you grizzly bar!" The fall sort o' jarr'd my verbatim, an' I guess it did hisn, fer he went so fast, the tops o' the mountains looked like a streak of modern lightnin'. I lost my hat, an' the bar lost his temper. He went so fast that I jes breathed once every five minnits. An antelope was goin' our way, an' we passed him so quick that he fainted from pure jealousy. We went thru a bunch o' woods so quick that I thought we was goin' thru a haystack.

At last somethin' come atween me an' my steed; an' when I come to, I was straddle of a limb about ten feet from the ground, an' the bar was still goin'.

As I gazed aroun' sort o' dazed like, ye know, I heard somebody talkin'. Bill, I know ye'll believe me when I say that that air ride cut Dan. Patch's record clean in the middle, fer that voice said, "Git out o' here you grizzly bar!" It was my own voice jest arrived.

HAROLD R. MARTIN.

CAPTURING A BURGLAR.

IVY M. ROGERS.

It was about twelve o'clock at night, and I ran hurriedly across the street to my home. I had been spending the evening with a friend who lived directly opposite our house. She had been left alone with the children, and when the other members of the family came home, I returned home also. The house was dark: the family had retired. I went quietly up the stairs, undressed, and went to bed.

Contrary to custom, however, I could not sleep. I was not nervous, neither was I sleepy. I tossed and tumbled about for awhile and was about to fall asleep when I thought I saw a faint gleam of light under the door. I sat up in bed. Yes, I was not mistaken, some one must be out in the hall. I was certain all of the family were in before I was. Perhaps some one was ill.

I quickly got out of bed and went to my door. Something prompted me to open it quietly. I stole to the banisters and looked over. Imagine my horror when I saw a man, masked and with a dark lantern in his hand. To see was to think, and to think was to act. Quicker than a flash I mapped out my campaign of action. I stole swiftly back to my room. Mother's pillows had always been noted for their size. I seized one and hurried back. The man was slowly and cautiously ascending the stairs. Half way up was a landing, and from there the stairs turned at right angles. The landing was directly below me. When the man reached it I raised the pillow above my head and hurled it with all my strength down upon him.

I heard a muffled oath, a series of bumps down the stairway, then I screamed loudly and the family came rushing into the hall. With much difficulty my father and brothers succeeded in securely binding the man.

"Ring for the patrol, quick!" said my father. I rushed into the street to the nearest patrol alarm. I seized the key, inserted it, and before I had a chance to turn it—I woke up.

TO ANTICIPATION.

Fold now thy gilded wings!
Our future pleasure brings
A soothing balm.

Come satiate the soul
With bright dreams of the goal,
The spirit calm!

Our stumbling progress guide,
Each dread disaster hide
From Trepidation.

Bid hope shine bright and clear
Our dang'rous course to steer,
Anticipation!

Flash forth from farthest star
Thy rays, Despair to bar,
Anticipation!

Leave not our tim'rous bark
In Melancholy's dark
And hesitation.

Nerve us forever on
Whate'er we chance upon,
Anticipation!

Breathless Hunter—"I say, fry, did you see a fox running by here?"

Boy—"Yes sir."

Hunter—"How long ago?"

Boy—"It will be a year ago last Christmas.

—Ex.

We Ask too Much.

We're most exacting cads, we men—
Ah inconsistent crew—

We take a fellow's word, and then
Expect he'll keep it, too. —P. PRESS.

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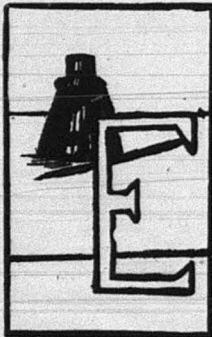
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Address all literary material to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.



EDITORIAL

THE NORMAL POINTER is again launched upon the rushing stream of school life. The editorial staff have been chosen to direct the course of this fragile bark over the waters of the coming year. Waves of opposition may arise, blasts of criticism may assail us, quick-sands of financial distress may await us. We therefore solicit your support. Help us to breast the wave, provide material for

criticism, save us from even approaching the quick-sands.

It is apropos here to say that THE POINTER is what *you* make it—sufficient or deficient. The editor of any department who is forced to rely upon his imagination for material instead of depending upon contributors, can not fill his columns save with deficiencies. THE POINTER is the organ of school life thru which the degree of *life* we possess and how we live are recorded. A truly *live* school develops this organ. The truly *live* student, worthy of the advantages which his environment affords, will aid in making this organ of OUR SCHOOL active, vigorous, and efficient by subscribing for The Pointer.

Young man! count the cost of your course! Life is life during your period of preparation. We can't prepare for life by avoiding it. We can't afford to discount future possibility by ignoring present opportunity. We can't afford to view every social function, each public program, every society meeting as a task. They are at the same time obligations and opportunities. Was the reception a bore? Were Rhetoricals tiresome? Is society a burden to you? Then close your books—all of them—and discover, before you try to learn anything else, whether you are really alive or "just living." Try to dream of a place where round shoulders are not caused by heavy heads.

"Money makes the World go." All men are "money mad;" but the world isn't. Money makes us go in order to obtain it, the world makes us go in order to hold it, and we make the money go when we spend it. [The above is the gist of the entire study of Economics.]

Never mind hitching your wagon to a star. The stars are not difficult to see, but we believe they are too distant to lend much motor force to our wagons. The career of the ordinary student is a push cart—not an automobile. Get behind, push up the hill, then you can talk about stars. The man behind all movements pushes but doesn't gaze.

Co-operation and Enthusiasm are the twin propellers of any great political or social reform. They initiate every movement and accomplish its ends. They organize, then control; plan, then execute; fix certain standards, then attain them.

The Russian army was dispirited because the Czar had not the sympathy of his soldiers. They fought doggedly, sullenly. Enthusiastic loyalty and patriotic fervor did not carry the Russian people bodily into the war. The spirit of the Slav had long since been crushed by Romanoff oppression. He had not lived a spirited life, but the life of a slave had been his. Necessity found him inefficient.

Too many student-bodies manifest the weaknesses of the Russian people. There is no interest in school affairs; sympathy with the efforts of others and ready co-operation are wanting; society languishes; work becomes drudgery. Teachers grow peremptory in their commands, and unreasoning in their demands. Wherefore is this true? Is the enthusiasm of the student body at so low an ebb that no student dares to cultivate the feeling?

School journals have for many years been assiduously preaching a crusade to rescue the School Spirit. Presumably, the spirit was kidnapped, and the school was unable to redeem it. At any rate, "it" is absent. Where is it? Who has it? We venture to suggest that the school spirit has been quartered by the four classes, and that each class has buried its share along with the hatchet.

Smiling Freshmen, Worthy Elements, Stalwart Juniors, Noble Seniors, We beseech you—*Dig it up!* You have consigned your respective class spirits to a place of rest; yet, we trust, not to its last resting place. Class spirit is the stuff that school spirit is made of. How exhilarating a good class scrap would seem! How like an unknown tongue a class yell would sound!

The school spirit is always resurrected in due time to see the last of the procession. Why not see it all? It's free. Let us have class yells, class scraps, and school spirit! "Blessed are they who make things go"—before the good things are all gone.

Every school has a faculty for doing or leaving undone various minor tasks. We have a faculty for procrastination or procedure. We have a faculty for encouraging Athletics or treating the would-be enthusiast to a showerbath of pessimism. In short, we *have* a faculty for doing anything whatever; provided some other faculty does not obstruct the path of the process.

It is indeed a pitiful form of vanity to which the attractions of the diploma-factory appeal. The desire to parade a degree of some kind is doubtless another illustration of the instinct which created the cannibal's passion for tattoo, that gave rise to orders of nobility in the Mediaeval Civilization, and that manifests itself to-day in a blooming hat or a lace necktie. The American character is popularly supposed to rise above these vanities; but this is mere superstition. The desire of the individual to be distinguished, to excel, to outdo, is so inherent in the human nature that it must find vent in some direction. To be sure, the ambition to possess a diploma is several shades more worthy than is the ambition to be a prize-fighter, or wear fashionable clothes; for the former ambition betrays some evidence of the opinion that intellectual distinctions are the most befitting to greatness. Even in this case, however, it is often true that the external mark of distinction, the tangible evidence of merit, the certificate of credit, is the thing sought after rather than the powers and attributes it should rightfully symbolize.

Many students—and more adults—seem to feel that getting a diploma is the "be all" and the "end all" of school life. "Will it count in my course?" is the question asked when some special work is mentioned. "How much credit will I get?" We all meet this spirit daily. It lives, it walks, and talks among us. It may be seen sullenly staring at a rhetorical slip, it walks incarnate in the professional digger who leaves unturned no stone in the field of book lore, it talks loud and long when requested to pay a class due or help "society."

Every teacher knows and every student will learn how deadly an enemy this mercenary spirit is to culture for culture's sake. Let us banish the spirit—the credit-for-merit spirit until *June*.

ART DEPARTMENT



"ART no longer means to us a certain kind of work, but includes all work that blesses mankind." —MORRIS.

Relative beauty should be an accepted part of all the problems of life. It expresses itself in the present ethical age thru the harmonious blending of the *practical* and *useful* as well as the *ornamental*.

It is a comfort to turn to Nature and appreciate the demonstration of this in the Divine construction of our world.

The Creator who made man in his own image and endowed him with a mind to appreciate beauty and utility of form and color, has graced everything on this sphere with beauty and use.

We have the beauty of the dignity and strength of the rocky heights, the gentleness of the rolling plain, the modesty of the valley, the simple beauty of the common soil, of the strength of the winding streams, of the magnificence of the mighty sea.

It is but a step from the soil to the tree; from the tree to the foliage and fruit; from the foliage and fruit to food, clothing, and shelter for man, the noblest work of God.

Add to this picture of strength and dignity the beauty of color in the tenderness of new born Spring; of the glow of Summer; of the magnificence of the fullness and brilliance of Autumn; of the clear austerity of sturdy Winter.

Art and beauty do not constitute fixed objective

things but are significant in *quality* of work rather than a something added to the work. A piano solo, rendered with exquisite feeling and technique will never atone for the poorly constructed instrument lacking the finer beautiful adjustments of construction when it left the workshop.

If every workman could and would consider the oneness of the beautiful and useful in all his works, each shop would be an art center; and what an endless amount of rubbish and ugliness would be freed from life's bargain counters.

The workshops of the United Crafts of Syracuse, New York, especially emphasize the oneness of utility and beauty, and every effort is exercised for harmonious expression. The United Crafts believe in the brotherhood of man, and an irresistible enthusiasm is evident to all who visit the workshops. The materials are handled as Nature suggests, and the harmonious blending of wood, metal, and leather is one symphony of strength and beauty.

No longer is it necessary to tolerate the Louis styles of spindle legged furniture; but instead are designs of substantiality, constructed, too, along lines of simple beauty and worthy the names of strength and utility.

It is an evident deplorable fact that men and women of wealth and education who have travelled much in foreign lands have homes that in furnishings suggest the vulgar and ugly rather than refinement of use and beauty.

No man who consents to the desecration of his home by the accumulation of such atrocities as many homes possess, has any right to pretensions of art.

The various schools and institutions for study of art offer numerous opportunities for improvement in many lines; but the true workman will keep close to Nature and cultivate an appreciation thereof that he may make the useful beautiful and the beautiful useful,—as Morris says, "An art made by the people, for the people, as a joy for the maker and the user."

A. E. GRADY.

ALUMNI

THE FIRST DAY.

It is 7:30 in the morning. The conscientious young novice of a teacher is already sitting—anxious and expectant—at her new post. There is nothing to be done; so she just sits at her desk idly wondering of what size, age, and general appearance those whom she is to guide along the path of knowledge will be. She takes out her watch. She longs for this suspense to be over; yet she dreads the unknown that is now so close upon her. It is now five minutes of eight. She hears steps coming up the walk and children's voices. She goes to the window to catch a first glimpse of them. They enter the hall, but pass by her door to the room beyond. She sighs with relief—there are a few more minutes yet to herself. Suddenly she is aware that two timid little girls are peering into the room anxious to get a first glimpse of the new teacher. She calls a cheery good morning to them and bids them enter. Close upon their heels comes a mother leading an unwilling urchin by the hand.

She says, "I suppose you are the new teacher. Well, Freddie hates school, and I want you to see that he does not skip school. Be hard on him. He is such a mischief; but really very good hearted—" And so on, and so on.

By the time she had finished her dissertation on Freddie's good and bad points, three more mothers and their progeny stood waiting. The teacher looked dismayed. She was prepared to deal with children, but did not know what course to pursue with the mothers; so she smiled and looked interested and assented to their character sketches of Nellie, and Tom., and Alice. And so on ad infinitum.

Then came a mother with a small fairy looking creature with golden curls and angel eyes.

Said this mother, "I have come to explain something to you about Elsie. She is a very hard child to manage. She is not bad; only mischief-

ous; but her last teacher did not understand the dear child. You know how teachers often take a dislike to a child, with no cause whatever." Our teacher assents, and the mother goes on, "You must be very firm with Elsie; for if you cannot manage her, she will cause you serious trouble. Why, she made Miss Allen cry twice last year." Here she of the angel eyes smiled seraphically. The teacher asks mildly to see Elsie's report card. The mother produces it. "Why," says the teacher after due examination, "this card says, 'Not promoted.'"

"Well, you know," says the mother apologetically, "Miss Allen and Elsie couldn't get along, and I wouldn't like to call it spite, still—" A suggestive pause, then she went on, "I am sure Elsie can do Fifth Grade work."

Needless to say after much debate, Elsie and her solicitous mamma went back to Fourth Grade.

Nine o'clock. The gong clangs like the stroke of doom. The children quiet down and turn expectant faces teacher-ward. The teacher rises, stands before her school, and fully intends to make the customary speech. Instead she finds herself saying in a far-away voice, "Please put your names and ages on the slips of paper on your desks."

Report cards are then collected. One little boy whose card says "Failed," is sent back to Fourth. He weeps audibly as he shuffles unwillingly out of the room. The children copy the lists of text books, and are dismissed till afternoon.

At 1 o'clock they begin to come again. Here come more mothers who could not get away from their work in the morning. Here is one boy who could not buy his books. He hears this note:

"To Ernie Schiedil teacher, Please Ernie can't by no bookes cause he has got no money yet. His father have been seck and got money for one month allready.

I am your o'b't servaunt,
MRS. E. SCHIEDIL."

Just before school calls, a little girl whose heart has been won, brings an offering in the shape of an orange and a candy heart, the latter slightly soiled.

The children only stay long enough to have their lessons assigned, and the weary teacher sees them depart with no regret. She thinks they have all gone when from without comes the sound of seri-

ous disturbance. Going to the window she beholds a gruesome sight—two sturdy youngurchins are rolling in the dust and a battle royal is raging. One word from the teacher is enough to quell the combat this time. O that this might always be the case!

And so endeth the first day.

TRAINING DEPARTMENT

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

ROSETTA M. JOHNSON.

October 5, 1905.

The Israelites, God's chosen people, were at war with the Philistines. The Philistines had a giant on their side who was very powerful, strong, and large. Every morning and evening he walked along the edge of the camp and challenged the Israelites. He said they were to choose a man to come out and fight with him. If he won, the Israelites were to be the servants of the Philistines. If the Israelites won, the Philistines would be servants of them.

One day a young shepherd boy came to the camp of the Israelites, bringing food to his brothers. He was a very healthy boy, having a fair face and russet cheeks.

While he was there, the giant came out of his tent and gave his challenge. When he was told that the challenge had not been answered, he was inspired with the thought of fighting the giant himself. He was telling his brothers of his determination, when some one over-hearing the conversation, ran to the king, telling him of the joyful news. The king sent for the young shepherd boy whose name was David. David was brought before the king who received him graciously. He wanted David to dress in armor. The youth tried it on, but he was not satisfied with it. He threw it off, saying it was too heavy for him to use his muscles well. Then he went before Goliath the giant, taking with him only a sling and a couple of smooth round pebbles. He took his place and waited for Goliath. The giant soon appeared

clad from head to foot in heavy armor. He thought he would make short work of this small boy without any armor or sword. David aimed his sling at a weak part of Goliath's shield which would strike him on the temple. He threw the sling around, and in one second the giant had fallen. David rushed to him, grasped his sword, and as a sign of victory severed the head from the body. The Israelites were triumphant; for they trusted in God.

Mercie and Michael Angelo have tried to picture David as he was in this story. Mercie is a more modern sculptor than Michael Angelo. M. Angelo has represented David as he is ready to let the stone go. Mercie represents David as he has just severed the head from the body, and is putting the sword in its scabbard. Michael Angelo's statue shows how firm and steady David is. He is naked which shows his muscles all the more plainly. One foot is set a little ahead of the other. His left arm rests on his shoulder. In it is one end of the sling. The right arm is at his side holding a stone. He has curly hair. Every muscle seems strained and tense. His forehead is wrinkled in the act of frowning. But this is not supposed to be caused from perplexity. He is so interested and excited that it causes him to become anxious. Angelo pictures this very well. It almost makes you feel as if you were in his place. The form of his body is perfect, and the beautiful position makes you love the statue.

Mercie's statue shows David when he is more composed. There is a look of satisfaction upon his face; and yet it also conveys to you that he is

offering up a little prayer of thanks. In his right hand he holds the sword and is just putting it in the scabbard which is held in the left hand. His right foot is upon the head of Goliath, while his other one is resting upon the ground. His limbs are not rigid as in the other statue because he is not under that nervous strain. The body is well proportioned. This statue does not show how strong David was as well as Angelo's does; but that is not required for the feeling that David had at that time.

It is very difficult to choose the one you like best. In some ways I like Michael Angelo's; and in other ways, Mercie's. Angelo's shows how agitated David was and how firm. Mercie's shows how glad David must have felt by the relaxation in his limbs. I am inclined to think I like Mercie's the best; because it is more restful to the eye. In Michael Angelo's it rather upsets you because you get excited, too. They are two great masterpieces; and should be appreciated a great deal more than than they are at present.

This year the children of the Grammar and Intermediate Grades have chosen their own local editors, and hereafter a part of this page will be devoted to these contributions.

EIGHTH GRADE.

Editor, **BLANCHE HILL.**

The Eighth Grade has been divided into three Sections, the Third Section being entirely new pupils.

Tests are over, and the papers have been handed back, most all of them being satisfactory.

The Reading Classes are taking up "The Lady of the Lake," under Miss Densmore. The Science classes are studying the Physiology of Plants; the History Classes, the Constitution; the Geography classes, Asia; the Grammar classes, the Parts of Speech; and the Arithmetic Classes, Algebraic Equations, and Problems about Heat.

It has been arranged for the boys to have Manual training twice a week under Mr. Fufts. They are making match safes, calendar backs and picture frames. The girls have Domestic Science once a week under Miss Wood and Miss Neprude. They are canning and preserving fruit.

SEVENTH GRADE.

Substitute Editor—**INEZ SMITH**

The Seventh Grade Science Class are taking up the study of trees. They are at present studying the different kinds of oaks and their characteristics. They are studying the methods of branching, how the acorns grow, the blossoms, the uses of the catkins, and the different steps of the acorn from a tiny bud to a tree.

The Grammar Grades went on an excursion Friday afternoon, partly to observe the trees.

The Seventh Grade Classes in Reading are taking up the story of Evangeline and find it very interesting. They first studied the history on which the story was founded, and then the story.

The Seventh Grade History Classes are studying the Settlements of the Colonists, and have just finished the early Spanish, Portugese and English explorers and discoverers.

SIXTH GRADE.

Editor, **RUTH ROSS.**

In Science the Sixth Grade is interested in studying about weeds, flowers, and insects.

Mr. Bigford's and Miss Pattee's Geography Classes are studying Causes of Day and Night and Seasons

The Reading Class has finished the study of Longfellow and Whittier. They will now take up the study of the two Cary sisters.

FIFTH GRADE.

Editor—**CELIA BOYINGTON.**

The girls of the Fifth and Sixth Grades are interested in making muslin undershirts for themselves. This garment involves basting, hemming, over-casting, over-handing, gathering, and button-hole stitching.

The Fifth Grade are having Hiawatha in Reading, and enjoy it so well that they are committing most of it to memory.

The Fifth Grade have been studying and making collections of Caterpillars in Science, and watching different stages of their growth.



Miss Anna E. Grady, our new Supervisor of Drawing, came to us from Superior, Wisconsin, where she has held the position of Supervisor of Drawing in the public schools for the past ten years. She is a graduate of Pratt Institute, and has taken post-graduate and individual training with some of the best artists in Chicago. This school is fortunate in securing one so well fitted to fill the position.

The annual meeting of the Northeastern Teachers' Association will be held this year on October 13 and 14, in Stevens Point. It will be held here because Professor Hyer is president of the association at present.

Ellen Hoffman has withdrawn from school on account of the death of her brother; and is now teaching at her home in Merrill. We all regret that it was necessary for her to leave us.

Miss Hammond had charge of some of Mr. Sechrist's classes while he was sick.

J. and S. Club meets daily in Row 5 in the Assembly Room.

Margaret Southwick, Jeanne Kirwan, Walter Murat, Frank Calkins, and Charles Lange, former members of the school, are attending the University at Madison. Messrs. Lange and Calkins are studying law, and Mr. Murat engineering. Miss Southwick is taking the Civic-Historic Course.

The Domestic Science girls visited the furniture factory, Wednesday, September 27.

Miss Reid visited friends at Endeavor, September 22 and 23.

October 2, Professor Spindler purloins Professor Culver's hat and hides it in his room.

One of the pleasant events in the re-organization of school was the reception of the new students by the faculty and former members of the school, on September 9. A happy blending of new and old was effected.

The first Rhetorical program of the year was given September 22, and the first news of the week on October 5.

Superintendent Hare of the Anti-Saloon League, gave an interesting talk to the school, Friday, September 15, concerning the work of the league.

On September 14, Conrad Olson visited his sister Miss Charlotte Olson who attends the Normal.

Conrad Olson visited his sister, Charlotte Olson on September 28.

Professor Collins gave a very instructive talk September 26, on Switzerland, connecting it with his own travels there.

Ira Hubbard '99, graduate of the University of Wisconsin in 1903, now principal of High School in Grand Rapids, spent Saturday, September 30, in town,

An epaulet worn by an officer during the Revolutionary War, has been presented to the Normal museum by Mrs. Robert Rood.

Dona Brownell, R. Ormsby, and J. E. Fults compose the committee to make arrangements for the school debate between Milwaukee and Stevens Point Normals. The debaters chosen by the faculty to represent this school are J. Howard Browne, H. Martin, and J. E. Sazama.

Miss Mareth Furro visited the school Friday morning, September 8. She is supervisor of music in the Normal school at Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Miss Gray was absent from school during the week of October 2, on account of illness.

The officers of the Press Association elected for the year are: President, Ray Ormsby; Vice President, Ray Brasure; Secretary, Lottie Deyoe; Editor-in-Chief, J. Howard Browne.

The Epworth League of St Paul's M. E. church held a reception the second week of school to which the faculty and students of the school were invited.

Among the old students visiting the school were Alta Caves, Jerry Madden, Rudolph Iackish, Fred. Curran, May Colburn, Winnie Carter, Blanche Chamberlain, A. J. Miller, and Anna Hastings.

The LITERARY SOCIETIES.

THE FORUM has started on its Tenth Years' work with the following officers: President, J. E. Fults; Vice President, R. Brasure; Treasurer, S. Wadleigh; Secretary, F. E. Jaastad.

The officers of the ARENA for this quarter are: President, Ellen Hoffman; Vice President, Dona Brownell; Secretary, Bessie Beeckler; Treasurer, Evadna McNutt; Marshal, Emma Linsey; Chairman of Music Committee, Alice Scott; Chairman of Program Committee, Hazel Martin.

The Eighth Year of the ATHENÆUM opens with the following officers: President, J. H. Browne; Vice President, D. H. Reid; Secretary, R. Jones; Treasurer, I. Osterbrink.

The youngest Literary Society has begun its work under the following officers: President,

Lottie Deyoe; Vice President, Edith Burr; Secretary, Katherine Johnson; Treasurer, Virlie Freeman; Pianist, Claudine Halversen.

Die Deutsche Unterhaltungsgesellschaft have elected the following officers for this quarter: President, I. Osterbrink; Vice President, Bessie Beeckler; Secretary, Louise Gartman; Treasurer, Eugene Hein.

The Athenæum visited the Arena, September 29; and the boys all say that the Arena is an excellent example of a live society.

Mr. Pray suggests the renewal of an old society, the A. W. P. and L. S.

CLASS CLIPPINGS.

The Senior Class has organized under these officers: President, J. Howard Browne; Vice President, Edith Hartwell; Secretary, Katherine Johnson; Treasurer, R. E. Brasure; Representative on Rhetorical Committee, J. E. Sazama; Representative on Lecture Committee, J. Howard Browne.

The officers of the Junior Class are: President, D. H. Reid; Vice President, Hannah Brunstad; Secretary, Verna Phillips; Treasurer, O. Weinandy; Representative on Rhetorical Committee, Edith Burr; Representative on Lecture Committee, Harold Martin.

The Elementary Class has elected the following officers: President, E. Hein; Vice President, Evadna McNutt; Secretary, Jennie Reid; Treasurer, I. Osterbrink; Representative on Rhetorical Committee, Bessie Beeckler; Representative on Lecture Committee, A. Wells.

The officers chosen by the Freshman Class are: President, Clarence Mortell; Vice President, Conover McDill; Secretary, Frances Baker; Treasurer, William Nolan; Representative on Rhetorical Committee, Lawrence Hill; Representative on Lecture Committee, Frances Baker.

The Juniors held their first reception Sept. 23. An orchestra was hired, and all spent a pleasant evening.

September 23, Senior spread on Main Street.
Query: Who furnished the sandwiches?

So far, *the* event of the year has been the Annual Senior Reception. As might be expected, the upper classmen did not fail to have a good time.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Choral Club has organized with the following officers: President, M. Risk; Vice President, Ethel Coye; Secretary, H. Martin; Treasurer, R. E. Brasure; Librarian, Ethel Cartmill.

The officers of the Treble Clef for this year are: President, Mary Kalisky; Vice President, Agnes Tardiff; Secretary, Bertha Parker; Treasurer, Ovidia Johnson; Librarian, Alice Scott.

The school was pleasantly entertained, Sept. 15, with music by Miss Gribi, on the violin, and Miss Gaither, on the piano. Both young ladies have been students of music in Chicago.

On September 5, Miss Hattie Hein rendered two violin solos which were heartily received.

Miss Fox, of Plainfield, sang one morning at opening exercises before the school. She has a splendid voice and sang her songs in a very pleasing manner.

On September 7, Marion VosBurgh played 'Legende' by Bohm. It was played with artistic feeling bringing out the *thot* of the composition. One always feels when hearing Miss VosBurgh that she has the temperament of a musician. The accompanist, Miss Nina Coye, played in a sympathetic manner. Miss VosBurgh is, for the present year, supervisor of music in the public schools in Monticello Indiana.

Miss Fink talked to the school about the 'Evolution and Construction of the Violin,' on October 3. She made her talk very interesting by illustrating with the sonometer, violin and drawings of the other instruments which she discussed.



Freshman—"Is Miss L....e D.....s an athletic girl?"

Senior—"I should say so. Why, she threw over the full back of the football team.

Mr. Weinandy—"Well, yes, you see I want to find something to take up my mind."

M. Playman—"Have you tried blotting paper?"

"Is Mrs. B.... M.....l sentimental?"

"Sentimental? say! she'd work in an arsenal just to have arms around her."

Flo. was fond of Raymond Brasure.

"Ray," for short, she called her beau,

Talk of "tides of love," great Ceasar!!

You should see 'em, Ray and Flo.

Senior—"Miss H..... says she always uses lemon juice on her face. Its good for the complexion."

Freshman—"I wondered what gave her that sour look."

First Junior Girl—"Say that Hal. Martin is habitually untruthful, is he not?"

Second Junior Girl—"Well, I should remark! Why, that fellow is such a finished liar that you can't believe the opposite of what he says."

He kissed Miss upon the cheek,

It seemed a harmless frolic,

But now he has been sick a week,

They say, with painter's colic.

Mr. Talbert, in dissecting class—"Be very careful not to disturb the internal organs of your frog as you work."

Agnes Tardiff—"Oh, oh, Mr. Talbert, my heart is broken!"

Mr. Collins, in Algebra Class—"Garry Culver, how much oil did you burn on that problem?"

Garry C. — I—you see—we have electricity at our house, Mr. Collins.

Lady of Faculty to Junior Girl—"Why do you wear your colors pinned on the bottom of your skirt?"

Junior Girl, disdainfully—"Those? Oh! those are only Senior colors."

Mr. Spindler, in Psychology Class—"What association does the word Junior bring up in your mind?"

Mr. Browne (aside)—"Sandwiches."

Posted on Football.

Senior Girl writing up Pointer locals—"The boys may be seen each night playing out on the flatiron."

Coach Smiley—"We should schedule a game with Waupaca for the 14th."

Mr. Talbert—"Oh, they're a set of toughs."

Smiley—"I played there two years ago."

Talbert—"That proves what I was just saying."

Smiley smiled.

Browne—"Jones, did you go up the river, and over the lea; or over the river and then up the lea?"

Jones—"Neither. I went over the river and out to see."

Why They are at the Normal.

I am a married man. A man upon whose shoulders rests the heavy responsibility of a family must support that burden somehow. The calling of a pedagogue seemed to give the loudest invitation. That's enough. No time to talk. My wife has company!

PROFESSOR OLSON.

A great mind must have some outlet thru which may issue the evidences of its genius. As I was teaching up in the woods last winter, it suddenly came over me that the Professors in a Normal School would be peculiarly fit subjects upon whom to turn the Gatling-gun of my questions and answers.

IGNATIUS OSTERBRINK.

Dad watched me so close at home that I couldn't sleep. I grew pale and wan. Troubles that fluttered by others settled upon my head. At last I gave up trying to live a peaceful life at home. I made up my mind to go to the Normal, spend Dad's coin, jolly the girls, and have a good easy time working the Professors.

FERDINAND JAASTAD.

When I saw what an impression my brother made by towering above all competitors, I decided to follow in his footsteps. Had he only taken longer strides, I should be able to go faster.

HANNAH BRUNSTAD.

My magnanimous nature brought me here. Knowing how my presence would develop the æsthetic natures of the Normal girls, and that their beholding my beautiful form and features would tend to elevate their ideal of the handsome man, I came to the Normal.

OLIVER WEINANDI.

My highest ambition in life is to become an athlete. When I came to school, years ago, I couldn't run any faster than I walked. Now, I can beat the Dutch, and could beat the band if I only had enough wind. My top notcher tho is the high jump at 3 feet 9 inches.

JOHN J. WYSOCKI.

I heard from an unknown source that the young ladies at Stevens Point were fond of auburn hair. Therefore, etc., Q. E. D.

HEPHNER.

The domestic instinct is very strong in my nature. I wanted to see if things seemed like they did when I was different—a long time ago, you know. In short, I wanted to find a place where I could feel at home.

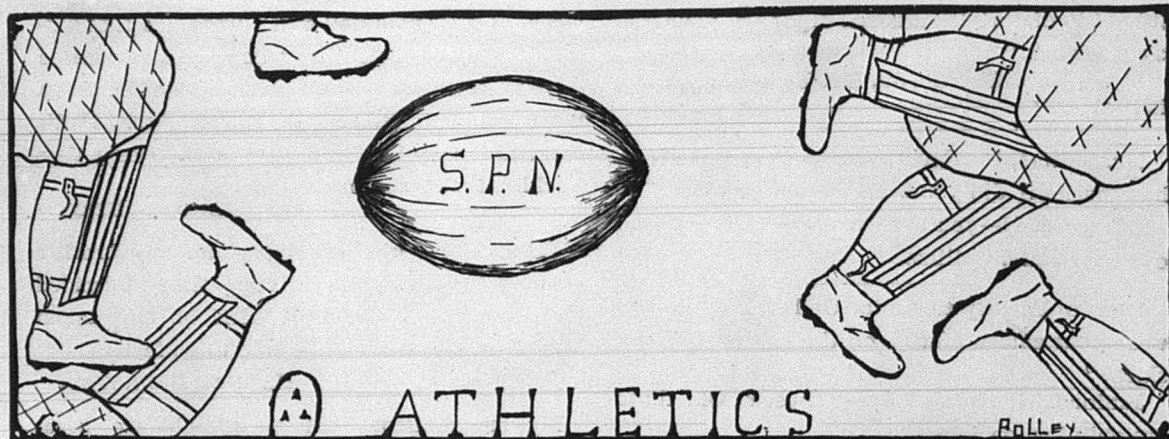
FLORA E. WOOD.

I can not tell in so many words why I have always had a desire for office. So I thought I would just hang around on the side like until there was room in the soup for me.

BROWNE.

It was with no small degree of alarm that I noticed that Stevens Point, and Wisconsin, too, were rapidly falling behind in oratory and all forms of public speaking. They did take a first or two; but that isn't enough. I'm going to take the whole thing if you'll only show me where it is.

R. C. JUDD.



Last Saturday, October 7. Stevens Point Normal played its first foot-ball game of the season with the Grand Rapids High School.

The teams were quite evenly matched, Stevens Point having a preponderance of avoirdupois in its favor, while Grand Rapids had the advantage in experience and organization.

The game on the whole was a listless one; both teams played slow ball and did an unusual amount of fumbling.

The two teams lined up at 3 o'clock with Stevens Point defending the south goal.

Grand Rapids kicked off to Iackisch of Stevens Point, who returned the ball about 10 yards. Before the home team made its first down, Grand Rapids secured the ball on a fumble and slowly fought their way toward the Stevens Point goal. Grand Rapids now lost the ball on a fumble. Then began a series of spectacular plays on the part of Stevens Point. The heavy line-men made big gaps in the visitors' line of defense; while the fast backs shot through for 15 yards at a time. Stevens Point was rapidly gaining ground; but unfortunately fumbled the ball when near the opponents' goal. Grand Rapids secured the ball and made their way to the center of the field, when time was called. Score 0—0.

The second half was similar to the first. It was fumble, fumble again. Grand Rapids, however, worked their way to the 10 yard line, but here were held and lost the oval on downs. Stevens Point made a few line plunges, and time was called.

Score 0—0.

This game plainly shows that Stevens Point, altho fairly strong on the offensive, is weak on the defensive. The players all show the right spirit; and there is every reason to believe that under the efficient coaching of Dr. Smiley this weakness will be greatly remedied by the time we play Oshkosh. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

STEVENS POINT.

Bruce, Center.
Osterbrink, Left Guard.
Iackisch, Right Guard.
Wysocki, Left Tackle.
Sazama, Right Tackle.
Burns and Nolan, Left End.
Mortell and McDill, Right End.
Hill and Mortell, Quarter Back.
Captain Reid and Roberts, Right Half.
Martin, Full Back.
Davis, Roberts, Left Half.

Substitutes: McDill, Nolan, J. J. Sazama, and Bigford.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Eberhart, Center.
Fitzinger, Left Guard.
McFarland, Right Guard.
Porterville, Left Tackle.
Voyer, Right Tackle.
Oegard, Left End.
Chase, Right End.
Nash, Quarter Back.
Coreoran, Right Half.
Arpin, Full Back.
Hayes, Left Half.

Referee—Spindler.
Umpire—Schwede.
Time Keepers—Youker, Young.
Lines-men—Talbert, Everson.

Length of halves: 20 and 15.

EXCHANGES

TEACHER—"Can you tell me in what year Cæsar invaded Britain?"

PUPIL—"Yes'm."

TEACHER—"What year was it?"

PUPIL—"You can't expect me to answer two questions in succession. That question belongs to the next in the class."

Composition on the Giraffe.

"The giraf is a dumb animal, and can't express itself by any sound because its neck is so long that its voice gets tired on its way to its mouth."

"How many of yese is down there?" yelled the quarry boss from the top of the quarry to the workmen below.

The answer came back "Three."

The boss replied "Half of yese come right up."

Teacher—"Why are you so late to school this morning, Freddie?"

Freddie—"Oh, me grandmudder's dead, and house caught afire last night, and thieves broke in, and breakfast was late 'cause the chimney smoked."—

The teacher later regained consciousness.

Mother (teaching child the alphabet)—"Now, dearie, what comes after g?"

The child—"Whizz."

"With passion for you I'm afire!"

He cried. "Oh, no doubt!"

Her father then heard the wild cry,

And promptly put him out. —Ex.

She.

Last year she simply would not wear
A glove from soil made clean;
Clean gloves, she said, disgusting were,
They smelled of gasoline.
This year a man is wooing her,
He rides her miles and miles
In his new gasoline machine,
And she just smiles and smiles.

—W P.

The Limit.

"The climate's pretty damp here, isn't it?"

"I should say so. It's really so damp, the people can't raise anything but umbrellas."

—Ex.

Solemn Facts.

Now this here thing we call a joke—

There's lots of folks can make one;

But fewer far

Them humans are

With sense enough to take one. —Ex.

Orator—"Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster—"

Farmer—"My land, Meria, let's git out o' here. He's goin' ter start it on the dictionary."

—C. L.

Political Geography.

Till women have a voice, we fear,

In all the ballot box controls,

It cannot be denied her sphere

Is slightly flattened at the polls.

—P. POST.

Kate—"Where did you meet Harold?"

Merle—"Down on the beach. He proposed to proposed to me while we were on the springing board."

Kate—"And you accepted him on the jump, eh?"

—Ex.

Old, Old Story.

The hardy pioneers first came

With rifles, ploughs and axes;

Then politicians follow with

Elections, graft, and taxes. —Ex.

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked a teacher.

"A short funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now use it in a sentence."

Johnny hesitated a moment, then said, "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

—STORY.

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