

L. C. Carley.

The

POINTER



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

STEVENS POINT, WIS.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

JUNE, 1912

1894

PROGRAM

1912

Ma 24

Senior Class Play, "Fanny and the Servant Problem"
Grand Opera House, 8:15 P. M.

May 25

President's Reception to Graduates and Faculty
Normal Gymnasium, 8:00 P. M.

May 29

Regents' Examination of Graduating Class

June 5

Play Festival, 6:45 P. M.

June 7

Inter-Society Literary Evening—Assembly Room, 8:00 P. M.

June 8

Junior Entertainment of Faculty and Seniors
Normal School, 8:00 P. M.

June 9

Baccalaureate Address, Supt. S. B. Tobey
Assembly Room, 2:30 P. M.

June 10

Class Day Exercises—Assembly Room, 8:00 P. M.

June 11

Faculty Reception to Alumni, Students and Friends
Gymnasium, 8:00 P. M.

June 12

Baseball—Alumni and Faculty vs. Normal Team
Fair Grounds, 3:00 P. M. Admission, 15 cents.
Annual Reunion and Banquet of Alumni Association
Normal Building, 6:30 P. M.

June 13

Commencement—Assembly Room, 10:00 A. M.
Address by Supt. Carroll G. Pearse, President N. E. A., 1912

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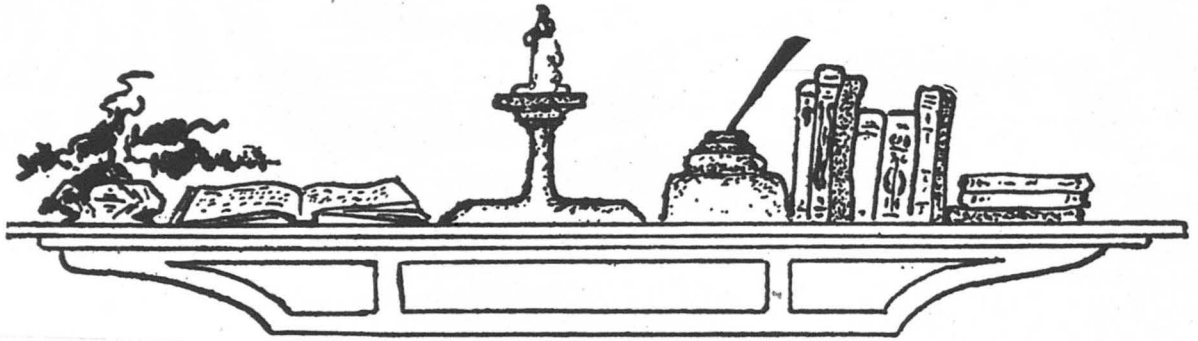
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EDITORIAL

With this issue, kind reader, the good craft *THE POINTER*, which was so proudly launched on the waters of battle on September last, is now sailing proudly into the home harbor.

Have we returned with the treasures which we have gone out to seek? This is for you to answer, kind reader. If the columns of *THE POINTER* have offered you literary inspiration, if they have truly represented our Alma Mater, if they have proved a source of interest and pleasure to you, we are satisfied that our mission is in the fullest sense complete. We have done our best to make each issue enjoyable to the average reader. Perhaps we have not always succeeded. If we have not, we crave your indulgence.

A joke or two, kind reader, we trust that you are kind, may have been directed your way. You may have been angry; a hundred others laughed and were made happy; it wasn't so bad after all. For so sacrificing your interest, oftentimes, to what seemed to us the interests of everyone, we again crave indulgence.

The School Year is over, and as we say farewell to the staff we must add "Well done, good and faithful servants." Often you have prepared your *POINTER* material even in the face of an examination; often, perhaps, you have burned the midnight oil. For all this you deserve the utmost credit.

Although the work may have seemed a sore trial to you at times, we trust that you have in a larger sense benefitted by it, and are in consequence better fitted to enter the battle field of life where originality of expression will mean so much to you.

We wish especially to thank the Business Manager, who by much planning and hard work has made *THE POINTER* of 1911-12 an unqualified success financially.

To the Assistant Editor, to whose lot has fallen many of the tasks of correcting copy, reading proof, and writing editorials, is due unlimited praise. Much of the credit attributed to others truthfully belonged to this office. We thank you for your service.

To the Students, Faculty, and Alumni we extend our hearty thanks. We realize how useless it would be for us to attempt a school publication without your support. We feel that either by contributing to our columns, giving us helpful suggestions, or by supporting us financially, you have all lent us the aid which without we could not well subsist. We thank you all.

THE POINTER bids you a fond farewell, trusting that our humble efforts to please have done justice to our Students, Faculty, Friends, and to our Alma Mater, old Stevens Point Normal.

THE 1912 IRIS makes its appearance this week. From the stand-point of the artistic it is perhaps the handsomest which THE IRIS ever issued. The entire book is gotten up in brown, with tinted paper, brown prints, and a full ooze sheep leather cover stamped with gold letters. The written material is written up in a very pleasing and interesting manner, and the cuts and etchings are distinctly superior to the average.

THE POINTER heartily endorses THE 1912 IRIS as a fitting and worthy effort of the School Year; and understanding that there are a few copies still unsold, we are pleased to recommend it to THE POINTER readers as an investment well worth a dollar of any one's money.

The Banquet of the Alumni of the Stevens Point Normal School, will be held in the gymnasium, Wednesday evening, June 12. It is anticipated that the Re-Union will be the largest in years; and it is urged that all of the Alumni who possibly can, to attend and have this Re-Union recorded in the history of the school.

Senior Class Play.

On Friday, May 24th, the Senior Class presented the Four Act Comedy, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," by Jerome K. Jerome. The following is the Cast of Characters:

FANNY.....ALICE G. T. GARVIN
Vernon Wetherell, Lord Bantock,
her Husband.....Byron J. Carpenter
Martin Bennet, her Butler, J. C. Wilberscheid
Susannah Bennet, her House-keeper,
.....Janet Johnston
Jane Bennet, her Maid.....Georgia Biegler
Earnest Bennet, her Second Footman,
.....S. A. Brady
Honoria Bennet, her Still-room Maid.
.....Alma Stenger
The Misses Wetherell, her Aunts by
Marriage..Elsa Ringletaube, Nell Kratz
Dr. Freemantle, her local Medicine Man,
.....Charles Fulton
George P. Newte, her former Business
Manager.....R. B. Woodworth

OUR EMPIRE:

ENGLAND.....JANETTE MCCREEDY
SCOTLAND.....Florence Forsythe
IRELAND.....Trude Maas
WALES.....Marie Poser
CANADA.....Nora Nyhus
AFRICA.....Bess Pankratz
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.....Donna Downs

The SCENE takes place in Fanny's boudoir Bantock Hall, Rutlandshire.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I—Sunset at Bantock Hall. Fanny's arrival.

ACT II—Next morning. "Cut it short—I said "damn." You know that, ladies—quite slap-up ladies—when they're excited—do—"

ACT III—Several days later. "Before you are to be Lady Bantock, you have got to be a changed woman."

ACT IV—The next morning. To-day, I give Lord Bantock a wife in every way fit for her position.

Music rendered by the Normal Orchestra, ANNA E. MENAUL, Director.

Alumni Banquet.

Invitations have been received by the members of the Senior Class, and the Alumni, from the Alumni officers, to attend the Banquet and Re-union.

An Able Presentation.

The Normal Senior Class Play, Produced by Well Balanced Cast. Pleases Large Audience.

From THE STEVENS POINT JOURNAL.

"Fanny and the Servant Problem," presented by the Senior Class of the Stevens Point Normal School, under the direction of Prof. Smth at the Grand Opera House, Friday evening, was so different from the ordinary Home Talent Plays, and so well presented by the amateur cast, that its success was instantaneous. A crowded house was present to greet the production, and a very appreciative audience it was.

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The play is in Four Acts, and is full of humorous situations, the action beginning at the rise of the curtain. The play opens with a scene in Bantock Hall, the home of Lord Bantock, who disguised as an artist, had married Fanny, a music hall singer. On the arrival of the newly married couple at home, Fanny is dumb-founded by the realization that Lord Bantock's butler is none other than her uncle, and that a score of other servants in the house are in some way related to her. At once her unwelcome relatives begin a process of education that they think will make Fanny a fit wife for his Lordship. Their efforts lead to the many laughable situations, and finally culminate in the climax where Fanny confesses to Lord Bantock the relationship existing between herself and the servants. She plans on going back to the stage; but, of course, is dissuaded in this by her husband; and with the blessings of Bennett the butler, together they start out anew.

The part of Fanny was exceedingly well taken by Miss Alice Garvin. Her grace and ease of manner captivated the audience and showed her to be the possessor of more than ordinary dramatic ability. The character of Lord Bantock was ably portrayed by Byron Carpenter; while J. C. Wilberscheid, as the butler, could hardly be improved upon.

Miss Janet Johnston, as Jane Bennett, the butler's better half, made that part much more interesting than it would ordinarily be, her acting being delightfully true to life.

R. B. Woodworth and Charles Fulton, as George P. Newte, Fanny's business manager, and Dr. Freemantle, her local medicine man, had less important parts, but carried them out very skillfully, the former especially, with his clever make-up and brazen manner, was a feature of the play.

The Misses Elsa Ringletaube, Nell Kratz, Alma Stenger, and Georgia Biegler, and S. A. Brady, the other members of the cast, all gave a strong presentation of their various parts. And the Misses Jeanette McCreedy,

Florence Forsythe, Gertrude Maas, Marie Poser, Nora Nyhus, Bessie Pankratz, and Donna Downs, as the former friends of Fanny on the stage, added much to the good qualities of the piece, and their appearance in the Third Act, when they disturbed the peaceful quiet of the household, was one of the most humorous parts of the play.

NATURE'S SUMMER GOWN.

Written by FLORA E. WOOD LOWRY,
And published in *The Minneapolis Progress*.

When the first breath of Spring rode the breezes,

When the frost first crept from the ground,
Dame Nature busied her fingers

In fashioning a wondrous new gown.

She called it the Verdure of Summer,

And I watched as she worked away,

For her skill and her magic enchanted

The hours of full many a day.

Soon as Spring kissed each bud, seed, and rootlet,

Soon as Sun warmed them thru to the heart,

Soon as rains pattered gently above them,

They became of her garment a part

In the warp and the woof of her weaving,

There were mosses so tender and green:

There were tiny pale flowers just opening;

There were waxen wee leaves to be seen.

There were catkins in gray gaily nodding;

Nestled close were the winter-greens new;

And the rose-tinted arbutus trailing

Under leaves, almost hidden from view,

There were leaves of all shapes and all sizes,

Twigs, briars, and burrs, not a few;

There were brakes, ferns, and long slender
grasses;

There were violets of loveliest hue.

Now and then, as the pattern unfolded,

There were masses of beauty outspread

Telling all that the apple and cherry

Were stirring from Winter's cold bed.

As I watched this wonderful weaver

So nicely adjusting each part,

I rejoiced that the Verdure of Summer

Was gladdening full many a heart



INTERVARY

UNDER THE MASK.

Bert Warren sat at his desk in a very thoughtful mood. The weary routine of college life was apparently wearing severely on his nerves.

Although it was not quite time to end the session for the day, he closed his book with a bang, rose, and made for the door with long strides. Once in the wardrobe, he pulled on his long ulster, arranged his scarf, and was just about to start for his boarding place when someone slapped him on the back and said:

"Hello, Bert; just the fellow I'm looking for!" Bert turned around abruptly, and there stood Red Finlan. "Finlan was certainly properly named," thought Bert to himself. Red was tall and slight, had a long thin neck and an enormous shock of red curly hair.

"Well," said Bert sullenly, "what do you want?"

"Have you forgotten the mock trial a week from Thursday?"

The words acted like magic on Warren. True, he was on the committee for arrangements, and he had not even chosen a question.

"You're a brick," exclaimed Red. "I've been trying to get hold of you for a week, and every time you escaped me. Now there is no time to lose."

"You are right," said Bert thoughtfully. "Come to my room and we will soon have it arranged."

Next day, the bulletin in the hall announced the mock trial:

State vs. "Jack the Hugger."

"Very appropriate case," muttered Jones, the big full back, as he scanned the program written in Red Finlan's scrawly hand. "Very appropriate," he added, "for scarcely a night passes that some girl is not caught by him."

"Whom do they accuse?" said one of the fellows looking over Jones' shoulder.

"Oh, that's nothing to do with it," said another. "No one really knows who it is that is terrorizing the girls of the town; so we just choose any one."

"Well, it wouldn't be healthy for the real 'Jack the Hugger' if he came in my road," said Jones, as he walked into the assembly hall, followed by the rest.

"Well, what are we going to do?" said Red. "Of course, the plaintiff can be the girl's dad. I can easily manage that. I've got Palmer for that; but the girl, the girl I say, who's going to be the girl? Bert, you'll have to do it yourself."

"Me? I can't do that," exclaimed Bert.

"Hold on," said Red, "You've been in these society plays and farces too many times for that. Besides, you've got just the right kind of a form. You're good looking, too. A little paint on your cheeks, a wig, eye glasses, and a veil would make you the most stunning looking girl in town."

"But the clothes, Red," said Warren.

"Oh, you know how to fix that, Bert. There are a dozen girls in school that would give you their Sunday best, and keep quiet, too; at least, until the thing is over."

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"That may be," said Bert, "but the part—I can't act that."

"Oh yes, you can," said Red, grinning almost from ear to ear. "So long, old boy, good-bye. I'll see you later."

"Well, there doesn't seem to be any alternative," said Warren to himself, as he ambled along toward the girls' dormitory.

At about four o'clock the day before the trial, Warren might have been seen emerging from the girls dormitory carrying a large package.

"Goodness, I feel uervous," muttered the girlish Warren to himself. "This kind of foolery doesn't agree with me. If it was only a foot-ball game, I'd feel better; but these doings get a fellow's nerves right up on edge. I smell danger ahead, anyway, and I'll treat the crowd if something doesn't turn up to spoil the whole mess."

He was now for up the avenue, and was just about to turn the corner toward the main street when he heard a familiar voice pipe out:

"Hello, young man, what ye got in the big bundle under yer arm?"

"Oh," exclaimed Warren, much astonished, "Hello, Mr. Hooper—that is, Professor. Out shoveling the walks, I see."

"Yes," exclaimed the professor, mopping his thin whiskers, "and mighty deep it is, too, this last snow. But I must get some exercise; so the landlady lets me do this. What was it, ye said ye had in the bundle, did ye say?"

"Oh, that's nothing but my laundry," said Warren, lying graciously.

"Will ye take mine, too, young man? This bachelor's life is lonely enough, young man, and I advise ye to get married before ye are of my age and know nothing but how to teach German in a Second Class College."

"Perhaps you are right, Professor, seeing that you speak from experience. Just bring me out that lanndry and I'll leave it with mine as I pass through town."

"Strange old fellow," muttered Warren as he walked toward town. "Lackily he didn't stop to think that I was on my way home and wouldn't be carrying my laundry from school."

"I wonder what makes me so nervous, to-night," Warren was thinking as he dropped into his room after supper and deposited his bundle on the bed. "But there is no backing out now, so here goes."

A half hour later, he stood before the glass, a fairly good looking girl.

"Well, I wouldn't know myself in this rig," thought Bert," and yet I must be sure that no one else will know me."

With this idea in mind he stole silently down the front stairs, opened the street door and stepped noiselessly onto the porch. Then, after carefully arranging his dress and veil, he rapped loudly on the door.

Presently the door opened. "Good evening, Mrs.," he said in a very pretty and feminine voice, "I hear that you have rooms to rent. Am I right?"

"Sure, you're too late, my dear lady," said Mrs. McGraw, brushing her hair back from her forehead. "I've let my last room."

"Can't I have Mr. Warren's room?" he exclaimed, continuing in his feminine voice.

"Sure, do ye think I'd be for turning a quiet young gentleman like him out?" she fairly cried.

"Very good," said Warren, in his natural voice, as he lifted his veil. "I see that my disguise is not so bad after all."

"Why, 'tis Mr. Warren. Who'd thot it? But sure it is you that is always playing innocent tricks on your poor landlady."

"Forgive me this time, Mrs. McGraw," said Warren as he left the bouse. Little did he think as he left the porch and walked swiftly down the street, of the events which would happen before he again returned.

There was intense excitement in the court room. Even though it was a mock trial, the students and towns-people that filled the great assembly hall were almost breathless with excitement. There was an intense feeling of reality about the proceedings, and the look of anxiety on the faces of those present could scarcely have been keener if the trial were real.

"Your honor, I object to that question," came from the State's attorney, in a loud voice.

"Your objection is sustained," calmly replied the judge.

"Then we are through with the witness," said the State's attorney.

"Proceed with the witnesses for the prosecution. Miss Lorenze, take the stand."

There was absolute quiet for a moment; then a young lady, deeply veiled, arose from her seat near the front, and with a graceful step, advanced to the platform and took the witness chair.

"Your name, please," came from the attorney.

"Margaret Loranze," answered the witness in a clear, musical voice.

"Tell us your experiences with 'Jack the Hugger,'" proceeded the attorney.

The witness told with an easy grace of her experiences with "Jack the Hugger," pointing out, also, the resemblance between the "Hugger" and the defendant. After a few cross-questions from the State's attorney, the witness was allowed to go. This she did immediately, and soon after she left the court room.

The examination of the witnesses continued

"How easy," thought Warren to himself, as he stepped out of the court room. "And to think, not one of them knew me. That's not so bad, after all. I'll just hike for my room, wash up, and return to see what good my testimony did at the trial. They certainly ought to win; for I identified the fellow positively. Wish I had my pipe and

tobacco here. Come to to think of it, I wouldn't make a very good looking girl, a smoking with these togs on."

The weather was quite cold, and Warren was glad to use the muff which he carried. "Such a freak I am," he was saying to himself, when suddenly, and without warning, he was nearly knocked over. Something came out suddenly from behind a tree trunk and before he knew it, Warren felt his face being covered with kisses. "It's 'Jack the Hugger, sure,'" thot Warren to himself, as he struggled to get his hands out of his muff, "but I'll be foxy—I'll solve the mystery for sure, now.

"Oh! oh sir!" he exclaimed, still keeping up his faultless feminine voice. "Don't; oh let me go!"

By this time Warren's hands were free, and he could not resist the temptation to throw out one of his powerful arms which had become like steel from hard training in the gym. Nor did he try to resist his desire; for just as 'Jack' was trying another fusilade of kisses, he let drive with his right arm and struck the man fairly on the chest. He tumbled over into a snow drift like a bag of meal, and Warren, with another feminine scream, pickod up his skirts and ran. 'Jack,' however, had no idea that this athletic young lady should escape so quickly, and in a twinkling of an eye he was up and in pursuit.

Warren could easily have out-distanced most of the best runners at college; and doubtless could have outrun this man, had he been content to do so. But he was not; he preferred to have still more fun; so he slacked up and permitted himself to be caught fairly under a lamp post near the corner of the main avenue. Warren grappled and screamed several times. In the struggle that followed, Warren observed that the mask which his assailant wore, was gradually slipping to one side and revealing a gray whisker. "If I can only get that mask off and see who it is, I'll beat it," thought

Warren to himself. At this point, his thots were interrupted by a lusty shout from the direction of the avenue, and in another moment he saw a patrolman in brass buttons speedily making for them. "It's now, or never," thought Warren. "I've got him now." Mustering all the strength he had into one effort, he broke his opponent's hold, and with one grab snatched away the mask and threw it to the ground. "Ye Gods! Professor Hooper!" shouted Warren, falling back in speechless dismay. "Am I losing my reason?" he thought, "am I dreaming?"

Everything suddenly seemed to swim before his eyes, and he felt faint. By this time the officer was within twenty feet of them.

"Officer, exclaimed the Professor, "arrest this woman, quick. Hurry, sir, before she gets away. She tried to rob me—see the mask, sir—I say, arrest her!"

"Let me see—who are you?" exclaimed the officer, naturally suspicious. "Why, Professor Hooper, to be sure. Sure, I'll

arrest her. Come along with me, lady."

The officer stretched out his arm to lay it on the young lady's shoulder, but he did not touch her. Before they had time to think, the lady robber had picked up her skirts and bolted. She was around the corner in an instant, and the cries of "halt!" fell on unheeding ears. Warren found it an easy matter to shed hat, wig, and veil, at one sweep, and it was only the work of another instant to plunge them into a drift and kick the snow over them. Warren got rid of his skirt and muff in the same fashion, and with his limbs once free, the rest was easy.

The papers of the next evening gave a long account of the attempted robbery of one of the college's most prominent professors. The article also stated that the robber was a woman, and a very fast runner. The real secret of "Jack the Hugger" never came to light.

The students who took part in this story have all graduated and gone; and the professor has long since left for parts unknown.

HIS LAST DAYS

The warm days of Spring had come and they seemed to put new life into everything. The upper campus of Fairfield College was crowded with students engaged in all kinds of sports. Games of base ball, tennis, wrestling matches, and even leap-frog kept the campus in a continual uproar. From the college windows the grave Seniors overlooked all this with contempt.

Frank Benjamin Whitley occupied one of these windows and looked with abhorrence on the whole scene.

"Such fools," he was thinking to himself. "Well, they will know what study and worry is when they reach my position. This worry about final standings and graduation is enough to make any man feel old. Oh, I'm so sick of it! I'd quit school now if it were not for dad and mother. Oh yes, Sis, too.

She was always so anxious that I should be the smartest in my class. Well, I suppose I ought to fight it out," he grumbled, "seeing that I'm a Senior and there are only a few more days of school."

"What's the matter, Frank? You look as serious as a Methodist minister," came from behind him.

"Oh, it's you, is it Katherine," said Frank aloud, but inwardly wishing she had not come up to interrupt his thoughts just then.

"You seem to be ill," she continued. "You'd better take a walk with me down the avenue. You need the air."

Frank accepted graciously, and it would indeed have been strange if he had not. He had walked with this same girl down the avenue to her home every afternoon for almost the whole school year. He liked her

very much. She always encouraged him in his work, consoled him in his troubles. He always confided his cares to her, and she gradually grew to become part of his very life.

Frank Whitley was not the most popular fellow in college; nor the most brilliant. He was a fellow who could not learn easily. Although a good student, it was only by diligent effort that he made his grades. He always studied hard, and he entered into none of the events at college. He scarcely ventured out of the strictest routine, save to take Miss Allyn home every afternoon,

When Frank bade Katherine good-bye at the gate that afternoon, he felt quite cheery. He whistled merrily on his way back a block or so; but gradually his whistling ceased, and he gave way to his thoughts again. The more he thought about his affairs the darker they seemed to look.

"Poor me," he soliloquized, "I wonder if I have passed those horrible examinations? They were certainly the hardest that I ever saw—and that final essay! It's fierce, and such a subject, too—"The Ascendency of Aristides." Who ever heard of such a thing? And then to cap the climax, Lucetta is coming. She's an awfully good sister, tho. She graduated from college in 1904. They learned something then; at least, that is what she says. I just know that she'll start and criticise me from hat to shoes. That reminds me of my suit. I wonder if it will please her. Of course, black is perfectly proper; but she may not like those peg top trousers. Anyway, I've ordered them, and they ought to be done now. Was anything ever so absurd?" he went on to himself.

"Well, one thing is certain," he thought. "I won't worry until the time comes. I'll know to-morrow whether I pass my examinations, or not. I'll write to sister and tell her to come Friday. Everything will be over by Thursday; except the exercises. I'll get my suit Friday morning, and everything is done. Oh, I'm not such a bad schemer,

after all," he thought to himself. "I'll just go to the train to meet Sis, hustle her off to supper before she has a chance to say any thing, and then she won't get me so rattled."

* * * * *

The day of graduation had arrived. Frank Whitley was all excitement. Most of the discomfort had passed; but the greatest ordeal yet remained. Before going to breakfast this morning, Frank stepped before the looking glass and delivered his oration in a loud voice. When about half through, his voice became husky, and by the time he had finished, his voice had dwindled almost to a squeak.

"Awful thing if I get hoarse now," he thought, "but it's just my luck. Confound it. Well, of all things; if I haven't clean forgot to get my suit from the tailor," he grumbled aloud. "Let me see. Yes. I've got everything else, shoes, hat, collar," he thot, "all I have to do now is to stop at the tailor's when I go to see Katherine this morning."

A half hour later, Frank rang softly at the door of the Allyn residence. Katherine was at home and answered the bell herself.

"Oh, good morning, Frank!" she exclaimed, excuse my looking so; but I never expected you at this hour."

"Yes, I know," replied Frank, "that is—you see—I've had so much on my mind that—you know I wanted you to go to the Graduating Exercises, to-night, with me, and—I put off asking you too long,"

"I'm sorry, Frank," she said, "but you are too late. I am going with my mother. You should have asked me sooner; unless, of course, if you really insist, I might go yet. I suppose you were busy and forgot"

"Yes, that's it," replied Frank. "You'll forgive me this time, won't you? I certainly intended to have you go, all the time. You see, my sister is coming this afternoon, on the five o'clock train, and I wanted you to meet her."

"Oh, I shall be delighted," she exclaimed.

"What is she like, Frank?"

Frank thought a minute, and then replied, "Oh, big blue eyes, light hair, and she wears a gray traveling coat."

"What a description; but it's just like a man!" she said laughingly.

"Surely, I'd be glad to see her," Katherine continued. "Bring her here for supper, and we'll all go to the Exercises together, I know that you will speak just fine. Won't you come in and tell me all about your sister?"

"I'd like to very much," he replied, "but I can't stop a minute. You know how busy a fellow is on a day like this."

Frank bade a hasty good-bye, and then started for the clothier's. A short walk brought him to the shop. The first thing he saw upon entering was a half dozen of his classmates.

"Getting your togs here, too?" exclaimed one of them.

"Sure," he replied; and then addressing the clerk asked for his suit.

"What's the name, sir?" said the clerk.

"Whitley? Didn't know you had a suit here."

"Where's the proprietor, then?" said Frank. "What's that? Mr. Micklejohn out of town?"

"Won't be at home until to-ught?"

"Well, I've got a suit here, and some one of the firm ought to know about it."

The clerk consulted some one in the back room, and returned to say that the suit wouldn't be ready until the afternoon.

"Afternoon! I want it now!" exclaimed Frank, "I've got to wear it to-night. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the clerk, "You fellows all want everything at the same time. You're worse than a bunch of kids."

"Kids, eh?" shouted Frank growing warm under the collar. "You just trot that suit to my room before four this afternoon; or there will be trouble. Bah! I wish the pro-

prietor were here. You wouldn't feel so smart."

"No need to get angry, sir," said the clerk apologetically. "We will send it at four."

Frank stormed out of the shop in disgust. His next visit was to another clothier, where, after much delay, he finally purchased a suitable neck-tie; but not before his entire patience and most of the forenoon were exhausted.

The afternoon was spent exactly as planned. He delivered his oration two or three times; this time silently, so as to save his voice. A quiet nap of two hours gave him just time enough to go to the train to meet his sister.

"Well, this is what I call doing things up brown," Frank was saying to himself as he left the house, "Hello, there," he cried, "So you're the messenger with my clothes, are you?" said he, addressing a trim young lad in blue uniform and brass buttons.

"From Micklejohn's, eh? All right: go right in. Second floor, front room. Here's a quarter for your trouble."

Frank soon covered the distance between his boarding place and the station; but not soon enough. When he reached the depot platform the train was just pulling in. Of all the crowds at the station! Frank had never seen the equal of this. There were hundreds of students waiting with anxious faces the arrival of their parents and friends, and all the pushing that Frank could do was of no avail. By standing on his tip-toes he could just see the people as they alighted from the train.

"Oh I can spot her all right," he was saying confidently to himself. "Let me see, she had a gray coat on when I saw her last. Oh, there she is now. Excuse me, sir, may I pass?" he said to the man in front of him. "My sister, you know," Frank pushed his way desperately toward the train. The crowd gave way a little, and he got up just in time to touch her on the shoulder before she turned to go.

"Hello, Sis," he cried, throwing his arms around her, and kissing her before she could utter a word.

"Well, I'll be blowed," he half shouted. "Of all thing! I've kissed the wrong girl."

"Sir, what do you mean?" exclaimed the surprised young lady. "Go away, this instant, or I'll call the police. If my husband were only here—"

"I'll go," exclaimed Frank, too anxious for the chance, "only remember it's all a mistake. Confound that gray coat!"

Frank turned shamefully away, and started to edge his way through the crowd again. In getting away he nearly ran into Katherine who was coming out of the trunk room, swinging a baggage check in her hand.

"Katherine, have you seen—" he started. He got no further; for, instead of the pleasant smile that he expected, he saw her deliberately turn up her nose and brush past him.

"Am I dreaming?" thought Frank as he passed his hands over his eyes. "Can it be true? Not enough to kiss the wrong girl, but to have her turn me cold at such a time as this! Well, Sis. didn't come anyway. I can't go there for supper now; and—no, I won't take her so the exercises to-night, either. If she won't speak to me, we are quits for good. She can stay at home for all of me."

This was the dreadful state of mind Frank Whitley was in when he went to his boarding place to supper. He went to the table, but he couldn't eat. He complained about the meat, the butter didn't taste good, and he left in disgust after he had eaten a few mouthfuls. A cigar gave him some consolation, and he resolved to spend the remainder of the hour at the billiard room; that would give him plenty of time, he figured, to dress for the occasion, and then all would be over.

Lucetta had not come to criticise or make him nervous, and he planned to leave town quietly the next day without even bidding Katherine good-bye. Perhaps he would send her a card in a few days; or, perhaps, she would write and explain her actions.

With these thoughts uppermost in his mind, he started to return to his rooms. Arriving there, he took off his coat and hat and threw them carelessly on the bed. He next removed his shoes, and snatched up his bundle from the dresser.

"Micklejohn," he mused, looking at the letters on the box, "Yes, and you're the slowest Mick I ever saw." He broke the cords of the box and threw the cover into the corner. He picked up the bill on top. "Thirteen, seventy-five," he read. "Why I agreed to pay him Thirty-seven," he grumbled. "Well, if he's so kind—but hold on—"

Frank's eyes began to bulge, and it was a half minute before he ventured a sound. Then silence gave way. "The pesky fools," he roared. "This farmer suit for me on graduation night! Oh, they'll pay for this mistake. Eight o'clock, too; they'll start in half an hour! What can I do? No, I can't wear it either. It fits me like a sack. No phone on this floor. I'll have to put on my shoes again."

Frank ran out of the room and down the stairs, not waiting to put on his coat. At the outer door he met a husky young farmer who started to inquire something about the number of the house.

"Sell your cabbage at the back door," shouted Frank as he pushed the farmer roughly aside.

"I'm not selling cabbage. It's a suit, I tell you," shouted back the farmer with equal wrath.

"What's that you say, a suit?" Frank stopped and came back. "Oh, you have my suit, eh?" he replied.

"Yes, I've got something," exclaimed the wrathful farmer, "and I want my suit. I'm going to be married to-night."

It would be difficult to tell which of these two young men was the angrier, as they ascended the stairs. Explanations followed, which ended in an exchange—plaid and stripe for just plain black.

A hasty toilet and change of clothes might have been accomplished by a less particular person than Whitley in a short time; but it took him exactly half an hour. This made him ten minutes late to the theatre, even after the best running of which he was capable.

He reached the stage door nearly exhausted. Here he was met by his class-mates, who, instead of encouraging him, scolded him soundly for "being late and delaying them ten minutes." Frank was shown his chair, and even before he had fully recovered his breath, the curtain was lifted and the program began.

He felt a mighty scarcity of nerve as the program advanced. Finally, his name was called by the president of the college:

"Frank Benjamin Whitley, Treatise on 'The Ascendency of Aristides.'"

Frank arose and advanced on the platform. He viewed the vast audience without seeing a face. His uttermost thought was to drive down his fear and show that he, even he, could do justice to his class. He raised his voice and started out, slowly and deliberately. He waded through his Oration with growing feeling. His fighting spirit came to his aid, and he fought his way bravely to the end. Then he took his seat, and to his great surprise the galleries broke into loud applause.

"Wonder if they're trying to make a fool of me," he was thinking as the next speaker was announced, "Anyway, it's all over, and I'm thru."

When, at last, the program was over, Frank found himself standing desertedly in the middle of the stage, with his sheepskin in his hand. The other speakers were being congratulated and encouraged on every side. Crowds were streaming onto the stage. Frank saw none of his friends; not one said a word to him. "This is no place for me," he thought. "I'll do the 'silent steal away' and leave them." He went to the stage door at a rapid gait, turned

the knob, and was just about to go when he was suddenly siezed by the coat-tail and fairly dragged inside again.

"Frank, oh Frank, where were you going? We nearly killed ourselves trying to get up here, and—"

Frank felt two soft arms around him, his face was covered with kisses before he had time to think.

"Oh! Frank," she cried, "you spoke so fine. I'm so proud of you."

"Oh! Sis., where did you come from?" he finally gasped?

"Come from? You foolish boy! Why didn't you meet me at the train?" she replied.

"I—I—," started Frank, when he was suddenly broken in upon.

"Yes, and who was the girl you kissed at the station this afternoon?" chimed in Katherine, who had previously remained in the background.

"Are you going crazy? Do tell us, what is the matter?"

"Now Katherine, I—" started Frank again, only to be interrupted.

"Enough," said Katherine. "I meant to give you a pleasant surprise by going to meet your sister; but it seems that it was I who had the surprise."

"Now you two just listen," he implored.

"No excuses," snapped Katherine. "You never looked for your sister. I happened to see her wandering up and down the platform. She didn't have a gray cloak; but I spoke, and it proved to be your sister."

"And why didn't you speak to me?" gasped Frank.

"Why should I, after such actions?" she replied. "I simply had her trunks taken to our house, and here we are."

"Oh, of all the mistakes," he started to say, when he was again interrupted.

"Mistakes? What do you mean?" asked Lucetta,

"Oh, sister," he pleaded. "Can't you see that I thought the girl in gray was you?"

"Oh, we see it all now," they both exclaimed.

"And you had to go to supper all alone. You poor forsaken fellow. We're so sorry."

"And you forgive me?" asked Frank.

"Forgive you? Of course, with all our hearts."

"And you both thought I spoke well?" he asked still in some doubt.

"Spoke well? Of course. We're proud of you," they exclaimed in one breath.

Romarks of "fine," "bravo," "excellent stunt," and the like, came from all sides

now, and many stopped to wring Frank's hand.

When all was over, Frank could hardly believe his senses. "And you aren't going to criticise?" he asked of Lucetta.

"How could I, good brother," she replied. "The class of 1904 was never like this. But we must hurry. Katherine and I have a luncheon already prepared at home, and we'll have lots of time to talk it all over."

"And I'm fully forgiven?" Frank managed to whisper in Katherine's ear. "Hurry, or we'll miss the last car,"



School Notes



Sophomore Journal.

WANT ADS.

A cure for "quinine" — So I can talk in Oleson's Class. B- -T- - -E D- - - V-N.

A mechanical or chemical appliance, to keep my pompadour in shape.

CARL GERDES.

A position as Missionary to the Figi Islands. I feel that I am fully capable of converting the men to— to—— ESTHER WERLE,

WANTED.—Carpenter work. Apply to "Sophomore Class Carpenters."

RUTH HAYDEN.
LIZZIE MULLENS.
CORA DOOLAN.
AGNES DOOLAN.
FIELLA KNOBLOCK.

N. B.—The above have practiced in Hotels and Lodging Houses making beds.

WANTED.—Bill Greening. Enquire of LOTTIE.

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LOTTIE SHEEHAN.
KATHRYN WILSON.
MARIE CARVER.
MADGE CRANDALL.
EDWARD J. SHEA.

Waiting List.

EDWARD STEINER—Having recently gotten a divorce, I am now open for engagements. At home 1:00 to 7:00 P. M.

Address, 318 Fremont Street.

P. S.—Since "whiskers" enrolled, the parties have come to some understanding.

R. P. S.—Ra--- is already brushing the cobwebs off his brain. Come early, to avoid the rush (if there be any).

GILBERT PEASE.—As I am unexperienced, I would prefer those old in the business.

No descriptions needed.

CLAIRE (is) Hunt(ing).

RUTH OWEN. — Am able to handle any number.

MAE DRAEGER. — Still hoping.

JESSIE NEALE. — Ditto here.

Rogues Gallery.

NOTE. — Pictures omitted, so as not to spoil the reader's appetite.

Jim Ostrum. Convicted of using his upper lip (hard telling where) excessively.

Unable to play in orchestra dance.

Agnes Morrissey, Clara Doolan, Edna Alley, Inez Smith, and Agnes Uher were yesterday brought before Judge Gordon for studying in Professional History.

Penalty. — Prohibited from taking Professional History over again.

After a long chase, Clifford Anderson, alias "Villian," alias "Andy," was at last caught deeply entangled in "none of his business."

He was wanted by the authorities for trying to capture the hearts of some Junior girls.

Edward Shea suffered the penalty of a few hand-fuls of hair for acting in a manner unbecoming to a married man; namely, flirting with the Sophomore girls.

Exchanges

THE ERUMPET, Scandinavia, Wisconsin. Your last number was especially well gotten up. Your new staff has made an excellent beginning. Keep it up.

THE MESSENGER, Bellingham, Washington. Your April number contains more material than most of our Exchanges; and every bit of it is up to the standard.

OTAKNOM, Mankato, Minnesota. Why not have a few more cuts? They would make your paper much more attractive.

ANEMONE, Spearfish, South Dakota. Your paper is always a welcome visitor.

MERCURY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Your Local Record adds greatly to the attractiveness of your paper.

SNAP SHOTS, Green Bay: Neat and complete school paper.

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor, just now?" asked her mother.

"Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin."

The mother looked doubtful; whereupon her little brother said: "Yeth they wath, mamma, I heard 'em. He said, 'Can I have a kith?', and she said, 'You kin.'"

—Ex.

Professor (grasping a Freshman by the collar)—"Young man, I believe Satan has got a hold on you."

—Ex.

A farmer boy and his best girl were seated in a buggy, one evening in town, watching the people pass. Near by was a popcorn vender's stand, "My, that popcorn smells good!"

"That's right," said the gallant, "I'll drive up a little closer, so you can smell it better."

—Ex.

She studied hard at College,
To gain her M. A. then.
She soon applied her knowledge,
To win her M. A. N. —Ex.

Ah—"You better—here,—er—present."

Wit and Humor

DAD—Yackob, your studies are costing me a great deal of money.

J. C. W.—Yes, Dad, and I'm not studying very hard, either.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
If Cavins don't kill us, Patterson must.

Echoes from the Corridors.

Carpenter—Oh, where is my Alma?

Pierson—Let it hereby be known, that I am "Bud the btl poster."

Patterson—Don't you know, I have a Normal base ball team?

Bud Pierson—I would be satisfied if I could label every thing in Normal.

Brady—I wonder why they call me Sachel?

Nedry—I used to play on a league base ball team.

Cavins—I thot we might possibly have a Literary Society meeting this Quarter.

Freshman—Do they really keep snakes up in Pierson's snake room?

Soph—No; that's where they put the students when they have them.

Waste Basket—Thanks for the Woman Suffrage material contributed weekly by THE POINTER management.

Teacher—How was Iron found?

Ed. Steiner—I heard father say they smelt it.

Mr. Patterson in Expressive Reading—Oh, there isn't as much force to that as there is to the death of a butterfly.

Talking about Expenses at Normal, Miss — said—Well, I heard it cost only \$30 at Summer School without clothing.

In Basket Ball Game, Irene W.—Say, Mr. B—— is it a foul in boy's rules to put your arms around some one?

Mr. Bowman—Miss W., that is one thing in your favor.

What?

You are not a Suffragette.

Miss Menaul in Chorus—Put your feet in your desk.

Student in Manual Training — Say, Mr. Bowman, I don't know where in the dickens my key is.

Mr. B.—Well, then, you hunt around in the dickens till you find it.

Mr. S. in Ethics, showing how much Greek he knew—It's like the measles; I had 'em once, but they're gone now.

"When the Women make the laws, the man will have to smile at his wife and kiss her at least once a month."

For further information, consult THE POINTER waste basket.



Miss Menaul during Chorus—Seems to me
if I had come to chorus, I'd be game enough
to pretend to like it.

Mr. Spindler gives his opinion of the
existence of Conscience by telling the fol-
lowing story:

"A farmer once went to a Circus and there
saw a giraffe for the first time in his life.
He was so struck with astonishment that
after gazing at it for some time he exclaimed
"Well, by gosh, there ain't no such animal!"

"Stickum" at the Bat.

When "Stickum" stepped up to the plate,
His pompadour was mussed,
And by the expression on his face,
'Twas plain that he was fussed.

With shaking knees and trembling hands,
He nervously stood there.
And presently the mystic sphere
Came sizzling thru the air.

With a mighty stroke (old woodsman style)
This iron man did hit,
But the sphere went whistling by
Into the catcher's mit.

Once more he took the hickory bat
With grip firm and intense,
And vowed that he would send the pill
Far o'er the Fair Ground fence.

And as the pitcher in the box
The ball did swiftly throw,
"Our "Stickum" with a mighty force,
Hit the wind an awful blow.

Two gone, and our Nedry bold,
Let out a mournful sigh,
But thot that it would take but one
To lacerate the sky.

And again the leather covered globe
Gave Ned. a chance to clout,
But as he hit with sturdy stroke,
The umpire yelled, "You're out."

Three times that day this little stunt
Our Nedry boy slipped over.
Now there's no more wind in Stevens Point,
He knocked it all to Plover.

AUTHOR'S NOTE. This jingle could well
be entitled "Satchel at the Bat," in order
to commemorate the word of our friend
"Satchel" at Wild Rose. Share the honors
equally.

The Psalm of the Normalite.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That our Normal School's no dream,
And that only dead ones go there,
And things are not what they seem.

Life at S. P. N. is heaven,
If you wish to take that view,
And, while all do not believe it,
It's accepted by a few.

Student' busy, students idle,
Is the scene which meets your eye;
Every bluffer looking forward
To the sheep-skin bye and bye.

Competition makes us hurry,
Young men there are very rare;
Cold creams are our one salvation,
All men seek a lady fair.

Not a single glance we merit,
From the man who has a wife,
Gaining knowledge to support her,
Is his only aim in life.

But all do not waste their talents
On such vain deluding joys;
More aesthetic pleasures please them
Than this hopeless rush for boys.

L. V. C. gives private lectures
To the literary kind,
Taking time from arduous labors,
Aim—To edify the mind.

Frequent calls from Sims, our President,
Must develop in us here,
That rare gift—originality,
When excuse time draws near.

Let us then be up and praising
S. P. N. in word and deed,
Hiding all our little hammers,
Helping in her every need.

S. P. N., thou must continue
Our star of hope and light to be,
A world of gratitude we owe you,
All hail! O S. P. N., to thee!

Riddle.

Why is Satchel's batting like Stickum's
fussing?

ANSWER. They both fail to make a hit.

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