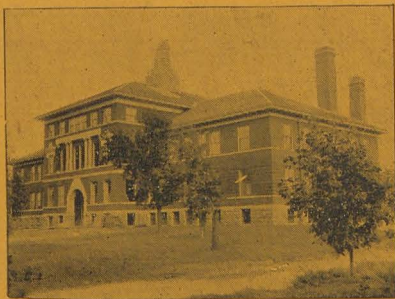


8

APRIL,
1900.



THE NORMAL BADGER.

Let us have faith
that Right makes
Might; and in that
faith let us to the
end dare to do our
duty as we under-
stand it.—ABRAHAM
LINCOLN.

RIVER FALLS, WIS.

THE NORMAL BADGER.

Published monthly during the school year by the Normal School.

VOL. 5.

RIVER FALLS, WIS., APR., 1900.

No. 8.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST MILWAUKEE.

Anabasis.

It was Thursday afternoon and the Normal was turned into bedlam. Everyone was hurrying here and there, and excitement reigned supreme. The delegates were going to Milwaukee. There was an occasional "We'll yell for Peterson—" and the remainder of the song was drowned in the din of many voices.

At last the train moved and we left the noisy, excited crowd on the depot platform. Having secured seats and room for our luggage—that which wasn't left in the River Falls depot—we had naught to do but to await our arrival at Hudson. Here most of the party went to the hotel to stay until the 9:30 train should bear us across the state to Milwaukee.

At 9:30 we had all assembled in the Hudson depot and were ready for any kind of lark—little did we think what the night would bring forth.

We boarded the south-bound train and having secured comfortable seats for all our party,

the revelry began. No wonder the two gentlemen in the rear of the car asked how far they were from New Richmond and who the matron was, for our crowd did act a little like escaped—.

The evening passed pleasantly for us, anyway, and we cared very little whether or not we had an appreciative audience. After our orator retired, the boys gave vent to their spirits, having kept a little "buttoned-up" before for fear of wearing his nerves. Yale at her best couldn't excel those football games; Ringling Bros. in all their splendor never exhibited such parades as were seen in the car that night; while Dewey and his battle at Manila would be tame when compared with Captain Rogers and his sharpshooters. Never was the air so full of music; no medicine doctor ever tried so hard to sell his wares as did Dr. Snap-and-Fetch-it. No one ever saw such sleight-of-hand performances as were performed by our expert. Didn't we have a good conductor? Didn't he keep the crowd away? Didn't we feel sorry for the one lone woman whose fate it was to

ride to Madison with us?

At Madison our luck seemed to leave us, for instead of finding a comfortable chair car awaiting us, we found an old straight-backed affair, bearing the dust of ages upon its window sills. The sun looked in at the windows about 5 o'clock, but hid its face as if it were ashamed of the sight.

We were a tired and dirty delegation that stepped off the train at the Union Depot in Milwaukee and, like Columbus of old, we felt like kneeling on the ground and giving thanks for another chance of standing on *terra firma*.

The Skirmish Line.

Arriving in Milwaukee the River Falls delegation all hailed with delight the opportunity of getting out of the dusty confines of the railroad car. Each one drew in a deep breath of the morning air and was about to give vent to his long pent-up feelings, but realizing the vastness of the town and his own insignificance each lapsed into silence.

Arriving at the depot gate, however, a "U. rah! rah!" given by the U. W. Glee Club, whose notice our banners and floating colors had attracted, came towards us from one of the waiting trains. The spell was broken. We answered with a strong vigorous "Breki-co-ex" which would rival the yells given at a football game.

Very much relieved, the company passed into the depot, and through it to the street beyond, conducted by two young men from the Normal. We took a car for down town and soon were at the Republican House, where rooms were engaged. Being travel-stained and weary, each sought his room, found his ancient companions in Bath and renewed their very desirable acquaintance.

The banners having been hung in very conspicuous places and valises duly stowed, a trip to the Normal was proposed and the proposition was immediately acted upon. Waiting on a corner on a cold windy day for a street-car in which to go to school was something new, wherefore, some, either because of the novelty of the thing or of their confidence in their own ability, started to walk up. There had been too many games of football on the train the previous night, so they halted at the next corner.

Having reached the Normal, we sought the office, hung our coats up on the table, were given guides and set out to see the school. Of course every thing was compared with our school and criticised accordingly. A great many of the criticisms were unjust but were excusable on account of the previous night's experiences. Our standard bearer plainly revealed his prejudice when on being shown the library said, "Oh, it isn't nearly so large

as ours nor so nice!" The library contains nearly twice as many volumes. Another member, of a political turn of mind, in a Science of Education class knowingly whispered across the aisle, "This isn't Science of Education, it's Political Economy."

After visiting several practice classes and convincing ourselves that there were others besides the practice teachers in the River Falls Normal School who had to struggle with divided attention, the art of questioning and illustrating, and the proper procedure in the teaching of any subject, we started for dinner.

On the way down town, a young man, seeing our colors, stopped, introduced himself and began talking about the coming contest. Not being in a literary mood just then, our conversation was somewhat strained and wearying until one of the boys let his feelings get the upper hand of him and broke in, "Where can a feller eat around here?" "Around the corner, a few blocks away," was our new friend's reply. We set off in that direction with great celerity and were soon nearing our goal. We didn't know exactly how to go in but finally massed on center. The rush was successful and brought us to a table at the farther end of the hall. There was nothing on the table save dishes and a single representative of the vegetable kingdom from Florida, who soon

disappeared quite mysteriously.

After dinner a visit was made to the public library and museum. The majesty and grandeur of everything awed everyone, and I doubt not it rendered even our showman speechless, at least, until he had had time to look at some of the animals, which were not in his collection, not even in his advertisements. As we were about to go out a cry from one of our boys made us stop, and on going back we were horrified to find that one of our number had been caught and put in a glass case. The horror and cruelty of the act was nearly unbearable and violent means for his rescue were about to be resorted to when—lo! our companion walked out through the place where the glass *ought* to have been.

From the library our course was directed towards Pabst. The company were somewhat fatigued as they entered, but judging by the pace set by the leaders on leaving, the visit seemed to have had an invigorating and stimulating influence.

In spite of their speed the fates decreed that that party should not see the art gallery that afternoon, so supper was disposed of and preparation made for going to the contest.

Nothing was said after the contest on the way back. But when a number of the boys, including the orator, the standard bearer, and several of the yellers

had gathered in No. 153 there was a little talking. For two hours the walls of that room resounded with selections of oratory which, if not in the most elegant and finished phraseology, came from the depths of the soul and would have moved and swayed multitudes had they been there to listen.

We managed to live through the night and early next morning—early after such a night—took a car for the depot.

As we got off we heard someone saying "One-a-zip-a, Two-a-zip-a, etc." We turned around just in time to catch one of the delegates off from her dignity for at least once during the trip.

How I Came to be Shanghaied.

(Continued from last month.)

To me, all this was, at first, very delightful, this alternately floating about in space, and trying to force our way downward through the deck, but soon, very soon indeed, I began to feel as if something was wrong. The furniture in the interior of my body seemed to be making desperate efforts to break loose. Well—at last it did! Something happened, anyway. And I joined the rest of the passengers in a silent but heartfelt contemplation of the nearest scupper-hole. The description may be amusing, but, I assure you, the reality was not. For l-o-n-g w-e-a-r-y years, it seemed, I spent the time in first hoping

that I might die, then, as the dreadful misery for a moment relaxed, fearing that even that blessed privilege was to be denied me. But the steamer finally ceased its violent pitching, and as I found that I was not yet dead, I began to think that there might be some satisfaction in living—if I could get something to eat. So, along toward evening, we who felt like it had our breakfast, dinner, and supper, all in one, and then turned in to enjoy a good night's sleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep." The next day passed uneventfully and about midnight of the next night we tied up at a wharf in San Francisco.

I went ashore next morning and started on an exploring expedition about the city, incidentally keeping a sharp outlook for a situation. For several days, though I explored San Francisco from the Union Iron Works to Chinatown, and saw many "heathen Chinees" and other strange things, I had no better luck than attended me in Portland. But at last one morning I chanced on the U. S. shipping office, near the water front. The business of this office is to furnish crews for such merchant ships as are in need of a crew and wish to leave port, and on inquiry I found that if I would call every day they would try and find a place for me as cabin-boy on some ship. I was delighted with the prospect, and

so, when I called next day and found a man waiting to make me a member of the crew of a vessel outward bound, I was very well satisfied. In a short time I was installed on board, shown my berth in the cabin and introduced to the steward.

That night we were taken into tow by a tug and towed out into the open sea, and next morning were beating our way toward the sound with the wind dead ahead. The vessel was a three-masted barque and was bound for Tacoma, Washington, for lumber, and thence to Australia. Her name was the "Bundaleer." As cabin-boy I saw little of the crew. They were very cosmopolitan and would hardly make good associates, so I did not form a personal acquaintance with any of them. But with the captain, the mates and the carpenter, I had more to do. The captain was quite gracious and seemed pleased with my work, as did also the mates. The carpenter was an Englishman of a number of years' experience on the ocean, and many and strange were the tales he told me of pirates and smugglers. The only thing of interest that happened on the trip was when one night we narrowly escaped collision with a piece of a great raft of logs that had gone to pieces while being towed from the Sound to San Francisco a short time before; and at the end of two weeks we cast anchor off the shore at Tacoma. The men be-

gan deserting before we had hardly dropped anchor and in the two days we lay off shore fully half the crew left us, so that by the time we swung alongside the wharf I had become possessed with the idea that if I remained I would ultimately be the only one left aboard, so I, too, left.

I then went to Seattle to try over again what I had tried first in Portland. Well, as far as my experiences went, if it had not been for a slight difference in the looks of the city, I should not have known that I had left Portland at all. Every situation was full, and some, running over. So after two weeks of vain searching, I finally decided to try the sea again. Now, in all sea-ports there are boarding houses where a sailor or a man wishing a berth as sailor, can go and board. The fare is very plain and the accommodations very poor, but nevertheless poor Jack is charged as much as if he were well cared for. The men who keep these boarding houses are supposed to find a ship for you and to see you safely aboard. When a sailor is engaged to work on a ship he has to sign an agreement to the effect that he is to stay with the ship until discharged by the captain, is to be obedient to the ship's officers, and is to have certain wages therein specified. And on some vessels the kind and amount of his food is regu-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 119.)

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EDITORIAL.

Our lecture course closed with "Buttoned-up People," by Rev. Robert McIntyre of Chicago. We went to the lecture with the definite aim of learning from this great lecturer what was the secret of oratory. We think we have found it. The secret is character. The moment Rev. McIntyre stepped on the rostrum, we thought, "Here is a man." And when he began to

speak with a voice vibrant with suppressed power, the impression was deepened that a king among men was before us. We had said, "After he has delivered this lecture so many times, how can it be to him a living thing, and not a mechanical repetition?" Because the love which prompted the composition of this lecture is as fresh and blooming in his soul as when it burst into flower for the first time in the heart of man at creation's dawn. Dr. Hillis says, "Greatness is vision." We would say, "Greatness is heart power." Robert McIntyre is a great orator for the same reason that that other Scottish Robert was a great poet—because he has "unbuttoned" his heart to loving sympathy with and loving enjoyment of the whole created universe. He has power to move men to laughter or to tears because he knows all the emotions of man's heart through having opened the windows of his great soul to let them in. This, then, is his message to the would-be orator—that success is conditioned upon the freedom with which he has opened his heart to take in the beautiful and lovable things of the world, to give them back to it again, fresh and warm and throbbing with life. We are all of us more or less "buttoned-up people," but we feel sure that no one could hear Rev. McIntyre's plea without being moved to unfasten at least one button of his cloak of selfishness. "Oh,

wad some power the giftie gie us" that we might no longer be "buttoned-up people."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117.)

lated. This agreement is called the "articles," and as soon as a sailor signs the articles he is entitled to receive an advance of two months' wages, usually fifty dollars in this country, with which to buy himself clothing and other articles that he may need on the trip, and to pay his board bill. Usually a sailor does not go aboard for a day or two after signing the articles and if he were given the keeping of this advance money he might never go aboard, so his advance is given to his boarding-master to spend for him. The boarding-master is supposed to take out the money for his bill, buy the sailor what he wants, and then if there is any remainder, to give it to him when he goes aboard. The theory involved in such a mode of procedure is an admirable one, but when the actual practice is considered we may not think it so admirable. The practice is:—when the boarding-master gets the sailor's money in his hands he either allows the sailor enough money to get very drunk, if he is a drinker, or he gets him aboard by force or promises and the ship immediately weighs anchor and takes him away, whether he will or no. In any case the boarding-master generally manages to get about

fifty dollars of the sailor's money in his possession, while he leaves the poor fellow to face a long, cold, wet, desolate ocean voyage with an insufficient amount of clothing, and no luxuries with which to lighten a dull hour, or make a life, miserable at best, a little brighter. This practice is called "shanghaiing," and is allowed in no country but the United States, "the land of the free."

It was to one of these boarding-houses that I went and asked for a position as cabin-boy again. I did not stay at the boarding-house all of the time but only called at regular intervals to see if a place had been found for me. For several days I met with no success, but at last, one afternoon the boarding-master asked me to be one of a party of four to go with him. We did not know where we were going, or what we were going for; we simply went because he said so. He took us down to the waterfront and we went aboard a small steam tug and started out across the Sound. Then he called us to him and told us what was wanted. He told us we were bound across the Sound to a small mill-town called Port Blakely. There we were to find a ship loaded with lumber, which we were to go aboard of and stay aboard while the ship was towed up the Sound to Port Townsend. We were to do this as a favor to the board-

ing-master and in return he was to do us the courtesy of making us each a present of five dollars. Well, it looked plausible enough and as money was a scarce article in that crowd we readily agreed to do as he said. So along toward evening we landed at Port Blakely and went around to see the vessel. She was an old, weather-beaten, three-masted barque, and her decks were piled high with lumber. She was the Chilean barque "India," bound from Port Blakely to Valparaiso, Chile, with a cargo of Washington pine. We went aboard, and along in the night some time a tug made fast to a long rope at the bow and we started for Port Townsend. We arrived before morning and were immediately taken ashore, where we went to a boarding-house and turned in. About noon next day we got up and went down to dinner, and after dinner started to explore the town. While we were strolling around we came to the shipping office of the place, and there we found the men who had brought us on our strange trip. As soon as they saw us they called us in and told us that they had another scheme for us, and of course we promptly reminded them that we had not been paid for our night's work, and consequently were not open to offers. But they insisted that all they wanted was for us to go aboard again and spend a couple of hours entertaining ourselves and for

so doing they would give us five dollars apiece all round, to be paid before we went; and promised that when they came and took us off, we should be paid the other five dollars. Well, there we were: four innocent land-lubbers, all in need of money, and a prospect held out to us of earning ten dollars by simply spending a couple of hours aboard an old lumber ship, and as a matter of course, we capitulated. We were then asked to sign articles, but as none of us knew the difference between a ship's articles and a tax receipt, and we were not given time to read them, we attached no significance to that, and, after signing and receiving our five dollars all round, we joyfully followed our guides to the boats and were rowed off to the ship. When we were safe aboard, the men who had come with us left us with the comforting assurance that they would be back after us at about four in the afternoon. So after making a tour of inspection about the ship, each disposed of himself in the way best suiting his idea of comfort, and waited. And we waited and waited! The afternoon wore away and the dusk of evening fell, and still we waited. Till, finally, long after dark, a boat drew alongside and stopped. In the boat were our friends of the afternoon, and they had with them some tin dishes and bedding. We had begun to fear before, but now we

felt that our fears were verified and so it proved; for, after hoisting aboard the dishes and bedding and a few old clothes stolen from some sailor's bag, for which they forced us to part with the money they had given us when we came aboard, they gave us a few final words of advice and pulled for shore.

And there we were! A mile of icy ocean between us and the shore, an old, worn-out ship beneath us, and a total inability to do anything, no matter how simple it might be, that had any, thing to do with working a ship. We were not given a very long time for meditation, however, for all hands were ordered to stand by the anchor chains and haul away, and about twelve o'clock Sunday night, November thirteenth, 1898, I started on my long, hard trip to the land beyond the Equator.

R. H. WORKS.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom has taken from our school Marvin Morse, a highly esteemed and much loved student, and

WHEREAS, in his death the school has sustained the loss of one whose entire school life was passed within its walls, and

WHEREAS, his presence in every grade of the school was a worthy example to his associates and a pride and comfort to his teachers, and

WHEREAS, his many noble and lovable qualities of character have so endeared him to both schoolmates and teachers that his removal from our midst is the cause of sincerest mourning. Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that we, the faculty and students of the River Falls Normal School, thus express our sorrow and extend to the bereaved family our sympathy, with the hope that they may find consolation in knowing that we feel that our lives have been made richer because he has lived; and that though his years were few, they were long in beautiful living, the memory of which will be to us a lasting inspiration.

And may they share with us the comfort we find in thinking that our day of bereavement was his commencement day, when there began for him a new life, with new lessons and new teachers, in that heavenly land where ties are never broken; and be it further

RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be published in the local papers and in the Badger.

Miss Shultes,
Miss Fleming, } Committee.
John Hale.

Y. M. C. A.

- May 1: Union Meeting with Y. W. C. A.—Rev. Bewick.
- May 9: A Religion for Every Day. Gustaf Mattson.
- May 16: Is Life Worth Living? Why?—John Hale.
- May 23: Working and Trusting. James Cuthbert.
- May 30: "Beware Lest Thou Forget."—Arthur Gunnison.

Y. W. C. A.

- May 1: Union meeting with Y. M. C. A.
- May 8: Missionary Work.—Lillian Prince.
- May 15: Christian Character—Grace Kellogg.

May 22: Kindness Shown Towards Others—Christena Botzet.

May 29: Sin and the Law—Maud Irle.

EXCHANGES.

The March number of "The Echo" is rich with good articles.

"A Tragedy" and "A Wreck" are two very interesting stories in the "Pointer."

The Superintendent furnishes an article on each side of the English—Boer question. They are well worth reading.

The Philosopher publishes a cutting criticism on Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon on his Topeka enterprise. It is one side of public opinion.

Among many entertaining articles in the "Normal Badger" is an article entitled "The Gibraltar of America", a beautiful description of Quebec.—H. S. Reporter (Wausau.)

The student who refuses to subscribe for his college paper, and then reads it over the shoulder of his neighbor is short enough to tie his shoes—tring to his necktie—providing he has one.—Ex.

We are more than pleased with the six columns of Exchanges in the Lake Breeze. We are just a little afraid the Ed. was just giving other papers a breeze. We do hope the Lake Breeze won't get the Ex. dyspepsia.

Several new exchanges have found their way to our table

this month. Among them is "The Normal Red Letter" of the Moorhead (Minn.) Normal School. It is a very neat and interesting paper. "The High School Sentiment" of Parsons (Kan.) is a neat little folio. "The Owl" of Ellsworth is another exchange. We wish our new exchanges success.

We should like to know if "P. M. S." (assistant editor) of The Reporter, acts as "devil" for that periodical. She certainly wrote a most vivid description of Pluto's realms in an editorial of March 21. The article is very interesting.

The Reporter is *alive*, however, with the program and invitations of their High School Opening, March 23. We give the Badger's greetings.

Angry Professor: "How dare you swear before me?"

Student: "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"—Ex.

Heard in Latin class: Mr. B., "Ous' always means 'full of.' For instance, 'joyous' means 'full of joy.' Mr. L., what does 'pious' mean?"—Ex.

The soil is so fertile in Cuba that if you stick a pin in the ground it becomes a terra-pin, and it is said that they even raise umbrellas there during the rainy season.—Ex.

She (sentimentally): "Do you ever have that vague, yearning, uncontrollable feeling that—ah—"

He (practically): "Yes, three

times a day."—Ex.

Latin—"All the people dead who wrote it, all the people dead who spoke it, all the people die who learn it—blessed death! they surely earn it."—Ex.

The True Blue published the proceedings of the St. Croix County Inter-Scholastic Athletic League which was held at Hadson H. S.

LOCALS.

Miss Grace Wales has been quite ill with la grippe.

Miss Elna Wilder was very ill with brain-fever during examination week.

Miss Mary Fogle, of Shell Lake, a student during '97-'98, visited in River Falls during vacation.

Miss Mary Grant, '85, and Miss Charlotte, El. '95, spent vacation in River Falls with their aunt, Mrs. Cook.

Mr. Jackson and Mr. Inglis, principal and assistant principal of the Hudson High School, spent a day with us last week.

Prof. Ewing gave us another of his talks on his European trip. This time it was about a solitary excursion to a glacier district near Lake Lucerne.

Rev. McIntyre's lecture on "Buttoned-up People" was a grandsermon and lecture combined. It was a fitting close to an excellent course of lectures.

Some of the members of the natural science classes made the first field trip the last day of March. They made quite a collection of material for class work.

Have you heard about those theses? Well, they are to be. Cudgel your brain for a highly intellectual and original thought that will startle the educational world.

We note with regret that during the spring term we will miss the faces of Frank Lauber, Thomas Bewick, A. M. Thompson, Arthur Anderson, Miss Rosenquist, and Miss Cecilia Kavanagh.

Miss Caroline Silliman, of Hudson, a graduate of the U. W. and of Albany (N. Y.) Library School, will take Miss Currier's place in the reference library. Miss Currier will remain, doing clerical work.

Miss Deans, in a morning talk to the school, gave us a little insight into University life. It is gratifying to see that many of our young people who have had the superior privileges of the University are still perfectly loyal to the Normal.

The members of the faculty spent vacation as follows:

Prof. Sims and Adrian, and Misses Smith and Shultes at the institute conductors' school at Madison; Misses Whitney, Gillfillan, Pardee, Terry and Fleming in the Twin Cities; the others in River Falls.



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