

The BADGER

November
'10





Cascade Avenue View of River Falls Normal School

Vol. IX

No. 1

The Normal Badger

River Falls, Wis., November, 1910.

Published quarterly by the Senior Class of the River Falls
State Normal School at River Falls, Wisconsin.

THE BADGER STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF	ETHEL KOLB
LITERARY EDITOR	EMMA KINNEY
EXCHANGE EDITOR	RUTH WARNER
ATHLETIC EDITOR	HOWARD BARKER
STAFF ARTIST	MOLLIE TRONSTAD
HUMOR EDITOR	LORETTA BAILEY
ALUMNI EDITOR	FLORENCE AHLSTROM
FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES	MISS ZINN, MR. REED
BUSINESS MANAGER	THOMAS RILEY

REPORTERS

SENIOR CLASS	GLADYS WILSON
JUNIOR CLASS	MAY SMITH
SOPHOMORE CLASS	LENA SHARP
FRESHMAN CLASS	ESTHER DEMULLING
Y. W. C. A.	ANNA WHIPP
AURELIA	ALICE POULTER



PRESIDENT H. L. WILSON

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS—

This Year's Prospects.....	5
The Highest Function of Athletics.....	6
Thanksgiving Day	6

NEW MEMBERS OF FACULTY—

Miss Francis	7
Miss Curry	8
Miss Campbell's Resignation.....	8

LITERARY—

Johnny Bob's Dream.....	9
Nat's Halloween Prank.....	9
Genevieve's Awakening	11
Doin' Things at Night.....	13
The Prophetic Mirror.....	14
That Practice Report.....	16
The Passing of the "Big Canuck".....	17
Evening	36

ATHLETICS

Class Notes	23-26
Organizations	26-28
Exchanges	28
Alumni	29
Humor	31

ADVERTISEMENTS—

Back Cover and.....	36-44
---------------------	-------

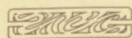
ILLUSTRATIONS—

Frontispiece—Cascade Avenue View of River Falls Normal School.	
President H. L. Wilson.....	3
The Football Squad.....	20
Cover Design and Department Headings from pen drawings by our Staff Artist.	

The Normal Badger

Vol. ~~IX~~ (10) RIVER FALLS, WIS., NOVEMBER, 1910 No. I

Published Quarterly by the Senior Class of the River Falls Normal School



EDITORIAL



This Year's Prospects

At this time in the school year the Badger must of necessity deal more with hopes and prospects than with actual work accomplished in the lines of school activity. It is with pleasure that we bring to the attention of the Alumni and friends of the school the excellent prospects for a successful year.

Owing to the severe drought of the summer and to partial crop failures, it was freely predicted before the opening of school that many of our number would drop out for a time. The event proved otherwise, however, and the school opened with a good enrollment. Indications are that by the close of the first quarter, the attendance will reach the high record of last year. We would not place too much emphasis upon mere numbers; of much greater importance is the spirit of the student body. The manner in which literary work, athletics, and other lines of student effort are being supported indicates that we shall uphold the best traditions of the school.

At the beginning of this year a new department was added to the Normal. It has long been evident to educators that the crying need of our educational system is for better teachers in our rural schools. This year the River Falls Normal School enters upon a definite effort to better conditions in these schools by introducing a department for the training of rural school teachers. A good enrollment in this department shows that its opportunities are being appreciated by prospective teachers.

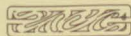
The organization of the Rural School Course and the steady growth of the school have again made evident the need of more room in our building. Conditions are such that the legislature will be asked to grant an appropriation for a new building to house the Model School. It is intended, if the legislature grants the appropriation, to erect a substantial structure west of the main building. We earnestly hope that the legislature may show its appreciation of the work of our Normal under the able leadership of President Wilson, by making it possible for us to enjoy these much needed accommodations.

The Highest Function of Athletics

A school may accomplish its purposes with some success through the individual activities of its members; it may fulfill some of its functions by individual effort, each member of the faculty and of the student-body, following his particular bent. To be worthy of its mission, however, a school must comprise vastly more than individual activities; there must be opportunity for the individual to forget himself in a cause. The young man or the young woman that has not learned to forget himself or herself in the welfare of his school, has not learned one of the most important lessons of American citizenship. American life makes heavy demands on this type of citizen. The community without the public spirited citizen lags behind and becomes a follower, not a leader.

It is the particular function of Athletics to foster school spirit. The Team affords the most natural rallying point of a school. Clean, spirited athletic contests appeal to young manhood and young womanhood as no other activity can. As a unifying force Athletics, if employed for that purpose, have no equal. Athletics are capable of welding a collection of individuals into a single unit with a single purpose—the success of the school. Such a result obtained, such an enthusiasm aroused, no school enterprise need go begging for support. Three hundred live spirits—not three hundred but ONE, the product of the three hundred—will push every school activity to success.

The school that has stood shoulder to shoulder backing up its foot ball team through victory and defeat, will support its school paper, will encourage its orators, will uphold the good name of the school on all fields and against all comers, and will loyally support its President in all his undertakings. School spirit thus aroused glorifies every cause; it sends the full-back through the line for the required gain; it inspires the school orator to victory; it raises up defenders when defense is needed. School spirit thus created becomes spontaneous; it no longer requires artificial stimulation; its strength knows no bounds; as a wave it carries upon its crest every school enterprise.



Thanksgiving Day

"It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God."

To celebrate its deepest emotions mankind has resorted to many ceremonies. Every crisis in the history of the race, whether of victory or defeat, joy or sorrow has been celebrated by some such demonstration as feasting or fasting, or sacrifice, or games of fighting or spectacular parades. The form of celebration most in keeping with the deep sense of gratitude which inspired the first Thanksgiving Day was feasting and religious worship, and such has continued to be the form of ceremony appropriate for Thanksgiving observance.

Thanksgiving Day is the most lasting memory that has come down to us from our Pilgrim ancestors.

"Amidst the storm they sang
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free."

It was this spirit of joy and courage and independence combined with a deep religious nature which recognized the protecting care of their Heavenly Father, that found expression in their first Thanksgiving celebration. Their spirit of worship, blended with the ministrations of the home in the hospitable feast, served alike to friends and savage neighbors, has been perpetuated by their descendants, until to-day the Thanksgiving Dinner, to which are bidden the poor and friendless as well as relatives and friends, is a distinctive feature of the day.

Of all the festivals of the year Thanksgiving Day is especially dear to the aged and to the family and the spirit which it fosters is gratitude, an emotion seldom experienced till the years have taught the heart to appreciate its blessings.

Youth is ever looking forward. Anticipation is its mood—and so Youth is apt to be unmindful of its blessings and scarcely thinks of gratitude. Age is ever looking backward. Retrospection is its mood—and through the perspective of years the aged come to realize their blessings and feel the heart throbs of real gratitude that find expression in the observance of Thanksgiving Day, which is sacred to home and family ties. It is the day when absent ones are drawn by the irresistible magnet of parental love to the old home and the family feast. Sons and daughters seek once more the scenes of childhood and the dear home circle where sweet sympathy and encouragement are always found; and children's children revel in the indulgent love bestowed upon them as no where else. The home comings at Thanksgiving time are the brightest spots in all the year to the dear home folks. So to those who come and those who visit the ministrations of Thanksgiving Day are very sweet.

Thanksgiving should be thanksgiving which is only the showing of our thankfulness for the blessings of life by trying to bless others. If our sphere of opportunity is so small that we can do little else, we can at least be a blessing to those around us. A life of courtesy and kindness and helpfulness is a benediction to the world and for such lives thanksgivings never cease. "Vengeance fadeth away, but kindness endureth forever."

May all the readers of the Badger know the sweet joy of a happy Thanksgiving Day.



New Members of The Faculty

MISS FRANCIS

Miss Myrtle Dewey Francis of Mazon, Illinois, fills the vacancy in the Domestic Science Department. Miss Francis is a graduate of the

Evanston Academy of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, and is also a graduate of the Normal Course in Domestic Economy, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Illinois.

Miss Francis was teacher of Domestic Science in Illinois Industrial School for girls, Evanston; and in the School of Domestic Art and Science, Chicago, during the year of 1907. In 1908 she was supervisor of Domestic Science in the Public Schools of Mankato, Minnesota, and in 1909 teacher of Domestic Science in Francis Shimer Academy, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

MISS CURRY

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Rodman of the Intermediate Department, is filled by Miss Mary B. Curry, a graduate of the St. Cloud State Normal. Miss Curry has attended the University of Minnesota and has taught several years in the Public Schools of Duluth and Superior.

MISS CAMPBELL'S RESIGNATION

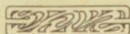
A change in the administration of the physical training department occurred at the close of the first quarter, when Miss Louise C. Campbell resigned her position as director.

Miss Campbell had charge of the work in the gymnasium for three and one-fourth years. She came to this school from Newburgh, N.Y., where she taught one year after graduating from the Burnham School of Physical Training in Milwaukee.

The work in this department is not considered an accessory, but of vital importance, and Miss Campbell's aim throughout her tenure has been to make the physical training work of practical benefit to the students. Athletics in the form of tennis, hockey and basket ball have been given special attention and good equipment has been secured for each.

Miss Campbell's friendly interest and kind manner have made her the friend of every student and member of the faculty. She is a general favorite in musical circles, for her rich sympathetic voice always delights. Her withdrawal from the faculty is a distinct loss to the school.

Miss Bernice E. Johnson of Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, has been elected to succeed Miss Campbell.



All the grade teachers of the River Falls Public Schools are alumni of the River Falls Normal. They are: Violet Gordon, 1905, teaching fourth grade; Elizabeth Clark, Edna Comstock and Vivian Hallett, 1907, teaching seventh grade, second primary and first primary respectively; Helen Wyman, Bessie Whipp and Florence Ahlstrom, 1910, teaching third grade, fifth and sixth grades, and eighth grade, respectively.

STUDENT LITERATURE

Johnnie Bob's Dream

(BY OSCAR L. HALL)

It was Thanksgiving evening and Johnnie Bob slept,
While over his pillow Thanksgiving dreams crept;
They whispered the while he grew rigid with fear:
"Look out, for the ghosts of the slaughtered are near."

Alack! though he strained and struggled to rise,
He was held down by pickles of marvelous size,
That stood like policemen each side of his bed
With revolvers of cinnamon aimed at his head.

Then in walked a turkey bespattered with mud,
With gobbles which curdled poor Johnnie Bob's blood;
It perched on the foot board and whispered, "I'll stay,
And hicough, young man, till next Thanksgiving day."

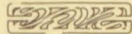
An inward commotion young Johnnie was feeling.
Some celery sprang from his chest to the ceiling;
And under the shade of its fast growing trees
A pepper box waltzed with a piece of green cheese.

Fried oysters rode bicycles made of mince pies
And each took a header into his eyes;
While raisins unnumbered fell over in fits.
Which frightened poor Johnnie Bob out of his wits.

As nuts fell like rain, some one sounded a gong,
And at once all the company joined in a song:
"Woe! woe to you Johnnie: Many a night
We'll dance on your bed, till you tremble with fright;

Till you learn that your stomach should not be abused;
For you know that your gluttony will not be excused."
Then at Johnnie they sprang. He uttered a groan
And lo! they all vanished and he was alone.

Now Johnnie has decided a greedy young sinner
Has to pay a big price for his Thanksgiving Dinner,
And that eating to live will make much better living
Than living to eat as he did on Thanksgiving.



Nat's Hallowe'en Prank

(BY LORETTA BAILEY)

The boys in the little town of Emerett had grown weary of all the time-worn Hallowe'en tricks. Tick-tacking, borrowing people's gates, running cutters up on the roof of Deacon Howitt's wood-shed no longer afforded excitement.

This time something new had to be done, and as usual Mr. Perkins

and the Deacon were to be the victims of their plotting, but the question among this set of boys was,—“What shall we do? We’ve done everything under the sun.”

Nat Somers, a new boy in the village, was taken in and his supply of tricks of towns foreign to Emerett was taxed to the limit. At last, after a few moments of vigorous head-scratching, he exclaimed, “Say fellows! Are you game for anything? I have it, but you’ve got to wait and see.” In vain he was coaxed by the boys that they be let in on the fun but he resolutely kept mum. However, he told them to meet down at the bridge, a short distance from town, at about nine o’clock Friday evening. This was on Wednesday and every minute up to the time the boys wore an air of mystery and importance, though Nat was the sole possessor of the secret.

Hallowe’en came on Friday night, and promptly at nine o’clock they answered Nat’s whistle. Quietly he led the brigade back to town to the barn back of Widow Brant’s cottage. Cautiously they entered the slide door and here the mischief-loving Nat disclosed part of his secret: namely, to get that old phaeton, (which had been shut up in the barn for at least eight years and carefully guarded with due reverence by Mrs. Brant as a memoir of by-gone days) and by some hook or crook to wheel it out of the barn without any one’s knowing of it. Then they were to take it, together with the old harness, rusty of buckle, and with many stiff straps, down to the pasture at the edge of town. Now the pasture was the common lot of the village kine and there old Mr. Perkins kept his cow, Snowball, with the rest of the herd. After much tugging, pulling and more dodging on the part of the boys, they succeeded in getting “this high-water auto” as Nat, the mimic of the bunch had named it, out of the barn and also out of range of the Widow’s hearing. Down the lonely road they pushed the creaking old buggy, into the pasture in the shadow of the trees.

“Now you, for a chase with me after Snowball,” whispered Nat, and immediately the boys understood and with gestures that were the outcome of a desire for a wild whoop, dashed after Snowball.

Very quietly she accepted the straps and walked obediently in the wake of the boys. She stood for the harness as quietly as though that were a daily occurrence but her hereditary instinct did not extend far enough for her to understand the process of being hitched to a buggy.

At Nat’s suggestion, they coaxed the old cow out of the pasture and up the back street to the Deacon’s house. They opened the gate in the yard with no little amount of fear. In wandered Snowball with her equipage. Off scampered the boys.

The next morning the Deacon received a shock that startled him nearly out of his wits. There, as he opened the door of his tiny kitchen, stood Snowball, lazily staring him in the face. The back wheels of the phaeton rested serenely in the Deacon’s choice dahlia bed and six boys, hidden behind a clump of evergreens, were convulsed with laughter at the expression of dismay and anger in Deacon Howitt’s face. They were

also fully convinced that Nat's prank surpassed all former Hallowe'en episodes in the village of Emerett.



Genevieve's Awakening

(BY LAURA ATKINS)

The Thanksgiving recital, the crowning event of the year at St. Mary's College, was drawing near. Everyone was in a whirl of excitement. As the time passed, the girls often gathered in little groups about the dormitory, discussing the long-looked-for evening.

It was on a Thursday night, just two weeks before the recital, that each girl was given her allotted number of reserved seats. As it happened, only four could be given to each one, and this of course, troubled most of the girls. What a task it was to pick out four from their circles of intimate friends who should receive the tickets!

To one girl in particular the problem seemed almost beyond solution. Genevieve Whitcomb, the finest singer of the school, was at loss to decide who should receive her tickets. Of course, Judge Leslie and his wife must have two. That she had decided long ago. But to whom should she send the others?

She did not stop to talk with her chums that evening, but hurried up-stairs to her own room. She drew a low rocker to the open grate, and, resting her head upon her hand, tried to unravel her difficulty. Thus her friend Louise found her when she came up to the room a few moments later. As she opened the door, Louise could not help stopping a few moments to gaze on the scene before her. It was certainly a pretty picture. The soft lights from the grate danced and flickered about the room, throwing into relief the beautiful outline of Genevieve's face and figure.

"O, Jennie," exclaimed Louise, as her friend lifted her head, "how comfortable you look! I don't believe you have a thing to bother you. Everything seems to come your way. Do stop dreaming, and help me decide whom to invite to the recital. Of course, father and mother must come. They don't get a chance to hear anything like this very often, and it will please them so much. A little country town doesn't offer many opportunities for pleasure, and father and mother are such dears to work so hard to send me to school. I will have this little chance at least to show them how I appreciate their sacrifices."

Just then the study gong sounded, and before Genevieve had a chance to offer any advice, her friend darted off to her own room.

When alone once more, she did not begin at once to study. No, she must first master her difficulty.

"Yes, I suppose I ought to send those tickets to mother and father. They will enjoy hearing me, I know. But,—well,—maybe the judge and his wife will not notice their country ways. Yes, I will do it. It is my duty."

Very reluctantly she picked up her pen, and after waiting a few moments, started to write. She mailed the letter at once, to get the matter off her mind, but deep in her heart she hoped her parents would not accept the tickets.

This hope was not to be realized. They had struggled and saved for years to give Genevieve her course at this woman's college, and they felt it would be a great reward to see their daughter "star" at the Thanksgiving recital.

The time grew shorter and at last the day arrived. Genevieve was too busy to meet her parents at the afternoon train. She had written that she would see them after the recital.

The recital was to be given in the Auditorium, and by eight o'clock it was filled. Scarcely noticed in the busy throng, a little old man and woman sat anxiously waiting for the curtain to rise. The confusion seemed to annoy them, and they were fearful lest they should be separated. At last the orchestra struck up the opening selection. It played on for half an hour. Then, amid the applause of the audience, the curtain was rolled up. The first two numbers were enjoyed immensely by the audience.

As they were waiting for the third number, an intense silence settled over the assembly. What was the cause of this deep stillness? And why were faces upturned with such looks of expectancy? This was the number in which Genevieve Whitcomb was to appear. This was to be the crowning event of the evening. Slowly Genevieve came upon the stage. She sang as never before. The presence of her friends inspired her to do her best, and her voice seemed to hold the audience tense. As she sang, she saw two people who were even more interested than the others. Her mother and father, whom she had almost forgotten in the excitement, happened to catch her eye.

How her mother's face beamed with love and pride! For a moment, Genevieve's heart smote her. Then, with a slight effort, she threw herself more fully into her song, and resolved to sing for them alone. Yes, she could love her parents just as well as the other girls. And at that moment she fully realized how dear her parents were to her, and how thankful she ought to be to those who had made this opportunity possible for her.

Needless to say, Genevieve won laurels and honor for herself that night. After the recital, congratulations were heaped upon her, but she did not pay much attention to them. She broke away from her many admirers and hurried out into the Auditorium, diligently searching for her mother and father. Words could not express their joy when at last she found them, for they had almost given up the hope of seeing her.

"This is certainly a happy group," said Judge Leslie, coming up just then.

"Yes, this is the happiest Thanksgiving I have ever known," said Mrs. Whitcomb, smiling proudly as her gaze rested upon her daughter's beautiful face, "I have so much to be thankful for."

Doin' Things at Night

(BY AMY LARSON)

To be in strict accord with the rules of composition this title is not exactly correct. But if we should have said, "The Perversity of Things in the Dark" it would not sound a bit Rileyesque and as we are a great admirer of James Whitcomb we want to imitate his style so far as we can, even if it be only in a parody on one of his titles.

But, anyway you have noticed it, haven't you—the perversity of doing things in the dark? There was that time when you came home late (it was Friday night, of course) and you meant to slip in so quietly that no one should hear you. You were provided with your own key so no one need be awakened to let you in. Carefully feeling of the door you found the knob and then endeavored to locate the key hole. You were quite sure it was below the knob when you went out but now it was not to be found. When you had almost made up your mind that it had grown together, and in the last despairing gasp of hope knelt before the door, this suppliant attitude seemed effective and you located it. You succeeded in opening and closing the door without awakening anyone.

Then you turned carefully to make sure of your ground before taking another step. You were glad to feel something soft under your foot as you prepared to take the next step. Someone had considerably placed a heavy rug there, you thought. So you stepped down firmly but not long, for such a howl rent that midnight air as never had been heard before nor since. Then the cat, spitting and giving her opinion of you in unmistakable terms flounced out of the room. Surprised that no one yelled "Murder" or "Thieves" you proceeded. At the foot of the stairs you paused to recollect which was the step which usually squeaked. Yes, it was the third, you were quite sure. So you stepped very carefully on the first and second and stepped over the third and—oh, such a squeak! Someone called and asked if you were tearing down the house. You assured him to the contrary and as caution was no longer of any use all went well the rest of the way.

Then there is that evening when you were writing your theme for composition and you found you had left your eraser in another room. You went to get it but took no light for you knew just where it lay. After wasting precious minutes in fumbling, you got a match. You took only one for it surely would give ample light. You struck it—it went out. Humming cheerfully you went back for another, struck it—it broke. Still trying to be happy you got the third—it had no head. With very firm steps and no song you made what you decided was your last trip and took a whole handful. The first one struck burned at once and showed the eraser lying just where you were sure you had felt for it. You could easily imagine that with impish glee it had all the while been dodging your hand.

It was late when you had finished your studies that evening so you were very tired and sleepy when at last you turned out the light

and began your journey to your bed. No sooner had you turned about than you met a rocking chair coming your way. Perhaps going your way would be more nearly correct for it seemed possessed with the idea of walking just where you wished to walk. You surrendered; backed up, made a wide detour and tried again. This time you got tangled up in the rockers (there appeared to be quite a number of them). You finally extricated yourself and made another effort. Now you found the tack for which you had searched vainly that afternoon. But it had changed. It was now on overgrown tack about three inches long with two heads and three points at least. That afternoon it had avoided you, now it had formed a violent attachment for you—or with you. By personal contact you counted all the pieces of furniture in the room—these were very many more than you had supposed and many were built on the centipede plan. It was all rather discouraging but you were persevering and also you did want to go to bed so you “continued on”. You took two, possibly three steps without a mishap. Your courage rose and you stepped out with more vigor. But now you were compelled to pause while the tenderest corn of the digital appendage of your extremity made an astronomical observation. Arrived at the bed you sat down on the edge to give that member of your anatomy a fervent handclasp in congratulation(?) of its discovery.

You lay down endeavoring to lose all trials in the oblivion of sleep. But before that happy state had come there floated through the **fringe** of your consciousness (and the **focus** had been worn to a fringe so there was nothing else) dim visions of the marginal utility of the reforms of Cleisthenes, the logarithm of the antennae of the Pelecypoda and the tangent of monopolistic returns in one confused mass. But at length all faded away and you were doing the thing at night which you should do and no further perversity interfered.



The Prophetic Mirror

(BY JENNIE WIESENTHAL)

Ruth and Eunice felt very much slighted when they found they were not included in the invitation to spend Hallowe'en at Mr. and Mrs. Baker's home. But when Aunt Helen consented to come and stay with them while the older members of the family were gone, the girls immediately began plans for a good time.

Hallowe'en arrived and after the departure of those going to the party, Aunt Helen and the girls went to the kitchen where they made candy, melted and poured lead for fortunes and did several other tricks appropriate to the evening.

“Let's light our Jack-o-lanterns,” said Ruth.

“Very well, replied Aunt Helen.

“And Auntie” don't forget about the chestnuts,” said Eunice.

After the lanterns were lighted in the living room the merry party

of three seated themselves before the big fire and roasted chestnuts. This was more like work than Eunice had anticipated and in consequence she said, "Oh, Ruth don't you think it would be lovely if Aunt Helen would tell us ghost stories?"

"Well girls," said Aunt Helen, "I don't believe you would have pleasant dreams if I should tell you ghost stories, but suppose I tell you a true Hallowe'en story!"

"Oh, goodie," answered the girls in unison, because any story told by this Aunt was sure to be a treat.

"My story is going to begin almost like a fairy tale," began Aunt Helen, "but remember I said it was a true Hallowe'en story."

"One year a long time ago I went to visit an aunt and uncle who lived in the city. There were ever so many new things for me to see and I was taken around a great deal, but all the time I was just a little lonely for some playmates.

"Uncle's yard was large and at the back and side edges grew a high evergreen hedge. One day when I was outside I heard voices in the next yard. I hurried to the hedge and after some searching I found an opening thru which I could look.

"Over in the next yard I saw a boy and a girl just about my age. I wanted to call them or go where they were but I knew I must first get my aunt's permission. At the dinner table I told my aunt and uncle that I wished very much to go over in the next yard to play with the children. "My uncle told me that Dr. Leavitt lived in the next house and that because the Doctor and his wife were not friendly, he could not allow me to play with their children. "Of course I was disappointed and did not go near the hedge again for a number of days. At last the temptation was too great and I not only went to the hedge, but when Mildred and James Leavitt saw me and invited me to join them, I went, and oh such fun as we had together. After this I often pretended I was going for a walk but instead would hurry to join my new friends.

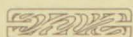
"Hallowe'en time grew near and uncle surprised me by saying I might have a party and ask whomever I wished. Of course I invited James and Mildred but doubted whether their parents would permit them to come. I wonder now how I dared do that which I knew would displease my aunt and uncle.

"At last the night of the party came. What a glorious time we had! We tried by all the fakes of witchery to find out our future husbands and wives. The last means employed was one they said never failed. My guests said I should try first. "I had to walk down cellar, backward, a candle in one hand and the Cupid Mirror in the other, and by so doing I would see the face of the one whom I must some day marry.

"As I went down I kept saying to myself, 'There are ten steps,' and looking steadily in the mirror, I counted as I went. Once I almost fell. 'Four—five,' still no face. On I went. 'Eight—nine,' and still no face. Ten and nothing yet. Well, I thought it would turn out that way, but while I was down I thought I would get some fruit and take it up stairs.

I shoved my foot along the floor and took a step, but there was no floor and I was falling. "Then I remembered that there were ten steps to the cellar at home and that I had never counted these in uncle's house. When I landed on the cellar floor I still held the candle and the mirror and much to my surprise I saw the face of James Leavitt in the mirror."

"Thank you Auntie," said the girls, "your story was better than a party. We remember our uncle James."



That Practice Report

(By E. K. '11)

Got your practice report yet? Yes, I have mine, and it's enough to make anybody weep the briny tear. Just listen! "Regard of Pedagogic Laws, Poor. Control of Class, Poor. Command of English Poor. Power to Overcome Difficulties, Poor. Remarks. You do not seem to be in sympathy with your class." Can't understand why I should get such a report as that, because the last time the critic teachers were in, the recitation wasn't bad at all. In fact, I thought it went off pretty well.

You see, I have the ones in Reading, and they hadn't been in school a week when I was assigned the class, as they didn't know anything at all. I believe they knew less than nothing. Of course, ten weeks under my training brought some results. We teach by the sentence method, and about every day I taught them a new sentence. It seemed to me more of a memory drill than a lesson in reading, but I did what I thought they told me to. By the end of the term I had them so they could begin at the top with "I have a red leaf," and go away down the list to "carry the gun," and they knew them so well I didn't even have to write the list on the board. Sometimes the critic teachers would drop in for a few minutes but when I went to them for criticism, they always said they hadn't been in long enough to offer any suggestions, but I seemed to be doing well. So I knew I must be getting along famously.

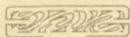
One day at the last of the ten weeks, I was to give a sort of a review. I had the sentence on the board in the usual order. My class had been down in room 25, and as I stood at the door of the Primary room waiting for them to pass in, Mr. Presidentifus came along and said, "John, when do you have your class?"

"At this period," I answered, hoping that if he came at all, he'd come in that day, when I could show off, as it were. He sat down beside Miss Critician and, by the burning of my left ear, I knew they were talking about me. As the little kids were passing in, Levi stuck out his foot and tripped Bertha. If Bertha had been a boy, she'd have caught herself and laughed, but a girl always has to cry. I tried to think what my mother used to do when my sister cried. I said, "Poor little dear," and tried to stroke her head, but I guess I must have mussed her hair, for she wailed all the harder. So I gave it up and sent her to her seat. The

rest of the class had taken theirs some way, I don't know how. When I turned around I saw that Miss Sub-Supervisor had entered, and I wondered if I was supposed to give a model lesson for the benefit of the teachers. Judging by the expressions on their faces, they were all intensely interested.

I started out bravely and had famous results in my preparation. I turned to the sentences on the board and said, "Let's see how many can read these for me without a mistake." I began with Edward and went around the class. And they were a class to be proud of! Not a single mistake. I wondered what I'd better do next. Just then Miss Supervisor appeared at the door. I quickly decided to go over the sentences once again for her benefit. So I did, with the same result. I looked at the teachers. They were all smiling, and, needless to say, I felt highly elated. Apparently I had made good. But Miss Supervisor suggested that I change the order and let the children read them. I couldn't see any sense in that, because they had always read them in the correct order. The beaming smiles had become almost laughter. I called on Alice—she's real bright. I pointed to every other one on the way down the list, and came back on the ones between. Of course, I pointed to the first one first. Alice promptly read, "I have a red leaf." Then I started on the odd numbered ones, but she didn't let me catch her. She gave them in the original order.

When she had finished, I looked at the teachers. The smile on each face had broadened. I thought, "Let the good work go on," so I called on Harold, he's next brightest in the class, and, would you believe it, no matter how I mixed the sentences up, he gave them in the original order. The beaming smiles had become almost laughter, and the teachers looked so pleasant as they rose to leave the room, that I was sure I had made a good impression. When I went to them for criticism, each one said that they had agreed among themselves to give me another ten weeks in primary work, and I supposed they hated to part with such an efficient teacher. But from the appearance of this report,—well, I just simply can't understand it, that's all!



The Passing of the "Big Canuck"

(BY HOWARD BARKER)

When the "Big Canuck" was with us our crew consisted of five line-men and a foreman. We were stringing wire on the Montana division, and on this particular November evening, having put in a hard day's work, all except the foreman were gathered around the stove in our caboose. The Canuck lay on his back in his bunk, I sat on the edge of it talking to him, and the other three were grouped on the other side of the stove.

"I've sort of been enjoying myself since I got that fall, Tom," said the man in the bunk to me. "Altho my back hurts whenever I move I've had a good chance to read while I lay here. There are some in-

teresting articles in those copies of the Scientific American that you got for me. There's one on "The Eye as a Factor in Evolution" that you ought to read. The Author has got some jolly good ideas. I've just finished the copy of Wm. James' last book that we got in Butte."

"You're the greatest reader, Canuck," I replied. "What you read is too deep for me. I couldn't get much of anything out of those articles and I've been to school a lot more than you."

"I guess I've just picked it up, Tom." He paused a moment and then continued: "You've never been in Winnipeg, have you? You ought to see the house my folks lived in then. If I hadn't been so wild and had stuck by them I would be living like a gentleman now, and have had a college education. Now, I'm just a roving lineman, and just now I'm laid up for two or three days. I've been a fool, that's all. I had fine chances when I was young, but they are all shot to bloody pieces now. I've told you a number of times how I got turned out from home. I'd have been all right if I'd have cut out drink sooner. My father would have stood by me, but now he's dead and I have to dig for what I get. If I stick to it like I was doing before I got that fall I ought to make a foreman out of myself after a while."

As he spoke, the caboose door opened and the boss came in. By the way he glared at the Canuck we knew that there was a storm in the air.

"Going to be out to-morrow, you lazy pup?" "Yes, I think I shall be able to," was the mild answer. "You think you will, do you? Well I think you've got to."

"It depends on how my back feels," answered the Canadian.

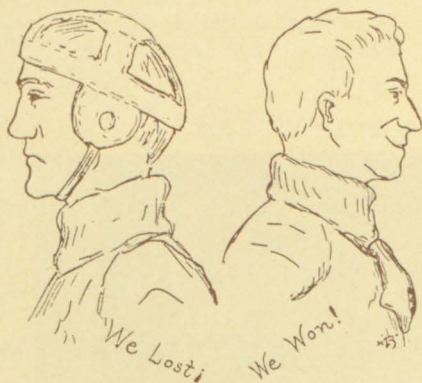
Your back, eh? I'd like to know what you think ails your back. You're lazy, that's all."

"I am not lazy, sir. If you fell from a forty-foot pole your back might hurt, too. But I tell you no man can say I'm lazy." He raised up on one elbow and looked the boss in the face. "I'll be out to-morrow, but not to do any lifting," he said.

The boss was almost choking with rage, for he and the Canuck had never agreed very well and he hated to be talked back to. "You call me a liar, then do you?" he roared. "You think I don't know, eh? Well I'll just show you. You're fired, d'hear? You're **fired**." He began to swear; stood a minute looking at the man in the bunk, and then turned and went out, slamming the door.

After a short quiet the Big Canuck spoke. "Will you get me my togs, Tom?" he asked. He got up and put on his good clothes and then drew on his overalls. He put a few things from his suit-case into his pockets, kicked the rest under the bed, and slowly went to the door. Thru the glass we could see the head-light of a west-bound freight train just pulling into the station. He opened the door and stood in the doorway, his huge frame almost filling it. We wondered what he intended to do. The door at the other end of the caboose opened and the foreman came in. The Canadian looked at him and then at us.

"This is the passing of the Big Canuck," he said; then, "Goodbye, Tom." And he was gone.



Athletic Notes

Although foot-ball occupies the fore-ground in the fall of the year, there are some other kinds of athletics which deserve attention. The tennis courts were popular as long as the weather permitted, and many who otherwise would have stayed in school, got good exercise out of doors. The game is an interesting and healthful one and well deserves the attention that is given to it.

Tennis has one disadvantage, however, only four can play; and because of this, a number of courts on good ground are needed. A new game has been introduced which will accommodate twenty-two; this game is hockey. The principle of the game is the same as that of ice hockey, basket-ball, or lacross. The only equipment needed is a rubber ball and twenty-two clubs. The ball is put into play at the middle of the field and the players on each side endeavor to work it into the other's goal.



ORGANIZATION

The N. A. C. met September 8th and elected the following officers:

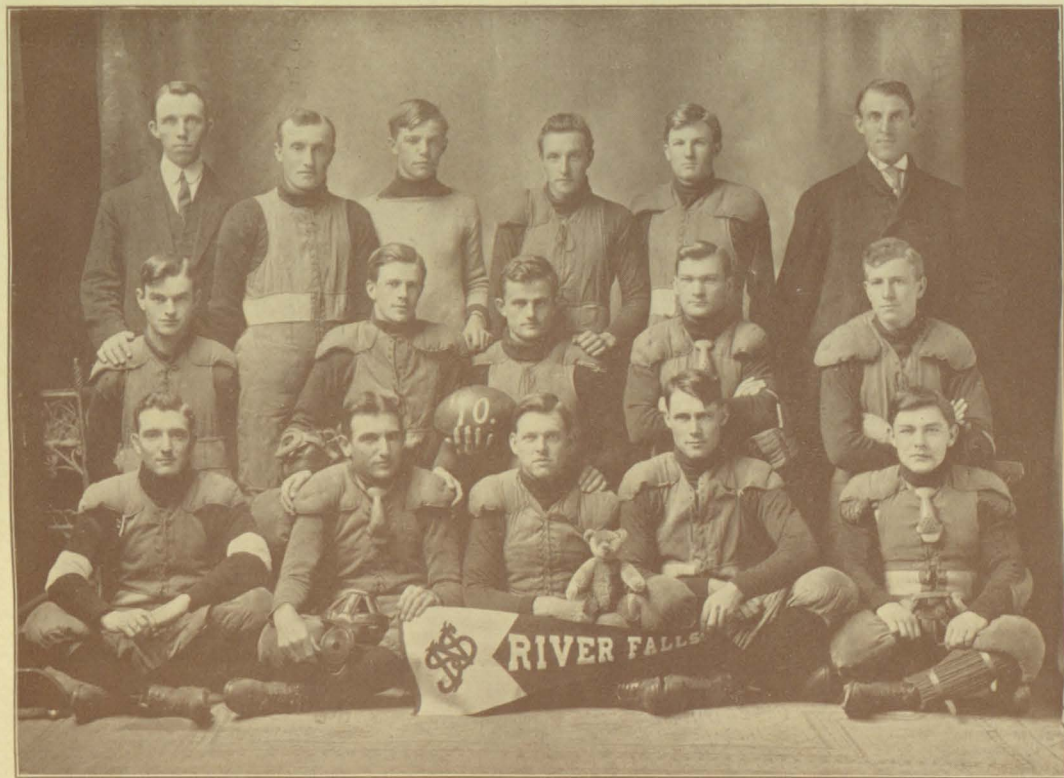
President—T. A. Bergh,
Vice-President—Ray Cooke,
Secretary—Robert Moser,
Treasurer—E. Bennett,
Financial Secretary—E. J. Ward,
Buying Committee—Bennett, Ames, Young.

Dan Early was elected manager of the foot-ball team.

The foot-ball team elected Robert Moser captain.

In a meeting of the society held October 20th, it was decided that it was preferable to have the manager of the basket-ball team, a member of the faculty. Mr. Kargus was elected.

The prospects for a good team were not very promising in one way, this fall, because it was barely possible to get out enough men for two teams; and this made good practice difficult. On the other hand, how-



The Football Squad

ever, there was good material to make the line-up promising. With Mr. Ames as coach a team was developed which, in the Galahad game, showed that they had the play well in mind.

★ ★ ★

EAU CLAIRE 41—NORMAL 0

The first game of the season was with Eau Claire at that place, on October 8th. Although the score was not as good as was expected (41 and 0 in favor of the opponents) the team derived considerable benefit from the game. Our defense was not prepared for Eau Claire attack off tackle, and our offense lacked variety.

The game was called at three o'clock. The first half consisted of fifteen minute quarters; the second, of twelve and a half minute ones.

Normal kicked off. Eau Claire received the ball on their twenty-five yard line and from that point began a march toward our goal using off-tackle plays and one punt. Our defense held well for a few downs but after that was pressed steadily back. On our fifteen yard line they fumbled the ball, and it rolled over the line where one of their men fell on it. Normal kicked the ball out from this touch-back but it was worked back to our ten yard line, from which point Eau Claire went over for a touch-down. This, with a goal kick made the score Eau Claire 6—Normal 0.

Eau Claire again received the kick-off and for their third down punted to our ten yard line where Bergh received the ball. In attempting to make a run with it he fell on our five yard line. Normal failed to make their yards and the ball went to Eau Claire who promptly made another touch-down which, with the goal kick made the score 12 and 0. No further scores were made in the first quarter. Before the end of the half, Eau Claire had made six more points. At the beginning of the second half, Sakrison went in for Foley and Guggisberg for Riley and although the individual work was good the opposing team scored heavily, making the result at the end of the third quarter, Eau Claire 35—Normal 0.

The next twelve and a half minutes of playing brought the score up to 41 and 0 in Eau Claire's favor.

We have two consolations for the game: the good it did Eau Claire, and the good it did us. The Eau Claire team all got new suits as a reward for running up a score better than 40 to 0. We got good experience and initiated the team into the game.

Line-up: Quarter—Bliss
Right end—Riley
Right tackle—Sherburne
Right guard—Thomas
Center—Thompson
Left guard—Sanford
Left tackle—Cooke
Left end—Foley

Right half—Bergh
 Full back—R. Moser (Captain)
 Left half—Condit

Substitutes—Sakrison for Foley; Guggisberg for Riley; Sakrison for Condit; Riley for Sakrison; Reddin for Thomas; and Thomas for Cooke. Officials—Furnished by Eau Claire.

River Falls rooters were not many but in the crowd were the familiar faces of Josephine Kildahl, Jessie Smith, Margaret Spencer, Florence Rudd, Ione Thompson, John Gunning and Tom Hennessey.

★ ★ ★

GALAHAD 0—NORMAL 43

Normal played Galahad on Normal gridiron October twenty-second. The visiting team understood the game but were unable to put up either strong offense or defense because of their lack of weight. Galahad furnished the officials and no fairer ones could have been found; no exception was taken to their decisions during the whole game. The play began at two o'clock with ten minute quarters. Bliss kicked off. Galahad was downed with the ball on their twenty-five yard line. They lost the ball on the first down by attempting a forward pass. On Normal's sixth down Moser carried the ball over the line for a touch-down. Bliss missed goal. Score, Normal 5—Galahad 0.

During the game, Normal varied the plays little,—nearly all of the gains being made off tackle or through center. It was not thought advisable to try open and trick plays when gains by short runs were sure.

After the second kick-off Normal got possession of the ball from a punt and lined up with it on our forty yard line. Condit made ten yards off right tackle. Moser went through center for ten yards. Ground was lost on a fluked forward pass and an attempted drop kick, necessitating a punt, which Galahad fumbled and Bergh recovered on the fifty-five yard line. Bergh carried the ball twenty yards. Bliss went around end for thirty yards more and Condit went over for the second touch-down. Goal was missed again—Score 10 and 0—which it remained till the next quarter.

At the beginning of the second quarter Galahad had possession of the ball at the middle of the field. Bliss intercepted a forward pass and with Moser and Thomas for interference covered half the length of the field and brought in another score for the Normal. Goal was missed—Score 15 and 0.

The ball moved rapidly for the rest of the half, at the end of which the score stood 26 and 0.

A touch-down by Moser, a goal kick by Foley and a touch-down by Condit brought the reckoning up to 37 and 0.

In the last ten minutes, Riley captured five points, and Sherburne, one, making the result of the game 43 and 0.

Normal Line-up: Quarter—Bliss
 Right end—Sherburne

Right tackle—Thomas
 Right guard—Reddin
 Center—Thompson
 Left guard—Sanford
 Left tackle—Cooke
 Left end—Foley
 Right half—Bergh
 Full back—R. Moser
 Left half—Condit

Substitutes—Riley for Foley; Sakrison for Condit; Bergh for Bliss; Crawford for Bergh. Touch-downs—Moser 3; Condit 2; Bliss 2; Riley 1. Goal kicks—Foley 1; Sherburne 2.

CLASSES

SENIOR NOTES

During the second week of school, the Senior Class met in Professor Jack's room to organize. They elected a strong corps of officers who will help to make this year's class the most successful of all classes. The following officers were elected:

President—Thomas Riley
 Vice-President—Alice M. MacKinnon
 Secretary—Gertrude Behrens
 Treasurer—V. Marie Righter

The Senior Class of 1910 has the advantage over preceding classes in more ways than one. In the first place, this year's class is one of the largest Senior Classes ever enrolled at this Normal. The class numbers sixty-six.

THE SPREAD

The Senior's first social function was on Saturday of the third week of school. Owing to the disagreeable weather only a few of the class were present. We met at the Normal at five o'clock in the afternoon and filed up to the mound. The trip up, was uneventful, there being no snakes to frighten the girls, nor cows to scare the chaperons.

"Weenies" and marshmallows were roasted, each person taking care to roast his own properly, and to burn the one for "the other fellow."

After we had eaten our supper we gathered around the fire and told stories, played games and sang songs. Miss Schlosser gave a couple of readings which added greatly to the success of the evening. The chaperons were Misses Zinn, Schlosser and Curry.

Our president's name is Tom Riley,
 He's a young man who's spoken of highly;
 He came straight from Killarney—
 His speech is all blarney—
 And his face is all grinny and smiley.

Vice-president Alice MacKinnon,
 Quite as good as Tom Riley at grinnin';
 With eyes black and snappy—
 Disposition so happy—
 Each prank she is sure to be in on.

Marie Righter has charge of finances.
 And manages all our expenses
 It in debt, you must run—
 When you see Marie come—
 For credit with her has no chances.

★ ★ ★

JUNIOR CLASS

During the second week of school the Junior Class met and elected the following officers:

President—Howard Crawford
 Vice-President—Octave Baillargeon
 Secretary and Treasurer—May Smith

The Junior Class this year has a membership of sixty-five, somewhat smaller than last year. But with a view to quality rather than quantity, the Juniors can say with assurance, "What's the matter with the Juniors? They're all right!"

★ ★ ★

Anyone wishing to take a course in Pet names with which to address the Fair Sex, may do so by making their desires known to Billy Moser.

★ ★ ★

JUNIORS DANGLE UP-RIVER

About four o'clock one Friday afternoon the Juniors might have been seen dangling up Main Street in groups of from two to ten.

The afternoon was glorious. It couldn't have been better had it been ordered for the occasion.

Supper was served by the refreshment committee to the Juniors, squatted around the fire, Indian fashion, each one holding a long stick, with a wiener on the end of it, over the fire. Dangling works up ravenous appetites, and the result was that the food disappeared like lightning.

Then followed a wild face-blackening contest between boys and girls. But the Moon soon cast its potent spell upon the crowd and they settled down once more about the fire to wait for it to die out, while they sang and listened to Robert Moser's pathetic little snatches of poetry.

All who lingered to the end declared that they had their best time on the way home. If you want to know about that, ask someone who was there.

After all's said and done, dangling is kind of hard work and it is not to be wondered at that all the Juniors were glad to dangle into their little white beds that night, there to dream of roasting wieners and marshmallows around a bonfire on the banks of the Kinnickinnic.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Oh, where are the Freshmen, of the year gone by,
Who their lessons to get well did not even try?
Now they are working hard to shape and to mold,
For the time when they, too, shall be Seniors bold;
The Sophomore is gaining a serious look,
That his deeds may go down in the history book.

★ ★ ★

The second year students met in room 47 Tuesday, September 16, to organize their class. The number enrolled was 65. The following officers were elected:

President—Ray Cooke
Vice-President—Agnes Welles
Secretary and Treasurer—Ruth Demulling

★ ★ ★

On Tuesday, October 11, the class met to make plans for some social function. They decided to have a feast on the mound the following Friday.

On the day appointed a merry crowd of Sophomores met and at once went out to the mound. The first part of the evening was spent building a fire over which the wieners were to be roasted.

Soon the sound of voices was heard in the valley below and they were distinguished as belonging to a few of the sophomore girls who were late in starting, and desired to drown their fears by resorting to shouting.

There never were wieners of marshmallows that tasted half so good as those prepared over the small fire. The sandwiches and pickles were delicious.

The crowd dispersed early and after a little more merry making went down into the valley.

★ ★ ★

Several of the sophomore girls secured entrance to the Freshman dance. They all reported the dance a grand success and that they enjoyed themselves immensely.

★ ★ ★

FRESHMAN NOTES

A meeting was held September 15, for the purpose of organizing. The officers elected were:

Floyd Keith—President
Esther Reddin—Secretary
Mable Luberg—Treasurer

On the resignation of Floyd Keith, Frances Carolan was promoted to the office. The class enrollment is 65.

The first social function was a dance given in the G. A. R. Hall where a large number of Freshmen and a few Juniors and Seniors were present. The Sophomore class was very well represented, but most of the members left early because of the commotion caused by their arrival. The dance ended about one o'clock.

★ ★ ★

ORGANIZATIONS

AURELIA

The Aurelia Literary Society spent its vacation wisely if we are to judge by the manner in which it has taken up its work this year. Almost all the old members who are still in school have retained their membership. The interest which the Sophomore and Freshman girls are showing is welcomed by the older members as a sign of a long and useful life for the society.

The following are the officers for the first quarter:

President—Dona Taylor
Vice-President—Amy Larson
Secretary—Elsie Annis
Treasurer—Grace Hanson
Sergeant at arms—Alice Poulter

The first regular meeting was held in the Music Room September 30th. After the installation of officers and admitting of Alumni members as honorary members, there came a formal initiation of new members. Twenty-six candidates for admission were able to pass all the intellectual tests and after taking the oath of allegiance and partaking of a magic potion, were declared full-fledged members of the Aurelia Literary Society and entitled to enjoy all rights and privileges accorded to the members thereof.

A meeting has been held every second Friday evening since that time.

Editor's note: The report from the Aurelia was very good—The work of the society was given in detail, but owing to a lack of space in this issue, it could not all be printed.

★ ★ ★

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association met and re-organized September 15, 1910, with the following officers who were elected at the annual election last Spring:

President—Elsie Annis
Vice-President—Anna Whipp
Secretary—Grace Hanson
Treasurer—Florence Gardner

Friday evening, September 9, a reception for the new students of the school was given in the Normal gymnasium. An interesting pro-

gram was rendered in which a number of the members of the faculty took part. People who were new in the school were made to feel more at home by the new friends they met during the evening.

The first regular meeting of the Association, Thursday, September 15, was led by Miss Sanford. Since then a meeting has been held Thursday afternoon of each week.

★ ★ ★

Friday evening, October 7, the society gave an apple social in the gymnasium. The company was divided into groups, each group to write a verse about some apple. A prize of an apple pie was rewarded the group having the best verse.

★ ★ ★

October 12, the Wisconsin State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., Miss L. H. Pierson, paid the association a very helpful visit and spoke to the school on what the Y. W. C. A. should stand for among us. Through her influence a membership campaign was planned and 30 new members were secured in 3 days, making a total membership of 70. The society hopes to enlarge its membership list still further and have an influence of good fellowship throughout the whole school.

The Association was represented by five delegates: Misses Hattie Flint, Elsie Annis, Grace Hanson, Alice Poulter and Anna Whipp at the Wisconsin State Y. W. C. A. convention at La Crosse, October 21, 22, and 23. The La Crosse people were very hospitable and gave the delegates a most enjoyable time.

Dr. Burton, of the University of Minnesota spoke on "The Message of Robert Louis Stevenson," Miss Estelle Paddock,—National Secretary of the China Y. W. C. A. told of her work as missionary there, Miss Margaret Burton of the University of Chicago led several helpful bible hours, and many other excellent talks were planned for the convention. Miss Paddock visited here Tuesday after the convention and talked to the school and to the Y. W. C. A. girls after school. 120 girls came to the latter meeting at which Miss Zinn sang.

From the present outlook, this year will be the most fruitful in the Y. W. C. A's existence.

★ ★ ★

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra met soon after school opened and elected Ray Junkman President, and Gladys Wilson Secretary. Though several of last year's orchestra, including the players of the brass are missing, new members have been added. The character of the organization has, however, somewhat changed. The stirring quality of the brass instruments is wanting; but this will be compensated for by the addition of a cello, whose tones are unsurpassed for richness and resonance, and by a clarinet, an instrument with remarkable range and variety of tone qualities. The effects rendered by this new instrumentation will be soft, flowing and pleasing. As some of the players are beginners, much

practice will be necessary before they will handle their instruments well, and play in ensemble. The members are as follows:

Violins—Jennie Strang, Ray Junkman, Edgar Bliss, Harvey Fletcher, Wilbur Shaw, Oscar Hall, Gladys Wilson, Esther Demulling, Ruth Junkman. **Flutes**—Dorothy Taggart, Mr. Reed, director. **Cello**—Marie Righter. **Clarinet**—Ray Junkman. **Piano**—Margaret Currier. **Snare Drum**—Clinton Van Nortwick. **Bass Drum**—Volborg Jensen.

★ ★ ★

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girl's Glee Club has organized this Fall with a membership of forty. The tone quality of the voices is excellent and the Club gives promise of a very good year's work. The officers are:

President—Etta Hammond
Secretary—Margaret Spence
Accompanist—Coie Winter

★ ★ ★

THE DEUTSCHE GESELLSCHAFT

At an informal Kaffee-Klatsch given by the German instructor on October eleventh in the Domestic Science dining-room, the Deutsche Gesellschaft was re-organized. The following officers were elected:

President—Miss Zinn
Vice-President—Howard Barker
Secretary—Anna Whipp
Treasurer—Howard Crawford
Pianist—Ethel Kolb

It was decided to hold the meetings of the Society every Wednesday evening. Every student eligible to membership in the society pledged himself to sign the constitution, and at the first regular meeting of the society, but one was absent. The enthusiasm and seriousness with which the work of the Club has been entered upon, is extremely gratifying and seems to insure definite success.

★ ★ ★

EXCHANGES

The first exchange papers to arrive this year are, the "Orange and Black," from Stanley, Wis; the "Echo," from Blaine High, Superior; the "Normal Advocate," from Oshkosh; the "Royal Purple," from White-water; "Increscent," from Beloit High; and "True Blue," from Hudson.

★ ★ ★

Teacher—"Third is pronounced third, not 'thoid'."

Pupil—"Well, teacher, th—that's the furst time in a long while ye've hurd me say one of dem wods wrong."—Advance.

From the Oshkosh "Advance," we learn that Oshkosh Normal has fourteen different societies and clubs. These include a Shakespeare Club, a Browning Club, Current Topics Club, Current History Society and many others. It is evident that Oshkosh is keenly alive to outside affairs.

★ ★ ★

"Increscent," we want to thank you for responding so quickly to our request for exchange papers. Your's is certainly an excellent little paper and we shall look forward with interest for your other numbers.

★ ★ ★

Lulu—"Do you know what happens to liars after they die?"

Pood—"They lie still."—(Exchange).

★ ★ ★

"The Orange and Black," from Stanley, Wis., is certainly a most creditable paper for a school of that size. It consists of eighty-four pages of reading material, besides fourteen double page cuts. There are individual cuts of the faculty, Senior and Junior Classes, and various activities around school. These cuts together with several good stories and some clever verses and drawings make a paper which Stanley High School might well be proud of.

★ ★ ★

"Things look blue, but don't you fret—
Cheer up honey, you'll get there yet" Ex.—

★ ★ ★

Foot-ball player (after big game)—"My shoulder is rather sore."
Country friend (who never saw a foot-ball game)—"Why, did you run into some one?"—(Exchange)

★ ★ ★

Prof.—"Use officiate in a sentence."

Ham.—"A fish he ate an angleworm."—(Exchange)

★ ★ ★

DIRECTORY OF CLASS OF 1910

RIVER FALLS—Bessie Whipp, Helen Wyman, Florence Ahlstrom.
BLACK RIVER FALLS—Marjorie O'Hearn, Eva Peterson, Leveret Farley.
CHIPPEWA FALLS—Florence Rudd, Margaret Spencer, Ione Thomson.
CLEAR LAKE—Charles Thompson, Myrtle Woodburn.
FALL CREEK—Jessie Smith, Thomas Hennessey.
GLENWOOD—Mable Dodge, Winnona Taylor.
PRESCOTT—Lois Beddall, Jessie Thompson.
BARRON—Erma Bliss.
RICE LAKE—Paul E. Bowen.
NEILLSVILLE—Minnie Carlson.
LADYSMITH—Kelley Clark.
OSCEOLA—Josephine Cripps.

EAU CLAIRE—John A. Gunning.
 LOWELL—Wallace Gustafson.
 KINGSTON—Patritia Hawkins.
 INDEPENDENCE—Mary Hodgins.
 PEPIN—Alma Moline.
 KINSEY, MONT.—Lotta Nelson.
 BERLIN—Guy Owen.
 DURAND—Alice Richards.
 FREDERICK—Jennie Rowcliff.
 GALESVILLE—Maud Sakrison.
 HACKLEY—Violette Sanderson.
 ALGOMA—Paul Spencer.
 EVERETT, WASH.—Belle Thompson.
 MELROSE—Jessie Wedin.
 STANLEY—Phebie Whipp.

Florence Peterson of Ellsworth, and Anna Cowan, Florence Meath and Fred Short of River Falls, are not teaching.

★ ★ ★

Jessie Thompson and Lois Beddall of Prescott visited friends in River Falls October 21—23.

★ ★ ★

In the written examinations in Arithmetic, Grammar and Geography, which were given by the Normal School Regents last spring, the graduating class of the River Falls Normal secured the highest average.

★ ★ ★

The following alumni are located in the state of Washington: Lottie Grant, Margaret Brown and Belle Thompson,—all teaching in Everett. Dennis Hennessey, teaching in Pullman. Stella Waite, teaching in Ellensburg. Anna Saby, teaching in the State Agricultural College at Corvallis. Mildred Ensign, nurse—Aberdeen. Elsie Meigs, teaching—Seattle. Chester Allyn, clerk—Seattle.

★ ★ ★

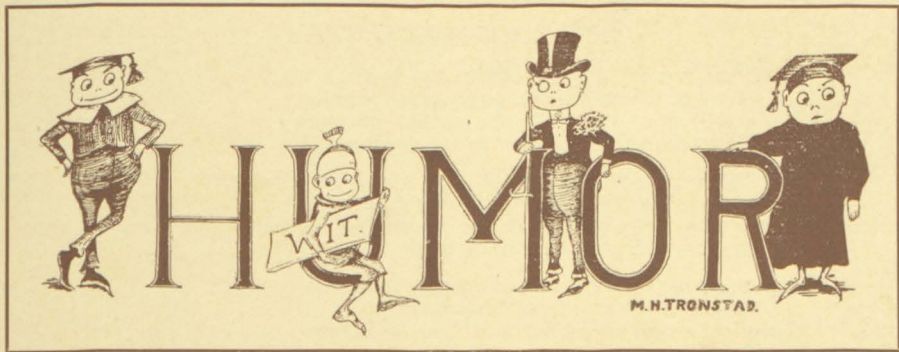
A re-union of the alumni and students of the River Falls State Normal School was held in the annex of the Eau Claire High School building October twenty-first. This was just at the close of the Friday afternoon sessions of the Northwestern Wisconsin Teachers' Association.

The number of persons present was eighty-six, including Shirley Elaine Gunning, honorary member of the class of 1910. President Wilson presided at the meeting. The number of graduates present were: One from each of the following classes—1900, 1903, 1904; five from the class of 1905; three from the class of 1906; fourteen from the class of 1907; eight from the class of 1908; nine from the class of 1909; and nineteen from the class of 1910.

After a hearty Normal yell there were several impromptu speeches, and the meeting closed with the singing of two stanzas of "Alma Mater."

★ ★ ★

Miss Anna Cowan was married in Red Wing, October 11, to Mr. H. Snow.



- A** stands for Ames, the coach of the team;
B stands for Bergh, for whom we all scream.
C stands for Condit who's always on time,
D stands for DOING (where our fellows shine).
E stands for Edgar, and I'll tell you what,
F stands for Foley, who kicks on the dot.
G stands for Guggy, who was on the team,
H stands for Howard, (H. Crawford we mean.)
I stands for Interest the spectators show,
J stands for Justice, we'll give to our foe.
K stands for KICKING with aim good and true,
L stands for line-up as the picture shows you.
M stands for Moser, who's some full back, too.
N stands for nothing that our men can't do.
O stands for Oscar, who's steadfast, you bet,
P stands for Penalties which we never get.
Q stands for quickness, with which our men play.
R stands for Riley and Reddin and Ray.
S stands for Sherburne and Sakrison too.
T stands for Thomas and touchdowns a few.
U stands for Umpire who always is fair
V stands for Victory (except at Eau Claire)
W stands for William who is our left guard
X stands for X-tra for he plays extra hard.
Y stands for yells RIP-YIP and a YAH
Z stands for ZIS and a BOOM and a BAH—

RIVER FALLS NORMAL SCHOOL! RAH! RAH! RAH!

★ ★ ★

Miss Fleming when coming out of the grammar room tripped on the wig-wam which is being used for the study of Hiawatha and Minnehaha. "Well," said Miss Fleming, "if I had fallen into that wigwam my name would have been—Lizzie—ha—ha."

THE FOOT-BALL STAR

"You are young," I remarked to the football star,

"And your muscles are surely quite supple,
Yet you limp as you walk like an old, old man
Now tell me pray, what is the trouble?"

"In the game at Eau Claire," said the football star,

"I incurred the fierce wrath of a giant;
In the midst of a scrimmage he jumped on my back
And my muscles will ne'er more be pliant."

"In the past," said I to the football star,

"You're teeth were a milky white;
Your smile was an ad saying: 'Use Rubifoam'
But you've lost them and now you're a sight."

"In the Galahad game," said the football star,

"A lemon they gave me to chew
The Galahad quarter back jerked mine away
And jerked my front teeth all out, too."

★ ★ ★

QUESTIONS

To the Editor of the Question Department.

Dear sir—In response to your article asking for suggestions as to an all-star world foot-ball line-up I submit the following:

Right End—Patrick Riley
Right Tackle—Kit Carson
Right Guard—Ole Bull
Center—Jo Cannon
Left Guard—Aristotle
Left Tackle—John D. Rockefeller
Left End—Ferdinando Magellan
Quarter-back—Demosthenes
Right-half—Captain Kidd
Full-back—John Dietz
Left-half—Bill Shakespeare

Substitutes—Guggisberg, Confucious, Long John Silver.

Yours respectfully, An old subscriber.

★ ★ ★

Student to Miss W—on way to the text-book library—"Are you going to the library?"

Miss W.—"No I'm just walking the halls for exercise."

★ ★ ★

To student in school again after two days indisposition:

"O are you at school again?"

"Oh no! I'm home in bed receiving tender messages and lesson assignments from my dear teachers."

"Oh is that you?"

"No, its the skeleton in Mr. Welles' laboratory reanimated."

★ ★ ★

Why does Robert Reed?
 Why is Tom Riley?
 Where does Ray Cooke?
 Why is Marie Right(er)?
 What are Lenice's Ames?
 Why is Earl Brown?
 Why does Celestine Frye?
 Why is Lena Sharp?
 What are Florence's Stiles?
 Why is Irma's Arm—strong?
 Whom does Oscar Hall?
 Why is Florence Young?
 Whom does Anna Whipp?
 Why is Coie frigid?

★ ★ ★

To student studying Trigonometry;

"Studying your Trig?"

"No, I'm just taking a little practice in drawing triangles."

★ ★ ★

To student on way down-stairs:

"Are you going down stairs now?"

"No, I'm just prancing around to ward off concussion of the brain."

★ ★ ★

CLASS ROOM BRILLIANCIES

Instructor—Can anyone here tell me anything about Dr. James—who he was, etc?

Miss J—h—t—n—raises her hand.

Instructor—Well, Miss J—, who was he?

Miss J—Well,—er—all I know is—er—that he died.

★ ★ ★

How many of you really know that we get trillions of stimulations per second? Seems as though it would keep our poor old brain "going some" to attend to all at once.

★ ★ ★

One of our Senior girls thinks that it takes about three minutes to count eight nowadays,

★ ★ ★

Bright Junior—(In translating German)—The gentlemen all came to the ball in black and white evening gowns.

However will the future pedagogue succeed with one eye only? What is to become of the traditional school "marm" who is blessed with eyes in the back of her head?

★ ★ ★

The chemistry class learned this startling piece of news the other day; namely, that we put baking powder in bread to make it rise. (The regents are thinking seriously of locating the Domestic Science department on the third floor.)

★ ★ ★

A Senior will also tell you that they sell nitrate beds in Chile.

★ ★ ★

One of the professors informed the class in Economics that if a really good position were offered him in the woods he was ready to accept.

★ ★ ★

The Juniors are following close in the foot-steps of their upper classmen. The knowledge that they are acquiring is simply wonderful. Why, one little Junior girl decided the other day that the concept flannel may just as well be called a flannel concept. Nice kind for this weather.

★ ★ ★

It strikes our vein of humour when our President considers the subject of shooting prairie chickens in mid-ocean.

★ ★ ★

INSEPARABLES

1. The piano and its discords
2. Our librarian and accelerated motion
3. Bertha and Levi
4. Physical Training and Law
5. Miss Willett and her Baton
6. Tom Riley and "The Smile that buttons behind"
7. Marie and "The Spearmint kid with the Wrigley eyes"
8. Mr. Wright and his "forgettory"
9. The Rural School course and "The Times"
10. Miss Williams and the text-book library (?)
11. The main entrance door and its slam
12. The H. O. E. D. and early hours
13. Miss Shultes and the Doomsday Book
14. Coie and her questions
15. Miss Francis and her daily epistles (from her mother)
16. Mr. Guggisberg and his Conscience
17. Jeannett Johnson and her avoirdupois
18. Gladys Currier and her trance
19. Miss Schlosser and her pockets
20. Lenice Ames and the front seat
21. Alice and Domestic Science
22. Ada Taylor and "As I understand it"
23. Bertha Kinney and Amy Larson
24. Freshmen and that important air
25. The Sophomores and their aspirations
26. The Juniors and their trials
27. The Seniors and their wisdom (?)
30. The Rural School Course and Miss Sanford
31. Tom Bergh and his Algebra
32. Mr. Reed and his fiery steed!

QUEER QUERIES BY QUEER KIDS

Say did you ever taste an onion with your nose or

Remember how old you were when you first sneezed or

Do you know why it was that Mr. Karges asked to have a little cold air after Mr. Pitts got through reciting in chemistry?

Can you tell if the nitro-glycerin used in gun-powder is the same as that used for medicine?

Do you see any two things that want to go together up here at school?

I wonder if you've noticed that though we have a new Domestic Science teacher and a new Baker that we still have the same old Cooke?

★ ★ ★

THE NEW GERMAN ZOO

The students who compose the class in First Year German undertook recently to reform the animal kingdom and to make an entirely new distribution of arms, feet, heads and beaks. The questions and answers ran somewhat in this order:

Instructor—"Wie viele Füße hat der Mensch?"

Nervous Student (thinking more of his genders and cases endings than of his physiology)—"Der Mensch hat vier Füße." (General laugh)

Instructor—"So-o-o-o? Nun, wie viele Füße hat der Hund?"

Student (more and more embarrassed)—"Der Hund hat zwei Füße"

Instructor—"Wie? Hat der Mensch eine Kopf?"

Student (making one last plunge)—"Nein der Mensch hat nicht eine kopf."

★ ★ ★

WANT ADS

Something to stir us up—by Sophomores.

Someone else's copy of Wisconsin—by K. Chinnock.

Your eyes—by Miss Willett.

More boys for the Freshman girls.

A substitute for Lesson Plans—by Seniors.

A New Piano—by everyone.

Students who get fewer encores.

★ ★ ★

Future Works of Singular Members of R. F. N. S.

1. "A New Edition to the Youth's Companion."— Emma Kinney, Jeanette Johnstone.
2. Benefits of an occasional (K)—nap—(p).— Florence Young.
3. "A full account of travels with a Hunter."— Alice Beggs.
5. "A new book in Economics."— Olga Thompson.
6. "The new 30th Cent'y Dictionary."— Levi Williams.
7. "A recent autumnal trip with a Hunter."—Isabelle Heckler.
8. "Memories of the departed."— Edward Thomas, Thomas Riley.

LATEST MUSICAL HITS

Latest Musical Hits on sale at a very reasonable price. Apply to composers for copies.

"I'm Awfully Glad I'm Irish." Words—Alice MacKinnon, Music—William O'Connell.

"I would if I could but I can't. Why?" Howard Crawford.

"My darling Sue." Edgar Bliss.

"I'd rather be a white man instead of a coon, etc. Hazel Coon.

"Take a car." Helen Carr.

"Any Rags?" Ray Junk—man.

"I wish I had a girl." Harry Fuller.

"Come down Ma—honey." A. Fuller.

★ ★ ★

EVENING

BY GERTRUDE WIESENTHAL

Slowly in the western sky
The great sun hides its face,
Slowly the beauteous light must die,
Which reflects from the wonderful Grace.

Gently the soft wind lulls to sleep
The birdies in their nest;
The silvery moon from out the east,
Watches o'er the peaceful rest.

The flowers have closed their tired eyes,
And drooped their pretty heads;
And darkness coming from the skies,
Gives the whole world a rest

So Sleep, little one, on your pillow soft,
No harm will come to you here,
For far away, in the Heavens aloft,
You are watched by a Father dear.

YEP KEE

THE HAND LAUNDRY

FIRST CLASS WORK.

PRICE MODERATE.

Laundry can be had the week it is handed in. Call and give me a chance.

I will do the rest.

State Normal School

River Falls, Wisconsin

THE RIVER FALLS NORMAL SCHOOL offers special courses of study for high school graduates as well as thorough courses for those who have completed the work in the common schools and grades of the city schools.

The school has large reference and text-book libraries and well equipped physical and biological laboratories.

Excellent facilities are provided for special work in Manual Training, Domestic Science, Music, Drawing and Physical Training.

A strong faculty of teachers with special training and a wide experience in teaching, enables this school to do a high grade of work.

Tuition is FREE The only charge that is made is the nominal fee of \$1.25 per term for book rent. : : : :

FURTHER INFORMATION

in regard to the courses of study, requirements for admission, cost of living, etc., can be obtained by writing to the President of the School.

H. L. WILSON.

For HARDWARE, TRUNKS, SUIT CASES,
ROBES, AND BLANKETS GO TO

C. W. Lund

LARGEST STOCK AND BEST PRICES.

Charles O. Bergevin & Company

MERCHANT TAILORS

SUITS MADE TO ORDER. First-class workmanship. Our work is guaranteed or money refunded. Rates will be given to the NORMAL STUDENTS. We will do all kinds of repairing, dry cleaning, sponging and pressing at the very lowest prices. GIVE US A TRIAL and we will guarantee you satisfaction.

— A LARGE STOCK OF —

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs and Draperies

GOOD GOODS AND AT LOW PRICES.

A full stock of MOULDINGS for PICTURE FRAMING
always on hand. Our SHEHAN 10c PICTURES are the
best to be had.

O. W. Newcomb

The RIVER FALLS MILLINERY

Fashionable Millinery

Eva Ahern, Manager

River Falls, Wisconsin

R. N. Jenson & Sons

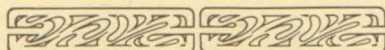
General Merchandise

Ribbons

of all widths
in Class and
Normal Colors.



The test of years has proved
our reliability.



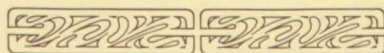
Model Meat Market

VINCENT FAIT, Prop.

Fresh and Salt Meats
Oysters, Fish and
Game in Season

Phone 41

River Falls, : : : Wisconsin



Go to BILL'S for Seasonable Delicacies

Oyster Stews, Ice Cream and Box Candies

The White Front Bakery J. W. WOEHRLER,
Proprietor.

Farmers & Merchants State Bank

OF RIVER FALLS, WISCONSIN

G. W. Chinnock, President Chris. N. Wiger, Cashier C. R. Morse, Vice President
W. P. Knowles, George J. Dodge, C. R. Morse, R. N. Jenson, R. McGregor, G. W.
Chinnock, A. P. Weld, C. N. Wiger

Interest paid on deposits. Drafts and money orders issued at lowest rates. Buy and sell foreign and domestic exchange. Collections receive our prompt attention. Customers granted every accommodation consistent with conservative banking.

I. I. LUSK

FURNITURE
RUGS
CARPETS

Picture Framing a Specialty

=

Latest Designs in
Mouldings

=

Prices Reasonable.

River Falls,
Wis.

GO TO

M. A. Shepard

The
Photographer

For your

PHOTOS



Artistic Work
and Satisfaction Guaranteed

Hotel Gladstone

First-class accommodations
and service.

C. D. McKINNON, PROP.

F. L. Baker

The Drayman

STUDENTS' BAGGAGE A Specialty

Phone 24

For Stationery and School
Supplies go to

The Normal Store

Mail Orders carefully and
promptly filled.

HALL & OLSON, Props.

Parker House

*First-class
Accommodations
and Service*

CHARLES DIECKMAN,
Proprietor.

Patronize HOWE'S Bus and Dray Line

The Best of Service Guaranteed.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION given to STUDENTS' WORK

Phone Number 47

Hotel Gladstone

Dr. W. G. Fortune :: Dentist

PHONES

Office No. 85 Residence 253

Office: First Door South of Feed Store
River Falls, Wis.

Finn & Beschta

BARBER SHOP

First-Class Work. Hot and Cold
Baths at any time.

Williams & Grimm

LAW, COLLECTIONS,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.

Houses to Rent

River Falls, : : : : : Wisconsin

Dr. A. E. Gendron

Office Phone 39 Residence Phone

Office Hours 10-12 a.m. 2-5 and 7-8 p.m.

River Falls, Wisconsin

Dr. H. E. FOLLANSBEE

DENTIST

Office in Tremont Block
River Falls, Wisconsin

A. H. LORD

Livery and Feed
Stable

The only Livery in
the city

H. N. WIGER'S
Shoe Store :: Good Shoes

Repairing Neatly Done.

Dr. J. B. Righter

DENTIST

OFFICE OVER POST OFFICE

C. F. WINTER, The Jeweler

Watches

Clocks

Jewelry

Silverware Novelties, Electric Goods of all kinds, Class, School and
Emblem Pins. All repairing in our line promptly attended to.

SIGN OF GOLDEN STAR

River Falls, Wisconsin

When in need of anything in Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Rubbers, Sweater Coats, Corsets, or Gent's Furnishings, go to

ALLARD'S

and get Premium Checks, as you pay no more than you would without them. We also carry a nice line of staple and fancy groceries at the lowest possible prices. Telephone 269.



D. V. Dawson

The Restaurant Man

Meals and Lunches served
at all hours,
River Falls, : : Wisconsin

F. G. PETERSON

JEWELER

Repairing a Specialty.

River Falls, Wisconsin.

A. G. BOLES

Bakery and Confectionery Man

Sole Agent for JOHNSTON CHOCOLATES

Prompt Attention Given to Business.

Telephone No. 63

D. V. Dawson

AUCTIONEER

Combination and Farm Sales
River Falls, Wis.

C. H. WALKER

Home Baking, Restaurant
and Confectionery.

Opposite Fire Hall River Falls, Wis.

Telephone No. 19

Telephone No. 19

Hamilton & Sutherland

GROCERS

RIVER FALLS, : : : : WISCONSIN

The Leader Store

Men's and Young Men's All Wool
Worsted Suits in many shades and
patterns

\$10.00

Ladies' Two-tone all Silk Plush
Lined Coats with Fur Collars.
Choice

\$16.50

Men's and Young Men's Dress Overcoats
in mixed grey and brown weaves with
the new Presto collar. Only

\$7.50

Many Misses' and Ladies' Coats \$3.65
and up.

Men's and Young Men's Fur and Fur-
Lined Coats up to \$75.00.

The Leader Store

WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

Theo. Jenson

Staple and Fancy GROCERIES

Prompt Deliveries
Telephone 189

Our Motto:

It is not the price,
It's what you get for the
price that counts.

R. S. Freeman & Son

DRUGGISTS

A Complete Line of Stationery, Fountain Pens and all
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Levings Sisters

SCHOOL Supplies

Latest Books, Fountain Pens and
Current Literature.

Dunn Brothers

Dealers in
Hardware

Seasonable Sporting Goods. We
have the best at reasonable prices.
COME AND SEE US.

A student attending the Normal
 Found her sight was becoming abnormal
 She saw Dr. Rod
 Who fitted her nod-
 dle, and now she can
 Read in the Journal.

You bet; She's as happy as ever,
 The glasses look natty and clever.
 And she says: "When I giggle
 My glasses don't wiggle —
 I hope I can wear them forever."



DR. ROD. S. WILLIAMS

Does the spectacle business of this city
 Why?
 Because his fittings are perfect and his
 prices are reasonable.

There was a young girl "got the mitten"
 Because she with baldness was smitten;
 But now you may see
 Since she used "93"
 She has hair like an Angora kitten.

(Rexall "93" Hair Tonic 50c and \$1.00
 at **Taggart's**, the Rexall Store.)

The holiday season will soon be here
 The time of gifts and all good cheer.
 If you wish to buy a gift sometime
 Step in and look at our holiday line.

TAGGART'S,
 the Rexall Store.

J. S. WADSWORTH

Headquarters for
Fashionable Footwear.



Repairing done promptly
and neatly.

River Falls, Wisconsin

When You Buy Goods
at

Norseng's

You get the Best
Groceries, Dry
Goods, Hats and
Caps, Boots and
Shoes and Furn-
ishings.



River Falls, : : : Wisconsin

For Suits and Furn-
ishing Goods
we go to

Hagestad's

One Price
Clothier



River Falls, Wisconsin.



Young Man!

Always do your
banking business
at a

National Bank

IT WILL PAY YOU
TO DO SO.



**Triple Plated Silver Knives
and Forks GIVEN AWAY
with Four Dollars in trade**

Coupons given with every purchase.
Rose pattern same as spoons.

We Lead! We Do Not Follow!

Up to date goods always
carried in stock for young
men and ladies

HEADQUARTERS for
DEPENDABLE Goods

Stewart Mercantile Co.

River Falls, Wisconsin.