

**DOES POLICE WORK
TO GAIN EDUCATION**

**One College Boy Patrols Beat and
Another Acts as Tailor to Pay
School Bills**

**Reports Show Students Who Work Their Way
Through College Stand Well in
Their Classes**

Students have adopted some novel methods in working their way through Wisconsin colleges. At every one of the state's institutions of higher learning there are scores of young men paying their expenses by waiting on table, clerking, tutoring, beating rugs, doing odd jobs, driving automobiles, etc. As a general rule reports show these hard-working students stand well up among their classmates, not only in their studies, but socially.

At Beloit there is a student working his way through by acting as emergency policeman and it is said his fellow students are keeping close to the beaten path lest they be escorted to the city lock-up by their sometimes comrade. Another student at the same school paid a large part of his college expenses by trapping muskrats along Roek river, curing the hides and selling them.

Tailor Leader in Studies.

Ripon has a student tailor who is pressing his rivals hard for scholarship honors, and who will take a responsible position as soon as he is graduated. At the University of Wisconsin there is one youth from the south, the home of good cooking, who is paying his expenses by working as a baker when not at his books. Still another at the university brought some hives to school with him and is letting his bees pay his bills with their honey.

Clifford L. Day, Beloit College senior, literally is "copping all he can get" out of his college course. Day is earning part of his college expenses as a full-fledged, brass buttoned "cop" on the Beloit police force. Beloit College has its athletic stars, its forensic stars, and its dramatic stars in quantities, but Day is the only "tin star" of which the school can boast.

Student Is "Cop" on Sundays.

Once a week "Tip" substitutes on the downtown beat of Patrolman J.

H. McNeill. Patrolman McNeill is leader of the choir in St. Thomas' Catholic Church. Naturally, the musical policeman can not pursue the even tenor of his way as an officer and the even bass of his way as a choirmaster at the same time. So every Sunday morning Day dons the big policeman's uniform and patrols his beat for him, arresting malefactors and the admiring glances of his college friends.

Being a policeman is the latest of a long line of varied pursuits Day has engaged in to earn his way through college. He has a more versatile record than any other self-supporting student in the school. He has successively, or often at the same time, served here as a barber, a telegraph messenger, a semi-pro baseball player, a painter, a printer, a daily newspaper reporter, college press agent, and the author of a civil war history. When a boy he was a newsboy and bootblack.

Traps Muskrats to Pay Bills.

Day is one of the most popular men in college. He is secretary of the student council, the college governing body, chairman of the honor committee, president of the Dew Drop Inn, one of the leading Beloit men's boarding clubs, and has been on the editorial staffs of several student publications.

Other Beloit students besides Day have followed novel but not so varied pursuits in earning their way through school. Gilbert M. Bates, a senior of Duluth, Minn., and Willard Torgrim, junior, of Decorah, Ia., manage a doctors' bill collecting agency. There are two preachers in the senior class.

Edwin M. Dahlberg, of Cherry Valley, Ill., is Beloit's student trapper.

Abe L. Rosenthal, a junior of Green Bay, and Everett Bowden, sophomore, of Brodhead, run a baggage line carrying students' trunks.

One Student is Bank Clerk.

Besides the usual number of waiters, tutors, laundry agents, janitors and odd-job men among Beloit students there is one bank clerk, a theatre orchestra violinist and five students who are working as reporters.

A survey recently made by E. H. Light, secretary of the college, proved that self-supporting students at Beloit as a rule stand higher in their studies than others.

Julian Y. Malone of Jacksonville, Ill., a senior of Ripon College, has made his way through the school entirely by his own effort. During his freshman year he was employed in a printing office and earned his room by caring for a physician's office. The last three he has been employed in a tailoring establishment,

**LANCE CORP. JAMIESON
VICTIM OF GAS**

**Enlisted While in Gold Camp
Last Year and Sailed
With 48th**

NOW RECOVERING

Among letters received from men at the front who are known in the northern gold camp is that of Lance Corporal T. A. Jamieson, brother of Elwin Jamieson of Timmins. This Canadian soldier was in the north last year and had a wonderful escape from fatal injuries in connection with his motor launch on the Mettagamii.

An explosion occurred and Jamieson was alone in the launch. He had to put up a strenuous fight for his life and was ultimately under the care of a medical man for some considerable time. He left for home for a period after which he again returned north and very soon after war broke out enlisted. He was subsequently attached to the 48th Highlanders and left with the First Canadian Contingent for England.

The following two letters, one to his mother and the other to his sister in Flesherton, Ont., explain themselves as to the action Lance Corporal Jamieson has encountered and it is especially interesting to note that these are the first communications he has been able to write himself since being in hospital in England.

The letters are as follows:—

Exeter, England, May 26, 1915.

Dear mother:—Arrived in England all O.K., and am in the hospital here getting along fine—able to get up and walk, but not very far. It is just one month to-day that I have been in bed. They sure use the Canadian line over here; they can't do enough for them. The gas that the Germans use is a terrible thing. Lots of our fellows died that were along with me. I had charge of a section of nine men. I don't know where any of them are now. The fellows sure

and this year, in addition, has received some remuneration as laboratory assistant. Mr. Malone has a high standing in his studies, being especially proficient in biology.

showed what kind of stuff they were. They gave the crack Prussian Guard of the Germans all that was coming to them.

As far as I could find out there was only 240 left out of our regiment of 1,100. It was the French that got us out so bad. They ran when they saw the Germans coming. It just rained bullets around where I was and the shells dropped like hail. I had some close calls, but didn't get hit. The fellows told me I was not born to be shot—I guess they are right. I don't expect to be able to do much for a month or two, anyway. I think the war will be over by that time. There is bound to be a lot of fever, as dead Germans and Frenchmen are lying all over.

I was up yesterday for a while. My legs are awfully weak, they refused to hold me up. But I will be able to get out in a couple of days. I suppose you got all the news in the paper of how we made out, so not much use of writing it here. Best regards to all the people. As ever, —T. A. Jamieson.

Exeter, England, May 27, 1915.

Dear May:—I guess it's about time I am writing to you. I told mother to let you know I was in the hospital. I am getting along pretty good, but don't expect to be able to get out for some time. I am just able to get up, and my legs are awfully weak. They refuse to hold me up. I got an awful dose of the gas. It pretty near put me under. I would rather have a dozen wounds than get the gas again. It's terrible stuff. I suppose you saw in the papers all about us. The Canadians are some scrappers when they get started. You should see the Germans run. They are worse than savages. They can't fight square. They are about the biggest cowards you ever saw. The only way they fight is in a massed formation. Well May, I am getting the best of treatment here and the sisters and nurses can't do enough for us.

There were a lot of Canadians came in last night. They have been in another fight and got out up pretty badly. We only had 240 left out of the 48th. I have not heard of Fred Smith, I don't know how he made out. I just had a parcel from the Canadian Red Cross in London. They sent me a pair of socks, a box of candies and some cigarettes, and if I want anything just let them know. They look after us pretty well. My hand is getting shaky. I am not very strong yet. As ever,

—Lance Corporal T. A. Jamieson, 48th Highlanders, No. 1 Temp. Hospital, Exeter, England.

**HARD WORK NEEDED
TO PREPARE A CIRCUS**

**A Few Interesting Facts About the Sawdust
Ring and Showmen**

Circus day, to the men who have left an estate of many millions of dollars, means the culmination of long and careful and systematic preparation. To get ready for the day has been the work of many months and has employed the attention and talents of men expert in their particular fields. Few who enter the circus fields are ever able to successfully shake off the desire to follow the "white tops." Adam Forepaugh, a former Philadelphia butcher, who died several years ago, was the most remarkable circus man of his day. There have been others who have enjoyed more publicity, but as to the ability of creating and organizing and the power of handling men, he was without an equal.

Had Good Heart.

He talked and acted like a Bowery tough. But he had a heart as true as steel. Often at night he could be seen to emerge from the "big top" after the menagerie had been torn down and round up the crowd of urchins and others who hang about the show, hoping in some way to gain admittance. "Get in dere," he would say, with a great bluff at fierceness, "and get in dere quick, or I'll tan your hides." It is needless to say that these small boys never waited to have their hides tanned. Then the showman would sit down in his arm chair, rest his hands upon his cane and chuckle good naturedly. When Mr. Forepaugh died several years ago he was worth more than \$4,000,000.

Near Columbus, O., two or three generations ago their lived a poor Methodist preacher who rode a big circuit, which necessitated him preaching four or five times every Sunday. The Rev. Dr. Sells had four boys, Adam, Lew, Peter and Ephraim. Like some other boys, they were pulled from post to pillar and they grew up as best they could. The boys finally left home and began to peddle bibles. This proved rather slow and they began to sell electric belts, which they passed out like wildfire. The boys saved their money and one day they had a chance to buy a small wagon show. The show prospered and when the last of the brothers died in Columbus six years ago he

left an estate of many millions of dollars.

"Popcorn" George Sticks.

A showman who is known by all circus men and women and of whom laymen know but little is "Popcorn" George Hall, living at Delavan Lake, Wis., hale and hearty at the age of 82 years. Circus men of other days all had one great failing, they loved to be called "colonel," and as soon as one came into possession of a circus the title automatically fell to him. Now, Mr. Hall had been known for a quarter of a century as "Popcorn George," for it was he who invented the candy form of delicacy made from popcorn. And so when Mr. Hall came into possession of his first circus he had calling cards printed reading "Col. George W. Hall," and likewise on all his passes he had a similar "handle." But the old circus followers couldn't see the "colonel," and much to Mr. Hall's chagrin, he was ever known as "Popcorn George."

The richest individual showman in the world to-day lives in Peru, Ind. He is "Uncle Ben" Wallace. Thirty years ago Wallace was running a livery stable in Peru. One day a small wagon show passed through town and bought several horses. A mortgage was taken on the circus paraphernalia. The showmen were never able to lift the mortgage and it fell into Mr. Wallace's hands. He tried in vain to dispose of the property, and so the next spring he took it out, calling the little aggregation "The Great Wallace Show."

Familiar With Details.

The show began to grow and to continue to do so until it reached the zenith of circusdom. There is nothing about his great organization with which he is not familiar. He knows every one of the 1,025 employees, most of them by their first name. On a rainy, bad night, when difficulty is found in loading the train, it is not an uncommon sight to see him down at the "runs" in mud up to his knees wrestling and working side by side with the circus "razorbacks." Mr. Wallace purchased the great Carl Hagenbeck wild animal show six years ago and combined it with his circus. He travels with the show at all times.

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