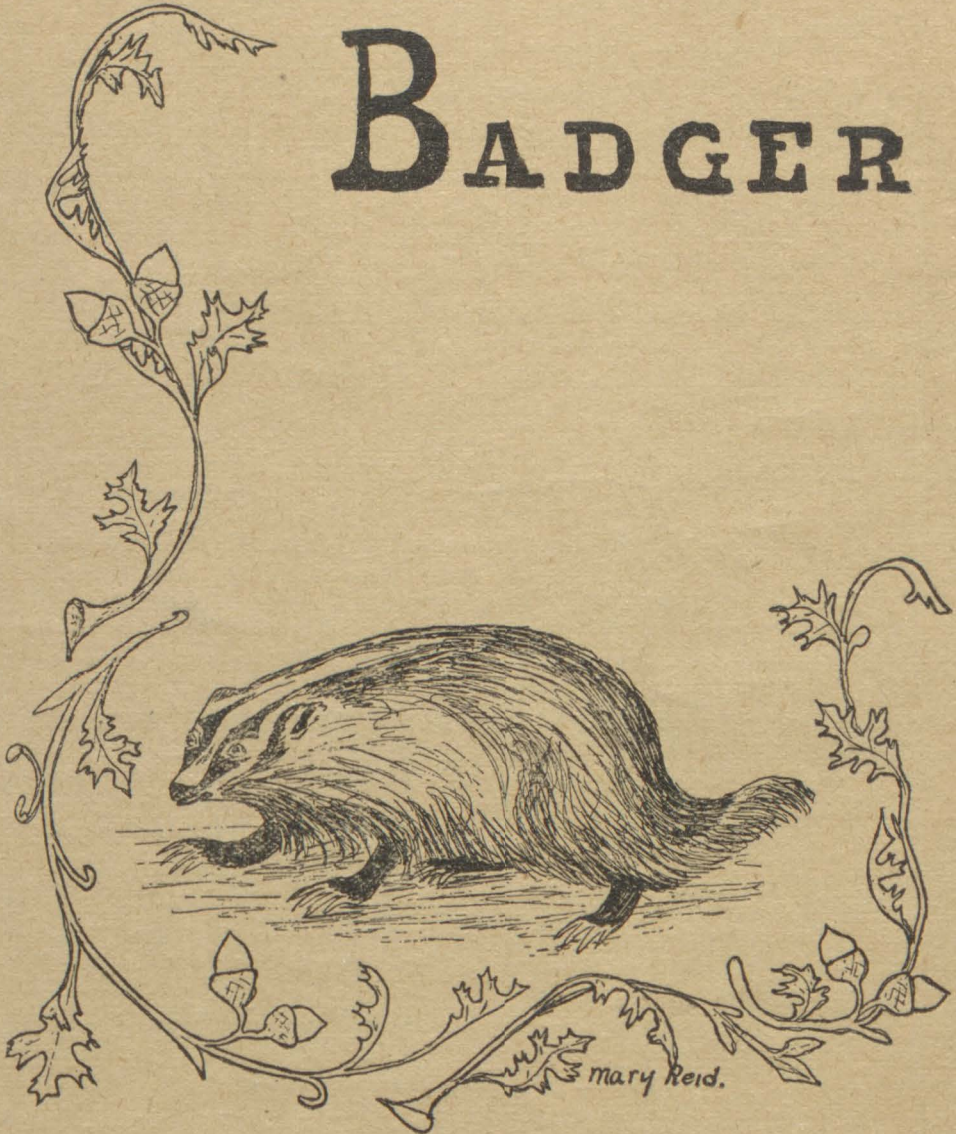


The NORMAL BADGER



Volume 5

MAY, 1907

Number 3

Journal Job Print, River Falls, Wis.

Allard-Stewart Co.

The Dry Goods Store.

We can show you the proper things in Spring Cloaks and Jackets from \$5.00 to \$20.00.

We will also have a beautiful line of materials and trimmings for Graduation and Class Gowns.

A fine showing of Hart Schaffner & Marx suits for men and young men.

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A handsome, stylish suit plays a great part in a young man's appearance.

It is true that a man may be a perfect gentleman and still be dressed in an ill-fitting, poorly made suit of clothes, but the world is sure to mis-judge him.

While clothes do not make the man, they influence the first verdict of opinion concerning him.

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We've suits from the shops of the dependable and reputable makers. \$10 to \$25.

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100 Ladies' Walking Skirts in Wool
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Just in---On Special Sale, 200 yards
25 ct. Soisonne' at 19 cents per yard.

We have the finest Gents' Furnishing
Goods in the city. Ask to see our Gor-
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interyals. Come to the NEW STORE
WITH NEW GOODS.

H. B. Vlieland

Proprietor.

River Falls

=

Wisconsin

A Few Good Things to Eat.

We will enumerate below just a few of the good things we have in stock

Try some of our fine large Queen
Bulk Olives, per pint30c

Exquisite Brand Olives stuffed
with Celery, per bottle.....10c

Exquisite Brand Olives, a good
liberal sized bottle.....25c

Nabisco Sugar Wafers,
per package.....10c and 25c

Monarch Brand Shrimp, every can
guaranteed, per can25c

Monarch Brand Round Clams,
nothing better, per can.....20c

Midget Pickles, those nice little
speet ones, per quart.....40c

Monarch Brand Lobsters, nothing
finer packed, per can25c

Candied Cherries, Pineapples, Etc.

Nice, Fresh Lettuce, Radishes, Celery, Pie-plant, etc., in our Fountain
EVERY DAY.

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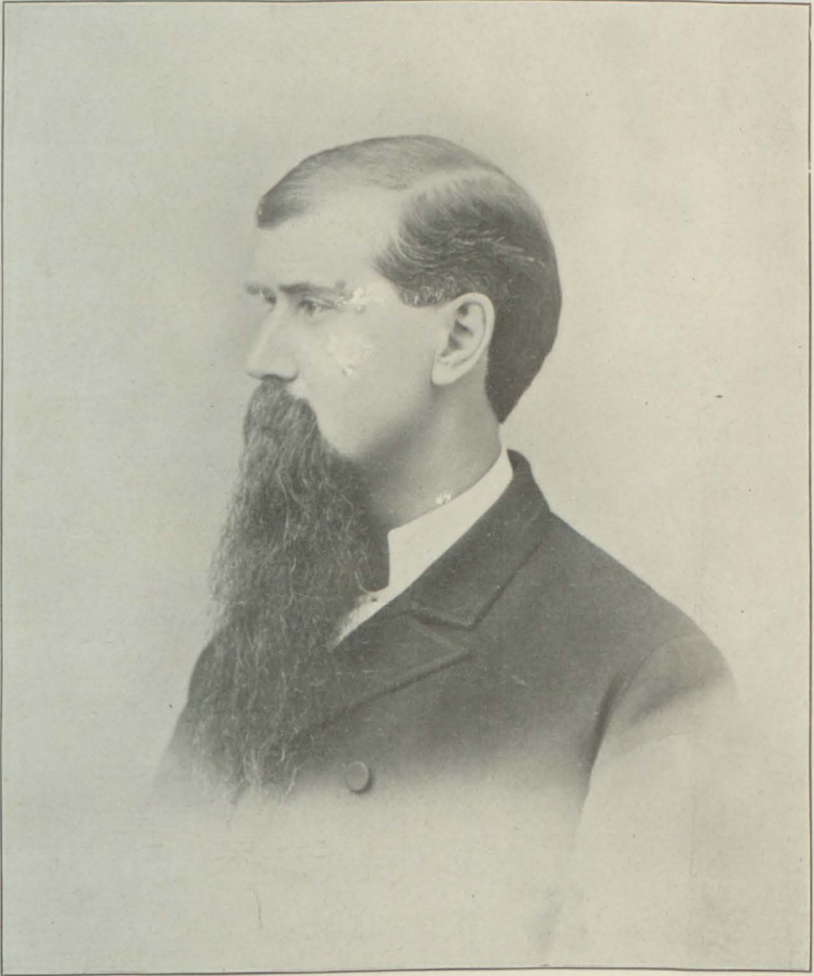
H. N. WIGER

DEALER IN

Up-To-Date Footwear. New Spring and Summer Shoes and Oxfords just
received. Best of all the Pingree make

R. N. Jenson

Gen'l Merchandise
River Falls, Wis.



President Warren Judson Brier

The Normal Badger

Volume 6

MAY, 1907

Number 3

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Assistant Editor—Ruth Daub.
Literary Editor—Oscar Klang.
Alumni Editor—Eva White.
Locals and Personals—Millie Cornish.
Athletic Editor—W. A. Foley.
Artist—Mary Reid.
Exchange Editor—Essie Junkman.
Business Manager—W. L. Hodge.
Assistant Manager—Simon Norstrom.

CLASS REPORTERS.

Junior—Chas. Sakrison, Will Clark,
Sophomore—Dan Taylor, Fay Bennet.
Freshmen—Levi Williams, Fred Short.

EDITORIAL

We often talk of opportunity as something in some far distant land, some glorious gate in the far distant future which opens the way to success. We think we must enter it or it will be forever closed, and we will never again be given a chance to tread the coveted path.

Opportunity is something practical and for us who intend to be teachers, the Normal school is our opportunity. But although the opportunity may open to us it will not come to us, we must go to the opportunity.

The question that we should ask ourselves is, Are we making the most of our opportunities here at school? If we are forced to answer this question in the negative, the logical questions that follow are: Are we making the most of our time by concentrating our attention upon our studies or are we paying more attention to some side issue in school life? Are we putting ourselves in right relations to school and faculty, thereby gaining the most benefit from social environment and contact with greater personalities than our own? Are we going to school every day that we possibly can, thus taking advantage of the efforts that are every day made in our behalf by those whose business it is to impart

knowledge necessary to the profession which we are going to follow?

If we ask ourselves the above questions and find ourselves wanting, let us make a mental resolution to take advantage of every thing good and make the most of it. Let us begin today, before the year is over. Let us remember that opportunity is not the golden gate of the future which will open when we come to it but that it is a succession of gates and that only upon entering one will we find the next open for us.

There are some things concerning which it is very hard to speak or write because we fear that we may do more harm than good. But there comes a time when silence ceases to be a virtue. The large majority of the students of this school are honest and honorable young people and think a good deal of the fair name of our Alma Mater. Now we feel that as a school paper it is the duty of the Badger to defend the fair name of the River Falls Normal School. And it is because of that feeling that we wish to inform the world at large and the few individuals who are personally concerned that this school believes in respecting the rights and property of each and every individual; that we do not think the seventh commandment has gone out of date; and that we are sure that the laws regarding stealing are not "dead letter laws."

And we wish to say that when people stoop to steal their neighbor's "Badger," instead of coming by one honestly, we are more grieved at their crime than flattered by their desire to read our paper.

Literature is the channel through which great men send their thoughts to others, and what a great effect has this literature had upon civilization! What would our world be without the refining influences of great authors like Longfellow, Bryant and Wordsworth.

By reading good books we broaden our scope of knowledge. Surrounded as we are in this school by good books, we should make the most and best use of them possible. We perhaps never again will be surrounded by such means for ready reference.

Every one will remember the surprising weather with which we were favored on April 27, and how the aforesaid fickle weather upset the plans of people in general and the World's Fair committees in particular. Now strange as it may seem, that very disagreeable weather made us think of some very nice people with whom we have had dealings.

These people, like the weather, are full of good promise, but the fulfillment of the promise is always doubtful. They do not live up to what they have given us

the right to expect. And so although they are very nice people they are rather disappointing. A snow storm in December is all right, here in Wisconsin, and nobody can reasonably complain of it. But a snow storm the last of April is quite another thing; we feel that we have a right to expect something better of April. A word to the wise is said to be sufficient. Don't develop snow storms in your character when you have led your friends to expect something better.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS

Miss Jones—I want My Old Kentucky Home. Will some one?

Mr. E. L. Bow left school to teach the remainder of the year near Elmwood.

Cupid has been playing naughty tricks on Robert and his heart is smote in twain.

Miss Ellen Wood visited in Ellsworth a short time ago, guest of Miss Maud Guest.

Orin Stiehl is a great lover of all flowers but his favorite seems to be the Violet.

Miss Shultes gave a tea Tuesday evening to the Faculty in honor of Mrs. Nief of Philips.

Spring has come with its porch parties which are enjoyed greatly, especially when there is music.

It has been rumored that the Juniors have some intelligent thoughts in their heads. Will wonders ever cease?

From the reports of the Normal fishermen it would seem that there could not be many fish left around River Falls.

Miss Pearl Currier has withdrawn from school until Commencement, having finished the work of the Elementary Course.

Mrs. Nief, nee Miss Mary Vernon, our former kindergarten teacher, spent a short time with her Normal friends recently.

Prof. Jack gave an instructive talk to the school a short time ago on "Public Officials of the School System in Wisconsin."

Miss Essie Junkman invited a few of her friends to a grand "sugaring off" party a few weeks ago. Every one reports a good time.

Clyde Bowman has recently purchased Simon Norstrom's interest in the real estate business. May prosperity attend him in this new venture.

Mr. T. (in Physics)—"You may open your 'Elements.'"

Ruth Ewing—"But none of us have any elements!" (Wise girl.)

R. F. N. delegate in Menominie—
"O see the moon!"

(The mistake was due to the fact that she had never seen a town clock in R. F.)

Mr. P. in the composition class—"Never separate infinities."

Freshie—"Which is right, 'I used to could' or 'I could used to'?"

The Seniors are very busy preparing their class play. They really have so little time for any other kind of play that the situation is becoming alarming.

Professor Wilson gave an interesting and instructive talk recently during general exercises on "The Election of a United States Senator from Wisconsin."

The Rhetorical, "A Comedy in One Act," given by the Misses Vivian Hallett and Bessie Hill, was one of the most enjoyable features of this year's Rhetorical program.

We have heard that McGray Wilkinson contemplates going into business in Paris. He was led to this move by his great success in the French Booth at the "World's Fair."

Knowing of the old rhyme which tells of the wonderful properties of May-dew, six young ladies arose at four o'clock on Mayday. Not finding any dew they wandered down the stream and while there one of the party accidentally hooked an unsuspecting little trout.

Some boys are almost as bad off as girls, so Ira said, for he told me he always arose at 5 a. m. and why do you suppose? "To curl his hair"! ! Wouldn't it jar you! !

The Economics Class have been having some interesting debates on the subjects, "Monopolies" and "Protective Tariff." Two of the members have become very proficient along that line.

Maud Guest, to some girls—"I always thought that Will Hodge was so awful pious until lately."

W. H. (unexpectedly.) Well I have had my appendix taken out.

Upon the request of their many friends, the Abyssinian Concert Company had their picture taken. Owing to their great popularity it is expected that there will be a great demand for them.

Junior, walking into the office of Supervisor of Practice—"Miss S. I want some advice."

Miss S. (promptly)—"All right, Mr. Duke, take your hands out of your pockets."

Martin's thesis is on "Wordsworth." He can be seen over in row 12 every noon, getting information on the subject and is searching his brain for a revised spelling of "Wordsworth." Do you suppose he will succeed?

Kommen Sie alle Normaliten und horen sie die abendliche Konzerte auf zweite Strasse. Die ehrte Fiedel spleier:n ist Fraulein Marie Richter. Die zuhorer sind Lillian I. Bahr und Fannie D. Mayers. Der eingang ist frei.

Winifred (Physics)—"I've heard that some singers, if they have the right tone, can break the window glass."

Mr. T.—"Did I understand you to say that the Seniors can break a window?"

[The Juniors are glad that the Seniors can do something.]

It was suggested that in the chorus of the song "The Clang of the Forge," Klang be substituted for Klang. If this is carried out we will soon hear the song revised and sung as a solo at general exercises by Hon. Mr. Klang, who suggested this fitting change.

Bert and Verna, discussing their ideals. —Bert: "Well, I like one who is 'Noble' and has two little fox terriers running after him as a means of protection for repelling invasion, suppressing insurrection and executing the laws of the union and if necessary—to execute the laws of husbandry to come."

Verna: "Well, I like one who is 'Winn'-ing and has two little faculty ladies running after him to suppress late evening calls, execute the laws of the school and to repel those seemingly innocent smiles on school mornings which tell of direct violation of the compact of the school."

Students, attention! Secure your boarding place for next year at once. All the comforts of home for \$3 per week.

Bill of Fare.

Breakfast—Oatmeal.

Dinner—Wienerwurst.

Supper—Ditto.

Sundays—Beans.

Apply to Mary Hutton.

Ike and Bobby hungry grew,

So they hied away to town

To buy cream puffs for luncheon,

Cream puffs so soft and brown.

"Green pups," said Ike with a grin,

And she smacked her lips aloud,

"Are fine this time of year,

Let's buy enough for the crowd."

Ikey steps up to the clerk,

For they've reached the restaurant,

"We would like to buy some green—

Oh, Bob, you tell what we want."

So Bobby orders the puffs;

They beat a blushing retreat.

"I like 'Green Pups,' said Ikey,

And these are hard to beat.

THE "WONDERS" OF THE CYNIC.

Once upon a time there was a feminine cynic, who lived in a glass house. Now according to the proverb, she should not have thrown stones, but being a cynic she did, and when her world retaliated by throwing other stones, this cynic sat down in the ruins of her glass house and wailed, and the wail was something on this wise:

I wonder if "honesty is the best policy" when you are telling people what you think of them.

I wonder if, "I will make me a great name in the world, but another shall do the work," is not the policy of some people.

I wonder if, "Actions speak louder than words," when we consider the actions of certain dignified people on the night of the World's Fair.

I wonder if we do not all want to preach and let the other fellow practice.

I wonder how much would be left of some people if the conceit were taken out.

I wonder if a pretty girl is not much better liked than a clever one (or one who thinks she is clever).

I wonder if the combination, pretty and clever, is not "the root of all evil," instead of "the love of money."

I wonder if this will make some people mad. And with this thought the cynic smiled and was consoled.

FUNNY THINGS I HAVE SEEN IN OTHER SCHOOL PAPERS.

Pres. (in Science of Ed.)—"Why am I not tempted to steal a horse?"

Small voice on back row—"Because you have an auto."—Ex.

The Juniors saw a patch of green;

They thought it was the Freshman class;

But when they closer to it drew,

They found it was a lookingglass.—Ex.

Last night I stole a kiss or two,

And now my conscience pricks me some;

And so to make the matter right,

I'll put them where I took them from.—Ex.

Chapter I. Maid one.

Chapter II. Maid won.

Chapter III. Made one.

Teacher—"What is the old battle cry of the Revolution which still brings tears to our eyes?"

Willy (innocently)—"In onions there is strength."

Read these papers! They are very interesting. You will find them at Seat 13, Row 15.

Blushes may come and blushes may go,
But freckles stay on forever.—Ex.

EXCHANGE.

Things Worth Thinking Of.

Guard well the motive of your actions; it will determine the character of your life.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

In this world man must be either anvil or hammer.

Who knows nothing base, fears nothing known.

Lives of editors remind us,

That their lives are not sublime;

That they have to work like thunder

To get their copy up in time.—Ex.

Speaking of the contest, the April number of the Royal Purple says: "River Falls and Milwaukee were, in a way, in a class by themselves. Both presented themes upon which the orators had thought long and deeply. Both showed earnestness and conviction and originality of thought and expression more than any others. Both productions bristled with telling sentences of high dramatic and oratorical effect. Both orators were hampered in delivery, but yet both held the audience and thrilled it. Mr. Meilahn won and we accord him ungrudgingly our congratulations and best wishes."

WANTS.

Wanted—More Practice Teachers.
Miss Schultes.

Wanted—Some more low bass for the Glee Club.

Wanted—A trust buster by the Economics Class.

Wanted—Burglar proof lockers in the dressing room.

Wanted—A new pair of shears by the Exchange editor.

Wanted—Suggestions for the improvement of the Badger.

Wanted—More Saturday nights this term by Robert O'Connel.

Wanted—Some more volume from that bass section by Miss Jones.

Wanted—A little more cash by the Treasurer of the Arcopagus.

Wanted—A paper cutter so that I can use my razor for other purposes.
Fred Lamson.

Wanted—In the future, lots of pleasant weather for afternoon strolls by the "lads and lassies."

FOR SALE.

For sale—Several winsome smiles for those who can pay the price. Apply between 5 o'clock and midnight to Mabel Booth.

For sale—Old, stale puns, rather dry and musty. Apply to Grandma Hutton. Terms reasonable.

For sale—My professorship. Price reasonable.
Oscar Klang.

LOST.

Lost—Somewhere in the lower corridor, a heart. Finder return to Ida Johnson.

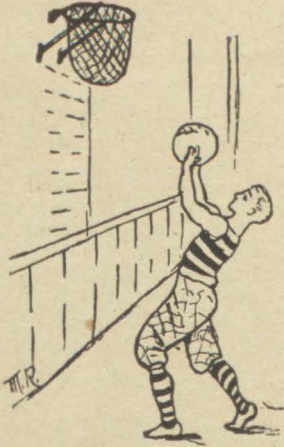
Lost—A small object, semicircular in shape, having two flat surfaces, and two sides which are square, being of solid material and dark in color. Lost somewhere between the Normal and my bed room, namely, a rubber heel. Finder please return to Clyde Bowman and same receive reward.

FOUND.

Found—A sink hole for all surplus money—Skating rink pump.

Found by Mr. Packard on the assembly room floor, treasury notes, bank notes and gossip notes especially.

ATHLETICS



Base Ball Games.

On Thursday, April 19, the Normal base ball team played the River Falls high school team. The line up of the normals was as follows: Norstrom, pitcher; Anderson, catcher; Haddow, first base; Merryhew, second base; Johnson, shortstop; Thompson, third base; Spencer and Foley, left field; Miller, center field; and Winn and Sakrison, right field.

The Normals won the game easily. Owing to the condition of the grounds there were a number of errors made on both sides. The high school boys seemed unable to hit the ball and when they did connect some of the Normal boys always got in front of the ball. The figures 12 to 0, which indicate the score, tell a story more eloquent than words.

Base Ball.

Normal, 13; Ellsworth High, 1.

On Saturday, April 20, the Normal base ball team, consisting of the following players, Manager Norstrom, Captain Merryhew, Anderson, Foley, Haddow, Johnson, Thompson, Sakrison, Miller, Winn and Spencer, journeyed to Ellsworth, where they took Prof. Scofield's bunch of ball tossers into camp by the tune of 13 to 1.

The day was ideal for base ball. As the two teams lined up Ellsworth looked younger and were somewhat smaller than

the Normal players. The Normal record to date being clear, they were determined to keep it so. Captain Merryhew selected Norstrom to do the pitching and although it was his third game for the week, he was master of the situation at all stages. Ellsworth could do nothing with his delivery, 15 of them striking out and the remainder going out on easy infield chances. Only one hit was secured off his delivery, then only after the batter had four strikes. Although he waked no one he hit two batsmen, and one resulted in the only Ellsworth score.

In the seventh inning the first Ellsworth man was hit. He was sacrificed to third, and with only one out the Normal infield was playing up close to shut off the runner at the plate. The batter had three strikes, but on the fourth one he connected with the ball, making a short hit over Johnson's head. Had the infield been playing back it would have been an easy out and Norstrom would have a no hit no run game to his credit.

The Normalites were first to bat and were contented with sizing up the Ellsworth players and did not score. The first three Ellsworth men struck out. When the pedagogues went to the bat the second time they pounded the ball to all corners of the lot, ran bases like fiends, and when the dust had cleared away they found that seven men had crossed the plate. Not an Ellsworth player reached first during the first five innings, so perfect was Norstrom's pitching, backed up by fine support. Johnson at short especially distinguished himself by making some almost impossible stops. Thompson was not to be outdone, and when he raced half way across the diamond, and picked up a hot grounder with one hand the Ellsworth people sat up and noticed. Merryhew ate up everything that came anywhere near second.

Two Ellsworth players tried to steal second, but Anderson's arm was too strong, and they were promptly thrown out. After annexing seven runs in the second inning the pedagogues lessened their pace, scoring a run or two now and then just to interest the spectators. Toward the last of the game every batter tried to make a home run or strike out. It goes without saying that we have a good team, a team that deserves the support of the students and faculty. When the next game comes, show your loyalty and school spirit by your presence and cheer the boys along, that is all they need.

Score by Innings.

Ellsworth		0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1
Normal		0	7	0	1	2	0	2	1	0	—13

Batteries: Ellsworth, Reagan and Thurston. Normal, Norstrom and Anderson. Umpire, Boomer. Time 1:40.

LITERARY

MYSTICAL HOPES.

The mystic night, descending,
Has killed the swooning day,
That sinking to its ending,
Has dimmed in gloom away.
Articulate breezes wending,
Where sense and dream are blending,
Where dreams their hopes are sending,
Where hopes and fancies play.

The restless breeze is sighing,
Half mournful and half glad;
A sigh that is not crying,
A cry that is not sad;
Its minor strain is dying,
As from the high moon lying,
A yearning hope is flying,
A dream of good and bad.

I feel the moonlight beaming
With fancy's infinite play,
And hope that comes with dreaming,
And dreams that come with day;
The high empyrian teeming
With light and beauty beaming,
With moon and starlight streaming,
And clouds that fleck with gray.

A joy that's touched with sorrow,
A gloom that thrills with light,
A hope that fades to-morrow,
A hope that's full to-night;
A joy that cannot borrow
A pain from other's sorrow,
A dream that dies to-morrow,
A dream that lives to-night.

Laurence Dake.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

A nation's greatest treasure, its great men. They stand out from the history of their times and any age is accounted brilliant or dark in accordance with the number and greatness of its leaders. Our knowledge of the lives of most great men is but a history of the times in which they lived. Superficial history deals merely with the outward acts of a man and, peering but little into his inner life, fails to reveal the depths of his character. We may study history and mark out the course of nations but at the best we are dealing with facts that appeal to our judgment and intelligence but do not intimately touch our inmost sympathies. How different when we turn to study the life of a great man! Now we are dealing with a human being like ourselves who worked with the same tools with which we work, who lived under the same conditions under which we live, meeting in life the same difficult problems we must meet.

We can not judge a man truly while he is alive. There are too many conflicting circumstances. On one hand we may be led by our love, admiration and confidence in the man to exaggerate his virtues or, on the other, malice, prejudice and distrust may cause us to underestimate them. Only after time has elapsed, after the issues for which he struggled have been settled, when all that is mortal of the man has lain for years in the grave, then and then only can an unbiased judgment be formed of his character and ability.

Over a century ago, in that time of great men, the War of the Revolution, was born one of the most remarkable characters the political world has ever

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YOU GET THE BEST

known. Born in old Virginia, of a distinguished and powerful family, having on its ancestral tree the names of the noblest men of their times, John Randolph of Roanoke, it would appear, had everything to his advantage.

It is human nature to point with delight to the men who have overcome poverty, who have climbed from the foot of the ladder. There are men who have risen without the goad of necessity or the spur of poverty, and to this class belongs John Randolph of Roanoke.

Born an aristocrat, reared amidst luxuries, he might have squandered his days in inactivity and ease. He might have enjoyed a life of idleness and pleasure such as wealth only can procure. But his active mind and his love of justice led him to a life of ceaseless exertion. Although reared to manhood amidst luxuries, he was quite unfortunate. Physically he was frail, so frail indeed as to excite pity. His temper was violent. Although a great reader he never followed a systematic course of study. He was left to act as he would, no restraint being put upon him. Thus with an undisciplined mind, a weak and diseased body, and a wretched temper, John Randolph grew to manhood.

Contemporaries disagree upon his character and life and we find many ideas relating to him. Whatever his faults may have been and however impracticable his theories may have proved, there is one proposition to which all agree. It is this: His convictions were honest and his love of liberty supreme. We are not called upon to decide whether his principles were right or wrong but we must consider the honesty of his convictions and the effectiveness of his efforts. We may not be able and we may not desire to bring ourselves to believe his political doctrines, but we may be and doubtless are willing to hear what can be said in defense of his honor and in proof of his power.

The conditions attendant upon his first appearance as a public speaker would have appalled a heart less courageous. In Charlotte county, Virginia, at the March court the people had gathered. They were excited, for a mighty orator was to deliver an address. A hush fell upon the assembly and Patrick Henry, now an old man, was assisted to the platform. In the light of subsequent history there is a solemn and pathetic grandeur in this dying speech of the old revolutionary orator, a grandeur due partly to its simplicity but more to its association with the great revolutionary struggle which had gone before. There was, too, an element of contrast in the composition, for when the old man fell back exhausted and the great audience stood silent with the conviction that they had heard an immortal orator, who

would never speak again, make an appeal such as defied reply—then it was that John Randolph's tall, lean, youthful figure appeared upon the platform. For a moment he was silent, overcome by the sadness and grandeur of the occasion. His eyes swam in tears. Then with consummate skill and delicacy he entered upon his theme. What he said is not recorded but tradition reports that he spoke for three hours and held his audience enchained by his eloquence. Thus at the age of twenty-six, in opposition to the greatest orator of his time, John Randolph made his first speech and so, emerging from the obscurity of private life, placed himself at once among the foremost men of his time.

It was his firm belief that government should abstain as much as possible from legislation. He often made this theory of his known in the expression of his favorite maxim, "Observe a wise and masterly inactivity." To this maxim he adhered during the length of his long political career and we find that his glory lies not in the bills that passed the House but in the bills that failed to become laws. He acted as a guard upon Congress and with his fiery eloquence and ready wit he attacked everything which he deemed incompatible with national welfare.

In 1800 the whole state of Georgia was agitated over a serious question in connection with fraudulent speculation in state lands. In 1795 the Georgia legislature had passed an act which granted a large part of its territory to a certain land agency called the Yazoo Company. It was found that the whole affair was a fraud, for many members of the legislature were stockholders in the company. But when the act of 1795 was repealed in 1796 trouble ensued. The state tried for several years to settle the problem but with no success. The matter was then referred to Congress. When it came before the House it was found that the speculators' claim had many friends there. The postmaster general and other leading members of the administration were in favor of the scheme and even the President countenanced the measure. Several acts of Congress had declared the Yazoo claim to be legal and the Supreme Court had rendered a decision in its favor. The people had sent in a petition requesting its settlement. Wealth and influence were on its side and every thing seemed to turn to advantage. It is plain therefore that anyone who intended to resist the Yazoo claims was confronted by a difficult task. Randolph was equal to the occasion.

On February 20, 1804, he arose among the representatives in Congress and with his brilliant dark eyes flashing fire opened the attack upon the forces of the speculators. The number of the opposition

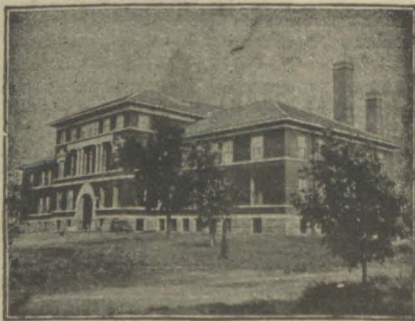
daunted him not and discerning the personal interest and corruption on which their claim was based, he assailed them with absolute fearlessness. He characterized the whole scheme as "a monster generated by fraud, nursed in corruption, that in grim silence awaits its prey." He was the only speaker against the claims but through his extraordinary power and skill he scored the ranks of the opposition and frustrating their fraudulent claims, won a signal victory—a victory and a triumph the equal of which has never been won by any other congressman living or dead. This point marks the zenith of his power. His quarterless and determined warfare made him an object of fear to one political party, while he was no less formidable to the other. He impeached Judge Chase and struck terror to the hearts of the Federalists. His action in the Yazoo affair stirred the Republicans. Feared by both political parties he had almost unlimited influence in Congress.

During the session of the eighteenth Congress a memorable question arose. The Greeks were engaged in a struggle with the Turks and the question of aid from the United States was brought before Congress. This country had but recently gained her own independence, and was therefore in great sympathy with any country fighting for freedom. It was Daniel Webster who introduced the bill and he gave one of his greatest speeches in defense of it. So great was the address that Garland says, "It was to be translated into Greek and pronounced side by side with Demosthenes from the heights of the Acropolis." The introduction of the bill was followed by another of seemingly no less importance. It was introduced by Henry Clay and favored the helping of the Spanish

American colonies which were then in revolt. Imagine if you can the splendor of that occasion. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay speaking in unison on a subject so grand, so fraught with charity for mankind. Could anyone defy the eloquence of these men, encouraged as they were by the famous Monroe doctrine which the President had just proclaimed in his message, and emboldened with the enthusiasm of their audience? It is said that one voice was raised in dissension. It was the voice of John Randolph. In his clear cut tones he startled the House from its reverie. The light of reason scattered the illusions of sentiment and both measures were laid aside, never to be recalled.

John Randolph was no compromiser. Whenever he believed anything to be just he upheld it in the face of fiercest opposition. When he believed anything to be wrong he opposed it. No power would lead him to accept it or partially accept. The history of this nation offers us no better example of moral courage. Friends and foe knew him to be a man of honest integrity.

That his memory has in no way been perpetuated speaks ill for the gratitude of the country which he so nobly served. But a single shaft has been raised in his honor and that by an individual. Did his memory depend upon marble shafts for perpetuation, then indeed would he be forgotten. But when judges of all ages shall be asked to name representatives of fearless eloquence, those men who have clung to all that is right, who have been absolutely fearless in the storming of what is wrong and who have never been guilty of a compromise with wrong, then must they reply: "Our list would be incomplete were we to omit the name of John Randolph of Roanoke."



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ing the school year.

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A BRIEF PEDAGOGIC HISTORY OF THE NORMAL FACULTY.

Warren Judson Brier, President of the Normal, was born in Baraboo, in this state, and received his early education in a country school near that city. Later he attended the Baraboo Collegiate Institute and the Baraboo High School, and then secured a county certificate and began teaching in the rural schools. Later he went to Kansas where he taught in rural and village schools for two years. Returning to Wisconsin he became principal of the Sun Prairie graded school where he remained but one year, refusing reappointment to attend the State University. After a year at Madison he accepted the principalship of the Plymouth schools which he then organized into a Free High School and of which he continued principal for eleven years, resigning to accept the City Superintendency of the Baraboo city schools and the principalship of the high school.

After serving three years in this double position he was elected Institute conductor in the Normal which position he held for nine years and was then made President of the School and has held his present place for the last nine years. At the close of this year he will have served thirty-two years in three schools.

President Brier holds a Life State Certificate secured by examination under the State Board when he was twenty-six years of age. He has held all the offices within the gift of the State Teachers' Association, was State Manager for the National Association when it last met in Wisconsin and enjoys a wide acquaintance among the school-men of this state and the leading educators of other states.

In a biographical sketch of our Presi-

dent in the Wisconsin Journal of Education of last June the editor concludes his article in the following words:

"Mr. Brier has been honored by his fellow school masters as president of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association; he has been active in institute work and in the promotion of every worthy movement for the betterment of Wisconsin's educational system. He is a type of the ethical schoolmaster holding and living up to the highest ideals of manhood and professional integrity. As an administrative officer no man has gone deeper into the details of his school duties than Mr. Brier. He knows the work of every teacher under his charge; where every class is working and what progress it is making; the individual student is always in his mind; in fact, it is this attention to details which has made Mr. Brier one of Wisconsin's most prominent educators. He is no "faddist," nor does he believe in the gush-grand-stand-frivolous methods of some modern day pedagogues. His is a serious nature and he puts into his school work that quality of intense earnestness which has made his labors in the educational field count for so much in the lives of the young men and women who have come under his instruction."

The new member of the faculty, who takes the place made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Rogers is Prof. Taylor. Mr. Taylor is a new man but has gained the popularity and confidence that his predecessor had among the students, and his success as an instructor is assured.

Mr. Chas. H. Taylor was born in Morris Co., Kansas, in 1877. His boyhood was spent on a farm. In the fall of 1898 he entered the Kansas State Normal School and graduated from that institution in the summer of 1902. In the meantime he taught one term in the district schools of Geary Co., Kansas. Subsequent to his graduation he was elected ward principal in the city schools of Argentine, Kansas. After serving one year he resigned this position to continue his work in school. After five months in school he accepted the assistant principalship of the Beloit, Kansas, High School. The following summer, 1904, he spent in school at the University of Chicago. During the summer he was elected principal of the Beloit, Kansas, High School, which place he filled for one year. The following year he was chosen as an assistant in Physiography in the University of Chicago High School. While at Chicago he continued his course in the University, completing the course for the B. Sc. degree in the fall of 1906. The six months previous to his coming to River Falls was spent in graduate work in the University of Chicago.

"THE TRIP AROUND THE WORLD."

"The Trip Around the World," conducted under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., Saturday evening, was a decided success, notwithstanding the fact that winter, in the form of a blinding snow storm, had come back to kiss us good bye.

Africa, France, Germany, Norway, Great Britain and the United States were the countries visited by the passengers who left the Union depot, Baedekers in hand, at five o'clock. Each country was represented by a room tastefully decorated with articles characteristic of that country; and as the travelers visited the country, they were made welcome and served characteristic dishes of that country.

The last country visited was the United States. Here the candy booth was a prominent feature and here the evening's entertainment was given. The Buttinski Concert Troupe was the chief attraction. After hearing Miss Earlski, Billerofski Clarkski, Paderewski, etc., all present believed the statement of the manager that "None but the best were accepted" and that this troupe far excelled the Concord Grand Opera Company now playing in "The City."

Many requests were made to have the entertainment repeated, but after due consideration it was decided that it would not be done. So all who missed it will never again have the opportunity of witnessing this wonderful concert troupe and its attractions.

The following are some of the bills sent in after the World's Fair, showing the egotism of some people:

Due to Billerofski Clarkski \$5,000 for one vocal selection. Very low at that.

Pay to Esski Junkski \$20 for rehearsing with Buttinski Troupe—40 hrs. at \$.50 an hour.

100 sets of dishes washed, 15 dishes to a set at 25 cents a dish, \$375.00. Please remit as I need the money. Johnski O'Keefski.

Miss Hutton:—Please pay to Besski Hillski 10 hrs. sleep at \$.50 per hour. Total \$50.00. Y. W. C. A.

Miss Hutton: Please accept 10 sheets manilla paper and 220 World's Fair tickets with my compliments.

Martin Steherson.

ALUMNI NEWS.

It is rumored that Luke Murphy, '05, intends to be married soon.

Miss M. Virginia Leitch, '02, who has been teaching at Zion City, Ill., has lately gone to Colorado.

John Klingman is teaching at Elmwood, filling the principal's chair which is empty from resignation.

Miss Mary Stapleton is in the Mounds Park Sanitarium in St. Paul, the result of a bad fall a few weeks ago.

Chester Allyn, '02, of Baldwin, has recently bought the Hudson Star and Times and will follow newspaper work.

Dagmar Christianson has been transferred from Grammar Room to High School at Osceola to teach German.

Miss Nellie Taylor, '02, recently married Mr. McLean of Prescott. They went at once to Warroad, Minn., where they each have claims.

Miss Stella Newman submitted to an operation for appendicitis a short time ago at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Paul. Although her condition was very critical for a time, we are glad to report that she is convalescing.

The Seniors of the High School at St. Croix Falls have been very successful in their play, "My Turn Next," under the leadership of Miss Maude Kavanaugh. They have also made a great hit with it in the surrounding towns.

Miss Laura J. Rosenquist was married to Mr. Burr A. Dickinson of Ryder, N. D., Wednesday, May 1. The wedding occurred at her home in Ladysmith, Wisconsin. The bride is a graduate of the Normal class of 1904, full course, and has taught with marked success. Her numerous friends here will wish for her the unalloyed happiness her merits deserve.

JUNIORS.

Trying to think of news items to write is parallel to the case of the man who thought he saw a raccoon when it was merely a wood-tick on his eyebrow. To get news you must be able to see things though they are not there.

Martin is taking Economics and he takes it so hard that even in his sleep he asks "Wads-it-worth?"

Miss Cook (in Rev. Gram.)—"Miss M. use 'ran' as a transitive verb."

Miss M.—"I ran a block."

Only a time and the humble Juniors will entertain the dignified Seniors and amiable faculty at a banquet. We have heard them talk of toast but none for us, once a day, sufficeth.

Whenever a joke is sprung in class,

Or pupil trips as he tries to pass,
If someone recites and we find a flaw,

You can hear O'Connell's Ha! ha! ha!

There is a boy in Senior class,

Who now is Winnie Haddow,

But if THE girl goes back on him,

He'll surely be a shadow.

He used to be so sad and mad

As round the corridor he did roam,

But now he's happy as can be,
And always whistles "Home, sweet home."

The Junior class possesses two boys of auburn hair. One has nerve but lacks the sicktoitiveness, the other lacks the nerve.

It was an honest fisherman,
That skipped the school that day,
And caught a trout—the story's out,
They always spread some way.

But oh! this fish that B. H. caught,
'Twas of such monstrous size,
That every one who saw the thing
Exclaimed with envious eyes.

But now you ask if this is true;
For proof, we name the day;
If you can't guess, we'll tell you now.
It was the first of May.

Hurrah for the winds of the springtime—
Hurrah for the walks in the glen!
For the warm gentle breezes of April,
Have started our "Win"-mill again.

Already the walls of our Normal are creaking with the sonorous words of our good Senior brothers and sisters as they practice for the tragic comedy that is to put a stop to their four years' of bluffing. At mostly any time you can hear the prima donna and leading man in a heated argument as to which of her hands he should hold in the last act. But then it's all in the play anyway.

Paderwesi went a fishing,
For to get some trout,
But all the fishes that she got
Billeroff pulled out.

Will Clark was held up in front of the Federal Building by two roadmen and quietly relieved of a horse and carryall and it was only after he had procured the services of Sherlock Holmes and my dear Watson that Will could go. Will did not know where he went, but it was Friday night anyway.

SOPHOMORES.

If you want a standing in Agriculture, don't chew gum.

Lillian has been getting "Riley" lately. The change of seats was approved by all.

Ask the spelling class if Tuesday is the second day of the week.

Prof. H. (in botany)—Human beings are Saprophytes because they live on dead organisms, animals, plants, etc.

Why did two base ball boys go to the court house at Ellsworth? They went to court.

ELEMENTARY ITEMS.

We all "get busy" at 8 o'clock.

Mildred Hawley has some literary work that may appear in a later edition

of the Badger.

March 26.—A shower was given Charles Thompson and Selma Hagelund. The Second Year Physics Class was present.

Where do you see "Deestrick Skule" written a great many times?

'Twill be from "Parson Poor's Donation Party we'll be seein' Mrs. Dusenberry's Home.

What Junior is interested in the play?

Ida Frost will give lessons in facial expression in connection with singing as soon as school is over. Rates depend on circumstances. W. Hodge will take the first lesson.

When Linda doesn't say things just right we have the privilege of criticizing her.

FRESHMEN NOTES.

Freshmen! ! Rush! ! Help your reporters make your news interesting. Make your items the most inspiring. Don't lag behind the rest.

Nearly all of the Normal proper are seated in the assembly room this term. Some of the Freshmen must feel good to have seats with the rest.

The Rhetoricals of the Freshmen May 1st were well attended by Seniors, Faculty and outsiders.

The president of this class did not get a bite Mayday? Why not?

Many of our Freshmen have been called away from school this term.

What is an apothem?

I don't know.

Is it white?

I don't know.

Did you ever see a picture of one?

No, Sir.

Would you know one if you saw it coming in the door?

No, Sir. Etc.

We haven't had geometry and don't know all about polygons, apothems, etc.

It is painful to see the effort a certain Freshman makes to be sarcastic.

Some of our number have left school to try their hand at farming in the Dakotas, Albin Nelson is one of these.

"Lost! somewhere between sunrise and sunset" a bundle of news. Will the finder please return to the reporters and oblige the same.

There are some more promising Rhetoricals ahead in the Freshman class.

The Freshmen were good; they didn't skip to go catching. Perhaps there was more attraction for some in school.

FROM THE LIBRARY.

Supposing you should decide, as you go out to teach the coming year, that you can spend ten dollars for newspapers and periodicals, which ones would you select? Which one of the dailies would you choose? We have seven supplied in the library—two Chicago, two Milwau-

kee, one St. Paul, one Minneapolis, and one Washington. Which of the monthly magazines, which of those that come weekly, and which of the teachers' journals would be of most service to you? There are over eighty of these periodicals supplied for our use while in school, and we have unusual facilities for becoming acquainted with the best current literature of our country.

Will someone make out the best list for a teacher, not to exceed ten dollars, and also a list for five dollars. We would be glad to publish such lists in the next issue of the Badger. For actual cost of periodicals consult the librarian.

With all the reference books that our library contains no student need remain ignorant on any subject about which he needs information. We have the International, Standard, and Century dictionaries; Poole's Index and the Readers' Guide for finding references in the periodicals; the Britannica and American encyclopedias, and of more recent date Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia of 1895, the New International of 1904, and the Americana of 1906. Do you know which of the above it is best to consult for information on different subjects? Which of these encyclopedias would you choose to own for your private library? Do you know the cost of any of them?

INTERMEDIATE ROOM.

The children of the Intermediate Department are, as usual, at this time of year, interested in the return of the birds. The storm of April 27-8 brought many of the birds to their doors for food. Many fed the birds crumbs, suet, etc. In spite of their efforts to help the birds, some dead and some injured were brought in on Monday. Many Hermit Thrushes came to their very doors for help. Three dead ones were found in the next few days. Others brought in were the ruby-crowned kinglet, the golden-crowned kinglet and the sora rail.

May day attracted little attention this year because of the scarcity of flowers, though some baskets were filled with candy and hung as usual.

The Intermediate Department caught 22 fish on the first day of May.

On May 10 the Intermediate will celebrate Bird Day by having a Bird Convention.

PRIMARY ROOM.

That there are moral advantages in the old alphabet, compared with modern methods, the following incident in the Primary goes to show: The class was working intensely. The word "just" appeared. The teacher quietly wrote the familiar "ust" on the board. Eyes showed recognition. The teacher prefixed the "j," but it was sounded as "k," and the result given with all the energy

of that hard working class.

On Tuesday, April 30, the second grade art teacher wrote a fine plan for his Wednesday's lesson. The children were to draw a large trout and he was to provide the model. They drew a small sucker.

"Fishing Day" proved an inspiration to more than one primary class. The third grade showed the result of devices by suggesting that the best writing should mean the biggest trout, or a misspelled word a sucker for the pupil. The teacher's string was determined by the behavior of pupils.

DIRECTORY

OFFICERS OF THE AREOPAGUS.

President, O. to Winter; Vice-President, T. J. Mealey; Secretary, Martin Stenerson; Financial Secretary, Archie Johnson; Treasurer, Oscar Klang; Sergeant at arms, Harry Bowers.

Board of Counselors: Lawrence Dake, Oren D. Stiehl and Arthur Sampson.

Board of Trustees: Frank Miller, McGray Wilkinson and Charles Sackrison.

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Officers of Sophomore Class: President, Paul Spencer; Vice-President, Lillian Langdon; Secretary, Margaret Spencer; Treasurer, Fay Bennet; Sergeant at arms, Harry Bowers.

JUNIORS.

Officers of Junior Class: President, John O'Keefe; Vice-President, Duane Haddow; Secretary, Alice Clark; Treasurer, Robert O'Connell; Sergeant at arms, Otto Winter and Alice Hamilton.

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SPORTS.

Officers of the N. A. C.: President, Chas. Sackrison; Secretary-Treasurer, Winnie Haddow; Manager, Simon Norstrom.

SENIORS.

Officers of Senior Class: President, Oscar Klang; Vice-President, Bessie Hill; Secretary, Stella Waite; Treasurer, Clyde Bowman; Sergeant at arms, Simon Norstrom.

Y. M. C. A.

The officers of the Y. M. C. A. of the River Falls Normal School for the year 1906-7 are as follows:

President, Oren D. Stiehl; Vice-President, Martin Stenerson; Secretary, Frank Schofield; Treasurer, William Hodge.

OVER THE TEA-CUPS

Mrs. Ephraim Spangler—Hostess (Bessie Hill). Mrs. Joshua Spinks—Visitor (Vivian Hallett). Scene—Room in the farmhouse. Mrs. Spangler sewing carpet-rags and singing to herself.

Mrs. Spangler or "Mandy"—"Land sakes! Here 'tis goin' on 'leven o'clock and nothin' in perticular to do. 'Spose Ephe's to the Junction 'fore this, if he hain't had no bad luck. Goodness! Don't it seem nice to be alone for a spell? Men's all right, I spose, but they're a pesky sight of trouble. Sech a time as I had a gettin' Ephe started with that load of rye. 'Peared like he didn't know where nothin' was and didn't care nuther. Yellin' fer his clean bandana like he was plum loony and there he had it all the hull time he was a fussin' and a stewin'. Ef I wan't sech a even dispositioned individual as I be——Well, I ain't complainin', Ephe's a honest man and a kind one too. Good ez the long run, I guess. Seems to me I hear some one a comin' up the walk. Shouldn't be surprised ef it wan't Mis' Spinks. 'Bout time she was a comin' over to borrow my false teeth er a dozen clothes-pins er the fine comb er the last story paper—mebbe. That there Jerushy Spinks is the greatest hand to borrow! I never see sech a woman. Oh, yes she allays has brung 'em back, sooner er later, but it kinder keeps me in suspense a wonderin' "what next?" She's a powerful reader, too. Well, so be I. This is the way I feel about it—'Taint no use to take a back seat and let things slide. Well, here she comes with a cup. Thank goodness it ain't nothin' bigger. 'Spose I'm in fer a spell of her gab. Never seen a femals that could beat her a gassin'.

Mandy—Well, howdye do, Mis' Spinks!

Jerushy—Here you be a settin' sewin' carpet rags, as sure as I live.

Mandy—I was jest a wishin' some one would drop in and pass the time of day.

(Together) Mandy—Ephe's gone to the Junction with a load of rye—some of last year's crop—pretty fair crop we had last year. Well, Ephe he went to the Junction and I was jest a wishin' you'd drop in.

Jerushy—Land sakes! Ain't this a scorcher? I thot I'd jest run in fer a breathin' spell. Josh is down in the medder to-day cutting hay and I sez, sez I, "Guess I might jest as well drop in to Mandy's." How be you anyway?

Mandy—Lay off your shawl. Set right down in this easy chair. Be careful when you set down. It's likely to go over. Dumped Ephe out.

Jerushy—How be you anyway? Seems to me you look kinder peaked. No, keep your chair.

Mandy—No, you're more tireder than I be.

Jerushy—I don't need a rockin' chair, yet, thank the Lord, not but what I jest as lief have it ef you ain't goin' to use it. (Sitting down.) Is that your new dress? Ain't it kinder saggy in that back breadth?

M.—Not to my notion, it certainly ain't.

J.—You don't think so? Well, every one to his own taste. I sez, sez I, and if mine's a leetle better'n most people's the Lord made it so. I'll give him all the credit.

M.—Seen this week's paper? You're a settin' on it.

J.—No, I haint. Say Mandy, jest between you and me and the side of the house, I think Josh is a leetle mite touched on lots of subjects.

M.—Good land, Jerushy! What—

J.—Yistiddy noon, as we was settin' down to dinner, we had a lickin' good dinner, too; Josh ain't very 'preciative, but he sez, sez he, "Jerushy," he sez, "'Them are darn dumplin's are regler jimblookin' good.'" Not that I know what that heathen word means but—Tell you, tain't every couple can live together forty-eight years next October without no flarin's up or cantankerous feelin's in all them years. Ain't that so, now? The reason is, that when I say I want a thing so, Josh he knows it's got to be so and so Josh he does jest as I say. If all couples—Good land! Here I be a moralizin'.

M.—So you think Josh is a mite off! Haow sad!

J.—Yes, I almost do. Well, as I started to say when you stopped me, we was jest settin' down to dinner when Josh he says, says he; "Jerushy, I believe them divorce fellers is all O. K. I fully agree with these newspaper fellers." And he read the 'count.

M.—Then Josh and me is of one mind on that matter.

J.—Mandy Spangler!

M.—Here she sets.

J.—Well—I nearly jumped right off my chair, and goodness only knows where I might have landed ef I had. I might be a lying on my bed of pain now and Josh he'd feel bad enough to think he'd brung me to it by his high falutin' notions. Divorce all right! 'Taint all right and you can't make me believe 'tis ef you argv all day Sunday and the

follelin' week.

M.—Jerushy, ef you'd only give me a chanct to talk a little, I be much obliged.

J.—Why, I ain't been talkin' much. You're too plaguey slow to say boo! 'Pears to me it's a sight better to have gumption than to set around and fold yer hands like a gravestun or them Arab tellers, as Longferrer writ about.

M.—Tell you, there's no use a livin' in sorrow and misery and regrettin' all the hull time over a mistake when a divorce will make matters better. I was a readin' jest a spell ago 'bout a couple up here a ways who continually fit and he'd kick the dog and scald the neighbor's cat and jaw her between whiles. Do you suppose I'd take such treatments? Not by a good—

J.—Well, 'pears to me like a man and his wife can't live together in peace, they might live together and fight like cats and dogs ruther than go to one of them air big police courts and tell their troubles. Good land! what is this big world with all its blessin's fer if it ain't so people can live peaceable and happy in their homes and if them folks what think they can't stand each others faults nohow would jest overlook some things and look over other and think how many more good qualities than bad ones, his partner has got, 'pears to me, they'd fix things up and live in peace again.

M.—That's where me and that hatchet woman, Carrie "what's er name" feels the same. It's what the papers call Female's Sufferin's, ain't it?

J.—What's that you say? I want to know!

M.—Yes, sir. Female's Sufferin's!

J.—So you've been a thinkin' 'bout that, too hev you? What air your views on that subject?

M.—Well—Jerushy Spinks, not that I'm a wantin' to put females down—sakes! ain't I one myself?—but I'm not puttin' myself into this—Jerushy, did you ever see a woman that could build a wood-shed er butcher a hog? What's more sposen a leetle helpless mouse should run under your chair. Some folks got more'n a thousand miles away would yell bloody murder. Emeline Moody, you know her pa, Jake Moody, from over near the ridge what runs one of them air corn shredders what wastes more'n it cuts, 'cordin' to my understandin'; well she kept school two terms over in Sister Mary's deestrect. She could spell any word in the spellin' book and you couldnt ketch her on figgers. But—mind ye—let a mouse no bigger'n that jest look cross-eyed at her from its hole in the floor and up she goes with her hands awavin' and she a screeching like all possessed. 'Minds me of the way my grandmar used to act when she got child-ish and had spells of thinkin' she was a angel. Pore critter! Female sufferin's,

I guess!

J.—Well, I tell you. I think so fashion. Women are jest as capable as men, if not capabiler. Jest see how these wimmin colleges bein' built up, are turnin' out regler machines of learnin'. Why my niece up Ellswin way can talk Bierology, Pisychology, all about the workin's of the mind (some folks don't 'pear to have any workins' worth speakin' of) and al sorts of logies that I never heard tell of.

M.—Can she cook a mess of potatoes, fit to eat?

J.—Kin she cook? Well, I guess she kin. Her riz biscuits don't rise up and fall down agen like those you took to the sociable, last week, nuther. I sez, sez I—Let women have their eddication and have all they can get too and then they can't git any too much for their own good or any one else's either.

M.—Well, now you're talkin' sense if ye never did before.

J.—Still, I don't know as they're entirely to blame for that. What does your daughter Sary do to that 'ere schools she 'tends?

M.—Fer the love of John! What don't that girl do is more like it. Taint my fault that she's there. Of all the foolish idees I ever hearn tell of, she beats 'em all. Says she's gettin' higher addicated. She's gettin' her voice trained on the organ—her vocal train'n' she sez—but who cares to hear la, lay, lee, loo bel-lered out all the hull day long? I used to get worried at first and fixed her up a mess of sulphur and molasses, but wan't nothin' the matter.

J.—Why didn't you try—

M.—Sech high falutin' idees about eatin'! Nothin' would do but she must give a party, a lunching, she said 'twas and she fixed out some hand bills with blue roses and pink birds runnin' permiscuous about and she writ out what they was a goin' to hev for supper. She wouldn't have no sensible Christian supper, but heathenish little dabs with greens strung around 'em and cold bilt eggs mixed in, was shove in, onct in so often. They was took off and somethin' else shove in. Such folishness! Stylish, tho.

J.—As fer me when I git invited out to lunching, or whatever she calls it—I want vittles to eat. I don't want no fancy dishes nor a little dab of one mess brought in and snatched off, 'fore you get more'n a peck at it.

M.—That's me, too. Us plain folks would ruther have some good bilt dinner—pork and potatoes and beggies and cabbage cooked nice and tender and not mushy. Well, tastes is different. Mebbe if I was young again, I could eat their choocate fuzz, too. Doubt it tho.

J.—I heard somethin' about spendin' thirty-five minutes a day floppin' their arms and legs and cuttin' up all sort of

capers in that room where they wear suits that look like Turkish men duds. 'Taint so, is it? You don't say. Well there ain't no use borrowin' trouble but if I had a daughter and she grewed up, I honestly don't know which I'd do, send her to one of them sort of schools or leave her go without no learnin'. I vum! I don't know which is worse. Guess it's a case of skip the mumps and ketch the measles, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'.

M.—They do learn some things, tho' That there paintin' in the parlor, over the sofy, Sary done. It's a dog when you stand in a certain place in the parlor but when you git right up to it, it's as perty a straw pile and as natural as ever I see. She's got a considerable talent fer art painting if I do say so, as I hadn't ought.

J.—Seems to me I smell tea a cookin'. Makes me kind of hanker fer some. I don't eat very much breakfast this mornin'. Hain't you hungry?

M.—Yes, I do feel kinder faintish. I didn't intend to get a hearty dinner sence I was alone. Just set right down here till I pour you out a cup of tea.

J.—(aside.) Pretty good at hintin', ain't I? Don't spose the tea will be fit to drink. How good it smells, Mandy. I allers did say you was a master hand at makin' tea. And your doughnuts, too. How do you keep them from gettin' soggy and lard-soaked?

M.—Well, do you know, I read a receipt in a paper that told all about it 'n so I tried my luck at it. Be they good, really now?

J.—Lickin'! They're that delicate and nice that they wouldn't hurt the constitution of a two year old. How'd you say you fixed 'em? I mean to get your resect 'fore I go home and try 'em on Josh. He's fearful finnick about his eatin', good land!

M.—Well, I use good rich buttermilk and three eggs in mine and I mix 'em up real soft. The ticklish part of it is the fryin'.

J.—I allers keep the lard just so hot and—

M.—I put a kittle of biling water on the back of the stove and when the doughnuts is jest browned a handsome fresh shade of brown I dip 'em in the kittle.

J.—You don't say! Right into the water! I should think—

M.—Right into the kittle and then I set 'em up on end in a drippin' pan on the resevoy to dreem. Have some more tea. Oh! do now ef you enjoy it. Nothin' pleases me better to see folks relish their vittles.

J.—Seems so kinder peaceful and nice to be a settin' here, just us two, a drinkin' tea and at peace with the world.

M.—Just sposin' that Josh and Ephe (course it ain't coz they couldn't that they ain't, they're both permotive men

and take leadin' parts in town meetings— Ephe bein' town clerk for over twenty years which all goes to show the respec' and high estimation that other less gifted men has of him.

J.—Well, Josh ain't one mite behind you can jest happen to recollect, not one mite. Ain't he been shuriff onct, pound-master twicet and ain't he got a good show for bein' 'sessor? Some folks can't seem to see any glory outside of their own famblies. Humph!

M.—Now, Jerushy, don't git on yer high horse. I mentioned Josh in pertikler. I had him in mind when I begun. I was goin' to say sposin' Josh and Ephe hadn't elected to run a farm but had gone off to be some of them high offices like President er Governor er railroad conductor like that Hill man er kep' a office in Wall Street where they're so near the animal cages that bears is runnin' all 'round the streets.

J.—Yes, 'n where they make gold bricks out of gold dust. Leastways, I've hearn tell of sech doings. You're right Mandy. I'm mighty glad I ain't Mis' John D. Rockyfellow to see my man a throwin' away good money to undeservin' humanity. I see that he just giv' \$32,000,000 to a General Eddicating Board, three times more than that Scotch feller, Karnagie ever giv' fer library buildin's.

M.—Good land, you don't say! Wonder ef our school board is a goin' to git any of it? Thirty-two millions! Why ef the Junction had jest a quarter of that, they could be runnin' over people with street-cars and buyin' artificial limbs for the victims.

J.—Yes and then when things was nicely runnin' one of them air tree agents, what they call grafters or them trust men what ain't to be trusted like Harriman er Tillman er some other man would gobble up the cars and we'd be walkin' in the mud same as usual.

M.—I guess you ain't heard 'bout what the legislater is up to?

J.—No! What they been doin'? Anythin' in pertikler?

M.—I should say! They're going to fix it so you can ride a mile fer 2½ cents, stid of 3. Ain't that fine?

J.—Well, how in creation is that a goin' to help us? From the Junction to Pine City is seven mile. That'll make a extry half cent and we'll see if Harriman don't pocket it. Mark my words! Talking 'bout railroadin' did you see that about that Hepburn that says senators can't go free and use their railroad fare fer pin money? My boy Jim says it like this:

Everybody works but father,

He rides around all day,

He's a railroad mogul,

He don't have to pay.

Sister Jane is walking,

So is brother Will,

So is the whole blame family

Since neeburn passed his bills.

Seems to me, that expresses it exactly. Well, now, don't this tea jest touch the spot?

M.—Have a few drops more to finish that fried cake. Tea ain't never killed me yet, not when it was made proper.

J.—Well, I don't mind ef I do, tho I can hear the doughnut splash when it goes down. Ain't this different now from what it must have been in Dakoty, a little spell ago?

M.—I should say! My cousin John's sister, Annie Seeley, that had a store over to the Corners—a millionary store it was—her half brother Sam's got a big farm out there, a wrench, they call it, and a letter come from him durin' the last cold snap, tellin' how they was freezin' almost. He said the coal and wood was all froze up and instead of burnin' would just sputter and sizzle. Sound kinder onlikely, don't it? Must be so tho fer it come first hand. Poor critters!

J.—Yes and that wan't the worst. They couldnt see out of their houses, the snow was so high and they didn't have enough to eat, all becus of them pesky railroad snikidates what I read about. Thank the Lord, we don't depend on them things fer our fuel. Our men's right arms furnishes our good dry

M.—Must be turrible there for rheumatiz. Good land! I'm glad Ephe don't live there. It's worse than the wilds of

J.—Speakin' of Rooshy. What do you call that long whiskered feller that set on the throne? I had it right on the tip

M.—You mean the ceezar, don't you? Bless his pore little heart. He must be in hot water the hull continual time. Folks a tryin' to explode him up with daminite 'bout every other minute. I seen picters of him where he was that scart that his mustaches was stickin' up straight. He's too spry to git ketched, tho. Wouldn't it be fun if they try that on our Teddy in the White House? He'd send 'em scootin' quicker'n you could say "Jack Robinson" and kill a few bears er lions between whiles.

M.—Now you're talking. Say, have you been in to Sarah Jane Smith's new house? Land, ain't she jest a blowin' in all of Jake Smith's first wife's savi-

M.—Her new rug in the best parlor, cost twenty-five dollars ef it cost a cent

J.—Ain't that extravagance. I think it's a sin. Folks is gettin' worse right along. Last night Josh read a piece about one of them big insurance men, McSomebody or other had a rug what cost twenty-five thousand dollars and it all come out of us poor folks.

M.—To think that all these years I've

been a toilin' and savin' and only usin' a rag carpet on my best parlor and that man a settin' there on his polished chair and them fine furbelows in his office.

J.—The ways of Providence is queer, but we must be resigned. There goes Pete Judkins with a load of wood. Ain't it the humbliest thing on God's earth, he haint any humbler than he is? Why, he's so humbly he's enough to make a cow run up a tree backward. And to think of his marryin' that peart little schoolma'am down to the Junction!

M.—That's what I say. One day I sez to her sez I, "How ever did you come to git hitched up with that humbly critter," and she sez, sez she, "Bein as it ain't no business of any one's else, I don't feel called to tell." No need of her bein' so uppish over a civil question. I ain't spoke to her sence ner she to me.

J.—I heard tell that Pete was sent down to Panamy near the South Pole to dig a government ditch er somethin' of

M.—Good land, Jerushy! Taint nowhere near the South Pole. I have an idee its kinder kitty corners between Floridy and Alaska. I can't swear to it

J.—I guess I know what I'm talkin' about. I read how they've been havin' plague and fever and ague down there and them things go along with the hot climate and the farther south you go the hotter it gets, so I know fer a fact that ditch is down near the South Pole.

M.—Hev yer own way, ef you're better satisfied. Don't see what good the ditch'll be fer the good of humanity in general and us in pertikler. Sav has Josh got a scrawny bay and grey? I see him a comin' ef he has.

J.—Scrawny! They haint so scrawny as some horses I've hearn tell of. I guess

M.—Must of worked 'em hard this season—'n hurry!

J.—I must hustle around some becuz Josh he don't like to wait. Men is particular and Josh is worse'n common run. I haint been in no hurry. I plum near fergot. Can you lend me a chunk of butter, size of a hen's egg? I haint

M.—I reckon I can, never mind bringin' it back. Well, if you've got to go, I'll jest throw on my shawl, 'n step down to the gate to see if Ephe ain't a comin'. 'Bout time he was puttin' in his appearance. Come over again, Mis' Spinks. I like to talk with a person like you that

J.—That's what I say. You drop in some day and get some of them pickles

M.—How'd you say you made 'em, Jerushy?

J. to M. (both walking off)—Well, I took fifty little cucumbers, cut 'em thin, etc., etc.—Exit.

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