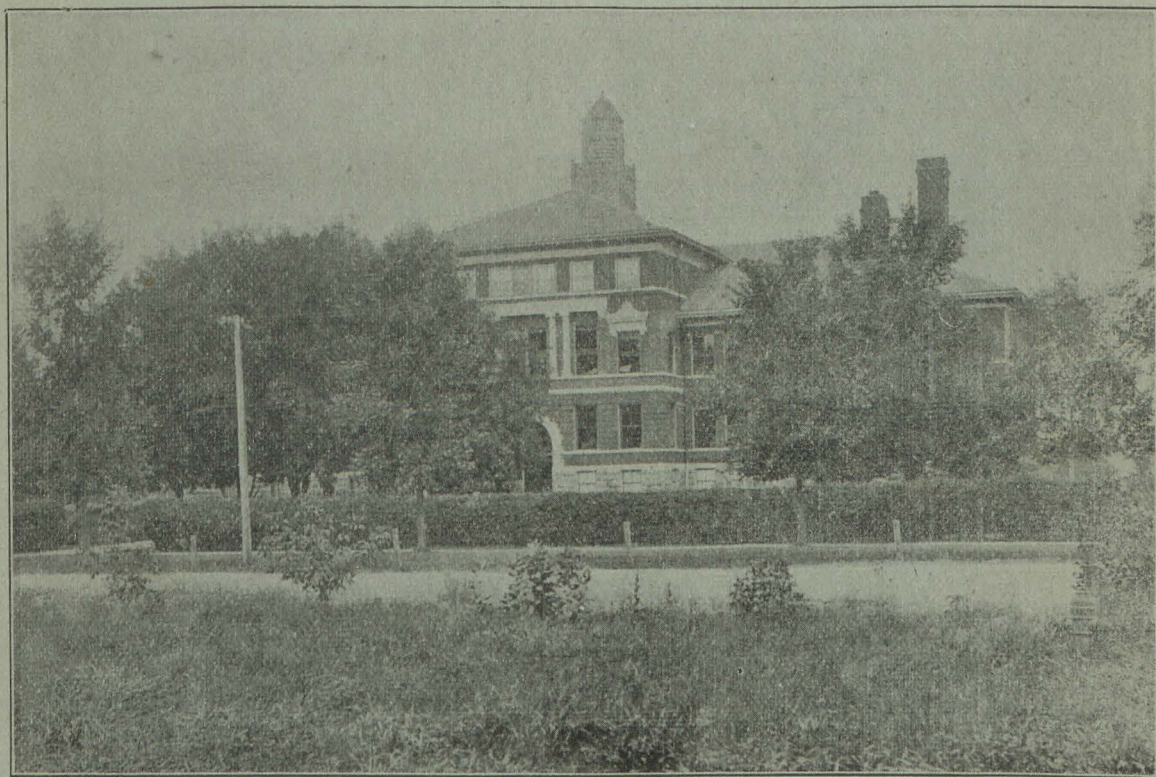




The Normal Badger



River Falls, Wisconsin
November, 1907



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these two essentials the only alternative is to guess. If that
has been the modus operandi in the examination of your
eyes, then your glasses are the result of a good guess or a
bad one. Which is it?

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EDITORIAL

It is doubtless a very good plan indeed for readers of the Badger to study what is probably the greatest problem that confronts the head of each department in an institution of this kind, such as the one that was brought to your attention by the editorial in the October issue, entitled, "A Suggestion."

It will readily be seen upon reflection that with the limited time at our disposal the question is not so much what **may** we give that will be of benefit to the student, but what **must** we give in order to have our work at all effective.

The course of study seems to have been planned with the idea that the student has had enough training to give him a fair knowledge of the subject, and our business is to give him methods of teaching. In that case the time would be fairly adequate. But, as a matter of fact, in every subject there is much academic work to be done before the methods can be touched.

Now in the particular subject discussed in the Badger, the facts are that more than ninety-five per cent of the students have absolutely no knowledge of the work before coming here. The remainder have done some work in their respective schools. When that work is copy work or the so-called

"original" or "imagination" work it helps but little in the matter of real seeing; that is, looking at an object and representing it as it really appears. If skill in drawing means to be able to copy nicely, or to make a pleasing picture with no thought as to its purpose except that it **be** pleasing, then the work would be comparatively easy for both teacher and pupil, but to my notion, the great value of drawing to the average person is in its power to express **thought**,—copying the other person's picture is surely just repeating the other person's thought.

Drawing a landscape from dictation and coloring it from one's own fancy produces often very pretty, showy work, but has no value that I can see beyond pleasing the eye, and it seems to me our work should be more serious than that. It should please the eye, of course, but it should also express a thought.

With a class of pupils probably averaging over twenty years of age who have had no previous training and who expect to teach drawing after a twenty weeks' course, what can be done?

The problem looks quite hopeless and would be so were it not for the determined earnestness of the pupil and his perfect willingness to work.

Our first question is, "What must be known or done before he can teach?"

I conceive it to be necessary that he be able to look at simple objects around him and make from the object a correct outline giving the light and shade as it appears, and that he must have some idea of color values and combinations. So much is essential if he is to teach children to draw.

We are not trying to make artists, either of the students in the Normal school or the children in the public school, but we are trying to so train their eyes and their hands that they may be able to express their thoughts freely. If to this may be added a knowledge of the beautiful and a love for it, we have done all we hope to do.

After much experience, much cutting out, much giving up, dropping every line that can be spared and working pupils to the full limit of their time I find twenty weeks all too scant for these essentials. So much that the student may be able to teach drawing. Then it seems right that he should be able to use drawing as an aid in teaching other subjects.

For this purpose he must be able to draw easily and quickly on the blackboard. Not making beautiful, finished drawings, but effective illustrations—telling the story in the simplest manner possible. Knowing that the work must be erased almost as soon as finished, it does not pay to put in fine details.

I believe that every one who knows anything about teaching concedes that that is a wonderful aid. But it takes much practice as well as some knowledge of drawing, and how are we to do it with only a possible thirty-five weeks?

What we now do is to give one week in each of the first and second terms, five weeks in third term and five weeks in methods, to the blackboard work.

When we consider that every minute of that time is much needed for the drawing that they will be called upon to teach, I am inclined to think we should perhaps give less rather than more time to the blackboard work, as it is very certain that any person may attain a good degree of proficiency in blackboard work by practice alone and equally certain that he will not attain proficiency in drawing either with a brush or a pencil except under the guidance of a teacher.

So far as the High School graduate is concerned he should, of course, be given credit for academic work just as far as he has done that work efficiently, but I think it certainly a great injustice to him to give him credit for work he has never done, and that is what we do when we require only twenty weeks of

drawing of him in place of thirty required from full course people.

A remedy for this injustice lies in the hands of the student himself as he is not only debarred from the work, but is urged to take all the work possible regardless of the amount in the course.

There is plenty of room and I am always much pleased when pupils take extra work as they quite often do.

As to the inference that drawing is not a High School subject, I think the writer of "A Suggestion" is quite wrong. Surely High School pupils need to be taught drawing quite as much as grade pupils.

Why should they spend time on it in the grades and then drop it in the High School just when they are ready to do more practical work?

If all this training is to help the pupil in his life work, he needs what he can get in the High School.

Previous to the centennial of 1876, drawing was not taught in our public schools, but that exposition showed so plainly the superiority of the manufactured products of those countries where drawing was taught that our educators were aroused to a sense of their duty in the matter.

Today all the larger schools do work in that line.

There have been many mistakes owing chiefly to a misconception or to entire ignorance of what the work should be, but there is a steady advance toward good, practical results.

The most progressive schools give drawing as a regular study throughout the entire course.

Where it is given only in the grades it is merely a question of time and enlightenment when High Schools will fall into line.

"The world does move," and it is hardly a safe inference because the particular High School from which a student comes does not now give drawing that therefore no High School does.

A practical subject that enters so largely into every day life cannot be ignored with impunity.

I regret that the training given to students must be so slight. I have spent many anxious hours upon the subject of what is the best use of the time at my disposal and am conscious that the problem is not entirely solved.

The greatest help that could come to me from those who have attended this school, would be that each and every one might teach drawing, and teach it well, no matter what the grade of school.

When pupils entering the Normal school are well trained in drawing then my problem will be easier to solve.

Carrie Thayer Pardee.

LITERARY

Written for Wisconsin Arbor Day
Pamphlet, 1896, by W. J. Brier.

Once upon a time many years ago a little maple seed, with its two gauzy wings, became lodged among the feathers of a wood pigeon and was carried by that swift flying bird far away into the pine forest. It fell to the ground and the rains soon beat it into the earth. It was not sorry to get out of sight, for the Pine family into whose domain it had been carried seemed very much displeased to see it come among them. Anyway they all looked black and threatening to the little seed, and not at all like the trees among which it was born.

Years afterward there stood upon the spot where the seed had fallen a hardy tree which we can make no mistake in calling Mr. Rock Maple. In all that part of the forest Mr. Maple had no relatives. As he grew stronger and stronger the dislike of the Pines, particularly of the Pine boys, grew likewise stronger. As he pushed his limbs farther in every direction, the Pine boys seemed to look more darkly upon him. They begrudged him the very ground he stood on.

They were not satisfied with evil looks. The younger Pine boys spread out their arms to try to prevent Rock Maple from getting the light and moisture, which he so much needed in that sandy soil. At times they showered great quantities of needles upon him, and at certain seasons of the year pelted him unmercifully with their cones, a sharp, rough weapon that played havoc with Mr. Maple's garments of green, yellow and red.

Old Mr. Pine, who waved his green head in the air nearly 150 feet above the earth, did not seem to have very good control over his boys, for while he did not often deign to pelt Mr. Maple himself with the few cones he possessed, he never rebuked the boys for their impoliteness.

One day the Pine boys were unusually irritable, made so by a strong wind. They knew Mr. Maple was not to blame, but there was no one else to lay the

blame on, so they pelted him with cones until he lost his temper and remarked in irony, "You're a polite lot." "Don't take any insults from that hard-hearted fellow," said Pinus Strobus with an impatient toss of his old green head.

Then the Pine boys pelted poor Mr. Maple all the harder.

He was just wondering what he could do to prevent the annoyance when, looking down, he saw that some little creatures had appeared upon the scene and had begun striking right and left at the Pine boys with a sharp tool against which needles and cones were of no use whatever.

"How good of those little things to take my part," said Mr. Maple to himself.

In a very short time hundreds of the Pine boys were lying prone upon the earth. Some were formed into a house, while others were drawn away to a small stream, rolled into its sluggish waters, and soon disappeared forever from the gaze of Mr. Pine, who grieved for them, and Mr. Maple, who did not.

"Nobody here now of any consequence!" exclaimed Mr. Pine with a contemptuous look at Mr. Maple. Mr. Maple paid no attention. "If you were not such a dwarf I'd talk to you sometimes, if you don't amount to much," he finally said with an air of condescension. "It makes me hoarse to talk down so far." "Perhaps if I had been given a better chance I'd have been larger. A passing eagle once told me he had known many of my family who were lofty and magnificent in form," replied Mr. Rock Maple, sweetly. "Well, I know better!" said the lordly Pine, using a species of argument quite in fashion with a certain class who are of more consequence in body than in brain.

For a long time after that Mr. Maple kept silent wondering why Mr. Pine and himself had been spared. But great surprises were in store for these two enemies. One day there came to live in this log house a family, and among them the smallest human being the trees had ever

seen, a little girl named Camilla. She soon got into the habit of coming out and playing under the two large trees.

One day her father brought home a small box, at sight of which she went into a transport of joy, screaming, "My kit, my darling kit! I never thought to see you again!" The box was soon opened and she lifted a queer-shaped little instrument from it, and taking it by its long neck—as long as a crane's, Rock Maple thought—she drew a small wand across it, and it gave forth a sound which thrilled every fiber of both Pine and Maple, through and through.

It is too long a story to tell how the two trees came to love Camilla very dearly. How delighted Mr. Pine was when she took some resin he held out to her. How he took occasion many times to remark loud enough for Mr. Maple to hear, how pleased Camilla looked, how white were her teeth and how she loved him for the gift. How Mr. Maple had his recompense when the passing frost touched him and gave him a garment so magnificent that King Solomon in all his glory was not so gloriously arrayed, much to the delight of Camilla, nor how after the long winter was nearly done the little violinist fairly hugged him for the sugar he had yielded her.

Mr. Maple might well be pardoned for looking proudly in the direction of Mr. Pine. After that Mr. Pine had little to say about how white Camilla's teeth were when she tasted his resin.

A fatal day came at last. Men appeared with sharp axes and heavy wagons and attacked Mr. Maple. They had not cut into him very far before one of them exclaimed to the others, "Curly maple, as I live!"

Mr. Pine laughed at the calamity that had befallen Mr. Maple, but before night he had met the same sad fate, the man who felled him remarking to the others, "Well on toward ten thousand feet in that old fellow."

Camilla looked on while they were loaded and drawn away, tears filling her blue eyes. "Good-bye, old friends," she exclaimed and then hastened into the house, sobbing.

Away to a noisy place they went. Soon they were cut up into small strips by a frightful monster with very sharp teeth. These strips were carried in many different directions, some of the best pieces being loaded upon cars and hurried away to a distant city. From this place they took a long journey in the deep, dark hold of a ship. Again upon cars until at last they rested in a dry-house.

One day one of the Maple boards and one of the Pine boards were taken out, carefully inspected and finally made smooth and even on the outside.

Then a skillful workman began upon them,—he smoothed and chiseled and gouged and filed. He cut them up into small pieces and made them into curious shapes. He took great pains not to leave the scratch of a knife or chisel upon any of the pieces. He finally glued them all together and behold, they made the same shape as Camilla's kit, but somewhat larger.

The workman explained to an observer, "I use pine for the front or sounding board as it is light and vibrant. The more porous it is the better. Maple is more dense and is the best wood I can get for the other parts because it is so dense, vibrates slowly, and holds the vibrations made by the pine for a long time, thus prolonging the sound."

After the slow process of finishing and varnishing was completed the violin was placed in a dark box and there it lay for a long time.

Pine and Maple said little to each other. They were not very comfortable nor very happy. The strings that had been stretched over them were very cruel and pressed upon the Pine, which pressed upon the sounding-post and that pressed upon the Maple. Sometimes a string broke and gave them temporary relief, but soon some one would come and put on another.

After passing through two or three stores the violin finally came to rest in a large one, in a city distant from the one in which it was made, and all was quiet for a long time. Still Pine and Maple said but little to each other. Shut up in their dark box, they didn't feel very cheerful.

"A living death this," grumbled Pine. "We must make the best of it," replied Maple.

A time came when some one began to play upon the violin, and after that it was often taken from its dark case and shown to visitors. Many played upon it, or tried to, and the more they played the better they liked it.

Several who tried it asked the price and when the dealer named it they shook their heads and went away.

One eventful evening a stranger came into the store and asked, "Have you a first-class violin in stock?"

"Yes, just one. I got it several months ago by mere chance. We don't keep such instruments, usually," said the dealer, taking out the violin. "It is wonderful for an instrument not ten

years old."

"I want one for the evening only," said the stranger. "Madame Camilla is playing an engagement here in the city, and tonight is a benefit night for the Orphans' Home. She is to take part. One of her violins is under treatment and a clumsy 'supe' has just knocked down her Cremona and broken it."

"Madam Camilla!" exclaimed Pine, with a quiver of delight.

"Can it be our Camilla?" asked Maple in a trembling voice.

"I suppose it is all right. But I think I shall have to ask you to deposit the price of the instrument," was the cautious comment of the owner.

"Oh, certainly. How much is it?"

"Five Hundred Dollars."

"Whose make?"

"It is a Gemünder."

"Please send a messenger to the Opera House with it and I will pay him the money there."

In a few minutes the violin was taken from its case by Camilla's own hands. She ran her fingers gently over the strings, tightened the E string a little, let down the A a trifle,—the A being bigger than the E, thought he ought to get up to the pitch of E, and was always trying it,—stroked its back gently, looked critically at the varnish, peered into the inside to see, perhaps, if sounding-post was on duty, tightened the bow and resined it carefully, and finally placed the violin against her shoulder and drew the bow smoothly across the strings.

Whether it was because Pine and Maple had found a long lost loved one and felt like letting their souls blend in joy and harmony, or whether the performer had the skill to touch just the proper chords in their wooden natures they themselves could not tell. Anyway a melodious thrill pulsed through the instrument wholly unlike anything it had ever before experienced. Who can compute the influence of a master hand in dealing with an expanding soul?

The virtuoso played an air in which the coming of a storm was represented, and Pine and Maple heard once more the sighing of the wind as it swept mournfully through their branches.

"That's the sound of the wind in the Pine and Maple that stood near my old log cabin home, when I was a little girl," said the musician to the people standing near.

Then for the first time both Pine and Maple felt certain that this wonderful woman was really their Camilla.

Turning to the gentleman who had secured the violin for her, she said, "If it

has the carrying power it will do. So many violins give a tone which seems strong near at hand, but they will not carry to a distance. We'll try it. Ring up the curtain."

The curtain rose, the manager stepped to the front and in a few words explained the accident to the Cremona and stated that a new and untried violin must be used. The violin heard a sigh from the audience that did not sound very flattering to it.

"Let us lay aside all discord and act in perfect harmony tonight!" said the forgiving Maple.

"I'll glue to you on that," answered Pine, more cheerfully than he had ever spoken before.

It was one of De Beriot's most difficult *airs varie*, and Pine and Maple beat and throbbed under the wonderful strokes and long-drawn sweeps of the bow. They both seemed intoxicated with the skill of those soft, white hands, extracting from them a heavenly harmony of which they had never dreamed.

When the piece was finished a storm of applause burst upon them like the oncoming of a tempest. After leaving the stage Camilla stroked the violin lovingly and remarked to the smiling manager, "No doubt about its carrying powers. It seems like a genuine Stradivarius."

Pine and Maple did not know how high a compliment it was.

"You must buy it," she continued to the manager.

"The owner seems to know its value. He asks five hundred dollars for it."

"Buy it at any cost," was the positive reply. It threw the violin into an ecstasy of delight to think it was to become the property of this noble woman.

The storm of applause did not stop and again the curtain went up and the violin found itself in the glare of the footlights once more. This time the performer touched the strings gently and played a tune that many people who came to the store had tried to play, the words to the first line being, "Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber."

When that piece was finished the people were silent and tears were glistening in many eyes.

"Maple, forgive me," said the now humble Pine. "I've learned a great lesson though a simple one. The best results in life are accomplished through harmony and not through discord."

"We'll live in harmony hereafter," said Maple.

The great soul of the artist had breathed into the humble instrument and made it glorious.

NOTICED.

Every one of us are noticing interesting things about us almost every day, unusual and perhaps surprising things in nature or elsewhere. This "noticed" department is to be maintained hereafter for the purpose of giving us an opportunity to exchange or pass on these interesting, funny or unusual things to others. Contributions may be handed to the literary editor at any time.

A CASE OF VANITY.

I was walking past a church when my attention was attracted to a little sparrow. He (or was it she? I don't know) was running along the middle ledge in the window, seemingly quite excited and frequently giving little chirps of delight. Stopping to notice more carefully and find the cause of it all, if possible, I soon observed that the little bird stopped now and then and looked into the mirror formed by the colored glass of the church window, cocking his head on one side and often rubbing his bill against his reflected bill in the window, which, as you know, is the bird's caress. We learn in psychology that "self-love" is one of the natural feelings of mankind. We may also say it is so of birdkind, if this one instance is typical.

After carefully observing quite a number of cats and kittens an old maid comes to this conclusion: A well-bred cat is well-bred at all times, and a poorly-bred cat cannot be made well-bred at any time. "One of my cats," she says, "is most eloquent. She appeals to me in such a way that it is impossible to deny her. If she wishes to go through a door and I am near, she simply goes and points her nose toward the opening and then looks at me. If I do not notice her she gives a gentle, pleading 'mew' which is irresistible. The same way with everything. When hungry, her quiet, gentle, pleading ways almost always get her what she wants. Another of my pets, however, is a confirmed howler. If she wants anything she sets up an ear-splitting 'me-ow, me-ow,' and no amount of whipping will do any good. My warning is, if you are going to get a kitten to bring up see what its tendencies are first and the characteristics of its parents."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I tell in verse ('twere better done in prose)

Of some members of our faculty, for each last name shows

A varying in natures that at first seems very strange

Until we think how people first came by their surnames.

Take Indians, for example. How do they name their men?

They name them for their prowess, and they put long phrases in

That explain just how they've earned them—how they fought or how they ran.

Each nomen tells a story. By the name we know the man.

Also with the Anglo-Saxon find we there this habit strange.

We can see this ne'er so clearly as in our teachers' names.

Take our president, for instance. In his work he does not tire;

He's a stickler for good order, so, of course, they named him "Brier."

Then we find one man a "Taylor." Of another we've found track,

Whose great-grandpa was a sailor, and so we call him "Jack."

If you travel on the third floor in the "Welles" you may alight;

If you go to manual training you will find the man all "Wright."

One member says he's Wil(I's)son. Mr. Packard doesn't know

If they named him for his actions, but he hopes it isn't so.

In one name we find an error, and tho' we call her "Jones,"

It isn't very hard to see her name might well be "Tones."

In our model grade department—yes, it really is St. John.

And we've an "Angel" in our library, and there's an athlete called "Armstrong."

We have many other teachers, but there's one that caps the bill.

She started out a Eaton, and she's a Eaton still.

—John O'Keefe.

SCHOOL TEACHING IN THE
PHILIPPINES.

Last month there occurred a very important event in the history of the Philippine Islands. Secretary Taft went all the way to Manila to take part in it. The first Philippine assembly was formally opened; and the secretary's representing the American Government, spoke from his heart to the people whom he has so faithfully served. The members of the assembly were elected by popular vote of the natives, and a long step forward has been taken in what Americans hope will end in the government of the Philippine Islands by Filipinos.

Popular government has never yet been achieved by any people native to the Tropics, and never has the Anglo-Saxons' sublime faith in the intelligence of the masses been more positively affirmed than it has in the endeavor to make of the Filipinos a self-governing people. The work will demand patience and a long period of time; but, as sure as human nature everywhere is one in kind, that work must ultimately succeed.

When, by a strange sequence of events, America became responsible for the destiny of the islands, it became necessary to look conditions squarely in the face. We had read about the rebellion of the brown subjects of Spain against tyranny, and our sympathy went out to them. We not only wished them success, but struck sudden and terrific blows in their behalf. The Spanish fleet went down; Manila surrendered; and our first impulse was to shout, "Freedom to the Filipinos! and long may they enjoy it!" But there were conditions which could not be overlooked. Authority brings responsibility and, with it, caution.

The conditions which gave America such great concern may be briefly stated. The Filipinos are not one people. They consist of many tribes and speak more than a dozen distinct languages. They are not swayed by common interests; but tribal jealousies and traditional enmity exist. Furthermore, of the eight million inhabitants of the archipelago, more than a half million are non-civilized. These are in the main, warlike Igorrotes and the traditional enemies of all other Malays, the Moros. To leave the government of these non-Christian tribes to men experienced in governing subject peoples, would entail sufficient anxiety; but the Christian tribes, themselves, had had almost no experience in even local self-govern-

ment. They had been ruled with an iron hand; and so, lacked that self-restraint that comes only with the long use of authority. It should be remembered, too, that of the civilized tribes, only about ten per cent could read and write. Democracy with such illiteracy is impossible. Let it be borne in mind, also, that in all the archipelago there was not a man who could build a bridge or a steamboat, plan a respectable structure, direct the manufacture of munitions of war, or lead in the development of any of the great industries which are essential to the life of a civilized people. Then there were the vast hordes of Chinese laborers desiring admittance. Unrestricted immigration of Chinese would mean the final extinction of the Filipinos.

The Malays had dreamed a beautiful dream, and that they were able to do so means much; but that dream could not possibly through their own efforts, come true. Ideals can be attained only through long toil and struggle. With conditions so adverse, the task of realizing that dream seems almost appalling, even though it is to be done through the instrumentality of a nation so experienced in self-government as America. Our Government could not decide other than to play task-master and pedagogue, and try to teach the lesson which civilization has been so long in learning. The Filipinos must be made one people, the discordant elements fused into one complete whole. They must have a common language and a common literature. They must be given the elements of self-government; and above all else, they must be taught those arts without which a civilized people cannot exist.

The establishment of a school system, then, was of prime importance, and a regiment of American school teachers was recruited, more than six hundred going over in a single ship. The normal schools and colleges of Wisconsin furnished twelve of that number. These teachers were sent out from Manila to even the remotest pueblos to be the creators of a new order of things. It was their task to give to a people a new language, a task which has been attempted but few times in the world's history. That language, however, is the one in which so much of liberty and patriotism has been said and sung. It is the language to which any people struggling for larger freedom must turn for inspiration and help.

To understand the task which these teachers were to accomplish, one must know just the conditions which they faced when they took up the work. No two places, of course, offered quite the same conditions; but there was, in the main, such agreement that any concrete example will serve as a type.

To remote places teachers were sent out by twos. They purchased household effects and provisions in Manila; for opportunities for getting supplies in outlying pueblos were very uncertain, and hotel and boarding accommodations were not to be thought of. The reader may imagine a two days' journey by steamer to a provincial town, then a trip from there by launch to a distant pueblo. The Governor of the province, a native, goes along to call together the town officials and arrange for the teachers' safety and comfort. The motley populace crowd into an old convent to listen to the Governor's address, which is impressive and is received in respectful silence. The convent is to become the bachelor quarters of the *maestros*. The Governor and his party leave; and the two teachers find their wordly possessions lying on the sand. They look about them at a throng of curious, half-naked children and then beyond at the nipa shacks showing yellow and brown among the banana fronds with here and there a dirty, narrow street. They see nothing familiar or inviting. Everything is strange and forbidding, and disgusting odors taint the air. Human life when reduced to its lowest terms is loathsome; and the two teachers, turning to look across the blue water at the blur of smoke from the vanishing launch, find their hearts surcharged with an emotion which can never be described or imagined.

In a few days the *maestros* are at home and ready for work. There are two school houses just alike, one for the boys and one for the girls. Each is about twenty-five feet wide and seventy feet long and is set up on stilts some six feet from the ground. In either end is a door, which is seldom closed and couldn't be locked if it were. The windows have neither panes nor glass, and the shutters are of nipa thatch hinged at the top. The floor is of bamboo strips woven together with cane and bound to the timbers with the same material. Hardly a nail is needed in putting up the entire structure. There is no ceiling and the roof is a thatch. The building is really complete and is not without its commendable features. In the matter of ventilation, especially, nothing more could be desired. Think what the fresh air supply must be dur-

ing the monsoon season, though the windows on the windward side are kept closely drawn. Every cranny gives ingress to a tempest; and the floor, with its alternating inch strips and half-inch crevices, permits a sort of joint-stock combine of a thousand tempests. With a floor of that kind no sweeping, of course, is needed; and pupils must guard against dropping things, for the lost article goes to the ground, and, in recovering it, it becomes necessary to disturb the pigs which shelter under the floor.

The school furnishings consist of a few benches and two or three home-made desks, which serve for the larger pupils. The smaller children squat down in rows on the floor. Heavy, paste blackboards, charts and books are furnished by the Insular Government.

But a school in session,—words cannot describe it. Everybody studied aloud, and there was one babel of voices, a confusion such as no one could listen to and resolve into intelligible utterance. It was like the sound of a hundred phonographs going at once and each playing a different tune. The teacher would call a pupil before her, and the recitation would begin. To read was to call words with the greatest possible rapidity. That it really meant anything, nobody ever dreamed. A few of the pupils would in time learn to speak a little Spanish, but some of the teachers even knew no more than the "church Spanish" which they compelled the pupils to commit.

The native teachers in these schools received very low salaries, and the attendance was very irregular. Under the Spanish regime there was no attempt to educate the masses. A few only should be educated, and these only sufficiently to serve later as petty village officials. But the American plan is to give every boy and girl at least an elementary education.

What patience, patience, patience is needed to transform one of those institutions into a genuine school where boys and girls begin to think and learn about the world around them! A single individual, or at best but two, to work a revolution in a large community, and that with a people so wonderfully inert. Filipinos are not capable of sustained effort. How quickly enthusiasm dies out and the attendance at school decreases. The police must be kept busy serving as truant officers. The native teachers and *aspirantes*, those expecting to become teachers, must have especial instruction, not only in English, but also in methods of teaching. The work must be organized and something definitely planned and accomplished. From

the very first, summer schools have been held in each province for the benefit of the native teachers. These schools are well attended and are doing great good.

The work accomplished by the American teachers is truly great. One is safe in saying that now there are two Filipinos who can speak English to every one who can speak the Spanish. No one who goes to the islands now can understand what it meant to walk into a school room and look into a hundred brown faces and be able to speak no word which they could understand. In a hundred ways the teacher is a benefactor to the community in which he resides. He serves as physician and health inspector; he is a good counselor in business affairs; he acts as umpire in settling neighborhood quarrels, and is ever an exponent and example of better and higher living. His influence is to work great changes in the archipelago. The country, in spite of its age, is brand new. It is old because her people have been born without hope and without ambition. It is new because a new light is shining down upon it.

SOME EXCUSES OF PHILIPPINE SCHOLARS.

Mr. Crane,
teacher of English—

Dear sir:

I am going to write you a short letter about one thing. Yesterday the date 14. It was a good time to go to school but I have a bad luck, because when I waiting for time in going to school, so I went to visit my cousin near the school house, and I thought that time is far yet, but as soon I came out in the house to see the time for the sun, because I have not watch, as I looking for the sun It is half past three o'clock so I ran as fast as would but Rolcall is finished and I was late so I went home thinking about some thin if what I do because before you said if a boy is late he will write a letter to his teacher, so I remember that It is my fault, if did not wrote you a letter, and I beg your padon to excuse me for that time

Your Respectfully

Cassimeo Macoserary.

Cassimeo has had two years of English. He is 16 years of age. It has been suggested that he is not so different from American scholars. Do you think our German compositions are any more correct after two years' work than Cassimeo's letter? And doesn't his excuse tally pretty well with some of ours, thinking that the time is "far yet" we don't come to classes on time?

Here is another by a 15 year old who has had one year of English work:

Mr. Crane

My Dear sir:

I am writing you a letter to tell you about that I was obsent because I went in Cabagan to visited my grandfather just a little died.

Lorenzo Moreno.

This one by Pedro he headed "A letter," for fear, I suppose, that Mr. Crane would not recognize it as such:

My dear sir:

Excuse me sir, I was absent in friday because I was late. But now I continue to go to school until I am late again.

Pedro. Callangan.

THE POSTOFFICE.

It is such a recreation,

Such a source of inspiration,

A place where many students love to go

Just before they start to study,

When their mental streams are muddy;

It's the place to get them settled, don't you know.

What makes it an attraction

Which draws the greater fraction

Of the students to it every single night?

Is it 'cause the little letter

Makes the world look so much better

And you think that mail from home is just all right?

When we see them homeward turning
Where is all the ardent yearning

To read that precious letter, what's the rush?

Mail from home is real exciting,

Male at hand is more inviting,

And they're in at seven-thirty—yes, oh slush!

—Annie Loeffler.

Glimpses of the Mountains.

It is evening. Our train is speeding across the dusty stretches of the Montana grazing lands. Away in the west, the sun, half veiled in a glorious haze, reveals but vaguely the outlines of the distant mountain peaks, the first glimpse of the "Rockies."

Night falls, and before many hours we feel the labored straining as our mighty engine eats the miles and miles of heavy grade. Although the day has been warm, a growing chill pervades the night, until the conductor enters the car, at half past three, and calls out, "Summit, the highest elevation reached by this road, five thousand two hundred feet." We step outside, and are greeted by a breath of winter, for though near the last of April, around us we see banks of snow thirty feet and more in depth. All is dark gray gloom, and the flaring torches of the trainmen cast weird shadows across the ghostly snow-drifts. But again our train moves on, there is a mighty downward rush for fifty miles, and just as day is breaking, we enter the beautiful Flathead valley. Broad fields, just bursting forth with the first blades of spring, still lying deep in shadow; vast stretches of evergreen forests; rock-ribbed peaks of red and green and orange, all capped with snow, and gleaming with the morning sun.

But the scene changes, and we pass through the famous Kootenai country, catch flying glimpses of lumber and mining camps, and see the charming Kootenai Falls. A few moments more, and we are in Idaho, and for hours dash along the valley of the Pend d'Oreille, famed in years passed as the resort of many an outlaw band.

Noon finds us at Spokane; soon we are crossing Washington's great wheat field, the Big Bend country, and by four o'clock we are slowly dropping into the Columbia Valley, through what is locally known as the Coulee country.

And a wild place this Coulee country is. The whole plateau is volcanic, and the sides of the canyon show strange

columnar basaltic forms, in brilliant red and green and yellow; while the whole valley is strewn with broken rocks of more or less regular design. In places are huge drifts of this rock, many feet high, not a block larger than one's head. Now we enter one of the wildest gorges of the west, the Moses Coulee, a great, deep, barren hole, part of which is known as the Devil's Punch Bowl. Words can give no idea of the awful weirdness and dreariness of this place, as the evening darkness draws on. The cliffs are full a thousand feet high, and nearly vertical. Not a tree or shrub is visible, nothing but rocks. No drop of water can be seen. One fairly shudders with dread of the place. A little farther, and full upon our view, bursts the Columbia river. The region has the same horrible aspect as before. Along the bottoms are hundreds of acres of broken rock. The river is full of islands, huge, irregular, black boulders, lifting their jagged heads above the untamed current. There is something horribly suggestive of the lower regions, with the fires, only, wanting.

Some time we spent in the Wenatchee Valley, the most famous fruit region of the west. At that time, the town was about half the size of River Falls. The streets are full of stones, a natural pavement, only rather rough, and are beautifully shaded and adorned with graceful, waving sage-brush. In fact its chief products are the ever present sage and rocks, and its principal export is disappointed land seekers.

Leaving Wenatchee in the morning, for a day we ride through the beautiful scenery of the Cascades. For miles and miles we wind up and up through Talking Water Canyon, pass through a tunnel two miles and a half long and emerge into the canyon of the Skykomish river. As we dash down the gorge, we note in quick succession Canyon and Eagle Falls. Then swinging around a sharp curve we suddenly see the giant Index Peaks, three of them, looming a

full mile above the track. Now we are swiftly dropping down toward the sea, and by three o'clock we reach the Sound, and view the sunset from the docks at Seattle. Across the Sound looms up Olympia, and through a notch in the serried peaks, the sun ploughs his level way across the "sunset sea." When morning breaks again we are in Portland, and by noon our destination is reached, the cozy little town of Cottage Grove, near the headwaters of the Willamette river.

Before many days, we find ourselves at the home of a friend, on the top of the Callapocya Mountains. The sun is setting in a bank of gorgeous clouds. Away to the west, and a thousand feet below, while faint mists still linger around us, the beautiful Yoncalla Valley stretches away between the forests. A little further to the south is the Umpqua region, the "Valley of the Hills." Scattered over all the bottom, huge mounds stand out, giving a pleasing variety to the farming districts. The mounds are covered with the light green of the grazing lands, and all around them the rich brown of blossoming native hay. The white houses of the little hamlet gleam in the sun, and the windows seem afire with the departing glory.

Nearer at hand, and separated from Yoncalla by a low line of hills, is Scott's Valley. Across the meadow, the course of the brook is marked by a narrow strip of timberland, and the road lies, a dusty gray streak, across the bottom. That depression in the endless forest, a little further to the south, is where the fruitful Shoe-string valley hides. To the east, and overhung by dark, threatening clouds, lies the Coast Fork region. Here and there, a peak can be seen in the rolling storm. Away to the south, through a break in the nearer hills, faintly over the horizon like a misty cloud, rises Dodson's Peak, standing guard over the city of Roseburg.

A few weeks later, and Cottage Grove becomes in verity the City of Roses. Fences are hidden, buildings are a mass of bloom. Two-story houses are com-

pletely covered, even to the very peaks, with white and red and yellow roses, roses as large as the palm of your two hands, and such a splendor of blossoms that the bushes and foliage are scarcely visible. On a space which could be covered with an ordinary half bushel measure, one might count over forty roses, not one of which is less than four inches in diameter. One who has not been a witness to the glory of Oregon roses, can form no idea of their beauty and profusion.

But again we are on the move. With a team of half-broken cayuses we cross the Coast Range, a drive of sixty miles. As we reach the summit, the sun is setting. The light sifts through the firs that crown the further peaks, and streams across a sea of forest, with here and there a rocky crag or pinnacle jutting through, like storm-swept islands. A half mile below us, the dusk of evening already broods over the waters of Elk Creek, and their evening song steals softly up to us. Over all the scene hangs the hazy blue of forest fires, softening the distant view. Long ere we reach the valley below, the deepest twilight has settled, and we make our camp under the open sky, with the stars to watch above us, and the breeze to sing us to sleep. At noon of the second day, we reach tide-water, and pasturing our team, take boat for Winchester Bay, thirty miles below.

This is a trip through fairyland. Peak upon peak, terrace upon terrace, sheer from the water's edge, the mountains rise, clothed in the deep, rich green of the fir. It seems like a dream of some old Norwegian Fjord, where the forest and the waters seem to merge; and the deep mid-heavens hang in the deepest depth of the quiet river. Above, the cloud-flecked heaven; below, the same fleecy clouds in another heaven.

But now the mountains shrink to sand dunes, and a dark gray fog hangs on the western horizon, while the wind brings up river the roar of old ocean. Along the low sand spit, in the dense fog, is a heaving, writhing line of white, the breakers on the bar. Far out to sea, the swell rolls up, dark, huge, sullen, gliding forward. Waves strike the bar. They rise and the waters break over with a roar, a mass of spray

white as the purest snow. But in they come, those foamy waters, crawling, crawling, their long, slimy arms reaching up and up the beach, like some monster for his prey. A moment's pause, and back they slip, dragging after them the sand. Forever it is the same; that line of heaving white; that sullen, shrouding fog; that ceaseless roar.

And now we begin our journey to our eastern home, and soon are crossing the Siskiyou Mountains. Far away on every side, stretches an ocean of fog and smoke, vast and billowy; the bald, round-topped mountains peep through like barren islands. Below in the dimming haze, we may see the tortuous windings of our own ascent, now almost lost below some thickening haze, now twining close around the hillside among deep green underbrush, now emerging from some dark, cavernous tunnel, but always, always climbing. Below us, on the other slope, dropping into one of California's fair valleys, our sinuous track doubles upon itself, hiding among the trees, stretching across fair meadows, away and away to where mighty Shasta uprears its fourteen thousand feet among the clouds; its snowy crevasses so like the fleecy streamers of the heavens. The falling dusk has already begun to shroud the valley. The mists of evening are falling over the dashing, fretting Sacramento. But still at that far height the warm light lingers, kissing into new warmth the white splendor of those cold snows, and carressing with love the rich brown of the rocky slopes. The picture seems almost to hang suspended in the heavens.

For a full half mile along the mountain side the Mossbrae Falls shake their lacy, filmy curtain out over the dusk-shrouded bank; and here and there the lights of some charming resort dance by. The train draws up to Shasta Springs, and we all alight to drink at the natural soda fountain that has made "Shasta Water" of world-wide fame.

After a day spent in San Francisco, morning again finds us above the clouds. Overhead, a patch of deep blue arching heaven, where the stars are paling; below, the vast expanse of clouds, an awful void; around us the barren rocks with here and there a bit of snow, gleaming in cold splendor. Then a sudden darkness, and the long, long line of sheds, the famous sixty miles of snowsheds of the Sierras. But anon the hills grow smaller and less rocky, the vista spreads, and then comes the Nevada deserts, with their tedious, barren, grayish hills. All day there is no reprieve, the gray-white dust whirls by in clouds, and sifting in, it settles over all.

As the sun again creeps up over the

desert hills, below us stretches the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The gleaming waters, the white plains of salt, and then—ah, then the garden spot of the world. What vistas of rich green meadows, of golden belts of grain, of bending corn, of thrifty orchards, and of quiet, homely cottages. And then the "Zion City of the West," nestling at the foot of those grand old mountains.

Now we begin to enter the vast gallery of nature's art, the fairyland of mountain, stream and glen. We wind along through the fertile valley, at the foot of the Wasatch Range. Above us, in a soft blue, dreamy haze, those massy piles rear skyward, not a tree to veil their ruggedness. The country closes in; the distant mountains, with their wealth of delicate tinted green from the mossy rocks, and of orange and yellow and vermillion from the sunset on the stained old peaks, gives place to the narrow chasm and the echoing cliff. All color fades in the deepening canyon, and night hangs over it all. Like old dismantled fortresses, like ruined castles, the dim cliffs loom up in the darkness, weird, magnified. On one tall turret the pale light falls, the shadow line creeps down and down the rocky cliffs, until the full moon flings over all the canyon a soft glamor, and there creeps over one, in this desert wild, all the romance of a moonlight on the castled Rhine.

When sunlight once more crowns the crags in morning tints, the canyon of the Grand river lies right before us. It is the same castled rocks, the same sun-kissed pinnacles, the same heavenward pointing turrets, but grander grown, and more awesome than before. Through mighty rents in towering walls, one can see back and back into the very heart of the rock-piled world. But from this subterranean gulch the train worms its slow way to dizzy heights, and from an altitude of over ten thousand feet, one may look away over a broken expanse of giant mountain peaks and awful chasms, the broad vista of the Snowy Range; peak after peak with crown of snow as far as the eye can see, and then the background of the arching sky.

But the crowning wonder is in store, the Royal Gorge. No words are left, and none are adequate to describe this mighty rock-hewn gulch into the very bowels of the under-world. Up, and up, and up,—those towering walls seem to lose themselves in heaven, and that bit of sky above is resting on the eternal spires. The tints that glow in sunset skies have lost themselves, and cling on castle walls and old cathedral turrets, like the rich mosaics of the ancient masters.

L. Dake.

ALUMNI

ALUMNI ITEMS.

Simon Norstrom, '07, visited in the city a few weeks ago.

Helen Parkhurst, '07, who is teaching in the Hudson schools, is a frequent visitor here.

Eva White, '07, came over from Baldwin over Sunday the first of November.

Many of the alumni attended the meeting of the Northwestern Teachers' Association held at Eau Claire recently. Among them were the following: William Hodge, '07, Lloyd Tombleson, '05, and Eva Colburn, '06, from Chippewa Falls; Verna Jones, Bessie Wright, Stella Waite, all of class of '07, from Black River Falls; George Works, Prin., Clyde Bowman, '07, Alleyne Tombleson, '06, and Marian, '04, from Menominee; John Hale, '05, Prin. of Barron County Training School, Samuel Burnett, '07, from Knapp; Eva White, '07, Baldwin; John Hammer, '05, Mr. Winger, '05, and Ruth Daub, '07, from Eau Claire.

Miss Bessie Rounseville, '00, is teaching at Augusta.

Mrs. W. Jenson, '02, and Miss Eva Williams, '02, visited school recently.

Martin Anderson, '06, who is teaching at Hudson, visited friends in town Nov. 16.

UNDER-GRADUATE ITEMS.

Miss Mabel Massey, who attended school here two years ago, visited here a few days during the first of the month.

Miss Mildred Hawkins, a Junior of 1906-7, visited school the 15th. She is teaching about eight miles from River Falls.

Blanche Montgomery, Dan Taylor, Duane Haddow, Mabel Elertson and Clare Freeman have returned to their school work, after spending the summer in North Dakota.

Charles Winn, a Senior of last year's class, visited school Nov. 15.

WHAT A PERSON SHOULD DO FOR HIS ALMA MATER.

A person who graduates from a school always takes pride in the advances made by his alma mater. He rejoices when his school secures a strong teacher; he rejoices over each athletic victory, and at the conclusion of each oratorical contest when a student of his alma mater is declared the winner. How, then, can I aid my alma mater? How can I help make it the school of schools? You can make it the best school by helping it to secure the best student body. Use your influence to persuade every student with whom you come in contact who is physically, intellectually and morally strong to attend this institution. In this way you will enlarge the student body, advertise your school and bring in those who are able to compete successfully with students of other schools in physical or intellectual contests and in the field of our chosen profession. Is the result worth your effort?

L. H. M.

THE COUNTRY STORE.

The country store! Oh, the country store!

Where you'll find all you want and more—

Shoestrings and butter, brooms and milk,

Beeswax and lasses, combs and silk, Calico and lace, also cheese,

Buttons and barrels, and to please The village crones there's stuff for all,

The village pipes, both big and small, Eggs and thimbles, sticks of candy,

Chewing gum for children handy, And lots of gossip thrown in free

"To make things social," don't you see! "Long live the country store!" say,

To keep things going, day by day.

—Anna Forsyth.

LOCALS

Miss Mabel Massy, a former student of the school, has been visiting here recently.

Examinations are over. Are you beginning with new courage on new work or are you meditatively picking out the bones of a "warmed over" medley?

We are told that a party of picnickers of the ages gone by once drank lemonade made from river water. Don't ever do it again. Study "Pond Life" in zoology.

President Brier and Professors Jack, Wilson and Clark attended the State Teachers' Association at Milwaukee. Professor Packard had charge of the school during the absence of President Brier.

Mr. Wright entertained the school at general exercises one day by singing a solo. He was heartily encored, but, since time did not permit of his responding with a second solo, he promised to sing at another time. We are very anxious that the "other time" will be here soon.

A Senior girl once wrote a lesson plan. First she thought and then she wrote, and by 10:30 she had several neatly written pages in her notebook and a smile upon her countenance. She retired and carried her smile into the Land of Nod. But horror of horrors! what does she see? The smile has vanished now, for she sees her classmates plodding wearily along the road of Never-get-ready. There they are, haggard and forlorn, overburdened by their taskmaster, Good-intention-never-get-there. Down, down, down goes the procession, each individual looking with wide, innocent eyes upon the signboards pointing in the upward direction, "Picnic at Ilwaco; sign the paper," "Class bonfire;

sign the paper," etc., but evidently not understanding the meaning. The girl finds herself following the multitude, and suddenly she stumbles upon the rock of class unity, and as she seems to fall deeper and deeper into the well of class death she awakens and finds to her joy that it isn't her class at all—it's only the Juniors!

Rhetoricals were given by the following members of the Senior class at 2:30 Wednesday afternoon: Miss Alice Ainsworth spoke upon the "Peace Conference at The Hague." Miss Blanch Allen spoke upon the subject, "Luther Burbank." Miss Lillian Bahr's rhetorical was upon "The Versatility of Tennyson," Mr. Clark's upon "The Rush River," and Mr. Corey's upon "Agriculture in Wisconsin." The variety of subjects led us in thought to many places during the hour, at one time familiar and at another unfamiliar. The rhetorical exercises were followed by a cornet quartet, rendered very commendably by Messrs. Lamson, Spencer, Whitcomb and Rudow.

Former students who have returned to school this quarter are Claire Freeman, Duane Haddow, Anna Thompson and Dan Taylor.

The following answers were written by a bright Senior to these questions:

1. Test for starch. (You are stiff.)
2. Test for proteid. (You are not slim.)
3. Elements of corn. (Toes and tight shoes.)
4. Elements of bean. (Non-essential.)
5. What is a cross section? (An old maid.)

Dear Old Santa:

Couldn't you bring me a new girl?
Please. Charles Sakrison.

Charles Sakrison.

Dear Mr. Claus:

I am having a hard time at River Falls this year. Couldn't you bring me a nice new set of bachelor buttons—the other kind are always coming off.

Yours truly,

Harry Bowers.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

Won't you bring us a nice little flute player? Ours is getting all tired out.
Normal Orchestra.

Normal Orchestra.

Mr. Santa Claus:

Will you please send me a nice, little six-shooter pop-gun? I am going to shoot a few pedagogical outlaws.

Yours in haste,

Miss Shultes.

Dear Mr. Santy Claus.

You know that nice pink necktie you brought me last year? Well, some one swiped it. Will you bring me another this year—only have some green polka dots this time?

Bobbie O'Connell.

Dear Santa:

Bring me a new belt for my overcoat. Some girl swiped my old one.

Yours affectionately,

Freddie Lamson.

Dear Old Sant:

Never wrote to thank you for that fine position as base ball captain that you brought me last year, but shall do so now. You were so good last year that I hate to ask you for anything this year, but couldn't you bring me a nice pretty stenographer to write up my editorials for me?

Thanking you in advance, I am your
little friend,

Loydy Merrihue.

P. S.—Have her bring her typewriter
with her. L. M.

L. M.



Stewart & Grimm
A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE

A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE



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BOTH PHONES

N. W. 56

CLASS NEWS

JUNIOR NOTES.

Why did Dan Taylor go to New Richmond?

Miss Jennie Dupins made a visit to her home in New Richmond the early part of the term.

Mr. Duane Haddow, a former student, is enrolled in the Junior class. Mr. Haddow spent the summer in Valley City, North Dakota.

The bonfire planned by the members of the Junior class for the 2d of November had to be postponed on account of the boys' susceptibility to the cold.

Mr. Brown of Spring Valley visited his daughter, Miss Mina Brown, about November 9th.

Miss Clare Freeman of Max Bass, North Dakota, has resumed her work in the Junior class.

Miss Maude Elliott recently enjoyed a visit from her father, Mr. J. R. Elliott, of Sheldon, Iowa.

All old students are glad to see Mr. Dan Taylor of Echelson, Wis., back in school. He has been studying the science of farming during the past summer and fall.

Miss Jennie Tate, a member of last year's graduating class from the River Falls High School, is among the new students of the Junior class who enrolled this term.

Teacher (to small girl)—"Please tell the class where the fetlock of the horse is."

Small Girl—"I do not know."

Teacher—"You poor metropolitan lass, not to know that the fetlock is the lock of hair on the forehead of the horse!"

A suppressed giggle from class.

Teacher—"What! Am I wrong?"

Small Boy—"Why, the fetlock is on the horse's foot."

Bell rings and study of the anatomy of the horse is discontinued for the day.

A conversation between two members of Junior class:

Miss C. (looking at list of rhetorical with Mr. W.)—"Oh, dear! My rhetorical comes in November."

Mr. W.—"Mine does not come until May."

Miss C.—"Oh! I wish my name began with W."

Mr. W.—"It can if you want it to."

There was a young chap named Whit,
Who certainly thought himself it.

Said he with a smile:

"I give each girl a fair trial

And make it most interesting for her for
a while."

SOPHOMORE NEWS.

Mabel Elertson returned from her summer home in the West and entered our class this term.

Nellie McEneany, one of the members of our class, accompanied her sister to Washington.

Katherine Chinnock made a trip to Lake Elmo last week.

The Sophomores did not attend the Freshman spread.

Bertha Crawford, one of our Sophomores, has withdrawn from school.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

The Freshman class held a banquet in the gymnasium Friday evening, Nov. 8, in honor of the new members of the class who joined the class at the beginning of the second quarter. The evening was spent in playing games and in other amusements. At 9:30 o'clock refreshments were served by Alice Budewitz, Inga Jensen, Mary Collins, Gladys Peterson and Bessie Whipp, all of which are members of the class. Miss Williams and Prof. Goble and wife attended the class banquet.

The following have enrolled in the class at the beginning of the second term: Emma Klopff, Florence Timberlake, Anna Olson, Albin Nelson, William Manion and Robert Mortimer.

The first Freshman rhetorical was given on Wednesday, November 20. Six of the class appeared on this program. Miss Mary Collins talked on "Elizabeth Fry and Her Work in Prison Reform"; Charles Guggisberg talked on "Tardy Recognition of Genius"; Rolla McMahon, "The Northmen and Their Influence Toward the Colonization of America"; Miss Adalena Forsyth, "The Red Cross Movement as Discussed by Clara Barton"; Susie Siminon, "Mt. Holyoke Seminary by Mary Lyon"; Earle Brown, "John Greenleaf Whittier and His Works."

IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

Miss E. (to little girl who has been absent for some time)—"Aren't you coming back to the kindergarten?"

Little Girl—"I've got a reading book now, and I learn my letters, and I go to Sunday school, too."

Miss E.—"Yes, but your little chair is empty and waiting for you. Don't you want to come back?"

Little Girl—"I go to Sunday school, and my aunty says I must get religion before I come back to the kindergarten."

* * *

Miss E. (to kindergartners)—"How many know what a tailor is?"

The little hands go up.

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"It's our milkman."

PRIMARY ROOM.

On the Friday afternoon following Hallowe'en the pupils in the primary room had a Hallowe'en party. The room was made as dark as possible, and jack-o'-lanterns brought by the children displayed their weird features in various parts of the room. There was an apple hunt, and popcorn done up in paper napkins was presented to the children and guests.

GRAMMAR ROOM.

A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

Miss Margaret Currier invited some of her grammar room friends to her house for a Hallowe'en party. The house was decorated with jack-o'-lanterns, autumn leaves and cornstalks. We went into the guest rooms and played games a while and then we were bidden to look around the room into suspicious looking crevices to find some English walnut shells, in which we found our partner's name. We then took our seats and refreshments were served. Then we played games again, after which we returned home, thinking we had celebrated Hallowe'en night better than if we had been out destroying property.



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ORGANIZATIONS

ORCHESTRA NOTES.

The new orchestra books are here at last and the members are very enthusiastic over them. Part of the time last Thursday night was given to trying over some of the new pieces, and when the five o'clock gong struck and the orchestra stopped practicing many of the members wanted to stay and practice longer. We sincerely hope that this enthusiasm will keep up, as its being kept up will do a great deal for the orchestra, as one will always work harder on things in which one is interested than on those where interest is lagging.

One of the good points about the new books is that they are just hard enough to necessitate practice on the part of every player and not so hard as to discourage the players. The music, too, is not of the common and trashy dance order, but is of a somewhat classical order, including some of the old familiar pieces, among which are "Alice, Where Art Thou?" "Calvary," "Evening Star," "Gloria in Excelsis," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Longing for Home," "Love's Old, Sweet Song," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" and "The Lost Chord."

At present the orchestra is working on "The Kingdom of Peace," "Afterwards," "Love's Old, Sweet Song," "Calvary" and "Lead, Kindly Light." Before very long we expect to begin work on "The Evening Star," that old, sweet cello solo from Wagner's Tannhauser."

We now feel that, equipped as we are with good music and with Miss Jones as our instructor, there is no excuse for our not becoming a good musical organization and a credit to the school.

AREOPAGUS.

At the beginning of the school year the constitution of the Areopagus was lost, and the work of the society has been quite seriously handicapped at times by the absence of any authority for the enforcement of necessary rules. At the last meeting in October the society took the requisite action, and a committee, consisting of Chairman Otto Winter and members Frank Miller, Laurence Dake and Levis Bune, was authorized to draw up a new constitution and submit it at the next regular meeting. This was done, and the constitution was duly adopted by unanimous vote of the members present.

This new document is outlined on a stricter basis than the old one, and will insure that the society conduct its affairs on a thoroughly practical business basis.

At the regular quarterly election, held on October 8, a full complement of officers was elected. The roster of officers for the ensuing term is as follows:

President—Martin Stenerson.

Vice President—Levis Bune.

Recording Secretary—Arthur Sampson.

Financial Secretary—Orin Larson.

Treasurer—Silas Corey.

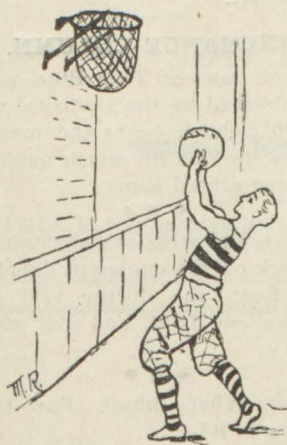
Sergeant-at-arms—Edwin Weilep.

Board of Counsellors—Thomas Riley (chairman), Frank Miller, Laurence Dake.

Board of Trustees—Robert O'Connell (chairman), Charles Sacrison, Paul Spencer.

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ATHLETICS

ATHLETIC NOTES.
BASKET BALL.

The Normal basket ball team is now thoroughly organized and has gone into action. At a meeting of the Normal Athletic Club Will Clark was elected manager of the basket ball team for this year, and at a meeting of the team Duane Haddow was elected captain. Clark got busy right away and a game was arranged with Spring Valley for Friday, Nov. 15, to take place at Spring Valley. Accordingly, on the date named the boys drove to Spring Valley and the game was duly played, and the result was as expected, the boys winning the game, the score at the end being 23 to 27 in Normal's favor.

The first half was closely contested, and the score was 11 and 11. The regular Normal team was not playing, as Haddow played on the bench, but in the second half Haddow played his regular position and the team all played in their usual style. The Spring Valley team put up a good game and will undoubtedly make a record in the county this year. A return game has already been scheduled with Spring Valley, to be played on the Normal grounds. A good, fast game is expected.

The line-up of the teams of the Normal and Spring Valley in the game of Nov. 15 is as follows:

Normal.	Spring Valley.
Farley, 1st half C.....	Churchill
Rudow, 2d half	
Clark	R. F..... Waller
Taylor	L. F..... Fiedler
O'Keefe	R. G..... Deck
Rudow, 1st half .. L. G.....	Condit
Haddow, 2d half	
Referee—Bennett.	

The basket ball boys report a fine time and the best of treatment at the hands of the Spring Valley men, who all played good, clean basket ball from start to finish. A dance was given after the game, and after the dance the Normal boys were all taken down to the smelter to see the casting of pig iron.

Some of the games which the Normal will play are scheduled as follows:

Nov. 15—Spring Valley at Spring Valley.

Jan. 18—St. Thomas College at River Falls.

Jan. 25—Ellsworth at Ellsworth.

Feb. 7—St. Thomas College at St. Thomas.

March 13—Ellsworth at River Falls.

Several other games have been spoken for, but are as yet not on the schedule.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

The days of the "blue-stocking girl" are over and we are in the golden age of athletics.

Athletics was thought of in times gone past as merely a pastime for the hardier portion of God's creatures. Athletics had its alpha and omega in man. He alone it was who strove for the crown of olive leaves, and who compared his agility of movement and suppleness of limb with his fellow men. But such times are of the past. Today woman has a large and distinct place in the athletic world. She, too, has been figured as a factor in making the race stronger and sturdier. There are now but very few athletic contests from which she is

barred, hence we have what is known as the athletic girl.

The athletic girl is she of the bright eyes, beautiful complexion, fair in every feature, and whose form bespeaks grace. The American girl is decidedly the most athletic in her tendencies as compared with her sisters of other lands, hence may we not in a measure attribute the beauty of our girls to the influence of athletics?

Again, our girls are taking up all the arts and sciences and making practical use of them. They are barred from no profession in which man may indulge, and from this fact the woman has entered the athletic field and has proved herself a success. So she keeps her place here because of native ability. People once thought the home the only place for the woman, but she has widened her world, and she merely asks "What's the heavens for?" May we not in a measure also attribute woman's success in all the fields she has entered to the fact that she has more than ever striven to develop her physical being along with her mental?

Good figure and physique are essentially products of exercise and are desirable in both man and woman. The healthy, robust man is the man of power, not that brawn, by any means, is the guideboard to brains, but good, healthy brain is most usually accompanied by a good, healthy body. Woman has been quick to ascertain this fact and has acted accordingly. Hence, in order to equip herself for her career, she, too, has taken to athletics. Then may we not bring this directly home to the girls of our school? Girls, get busy; take up the athletic end of your education. Don't slight your bodies in the endeavor to cram your brain. Play tennis, basketball and all good games that will develop you. Even though you are not exactly a paragon of learning, be sure that your body is as sound as it should be, and that you are not starving your physical self to feed the intellectual. But, lastly, always keep in mind the old Greek motto, "Nothing in excess," and

by so doing your education and necessary training will come more nearly to the perfect and will be such as is desirable by yourself and those with whom you associate.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

The last issue of True Blue, a school paper published by the students of Hudson High School, bears the mark Vol. IX. This shows a life much longer than the average school paper.

* * *

Bedelia—And what are yez doing, takin' the lock off the cupboard door?

Mike—Sure, the doctor told me to quit boltin' me food, and I'm going to do it.—Ex.

* * *

Teacher—What month has twenty-eight days in it?

Pupil—All of them.—Ex.

* * *

Teacher in Geography—Johnny, name two of the largest sounds in the country.

Johnny—Thunder and dynamite.

* * *

Teacher—What is the future of "I love," Lulu?

Lulu—I divorce.

* * *

Pat, being brought before a magistrate, was asked:

"What brought you here?"

"Two policemen, sor."

"Drunk?"

"Yessir, both av them."

* * *

Fat Lady (to little boy at a gate leading to the river)—My young man, can I get through this gate to the river?

Boy—I guess so. A load of hay went through there this morning.

* * *

Among the answers to questions at a recent school examination were the following interesting examples of youthful misinformation:

"Gross ignorance is 144 times as bad as ordinary ignorance."

"Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it, put up in a pickle bottle. It is very hard to get."

"Burgoyne's invasion was a wonderful piece of machinery. Before it was invented everything was done by hand."

"A man's stomach is the size of its owner's clinched fist."

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J. O. Smith.