

THE RENAISSANCE

FIRST EDITION
MARCH 1906



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
RIVER FALLS, WIS.

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PUBLISHED BY
SENIOR CLASS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Pay your money and take your choice"

== I ==

This year's been a social one,
The best we've ever had,
There's been so many functions
That school don't seem half bad.

x

Of course we've had receptions
Same as years before
And then besides we've had
A very great deal more.

x

Miss Scofield and Miss Todd,
Two Model teachers bright,
Entertained the practice teachers
One glorious Saturday night.

x

Then, too, Miss Shultes and Miss Clark
Had all the teachers come,
And they set them hard at work
Shaping chewing gum.

x

Later on Miss Shultes
Refreshed us all with tea
Brewed in her own office
In less than minutes three.

x

The Elementaries also
Invited us all out,
Faculty and Senior Class—
'Twas great without a doubt.

x

Then all the societies
And all the classes too
Thruout the entire year
Have had something to do.

x

If I were sure they'd have
Parties like we've had here
I'd surely pitch my tent
And stay another year.

x

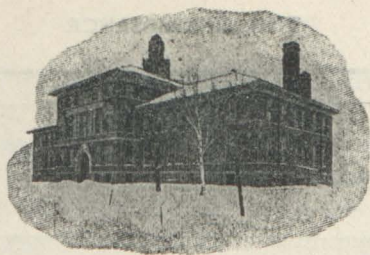
== II ==

The present Senior Class
Is a class that's quite alive,
So no longer you will hear
The "Snore" of Naughty Five.

x

We'll give you something better,
Something new and fine—
If you haven't bought a paper
Form right in the line.

x



OUR ALMA MATER

"Fondly our hearts will return to the spot
On the wings of remembrance borne up."

As the year draws to a close, as brilliant futures loom resplendent before us, we have but one regret. But a single reflection doth make the paths of glory faint and uninviting. Soon to leave thy sheltering shades, presently to glide carelessly with the eventful tide into the worldly ocean of experience, we pause and reflect upon our many blessings.

Harbored within thy protecting walls we have builded our frail bark. Launched into life's billowy sea, we now must pilot our own canoe. Ever onward, swept by wave and wind, tossed hither and thither mid appalling breakers we go in search of fame and fortune. And when success shall come to crown with wreaths of laurel, we shall ne'er forget our home of learning, where midst pleasant trials and great associations we have learned to do.

In coming years we shall deeply cherish the memories of the present and hold with firm tenacity the love of truth engendered here. Our pride in thy excellence shall never wane and no shame shall be heaped at thy door. Thy children ever shall revere thy name, and ever seek to teach thy greatness. The lessons, inspirations we have here received shall ne'er be forgotten, but shall be forever inscribed on memory's walls. In the twilight's silent reveries our thots shall oft repeat—

Sit with me by the homestead hearth
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!

CLASS SPIRIT

Everybody knows what is meant by patriotism. Patriotism usually refers to love for and loyalty to state and nation. School spirit is patriotism localized to those establishments which train the men and women for future workers as citizens of the state and nation.

All of us will say that our Normal is the best Normal in the state; that our President is the best of all Presidents; that our faculty is the best normal school faculty in the state; and that our school colors are the most beautiful of all colors. These are ways in which we express our loyalty to our Alma Mater.

But should we not be just as patriotic when it concerns things relating to class? We have a perfect right to think and to say that our class is the best class in the school. That is natural, and, in fact, it is expected of us. What should we think of a citizen who was continually speaking against his country? Have you ever heard a college graduate try to lower his Alma Mater in your estimation? If you have he did not deserve to be a graduate of any school. It was not that he was too good for the school, but the school was too good for him. The application of these truths to class organizations is self evident.

Just as the national patriotism prompts its citizens to an interest in the government of the nation, so does class spirit lead us to take an active part in all matters pertaining to class legislation. It prompts us to be present at the class-meetings, to bring ideas and suggestions to the meeting, and to share these ideas and suggestions with our classmates. It makes work for the class and for class-mates a pleasure instead of a burden. Our interest in the school and in the class leads us to work for them, and more work creates more interest.

But it takes time to work for school and for class. It seems, however, that those who are doing the greatest amount of work for themselves are the ones that work for

others. It has been said that if you want anything done go to the busy man.

Does it pay to give part of your time to the school and to the class for things not directly related to studies? This question will be answered by answering the following questions: Does it pay to be constantly thinking of self? Does it pay to get into the harness with others? Does the teacher work for self or for others?

Each of us will soon be a cog in a wheel of the gnat machinery that runs state and nation. There we will have to adjust ourselves to our surroundings. Let us see to it, then, that we are either adjustable or are able to adjust others.

THE TRAIL-BLAZER

MAUDE KAVANAGH

Henry Ward Beecher once said, "God asks no man whether or not he will accept life; he must take it; his only choice is—how." This every man must decide for himself; he must mark out his own path and follow it in his own way. As the bluff-fires in the dusk of the autumn evening stand out in bold relief against the sky, glorifying it, so the life of the past is glorified by the achievements of those men who were most independent in the selection of their course, those who dared to mark out a course different from that followed by any of their predecessors, and, their course marked out, were strong enough to follow it to the end.

In every line of progress, science, literature and art, we find, holding high their torches lifted to guide others along new paths, staunch pioneer spirits, trail blazers of higher thought and civilization. Here are Galileo and Newton who opened to the minds of the world new fields in science; here is Guthrie whose discovery of chloroform has revolutionized the world of surgery and has been such a potent factor in the saving of life; here is Turner who gave to the world his marvelous combination of color; and in literature

Shakespeare, Scott, and Hawthorne who broke away from the recognized standards of literary excellence and made new standards. Thru the mists of ignorance and superstitious fear the Italian navigator discerned a new way to the Indies. Shrouded in the veil of mystery the trackless Atlantic lay before him. On every side stretched the deeply worn ruts of precedent, ways that had long been trodden, paths easy to the feet. Turning aside from the well-known paths, setting aside custom, overcoming superstition, he set out to find a new way, one never tried before. It was this same path-making spirit which led the Puritans to cross the seas to found in the wilds of America a nation. It was this spirit which led our forefathers to free themselves from the bondage of England's tyranny and to establish, in the new land, a republic "of the people, for the people, by the people." Such was the spirit of the frontiersman, who, leaving behind him all the comforts of civilization, pushed into the wilds of the West, intent on finding for himself a home. The American Pioneer,—what do we not owe to him? Armed with his rifle, ax in hand, he forced his way thru the unbroken forest. His course was marked by trees blazed by his ax, and over this blazed trail followed others intent on the same purpose.

Such a man was George Rogers Clark. While the Northwest Territory was still a wilderness, with his small band of hardy frontiersmen he pushed into the Ohio country to establish a settlement. Dangers lay on every side, dangers from wild beasts and savage red men, dangers from the fickle English and the treacherous French. Surrounded as they were by greatest perils, still their courage never wavered. Their work begun, there was no retreat. To protect their homes and families, to improve the land, to make it safe for others to follow their trail,—such was their mission.

The French and English claimed the land. Urged on by these nations, the savages tried to exterminate the handful of settlers who had so audaciously usurped their territory—but all to no purpose. In the veins of these pioneers flowed the blood of their Puritan fathers, the blood of men who had braved tyrants, who had suffered persecutions, who had been daunted by nothing, who never swerved aside from the course they had laid out. Against such men force could not avail. They fought against fearful odds; driven

back but never acknowledging defeat, they struggled on. It was a desperate struggle, a decisive struggle! Should they lose, it meant a backward step in civilization; it meant that the land west of the mountains must still bow to King Wilderness; it meant that the American colonists were to be hemmed in by the Atlantic on the one side and the mountains on the other. Should they win, it meant the opening of new lands to settlement, it meant opportunity; it meant progress. Kaskaskia, Vincennes, Detroit knew their ruthless hand and fell before them. Stubbornly they pressed onward and the French were driven out, the English were forced to withdraw, and their savage allies were humbled.

The pioneers had won the Northwest for the Colonies, but they had done more than this. They had protected the western frontier from the raids of the savages. They had formed an effectual barricade for the western border without which protection, in that dreadful struggle for independence, the cause of the colonists would indeed have been lost.

Again the pioneer was on his mission of trail-making. This time his path lay across the broad prairies of the West. His course was marked by ashes of extinguished camp-fires and by the bleaching human bones. After him came others, some lured on by a greed for gold, others drawn by the free life and the wonderful opportunities which the West afforded, and it was these sturdy pioneers who made the West! They have imparted to it their own independent spirit, the spirit which taboos the old, which seeks the new, which is ever seeking and making opportunities; the spirit which is the keynote of American enterprise and of civilization!

And again I say, what does the world not owe to the pioneer? It is he who has opened up new lands to settlement. This has ever meant a new realm for effort; it has ever offered opportunities to those who could grasp them. It has ever lifted man to a higher plane whence he sees the world, broader, more beautiful, teeming with opportunities, lying at his feet, raising him to a realization of his own powers, giving him courage to undertake great things. Even at the critical moment when man begins to realize the narrowness of his limitations and to chafe under them, the trail-blazer has come forth as the savior of his people, a heaven-directed leader to open the way. Now it is a Newton,

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now a Columbus, now a Clark, but his path is ever onward, seeking the new way, avoiding the beaten path, ever going where there is no path and ever leaving a trail. His chief characteristic is dauntless courage,—a courage which dares set aside the past and with clear eye gaze thru the future and discern the needs of coming generations,—a courage which does not look for the sanction of public opinion but recognizes its own worth,—a courage which eagerly seizes each opportunity, which can make and does make opportunities for itself. To men of this dauntless character the world owes all that it is and all that it ever can become.

Still comes the call for men who are brave enough to go ahead and blaze a trail,—men who can see the needs of the world and meet them,—men who can seize an opportunity and make the most of it,—who, if no opportunity presents itself, will make the opportunity,—men too large to be slaves to public opinion. Still comes the call for men who can do common things in an uncommon way, who are ever looking for newer and better ways of doing things,—men whose faces are turned toward the new order, who scorn to trudge along in the old rut even tho the new way be fraught with discouragement.

The call is to the man who dares. It is the call of a world advancing in civilization, a world eager to set aside the old order and to welcome the new. It calls to the man who is willing to abandon the vast army of imitators; to the man, who, trusting himself, stands ready to claim the place the Divine Providence has made for him; ready to join the ranks where the genius of determination and hard work reigns and where all are originators.

The trail-blazer yields to no stimulus from without. No path need be pointed out to him, no opportunity need be offered; for within is the impulse implanted by God; the impulse which proves the Divinity which, stifled, lies within each individual; the impulse which leads him, with assurance, to press onward thru the forest of established custom and party prejudice, even tho opposed by selfishness and discouraged by indifference, till he reaches the clearing where opportunity awaits him and realizes, for the first time, his own possibilities.

What tho his trail lie long hidden? What tho the world, unseeing, forgets that a man once lived who blazed a

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trail here? Some kindred truth-seeker may come upon the long-abandoned way, and following on, will find that this path leads to that which is limitless.

Every man must take the world as he finds it—that is inevitable; but he must not leave the world as he found it, else his life is a failure. Every mind was made for knowledge, for growth, and its nature is sinned against when it is held down to blind routine. Within every individual there is that which cries out against the old, which longs for the new, for every thing which makes for progress. This is the sympathetic chord which responds to new thots. It is this which impels men to action; which leads one man to the accomplishment of the thing which another only dreams of doing. And the man who will lift the world to a higher plane of truth is the man who obeys the heaven-implemented impulse; who listens to the voice of the Angel of Souls when it whispers, "Do what I bid you do."

The world needs men to give it higher ideals of honor and integrity; men who will rouse it from its indifference and lethargy. And such men will come,—not because they hear the voice of the world; not because the need is thrust upon them; but because they hear the voice of the Angel of Souls bidding them lead on. And hearing the voice they will step out of the crowd and go forward to open the way. As the trail-blazer has come before, so he will come again, for we do not believe that "God has left his world to his underlings and visits his earth no more." And ever as the trail-blazer comes, his motto must be the motto of the pioneer, "I will not follow the beaten path; I will not look for any path; I'll go where there is no path, and leave a trail."

THE NATIONAL CONSCIENCE

GLEN JUNKMAN

The year is 1620. A storm-tossed ship weighs anchor in Cape Cod Bay. The biting November wind whistles thru the loose rigging. The foamy spray of grim old ocean lies frozen on the vessel's side. Within one hundred fearless men and women are sheltered from the icy elements. Here they sign a compact to obey God, to further the rights of Englishmen, and to observe peace in the colony. Presently they lower their boats in preparation for a landing. All day long they struggle in the surf, but before the sinking of the sun they set their feet on American soil. They kneel in silent prayer to Him who has crowned their efforts with success. They pour out their souls in sincere thankfulness for their meager blessings.

These bold pilgrims had found a home where they could worship God in their chosen way. In a deep religious faith, to sustain their cherished hope, they founded a local government. They made church-going a duty of every citizen. They reared their children in the reverence of God, and truth, and held themselves to a strict religious code. Truth for truth's sake was a fundamental principle that was sustained thru three generations, and was handed to posterity as their noblest gift.

A century and a half passes. The sturdy Puritan sees his country-man come to the promised west to secure for himself all that life has to offer, to foster and forever to defend a principle that he had been taught to cherish. The follower of Cromwell sees the struggle of his countryman for a home in the boundless wilderness. He lives to experience the horrors of savage massacres, and to endure the puny hatred of his foreign neighbor. He emerges from the bloody strife to face the impositions of his English brother. But whether on forest trail, in heated battle, or in the peaceful circle of his home he never wavers in his thirst for better things. As he comes to dominate the spirit of a young nation conceived in liberty, and founded on the law of right, he never falters

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from the path of his convictions.

In 1776 our honored forefathers embodied their doctrines in the Declaration of Independence. With simple faith and moral courage they bequeathed to us a home, a government, and a nation. With conscientious integrity each signed the document of our country's birth, and pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor to the support of the measure. Were their lives ignoble that they did pledge them to their suffering country? Were their fortunes void of comforts that they would part with them so cheerfully? Was their honor false that they might safely pledge it to this sacred cause? No! their names were as spotless as a winter's snow. Their fortunes were the fruits of endless toil and bore the blessings of well loved homes. Their honor was unpurchasable by pomp or power.

Who can ever question the motives of a Washington, a Franklin, or a Nathan Hale? Who will ever doubt the honor of those who fought and bled in freedom's cause at Lexington, at Saratoga, or at Bunker Hill? With reverence and bared heads we do all honor to those Revolutionary heroes. They return in glorious memories to our children, and their lives furnish a noble inspiration to the youth of our country. With love their names are indelibly written upon the hearts of our countrymen, where they will remain unblemished and pure until the last noble patriot shall have gone to his reward.

Thus a nation was born in honor guarded by a national observance of right. Many were the trials of its infancy, but each was met by the courage of righteous men. It is needless to relate the growth of that nation to its present herculean strength; unnecessary to review the past, and unwise to burden you with historic retrospect. Purchased by the loyal blood of fearless men that nation has passed to our guardianship. We are the custodians of this great inheritance so dearly bought. Confiding in our strength the fathers have laid at our feet the burden of fulfillment and as we cross the threshold of the twentieth century we should pause and reflect upon our sacred obligation.

There is much to be done this day. The keen sword of the grafter is unsheathed for battle. He is alert to every chance of attack. He is corrupting our social, political, and economic life while we rest in apathy toward God and right.

He is drawing the rich blood of righteousness from our veins. He is robbing our minds of their ennobling thots, and pillaging our hearts of their uplifting ideals.

What means it when a citizen has ruled Cincinnati for more than a decade? What import can we give to the fact that a senator has dominated Rhode Island for a quarter of century, and at present is the boss of the Senate? What meaning can we attribute to the deeds of a Tammany Ring where members stuff the ballot box, and buy votes without ceasing? What moment can we attach to the actions of that Caesar of Pennsylvania who has been dictator of the state treasury for forty years? What opinion must we have of a man who has wantonly distributed public funds to friendly banks which in turn have loaned them to him at a low rate of interest? On every hand these political demagogues have rent the civic right of our people, and have administered hush money to heal the wound. New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Minneapolis have experienced the impositions of political rings. The boss and his gang work hand in hand and clean government is faint with their stagnant influence. Ignoble has been their reign yet their dynasty is unbroken. Infamous have been their deeds yet they are left unchallenged. Heinous have been their crimes yet they remain unpunished.

From the kingdom of the boss we journey to that vast and pompous realm of the trusts. Within this realm the poor have no security, and he who ventures there must needs leave hope behind. Here the almighty dollar rules supreme with none too great to do him reverence. Here monopolies, corportions, and trusts abide in peace. Here the captains of industry plan the ravages of commerce, and the plunders of production. Here the American plutarchy lives in magnificent grandeur surrounded by the fruits of our spoliation.

The speculation of the system fascinates and ruins its victim. The producer and the consumer must swell the coffers of the system or starve their families. The shipper and the buyer must meet the demands of this industrial octopus or go hungry in their rashness. Its word is final and any departure from its directions means boycott and ruin. Today these gigantic forces have absolute sway over our production and transportation facilities, and hold within

their grasp the destiny of millions of our people. Side by side we find the standard oil, sugar, coal, steel, railroad, and beef trusts working as one harmonious whole to reach their evil ends.

These colossal concerns are not content with their exactions. They are dominating government of every nature. They have encircled their forces around the city councils, our state and national legislatures. With impunity they openly attempt to guide the government, to assail or to evade its laws, and to prevent detrimental legislation. Guilty of atrocious crimes they still pursue their evil course. Can they deny guilt in the face of the insurance investigation which has proven that the corporations gave \$150,000 to the campaign fund of 1904? Can the public yet harbor these weaklings when an insurance president and his colleagues acknowledge their crime by resignation of their offices?

Then too witness our Senate of special interests. Here one ably defends the shipping interests, others expound the virtues of the railroads and are serious obstructions to the passage of a rate regulation law. Every interest has its senator, its cog in the governmental machine they have created.

Thus is wrong perpetrated upon the mass of our contented countrymen. And we do bear with complacent smile the evils of our generation. We have ears yet we hear not the bugle's stirring call. We have eyes yet we see not the modern patriot's hoisted flag. Blinded by the brilliant radiance of our rising prosperity we heed no danger signal. Hushed by money's soothing voice we hear no warning cry. The voice of the public press is yet unheard. The pulpit's earnest call is still unanswered. The statesman's beckoning hand is yet unheeded.

While America approaches doom, while the populace rests in irresponsibility, there are those to whom we may look for guidance if we will but rise from our fatal reverie. Spurred on as by a message from above there are fearless men who would lead on to a high and noble purpose. Believing in the divine right or popular rule they open the way to better things. They view the achievements of the past with sublime reverence. They seek to purge their country's blood as it rushes thru the body politic.

How noble has been the struggle of New York's district attorney. How effectually has that Quaker City been awakened from its slumber. St Louis has thrown off her garments of darkness and now wears the garb of enlightened government. Minneapolis has rid herself of corrupt officials, and Cincinnati has successfully revolted against its vile political machine. Well may Wisconsin exalt her recent governor. Well may her people cherish his deeds by the fulfilment of his teachings. Well may they heed a man for whom virtuous strife is pleasure. Well may they honor him whose ambitions are unselfish, whose patriotism is exemplified by noble deeds. And then that man of all America by far the greatest doth proclaim to us the needs of a national honor, the utility of a national conscience. That apostle of the square deal, the living exemplar of his creed is a leader toward a nobler political life where right shall ever make might.

The wheel of progress is now turning. Each revolution should take us forward to the fulfilment of America's sacred obligation to the patriots of yesterday. As the days roll on, as Father Time gathers each year life's ripening harvest, America's representative men would guide us ever onward toward a Utopia for which God and humanity have so long striven. With voices clear and pure they call to enlist under the flag of better government. From the great lakes of the north to the gulf where the mighty father of waters pays tribute to the boundless sea; from New England's rock bound coast to the sun kissed beaches of the broad Pacific, they ask us to follow.

In the light of reason let us follow these heralds of political liberty. As men deserving the respect of self and humanity, let us go to the ballot box with a high purpose. As free creatures of God's wisdom let us cast a vote to preserve that freedom. As Americans let us wake to the full duty before us.

What we most need is action; Action born of a clear conscience and a strong conviction; Action such that this rich land of our fathers may be handed to posterity in the certain knowledge of its purity and strength; Action such that future generations may look with reverence and gracious thankfulness upon the men of today; Action such that America, our country may rejoice in a noble prosperity. Action that shall be significant of a quickened National Conscience.

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Printed by Smith Printing Co.

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ATHLETICS.

From the date of organization of this illustrious institution, athletic sports have held a prominent place in our curriculum of work. For all we abide by the saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Physical training as well as intellectual training is needed to make the mind expand within the gray cloistered walls and awaken to everything go-

ing on about us.

The progress in the development of athletics has been great. Herculean feats of strength have been exhibited even in our little practice games of basket ball. One young lad who had been exhibiting his athletic ability was chanced to be met one day when coming from the Gymnasium with eye slightly shading into the darkest tints of blue. When asked what had happened, he simply said, "Oh just a little accident—we were practicing."

Our football team deserves its share of praise. When out in the diamond the work of the players sparkles and radiates with the greatest of splendor. Too bad this team will not come before the public in the ensuing year.

At the different associations it has been decided by the educators of the state to do away with football as much as possible and to lessen the dangers and accidents that occur in this game.

The intention of the associations is to develop track

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work to a greater extent:

Athletics have existed from time immemorial and will continue to exist.

As time goes on and civilization advances our athletic sports will not retrograde but ever improve with age.

RHETORICALS.

The purpose of rhetorical said one of the freshmen is to find out how much our teeth chatter without breaking, to find out how much our knees shake without breaking the joints. It makes me think of the junior with the loose joints

A voice begins to speak whose
freshman year is past.
But trembles so and breaks
That to finish is a task
But frightened sophomore hasten on
For some future day you may wear
a senior badge.

Rhetoricals, said a newly admitted junior, well I'm glad I came in late, they haven't my name on the list. But while in the library one day in walked this junior, and with shaking hands held up a piece of paper for me to read. It read, "Please see me at once about your rhetorical. Mrs. Truesdell."

"I was sure—oh!—they forgot me, but—I suppose I will have to have one. Say—are they fierce?"

However it turned out to be only a joke, it was written by one of the boys.

Now we see the Early Junior

presenting Mike himself and we see him telling a fine bag story. "Yas Sir Master F—chin-em; Yas Sir."

But fear not dear school-mates for the time will come when you will sit on the west side GLAD when your turn comes to stand before pedagogues with JOY to speak to those noble brains, organized thots of careful thinking.

PRACTICE TEACHERS' POINT OF VIEW.

One day we clambered down the stairs at school,

Our names upon the spindle for to rule.

On Monday night again we clambered down,

The most unhappy mortals found in town.

And then Aunt Alice with her crayon in hand,—

For thus she, us, can give her best commands—

Will teach to us the pedagogy laws,
Which we in turn must use when we are boss.

We learn the greatest art of teaching is,—

"Occasion learner's self activities"—
She soaks into us maxims by the score
Until we feel we cannot hold one more.

And now our faults she will at once disclose;

Which we feel do cause her many woes.

She says, "My class I am so very grieved,

That you my principles have not believed.

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"This is your class—your very, very
own;
My children dear, you, it should
not bemoan.
I know how much like monkeys' is
your work;
It is something which you must
not shirk."

We go with this impressed upon our
minds,
To write our lesson plans which do
combine
The subject matter with procedure
long;
This often to our sorrow may be
wrong.

We take our class—our hearts are
full of fear,
Our lesson plan to us seemed very
clear
Until we hear a rustle at the door.
We feel as if we could sink thru the
floor.

At once the lesson plan is "plum for-
got;"
We find our midnight oil was
burned for naught.
The class the criticeye at once detains,
For she beholds that great disorder
reigns.

Our courage screwed up to the stick-
ing point,
The oracle we seek with quaking
joints.
'Tis after school, and victims here
we find
Each one with her is here in turn,
confined.

All we have toiled to do has been
done ill;
All we have tried to grasp escaped
us still;
Our opportunity has passed us *by;
Ours was the only fault—we sigh.

The battle is unwon, tho close the
time
When we the graduation hill have
climbed;
But still we work, altho our work
is vain:
Tho we have failed, in naught do
we complain.

All that we ask is leave to fight
again,
In view a Practice standing we
may gain
In order that our work in this
great field
A credit to our Normal will reveal.

OUR FACULTY.

We are proud of our Faculty,
and we have reason to be, for
there's so much of it, and such
a variety, too. First there is
the Faculty of teaching. Those
who possess this Faculty in a
marked degree sit upon the
platform during General Ex-
ercises. Those who pos-
sess the Faculty to a less de-
gree are known as Practice
Teachers. Then there are
certain people who have a
Faculty for studying mathe-
matics. So in love with this
science are they that they
have been known to take First
Term Arithmetic three or four
times. These people are com-
monly called Freshmen. Then
there is the Faculty of aping
others. This Faculty is in-
ordinately developed in the
class known as Juniors. There
is a Senior meeting. The
Juniors, too, must meet. The
Seniors go for a sleighride.

Other page

The Juniors must go, too. And now the Seniors have edited a paper. They're waiting for the Juniors' pet Faculty to assert itself. The Faculty of originality is common to the Seniors. "Not how much we do, but how well," is our motto. Just watch our smoke!

NOTHINGS

It is reported that Miss Rogers is becoming quite strict in her practice class, indeed quite "harsh".

Why is it that the Juniors have to do all their studying at home?

Ans.—Because there are so many clamoring for their winsome glances.

It is said that E. S. S. is afraid that the Boys' Glee Club will corrupt her Ladies' Chorus. The first remedy was followed by palpitation of the heart (of one of the boys).

The people in the vicinity of M. K.'s seat have noticed a strong Winn(d) prevailing in that region.

It is reported that the adornment of our stationery daddy's upper lip is in his top bureau drawer waiting for a cold snap.

Chas. Sackrison will please

report to Prof. Robison as soon as the pussy willows bloom in the willow grove at the east end of Maple street.

The Phonograph Party was well attended by Normal people.

No longer an excuse for baldness. A miraculous hair restorer has been discovered which actually grows hair on shining scalps.

Miss Smith (illustrating the use of "still")—"I am waiting and waiting and still he never comes."

Miss P. (in Primary) "Did any one in this room find a watch?"

Little boy waves hand wildly.

Miss P.—"Well?"

Little Boy—"I didn't."

Teacher—Define spasmodic.

Pupil—Ever so often, every so often, or once in a while.

Teacher—Such as what?

Pupil—Visits from the supervisor.

Simple Simon went a-fishing

A Currier to find

The land of flowers, and vine-clad Bowers

He promptly left behind.

Prof. in Civics—What do you understand by court, Rosa? Isn't one person enough?

Miss Y.—I thot it required two.

Prof.—How about Justice of the Peace courts?

THE RENAISSANCE

Miss Y.—He simply acts at the end of court(ship).

Why does Bessie Fuller assume such a moderate pace? Because she's in the comparative degree; she reaches the superlative but three times a day.

Miss S. in Music—Today you are here, class, to improve your souls (sols). What is necessary Mr. Griffin?

Mr. G.—Bright eyes, loose jaws, sit erect.

Class (aside)—Shall we see our salvation.

The Freshies love volition,
That is, in a physical way.
The love-sick Soph's ambition
Is to eat ice cream, they say.
Elementaries seek omission
From the roll of Normal School
May a sheep-skin crown their
labors

In the days of June so cool.
Juniors strive for recognition
With a seeming nonchalance.
Which they'll get in this edition
Of the SENIOR RENAISSANCE.

Teacher—Give derivation of the word, carnation.

Pupil—It is taken from the Latin word carnatio, meaning fleshiness, hence the emblem of the Juniors.

How does Mr. R. look at the girls? Ans.—Askance(?)

Do poniards grow in North or South America?

How much Physical Torture does the Normal require?

Catalogue says, four terms; students say, four years.

WANTED: A locomotive, to lift our three big men.

A BASE BOARD.

"My boy," said Mr. Sniperson, when he had read it, "I understand from this that you are excused from school until the board of education has an opportunity to consider your case?"

"Yes sir" answered Charlie, who had begun to whimper.

"Do you know what the board of education is, my son?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Sniperson went into the shed and selected a thin, flexible board. Then he summoned his son, and for several minutes he was busy with Charlie.

"That, my son," he said, as he finished, "is the board of education that was of use to me when I was a boy."

WANT ADS.

WANTED: An automatic note carrier. U. J. Finn.

WANTED: An explanation as to why Miss Beauregard so frequently calls for (K)Night in Chorus.

WANTED: An introduction by two seat-mates who have not had a speaking ac-

quaintance for some time.
(Kids is Kids.)

WANTED: A Stuhl suit, or something else to ward off certain stick-tights.

To all desiring to sing bass—
For a low tone sit on a low chair. F.B.

WANTED: A cure for Normal measles. There are innumerable bad cases, especially among the Juniors.

CONUNDRUMS

Who tells us coal is combustible?—Colburn.

Just as good as insight.—Forsyth.

No bounty on this one.—Fox.

A fruit just falling.—Olive Legault.

Two bees out of a hive.—Beebe.

What can be gotten in a fight.—Chinnock.

Not the duck this time.—Drake.

The fashion plate.—Stiles.

Will never be old.—Rosa Young.

The highest degree of happiness.—Bliss.

The boys might want to own one this time.—Dahl.

Searching for 2000 lbs.—Huntington.

One who is never blue.—Brown.

After day comes—Knight.

The eternal question.—How(e).

Just built.—Youngwall.

The kitchen utensil.—Carver.

Good to one boy.—Beauregard.

What we do to wood.—Bernet.

Our modern archer.—Bowman.

Part of a fish.—Finn.

What we all are striving to do.—Winn.

C. F. WINTER

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