

THE NORMAL POINTER.

Vol. XI.

Stevens Point, Wis., March 15, 1906.

No. 6.

L * I * T * E * R * A * R * Y

THE SPELLING MATCH.

MAUDE NICOL.

Back from the road, surrounded by trees and shrubs, stood the log school house half buried in snow. Within were some thirty or forty boys and girls ranging in size from little Jim to Si, six feet tall. In the center of the room stood an old square box-stove, and lucky was he who sat near enough to be warm on cold days. The afternoon sun cast its beams through the curtainless window upon the heads of the sturdy youngsters. On a row of benches in front sat the Geography Class repeating a lesson on the "Sahara Desert," and before them all loomed the tall, gaunt school-master. Upon the desk before him lay a long switch, for he believed in moral as well as intellectual culture. Among the members of this class was pretty Maria Brown, the idol of the school children, especially among the older boys. She was just sixteen and her head was full of thots of beaux and dances. She gazed out of the window, forgetting her Geography, thinking of the big dance at Smith's new shanty down on the corner. She would wear her pink dress and the beads Uncle Josh had given her last Christmas. She would look nicer than the other girls, and she tossed her head contemptuously. But she was soon aroused by the master's stern "class dismissed." As they rushed to their seats a note was thrust into her hand. On reaching her seat she opened it behind her books and read.

DEAR MARIA :

Can I take you to the dance? Tell me after school.

Yours Forever,

SIMON JONES.

She glanced shyly over to where "Si," as

every one called him, sat seemingly intent upon his lessons. His freckled face was crowned with a shock of yellow hair. He had grown too rapidly for his clothes, and for the benches also for his foot stuck out in the aisle. Then turning to her books she pulled out her speller and behold! another note fell into her lap. Hastily she opened it and read a second invitation to the dance signed JOHN WOOD.

For a number of weeks these young men had vied with each other in doing favors for her and in giving her candy and spruce gum. She had treated both impartially, proud of the fact that she had two beaux.

She scarcely knew how the remainder of the day passed; but wondered which invitation she should accept. Then a way flashed through her mind, and smiling to herself she said, "I will do it."

For days there had been great excitement in the school. CoonHollowSchool had challenged them to a "Spelling Match," and they could scarcely think of anything else.

School dismissed with a whoop and hurrah they dashed for their coats, talking excitedly about the coming "match." After a short snow-ball skirmish, they hurried away shouting and laughing.

John and Si were thinking of more important things as they waited outside the door to walk home with Maria. They accompanied her home, John carrying her books, while Si swung her lunch pail on one arm. When they reached the gate of her home both stopped, each wishing the other would go on. No wonder they admired her, for she looked so pretty as she stood there. The snow sparkled in the last rays of the setting sun.

A white scarf was tied over her black curly hair, and her cheeks rivaled the rose.

At last Si mustered up courage enough to ask if she had read the note.

"Yes, I got both notes;" and she continued while they waited eagerly, "I will go with the one who wins the prize at the spelling match. If neither wins I will go with some one else."

Then she turned and ran lightly up the path into the house. Both young men walked home in moody silence, each resolving to win in the coming contest.

The days dragged slowly by; but at last the longed for night came. They went in a large bob-sled, and their merry songs mingled with the jingling bells. After reaching the school-house, which was packed with people from both neighborhoods, they were arranged in two long lines and the teacher of Coon Hollow pronounced the words.

Maria was among the first to leave the line; for she was not thinking of her own spelling, but of Si and John. She was almost sorry now she had not told Si she would go with him. What if some one else should win. Each time Si spelled she listened breathlessly. The line grew smaller and smaller until at last John, Si, and one from Coon Hollow were left. A hush fell upon the crowd as they waited breathlessly. The teacher pronounced charivari. John missed. The other stammered over it a moment then sat down. Si glanced over at Maria. Something in the upturned face seemed to give him courage and in a clear ringing voice he spelled it correctly.

The cheers that followed were deafening. He scarcely heeded the medal presented to him, but hurriedly pushed his way through the crowd to the prize far more precious to him, and as the two passed out under the silent stars she whispered softly, "I am so glad you won;" and Si's happiness was complete.

A MISTAKE.

MARY B. CLARK.

Harriet and Dorothy Haskins were two maiden ladies, who lived in a large old-fashioned house, on the outskirts of a small New England village. They were supposed to be quite wealthy and had

loaned money to many of their neighbors. They kept two servants, old Silas the gardener, and his wife, Hannah, who helped the sisters with the housework.

Miss Harriet, the elder sister, was a woman of considerable force of character. Dorothy was very amiable and quite willing to let her sister assume all the responsibility of the household. One Summer evening, they went to bed early leaving the doors and windows open. Dorothy's room was across the hall from Harriet's in the second story. The servants' rooms were on the first floor.

Harriet had a habit of talking to herself when alone. A number of burglaries had been committed in the neighborhood lately, and Harriet felt quite nervous, although she would not admit it to any one. She said, "I wish Henry Hobson had not brought that money this afternoon. If he had waited until to-morrow I could have taken it over to Bloomfield and put it into the bank." Just then she noticed a man's shoe peeping out from under the valance at the end of the lounge. For a moment Miss Harriet was very much frightened, but she had great self-control and did not scream or call for help. Her fear of the burglar was not as great as her dread of frightening her sister. They had no very near neighbors, and old Silas would be no protection. Miss Haskins was quick to think. "I will not let him know I have seen him," she thought, "but will talk as if nothing had happened." Then she said aloud, "I don't believe half of these stories we hear about burglars. Anyway, if people would think of some ingenious way to hide their valuables, the burglars never would find them. I read a piece in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, last week, which was written by a burglar. He said most women hid their money under the feather bed or in a shoe. Now, I will put ten dollars and my watch in this shoe, and this five hundred dollars I will roll up in a pair of stockings and put it in the woolen chest in the closet. No burglar would ever think of looking there." Her plan was to pretend to go to sleep, and when the burglar had gone into the closet to search for the money, to shut the door quickly and shut him in. She hid

the money as she said she would. When she came back into the room, she could see the valance on the lounge move slightly and she fancied she could hear the man breathe. She blew out the light and got into bed. The room grew very dark. There was no moonlight and the sky was cloudy. It seemed to her that she lay there for hours pretending to be asleep. Would that burglar never move? At last she could hear some one moving slowly around the room, but she could see nothing. Then footsteps were heard in the hall. Miss Haskins got out of bed and followed noiselessly. Now she could hear him searching for the woolen chest. She sprang forward quickly and shut the door, and then turned the key in the lock. Then she woke her sister, and together they went down stairs and roused Silas and Hannah. Harriet wished the women to remain in the house while Silas went for the constable, but Dorothy and Hannah were sure they could hear the burglar filing the lock and would not remain. Silas took them to the nearest neighbors, and then went on for the constable.

Mr. Barnum, the constable, did not possess a great amount of courage. "It would be best," he said, "to have several deputies, as the burglar is likely a dangerous man." He aroused four of his neighbors, and they all went to Haskins'. They went into the house and moved cautiously up the stairs. They thought they heard a moaning sound coming from the closet in which the burglar was confined. "The poor critter is most smothered," said Mr. Brown. "He is just pretending," said the constable, "it won't do to take no risks with such men. Now you all have your pistols ready and I'll open the door." Then he addressed the burglar: "I am Mr. Barnum, the constable. I have come to arrest you, and have five men with me. Will you surrender peaceful, or not?" No reply came from the burglar. "He must be despit," said Mr. Smith in a frightened voice. After some parley, it was decided that Mr. Barnum should open the door. It was an anxious moment. All stood with bated breath. Mr. Barnum threw the door open. It was dark in the closet. A form rose slowly from the floor, staggered into the room. The silence was broken by

Silas, who exclaimed, "By gum! if that ain't Touser!"

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

MARY B. CLARK.

Something had gone wrong on Judge Thornton's plantation. The whole family seemed to be disturbed. The Judge walked nervously back and forth on the piazza, and gave orders to the servants in sharp, decisive tones. The overseers looked worried, and even the negro quarters were in a state of suppressed excitement. Colonel Lane, the Judge's son-in-law, drove up to the house, spoke a few words to the Judge, and then they rode rapidly away together.

The occasion of this excitement was the disappearance of Bob, a young mulatto, belonging to Col. Lane, and his wife Charlotte, a slave of the Thorntons'. Bob was a valuable slave, and Colonel Lane had recently been offered two thousand dollars for him. Charlotte had lived all her life on the Thornton plantation. She was a good cook, an excellent seamstress, and altogether an indispensable servant. Agents of the underground railroad had been in the vicinity lately, and a short time before a number of slaves had been assisted to escape from this neighborhood.

Judge Thornton was furious. It was not the pecuniary loss alone, but he had strong political views and hated the Northern Abolitionists. The Fugitive Slave Law was agitating the country at this time. The North was resisting its enforcement, and the South was equally insistant that it should be enforced. Judge Thornton was one of the most radical Southerners. He declared that he would recover the slaves if it cost twice what they were worth. Detectives were set at work. Every road leading to Canada from Maine to Ohio was closely watched. It was determined to spare no pains to punish those who had assisted the slaves to escape.

We will not follow the fugitives through their long dangerous journey across Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to Chicago, but there is no doubt that they had many narrow escapes and suffered many hardships. Employment was found

for Bob in one of the hotels of the city. At first, his work did not bring him before the public very much. Finally a new hand was needed in the barber shop. It was known that Bob was a skillful workman, and the place was offered to him. The wages were better than he had been getting, so he accepted. For a time, Bob was a prey to morbid fears, and imagined that every stranger who came in was an officer who had come to arrest him. But he soon got over this feeling and became very contented.

One evening about dusk, as Bob was working in the back of the room, who should come in but Colonel Lane. Bob was almost paralyzed with fear. His eyes started from their sockets, and he trembled so that he could hardly stand. But Bob had acquired great self-control in the six months he had been free and in a moment he regained his composure. Fortunately his agitation was not noticed. The Colonel was earnestly engaged in conversation with a friend, and Bob was standing in the shadow. Seating himself in a chair, the Colonel called for a shave. Bob whispered to one of the other barbers to take his place, then picking up some towels, he walked slowly from the room, keeping the same side toward the Colonel. If he had turned, he would have been instantly recognized on account of a peculiar scar on the other side of his face.

Bob went home and told his wife, and in an hour they were on the train for Kenosha, Wisconsin. The Methodist minister at this place was known to be a bitter opponent of the Fugitive Slave Law. Bob went to him and asked for help. He and his wife were very sympathetic. The minister said, "We can easily keep your wife for a few days; but it would be impossible for us to hide you. I am under suspicion of having helped others to escape, and my house is closely watched. There is a boat here which will leave in a few days for Canada. I will see the captain, and perhaps he can help you."

The captain refused. If legal proceedings were brought against him, the voyage would be delayed. The risk of being discovered was great. Bob's situation was desperate. The minister pleaded his cause eloquently. The engineer was consulted and he said that he would undertake to conceal

Bob during the three days which would elapse before they left. At night there was little danger of the boat's being searched; but during the day time he had to be concealed in the engine room.

The next morning two officers came on board and searched the vessel. The captain and other officers of the boat appeared very unconcerned, although they were fearful that Bob would be discovered. In the afternoon they searched it again more thoroughly than at first. Bob and Charlotte had been traced to Kenosha, and the detectives felt sure that they meant to escape on this boat. For two days the boat was closely watched. Just before the boat was ready to start, Colonel Lane and several officers came on board. There was the usual confusion before starting. Passengers were hurrying on board, some of them accompanied by friends. Porters were busy with the baggage. Among the last to arrive was a lady dressed in deep mourning and heavily veiled accompanied by several prominent society women of Kenosha. The bell rang for those who were not passengers to get off the boat. All left, except Colonel Lane and the men who were with him. The lady in mourning seemed particularly affected at parting with her friends. The second bell rang. Colonel Lane and the officers who were with him still lingered. Bob in the meantime lay stretched at full length on the floor between two great wheels of the machinery which propelled the boat. The heat was intolerable. It was so close he could hardly breathe. His limbs ached from the enforced position he had been in so long. If he moved an inch toward either side, he was in danger of being killed. It was time the boat had started. The anchor was being drawn up. The last bell sounded. The captain turned to Colonel Lane and said, "Unless you want to go with us, you had better get off." Colonel Lane and the detectives hastily scrambled into their small boat and rowed away.

The great wheels began to revolve, the whistle blew and the steamer started on its journey. The lady in mourning stepped to the railing, lifted her veil and waving it toward the retreating small boat cried, "Good-bye, Master Lane, if you want to see us again, come to Canada."

After going about a mile, the engines were reversed and the steamer stopped and Bob was taken from his perilous position in a dead faint.

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MARCH 15, 1906.

Published monthly by the students of the sixth State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Terms of Subscription—Local delivery 75 cents per annum, payable in advance. Post Office delivery \$1.00 per annum. Single copies 10 cents.

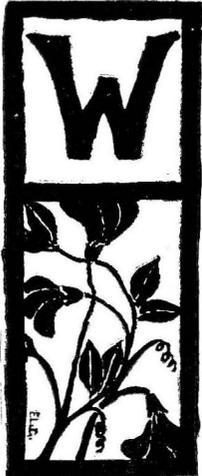
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EDITORIAL



WITH a pathetic, yet perhaps to some degree heroic, effort we refrain from expressing our sentiment concerning the matter which has for some time lain heavily upon the spirit of our student body. Yet, why refrain? We are not minions of the czar! Let us, therefore, drink deep of liberty while we may. The wealth of love we bear our would-be czar is too deep, too full, too ineffable to be desecrated by alluding to its existence thru the medium of these paltry pages. We could say *much*, but our deference and respect on the one hand quite outweigh our undisguised resentment and disgust on the other. We love our Alma Mater too well to divert any affection to her "friends" who are anxious to see her "make a good showing." We can not afford to waste irony or even "contempt" upon them, for their "standing in the community is such" as to render the diversion unnecessary. But, stay, relentless pen!

The students of Stevens Point Normal have ever appreciated the efforts made in their behalf. If not, we hasten to avail ourselves of this occasion. We all honor and respect the man who, above all others, has made our school a successful institution. Twelve years ago his work here began. The organization and management of a school is no mean task, yet how skillfully and ably was it done! Our President's faithfulness and efficiency won the confidence and esteem of every student who has ever worn the Purple and Gold or shouted the "Ve, ve, ve!"

The citizens of Stevens Point have ever manifested a most kindly interest in our school. They

have been prodigal of energy, time, and money in their support of various student activities. Many of the truly patrician families of the city have shown confidence in the management of Stevens Point Normal by patronizing the various departments from Kindergarten to Normal proper. A cordial feeling has ever existed between the students foreign to the city and the people at large. They were satisfied; we were innocently ignorant of the deplorable condition of our Alma Mater, and therefore content.

Hear the sad case of Alma Mater! She was under the sway of the old school—but thought she was being treated by up-to-date Doctors of Pedagogy. However, the learned doctors of this later day soon stigmatized the old regime as incapable and inefficient. The school was declared to be decadent. Measures must be adopted to restore the pristine vigor of the institution. Various remedies were suggested, divers were the theories adduced. Finally, after sage deliberation, in secret conclave assembled, the worthy doctors determined their course. The crisis had been reached. The prescribed dose was administered; but, behold a wonder! The patient resented the tender treatment of the Doctors. Thereupon, Alma Mater was pronounced insane, off in her upper story, and entrusted to the care of a specialist. She was too violent, and evinced so strong an aversion to his presence, however, that he made no calls in person, but decided to trust to rumor for the information whereon to base his treatment. Nevertheless, he diagnosed her case more fully. "Temperature—very warm," quite "hot." Pulse—kicking, rather than beating. Respiration—rapid, accompanied by a sibilant sound not unlike a hiss."

The learned Doctor was puzzled. Patient was restive, suffering from hallucination. Fancied herself all right, and protested against what she termed unwarranted treatment. She was plainly delirious; but the cause! Was he to be baffled, balked, ignominiously? The worthy Master was worried and perplexed. A gleam of reassurance swept down from his ferret eyes and straightened his thin lips. "Eureka!" he whispered exultingly. "Decapitation is an ancient remedy; but she must have a new head!"

He set to work, covertly at first, for Alma Mater was still strong, and, armed with the strength of delirium, a formidable antagonist. Caution, therefore. He busied himself in preparation, casting furtive glances the while. His ferret eyes glittered when he noted that she was yet unconscious of his intent. He finished. At last his thirsty blade was about to strike, when, ah! a sudden twang of memory said, "The knife won't do. Get the axe." And he did. The Doctor is searching for a substitute for Alma Mater's head; but her children refuse to be comforted.

HAPPY is the man who perceives the folly of his ways: happier the woman who sees the jolly of his ways.

IT is an easy matter to promise to pay. Does it pay to promise and not pay? It certainly does not prove profitable to our Business Manager.

THE Annual Staff is planning on an exceptional production this year. We need your help. Perhaps you have a very definite idea as to what this year's Annual should contain in order to render it exceptional? Hoping to hear from you soon, we are, as ever, Yours Truly.

AFTER all, some of the most uncommon things are common courtesy, common honesty, and common sense.

A thought that follows every upright man
Is, "Have I been as manly as I can?"

LOCALS

Emeline Knothe is again in school after a week's enjoyment of the mumps.

Ethel Cartmill and Anna Neprud receive diplomas from the Full Course at the end of this quarter.

Regent McFarland visits the Normal, February 26th.

Regent McFarland visits the Normal, February 27th.

Regent McFarland visits the Normal, February 28th.

Regent McFarland visits the Normal, March 1st.

On February 20th, Miss Helen Jane Waldo, of New York, under the auspices of the Treble Clef, gave a most delightful concert. "The Blood Red Ring," by Coleridge-Taylor, displayed especially well her beautiful voice, as did also the Folk Songs with which she closed her programme. The audience spent a most delightful evening.

On the evening of March 5th, the Lyric Glee Club appeared at the Opera House as the fourth number in the Lecture Course. Their selections were well rendered, as were also the readings of Miss Mary Agnes Doyle who accompanied them. Her impersonations of Irish characters particularly pleased the audience.

Clarence Adolphus Mortell has returned to school after a two days enforced vacation as a result of injuries received in a basket ball game. His nose is rapidly recovering, Faculty and students all express the wish that it will soon be as handsome as formerly.

Mabel Reading received the prize of five dollars awarded by THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION for the best March blackboard drawing.

Marie Calnan has withdrawn from school, and is teaching at Rhinelander.

Mr. Schmitt, of Chicago, was at school during the week of March 5th, in hopes of interesting the young men in selling desks during the Summer vacation.

The Schuppe girls, of Medford, visited their sister, Maurien, Sunday, March 4th.

Walter Murat, of the University of Wisconsin, was at school, February 15.

Miss Allerton has accepted the offer of Columbia College, New York City, to teach in their Summer School during the coming season.

Miss Fitzgerald will teach Kindergarten and Primary Methods, this Summer, at the Oshkosh Normal School. She has also been appointed chairman of the Primary Section of the State Teachers' Association held this year at Milwaukee some time in December.

Much enthusiasm is evinced by the school over the State Oratorical Contest to be given at Milwaukee on Friday, February 16, all the classes and societies voting to send delegates.

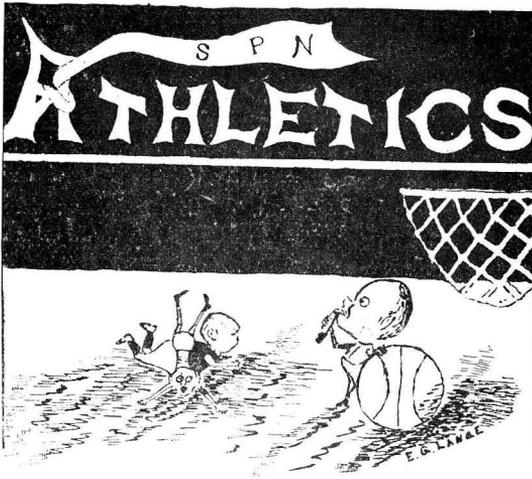
Professor Bacon gave us a talk, March 8th, on "Lights and Shadows of University Life." In a very interesting manner he told of the influences which surround these students who pursue the Higher Education, fixing their ideals of life.

Miss Gray lately received a language phone, or "language professor" from New York. She explained it to us in a very pleasant talk during morning Exercises, March 7th. The "professor" speaks twenty languages, and one can learn the proper accent, expression, and pronunciation in these languages by listening to him and interpreting from a book.

Thru the pains-taking and persistent efforts of Professor and Mrs. Bacon, an unusually pleasant evening was spent by all those who witnessed the staging of the Normal play, "The Cravenette," on February 24. The play was given before a full house and thoroly enjoyed by all present. Aside from the remarkably creditable performance individually and collectively on the part of the caste, the results bespeak much for the ability and self sacrifice of Professor and Mrs. Bacon.

The members of the Cravenette caste were entertained at the home of Professor and Mrs. Bacon March 1st.

Mr. McFarland has not visited the school since March 5th.



The final score in the first game of basket ball with Oshkosh should have been printed 23 to 12 in favor of Oshkosh; and not 38 to 12.

At the city of Oshkosh, on the 23d of February, the Stevens Point Normal basket ball team played their sixth game scheduled for this season. The game resulted in a defeat for our team, the Oshkosh men running up a score of 28 points against our boys' 20.

The Pointers did their best; but were forced to succumb to a better team. Besides being much stronger and heavier, the Oshkosh men had the advantage in playing according to Inter-Collegiate rules to which our men are unused.

At the end of the first half the score stood 8 to 7 in favor of Stevens Point. It was during the second half that the score began to pile up against the Pointers—why they do not know.

Park threw the only field basket for Stevens Point. Wadleigh did brilliant work at free throws. "Young" McDill and "Hilly" were at their best as rooters.

Keefe and Whitcomb did elegant work for Oshkosh.

After the game the usual good time was given to the visiting team by the Oshkosh sports.

Line up:

OSHKOSH.		STEVENS POINT.	
Keefe	Center	Roberts.	
Halsey	Forward	Park.	
Whitcomb	Forward	Wadleigh.	
Moody	Guard	Brasure.	
Daana	Guard	Bischoff.	

Substitutes—Hill and McDill.

The team was accompanied by Miss Mary Allerton, member of Faculty, Harold Culver, manager, and Professor Everson.

OFFICIALS:

Time-keeper—Miss Allerton,

Referee—Mr. Everson.

Umpire—Mr. Bowen, Oshkosh.

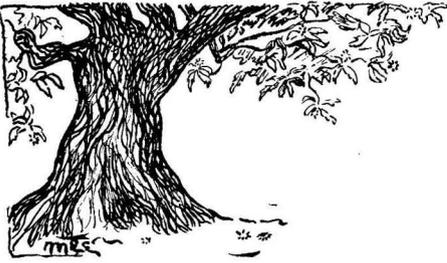
Hark ye, Athletes! How's she headin'? What about Spring athletics? How about track work? Look at the material! Splendid? Well, I guess! An opportune time to do some thing.

Reid, the crack mile-runner and all-around athlete, is back, sound as ever; Wadleigh can hold his own when it comes to pole-vaulting or the broad jump. Takisch, of Clark County, and well known in Oshkosh, is ready to throw the hammer, put the shot, or don the gloves; Osterbrink gave a full and highly satisfactory demonstration of his ability as sprinter once on a time during a Junior Reception; Everson will do for a mile, rain or shine; Hephner is a sprinter from "way back," and it is expected he will give Ignatius a merry chase for the long end of the purse; and when it comes to throwing ball Roberts is there with the goods. They say, our friend, Wysocki, can run some after he gets started; but he will have no competition whatever, as he is in a class of his own.

There are scores of other men in school. Who knows what possibilities are latent within them?

"I challenge you," said the young Normal School orator, "to find a single line that I have borrowed or stolen from any one."

"There's no doubt," replied the critic, "that it's all yours. But, if I were you, I wouldn't let it happen again."



CHESTNUTS AND ROASTS



Students said they didn't love us,
'Cause we were so full of slams,
And so we didn't show up for a while,
And then they kicked like broncos,
Looked as glum as gloomy owls,
And so now we'll try again to make 'em smile.

(Signed) JOLLY COLUMNS.

BROWN—"Ignatius Osterbrink boasts that he can trace his ancestry back to the time of the early Teutons."

MARTIN, sarcastically—"Well, the early Teutons are dead, and they won't mind."

JUNIOR BOY, eye fixed steadily on a stately figure clad in brown, sedately pacing up the aisle—"Her motto in life has always been "*I will.*"

SENIOR—"And has she lived up to it?"

JUNIOR—"She has. She never said no to a marriage proposal in her life; but——— you'll understand why she isn't married!"

SENIOR, on looking closer—"Ah yes; all the proposals were made in the dark!"

HEPHNER, vigorously shaking small gentleman in Practice Class—"Old Harry, himself, couldn't keep you still, youngster!"

THE KID—"Well!" gasps, "he's making an awful effort!"

PROFESSOR SPINDLER, in History of Education, Reading Homer—"Sometimes we have two feet, sometimes one long one."

HEPHNER, after two hours over a plan book—"Say, Osterbrink, do they have practice in heaven?"

OSTERBRINK—"Why?"

HEPHNER—"If they have, I'm not going there!"

Why does Bid O'Malley like fish?

WILSON, to Park—"Park, will you please oblige me by paying me that nickle I owe you?"

GEORGE EVERSON, trying to impress on class the lack of education in darkest Africa, and our obligations in regard to assisting in advancing learning there—"Only think, children, in Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Normal School where little girls and boys can go and learn things. Now, what do you think we should do?"

CHILDREN (in ecstatic union)—"Go to Africa!" George recovered later.

"She looked up into Morse's face in surprise: "Why, what a mixed metaphor, John!"

"Mixed metaphor!" echoed John. "That's a new one on me; but I'll ask Martin about it, to-night!"

MISS GRADY, seeing initials on black-board—"Who's O. K.?"

Krienke raises his hand.

"Yes," said the red-eyed student coming into Geometry Class—"I'm a little late this morning. The midnight oil, you know—"

"H'm," interrupted the teacher, "oil, eh? Well, the next time you paint the town I'd advise you to use water colors exclusively."

MR. BACON, thoughtfully, in Algebra Class—

"The poorer horse is x,
The poorer saddle is y,
The better saddle is z."

BLANCHE DEFOE—"Yes sir, and the better horse is "u!"

FRESHIE, gazing in astonishment toward the east—"Is she married!?"

JUNIOR, casually glancing toward Room 11—"Married? Why, she's been unmarried four times!"

EXCHANGES

A Jap Chap.

I know a little Jap, an' he's
 A type of perfect Japan ease ;
 And when upon his Japan knees
 He holds his little Japan niece,
 I'm envious of the chap, an' he's
 My beau ideal of Japanese! —Ex.

“I say, papa, what's an idiom?”

“That's the Latin meanin' for more than one idiot. I don't know what you're going to school for if they don't learn you them kind of things there.

See ?

When we want advice that's helpful,
 We must buy it—all agree—
 We get nothing good for nothing. See ?
 —Ex.

The Gospel of Bluff.

Bluff a little, bluff a little,
 As you go your way ;
 Bluffing may not always help you—
 Many times it may.
 Bluff a little, bluff a little ;
 Men may rail at you—
 But you'll see by watching closely,
 That they're bluffing too. —Ex.

“The boys are throwing stones at the poor peddler.”

“Outrageous !”

“That's what I think.”

“Who's boys are they?”

“Yours.”

“Oh ! well, boys will be boys. Let the children play.”

WOOVER—“Ah, may I be your captain, and guide your bark over the sea of life?”

WIDOW—“No; but you may be my second mate.” —Ex.

A drummer, while drumming for drums,
 Met a drummer adrumming a drum.
 Said the drummer for drums, “I'd rather drum
 [drums
 Than drum on the drums that I drum.” —Ex.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only noble to be good,
 Kind hearts are more than corn or nuts,
 And simple food than Norman blood. —Ex.

An Irishman walking near Fort Wadsworth late one afternoon, heard the usual sun-down gun. He asked a small boy what the noise was. The boy said it was the sun down. The first questioner replied as follows :

“Many a time it went down in the old country, but I never heard it make such a noise like that.” —Ex.

“Oh, yes,” said the pilot on the river boat, “I have been on this river so long that I know where every stump is.”
 Just then, with a jar, the boat struck a stump.
 “There ! that's one of them now,” he continued. —Ex.

A young officer at the front wrote home to his father :

“DEAR FATHER:—Kindly send me £50 at once ; lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in the hospital without means.”

The answer was :

“MY DEAR SON:—As this is the fourth leg you have lost, according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and wobble along on any others you may have left.” —Ex.

A lecturer who was suddenly taken with stage fright, expressed the situation in these words :

“I have great presence of mind, but I haven't it with me.”

MAMMA—“Why, Tommy, where did you get all those things?”

TOMMY:—“Oh ! I've been to the church fair, and I saw a sign which said, ‘Grab bag, five cents;’ so I left five cents and grabbed the bag, and you just bet, I've got a bargain.”

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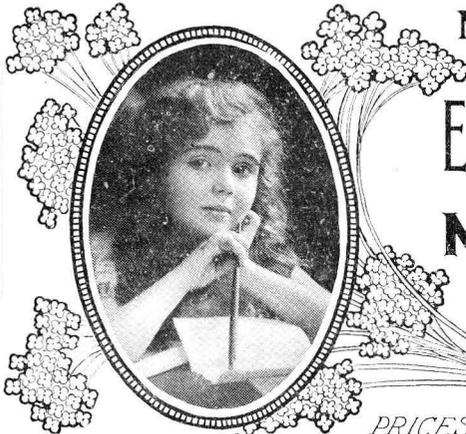
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