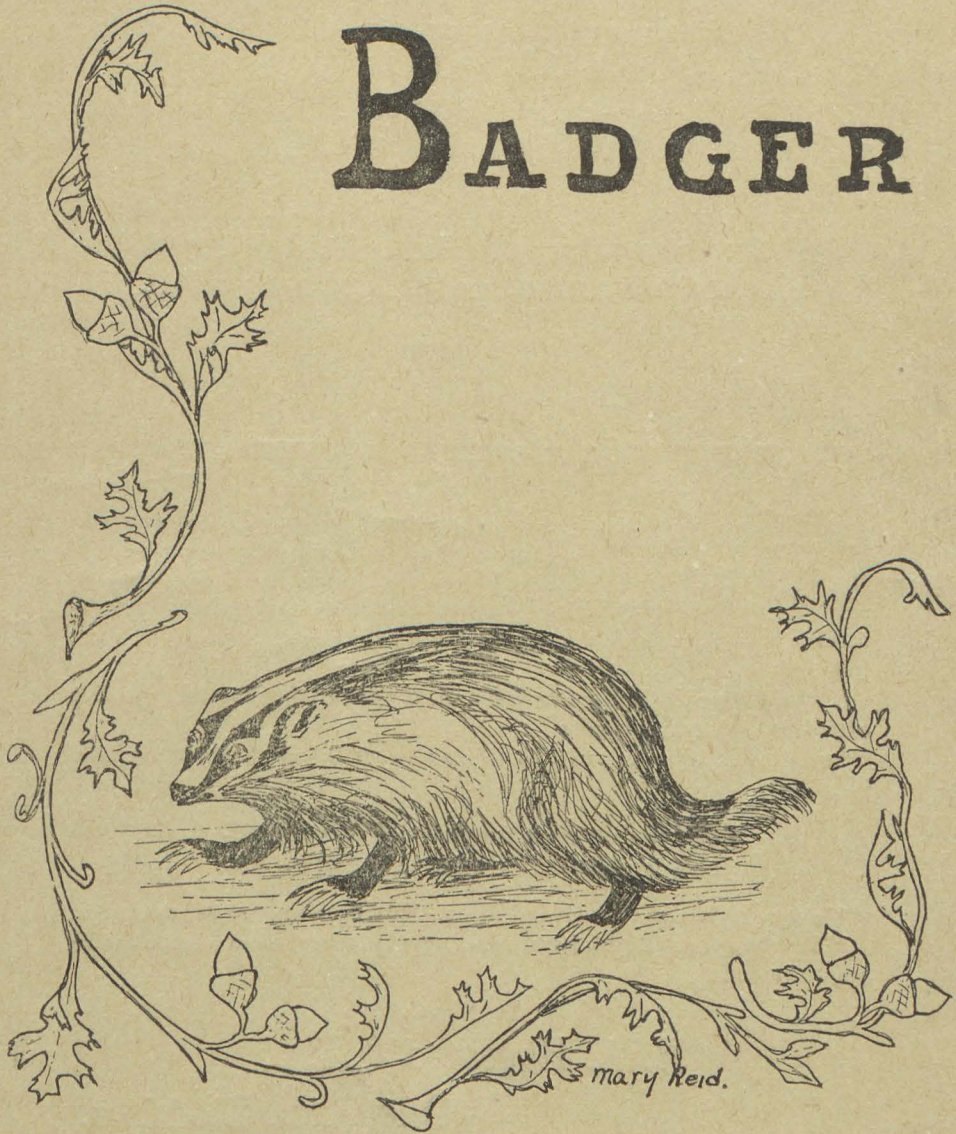


The NORMAL BADGER



Volume 5

APRIL, 1907

Number 2

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
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Up-To-Date Footwear. New Spring and Summer Shoes and Oxfords just
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Gen'l Merchandise
River Falls, Wis.

River Falls Normal Basket Ball Team, Champions 1907.



Standing--H. Rudow, g; D. Haddow, g; W. Taylor, Manager; A. Johnson, sub.
Seated--W. Foley, f; S. Norstrum, c, captain; W. Haddow, f.

The Normal Badger

Volume 6

APRIL, 1907

Number 2

OFFICERS OF NORMAL BADGER.

Editor-in-chief—Winfred Haddow.
Assistant Editor—Ruth Daub.
Literary Editor—Oscar Klang.
Alumni Editor—Eva White.
Locals and Personals—Millie Cornish.
Athletic Editor—W. A. Foley.
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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

Life is a race in which only the fittest reach the goal. Success is the goal of life's race. In business, in study, and in recreation we only experience the joy of accomplishing our aims when we have put forth our best efforts.

It is said that ours is a scientific age. It is true that as civilization advances all work in which men are engaged assumes more definite and exact handling than formerly. Athletics has not been immune from this influence of civilization. Our modern athlete has been likened to a machine which performs its work with a definite precision and accuracy. The aim of the athlete, of course, should be perfection and the professional athlete sacrifices a great deal for the sake of attaining his aim. It is right that he should, for his livelihood depends upon his skill.

Thru the effort to bring the athlete up to this standard, a great evil has

sprung up in our land. Every year our universities and colleges spend thousands for hiring, training and transporting their athletes. What does this mean? It means that our schools, in their efforts to win from other schools, are putting a great deal of attention on athletics, which should be devoted to study. It means that athletics is ascending from its natural sphere and becoming an end in education instead of a means to an end.

Why is it our High Schools and Normal Schools lose their best foot ball and base ball players? It is because every year the big colleges and universities send out representatives to pick up promising material for their teams. These college men offer inducements such as free board or free tuition. The expense, of course, is paid by the athletic association of the school. In return the athlete is in duty bound to put forth his best efforts in the interest of the team on which he is playing. Do these men go to college to study? Yes; to study foot ball and base ball. If the aim of the colleges to which they go is to graduate professional athletes, their aim is being accomplished. But if their aim is to turn out men with mind and body well developed who are prepared to meet life's mental and physical struggles, they are far below the proper standard.

Our aim in education is the symmetrical development of mind and body. If the mental and physical powers are unevenly developed, the man is abnormal. And, when athletics is made an end in education, instead of a means to an end, abnormal men are being developed.

We are now beginning the base ball season and we hope for and expect a very successful team. For those who play, base ball is a very good means for recreation and physical development. Therefore let the players put into it their very best efforts. Then, not forgetting that they must work while they work as well as play while they play, they should put their heart and efforts into their study.

We must remember that only with the assistance of a cultivated mind and a sound body may we hope to reach that goal for which we are all striving—success.

This is a world of change and even Normal School faculties are not immune. We have had changes in our faculty during the vacation. Miss Notz, our librarian, has gone south, and her place is filled by Miss Lovila Moshier of Waupun. Miss Moshier is not a stranger here for she has been county superintendent of St. Croix county, and was at one time a member of the faculty of this school. Mr. Rogers of our science department has gone west where he expects to go into business; we wish him the best of success.

The Badger and the school are sorry to los their old friends, but they are ever ready to welcome new comers. So, in behalf of the school we greet the new teachers, and hope that they will find both the school and the work congenial.

Some of the good friends of the Badger have remarked on the good points of our last issue. Many thanks to our well wishers. We do not intend to stop with well enough; we plan to make each issue a little better than the one before it, so that the subscribers who have paid up will feel that they are getting their money's worth, and those who have not, will for very shame go do it at once.

The Badger wants to teach by example as well as by precept, which is

the pedagogical way, so when we advise our readers to "break the record" this quarter we intend to set them an example by making each issue better than the preceding issue.

The last quarter is just beginning; for some, it is only the last quarter of the year; while, for others, it is the last of school life. But which ever it is, we should all try to make this the best as well as the last quarter; to make it a term that we shall look back to with pride and pleasant memories. To many of our readers, this term will be a "good-by" to school days. Let us all try to make it a merry, as well as a busy, "good-by."

There is much truth in the old saying, "all is well that ends well." Make this term good and the year will be good; if some of you people who have been on the "ragged edge" will make an effort and get nineties this term you will have earned a good reputation and the right to enjoy your vacation.

Dig up your class spirit too, and do something to be proud of. Don't let the year close with the school saying that your class is dead. Don't try to be notorious by making trouble; that is easy. But do something really original and worth while.



Locals and Personals



Marie thinks John is O. K.

Essie's ideal is a strong Will.

Ed Thomas is hunting for lost Bliss.

E. L. Bow looks lonesome lately. We wonder why.

Why does Ray Junkman like to go home every night?

Examinations are over and every one breathes once more.

There is one Freshman who seems quite fond of "Butter."

Miss Sophie Shultes teaches near Shell Lake this spring.

Is it Hazel or Blanche that takes up the P. O. inspector's time?

Wanted—A carload of "good looking" boys for the Freshman girls.

Miss Essie Junkman's Rhetorical on "April Fool" was very much enjoyed.

If you wish your fortune told apply to Mr. Williams of the Freshman Class.

Miss Helen Truesdell left for Chipewa Falls where she will teach the spring term.

Will Parkhurst of Durand visited his sister and friends for several days recently.

A new dictionary is to be published soon by Levi Williams and an editor is wanted.

Miss Lora Lovell, who teaches near Prescott, visited the Normal during her vacation.

Why was Mr. Winn so particular about his appearance the last week of the term?

The jealousy of some of the Senior girls toward the Freshy girls is almost perceptible.

Otto Winter has been elected president of the Oratorical Contest League for the coming year.

Teacher—"What are the indentations in the brain called?"

Miss—"Convulsions."

Miss Alice Clark gave a dinner party to a few of her friends Friday evening, March 22nd. Every one enjoyed very much the novel arrangement of having the guests help to serve the dinner.

John O'Keefe is becoming quite an efficient Wrighter.

Why does Mabel Booth enjoy the geology picture shows?

Clare is cheerfully waiting for May 1; she expects to catch Minnies.

It has been reported that Charley Thompson has applied for the position vacated by Mr. Taylor.

Miss Madeline Scheik, who has been attending the Normal during her vacation, returned to her school.

Miss Currier is going fishing the morning the law is out. Watch her come home with her Sak full of fish.

On Monday, April first, some of the Senior girls astonished the natives by appearing in new (?) Easter gowns.

Mr. Sharp, a former member of our faculty, who now teaches in New York City spent his spring vacation in River Falls.

The squeaking of shoes is so musical that it almost puts Simon to sleep especially when he has to walk home alone.

The Misses Eva White and Mira Currier went to Menomonie during the spring vacation as delegates for the Christian Endeavor of the Congregational church.

Miss Smith of Bayfield county and Mr. Frawley of Eau Claire, two members of the Board of Visitors, inspected the school recently.

The Assembly Room was the scene of a great conflict Friday morning. What was it all about? Why, the chickens were on the war path!

Mr. Raymond Ensign, teacher in New York City, gave an interesting talk to the school during General Exercises on "The Night Schools of New York."

We are sorry to say that four of our boys have left school. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Rudow, Mr. Beebee and Mr. Knight. Can't we keep those who remain, girls?

Little Lucile lost her shoe,
and didn't know where to find it.
She left it alone, and it came home
with Micky Pherson behind it.

Mr. Packard—"Well, Miss Loeffler, of all the poets we have studied, which do you most admire?"

Linda—"Why, I—think I admire Spencer the most."

Verna watching a Senior and a Freshman play a lively game of jacks—Freshman: "Well Verna, which shall it be, win or lose?"

Verna: "Why, Winn of course."

Miss Clark—"Why, I have a note from President to come to the office."

Miss Johnson—"O you're going to get a scolding."

Miss Clark—"Don't see why—I haven't applied for one."

Miss Ahlstrom—"Do you want to see my hero?"

Miss Currier—"Yes."

Miss Ahlstrom—(Points to a row of photographs of her male friends) "He Row."

Mr. H. in Physiology—"How many have ever seen an elephant's teeth?"

Miss Reid—(much excited) "I have, Mr. Hegner."

Mr. H.—"Where did you see them?"

Miss Reid—"Why, at a circus."

Mr. C. W. Bond, representing Success Magazine, visited our school on business last term. In speaking to some of the boys about the requisites for success in canvassing, he said that it was essential to have faith in your business.

Miss Mabel Ahlstrom who has completed the Normal course has gone to her work in Burnett county but will return to be graduated with the class of '07. Miss Ahlstrom was re-elected county superintendent by a handsome majority.

If you wish to read the Badger subscribe for it, and do not be like one young lady who kept our mail carrier waiting on the steps long enough for her to read the paper thru and then returned it with the remark, "No thank you, I don't believe I care for it."

Sakrison and Thompson took a long walk last Sunday and arriving at a certain corner Sakrison turned toward the northeast. Said Thompson "Aren't you coming my way?" Said Sakrison, "No, it is a long lane that has no turn but there is no satisfaction in that if the turn is not in the right direction."

The Seniors and Juniors gave a reception to the faculty and students Saturday evening, March 30th, in honor of the two members of the faculty who left us last term, Miss Notz and Mr. Rogers. A fine musical and literary program was given by members of the school and faculty. The speeches by Miss Notz and Mr. Rogers were among the pleasing features of the evening. At the close of the program light refreshments were served in the gallery.

'Twas the noon hour. The hum of conversation was turned on full blast. Merry shrieks of laughter greeted the ear of the listener. Cares were forgotten for the time and thots of "exams" had no power to dampen the spirits of the assemblage. Suddenly in the distance was

heard the tread of marching feet. Nearer they came and nearer. A hush came over the noisy crowd. What could it be? No friendly band, certainly, for they made no sound save by their tread. They reached the upper corridor! Within the Assembly Room were ghastly faces and trembling lips. Some of the bravest sprang to their feet and arming themselves with jack knives, stood prepared to do or die.

They entered!! Tears were over and watering mouths replaced trembling lips.

'Twas a glorious sight—that long line of Normal girls each armed with a paper napkin on which was a goodly piece of lemon ice,—Remains of the Reception—that's all.

ECHOES FROM ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL.

"First violins pull out those slides a little farther. You're out of tune."

"When are you ever going to get up your lip on that bass drum, Miss White?"

Have you ever seen Heine take his slide behind closed doors?

Fred Lamson's smile is said to be the thing that is keening the orchestra together.

AREOPAGUS.

At a meeting of the Areopagus on the 14th day of March, the members of that fraternity deemed it necessary to hold a banquet in honor of their esteemed member, Lawrence Dake, who was to represent the school in the State Oratorical Contest to be held in White-water. It was decided by a unanimous vote to hold the banquet on Saturday evening, March 22nd. The guests were to be only male members of our faculty and the members of the Areopagus.

At due time on the appointed evening all were quietly assembled in the Music Room which was tastefully decorated by some of our honorable members. The President of the Areopagus announced supper about 9:30 and we all moved toward the table. After we were all seated, Mr. Sanderson, who was there to take a flash light of us, gave orders for us to arrange ourselves for the occasion. After he attempted to explode the powder two or three times it went off. He said that it wasn't good and snapped another one of us.

After supper was over Mr. Winter called on the members of the faculty and members of the Areopagus for speeches. All members treated their subjects very skillfully but we must admit that Mr. Packard gave a fine dis-

course on the subject "Love." If you wish for particulars ask the President of the Areopagus. With a song by Mr. Hegner, the gathering broke up and each took his way homeward after having spent a pleasant evening.

CALENDAR FOR PAST MONTH SHOWING SOCIAL EVENTS OF THE JUNIORS.

March 15. The sun shone into my window.

March 16. Rest-ed from our week of gay-e-ty.

March 17. Went to Sun-day School and said the Gold-en Text.

March 18. Back to our dear old school.

March 19. Slid down the ban-is-ters from 3:15 to 5.

March 20. Went to sleep in class and fell off the seat.

March 21. Went to see the dear lit-tle bird-ies with Mr. Heg-ner.

March 22. Peek-ed in-to the ball-room and watch-ed the grace-ful Sen-iors dance.

March 23. Rest-ed from a stren-u-ous week of soc-ial e-vents.

March 24. Was bad and mend-ed sox.

March 25. Noth-ing do-ing.

March 26. Sang bass in Lad-ies Chor-us.

March 27. Went down town and bot some lick-er-ish.

March 28. Got lick-ed cause did not have my jog-ra-fy.

March 29. Went to cir-cus in the "gim."

March 30. Rest-ed a-gain.

March 31. Wore my East-er bon-net.

April 1. Ess-ie Junk-man said some aw-ful nice things a-bout the Jun-iors.

April 2. Flunk-ed in all my rec-i-ta-tions.

April 3. Ditto.

April 4. ! ! ! Exams ! ! !

April 5. Tears—Groans—Sighs.

April 6. Went home.

April 7. Went to church and Sunday School.

April 8. Lone-some for Nor-mal.

April 9. Ditto.

April 10. Ditto.

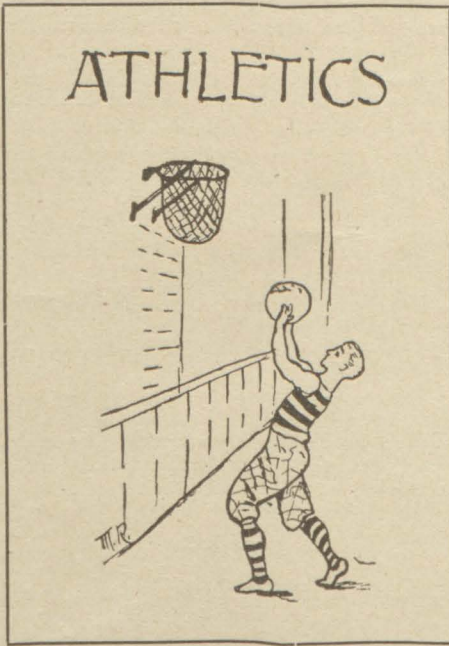
April 11. Ditto.

April 12. Ditto.

April 13. In par-a-dise a-gain.

April 14. Call-ed on all my friends.

April 15. Stand-ings.



INTER-SCHOLASTIC ATHLETIC LEAGUE SCHEDULES.

At the annual meeting of the St. Croix-Pierce Co. Inter-Scholastic Athletic league Saturday held at Hudson the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Prof. J. P. Inglis, Galahad; Vice Pres., Supt. C. J. Brewer, New Richmond; Sec., Supt. J. W. T. Ames, River Falls; Executive Committee, Supt. D. L. Hennessy, Hudson; Supt. J. W. T. Ames, River Falls; Principal C. L. Hill, Spring Valley. Schedules were arranged for base ball and for foot ball. A resolution was adopted authorizing the scheduling of games by the various high schools with the River Falls Normal school, such games not to be counted as championship games. The following is the baseball schedule—Apr. 13, Hammond at Hudson; Glenwood at New Richmond; Galahad at Spring Valley; Normal at River Falls high. Apr. 20, Hammond at New Richmond; Spring Valley at River Falls high; Galahad at Hudson; Normal at Ellsworth. Apr. 27, Galahad at Hammond; Glenwood at Hudson; Spring Valley at New Richmond; Ellsworth at River Falls high. May 1, River Falls high at Normal. May 4, Hammond at River Falls high; New

Richmond at Hudson; Glenwood at Spring Valley; Galahad at Ellsworth. May 8, Galahad at Normal. May 11, Galahad at New Richmond; Hammond at Spring Valley; Hudson at River Falls high. May 18, Galahad at River Falls high; New Richmond at Glenwood; Spring Valley at Hudson; Ellsworth at Hammond. May 25, Glenwood at Hammond; Normal at Hudson; New Richmond at River Falls high. June 1, New Richmond at River Falls Normal; Hammond at Gallahad. June 8, Gallahad at New Richmond. June 15, New Richmond at Spring Valley.

In addition to the above schedule Manager Norstrom is trying to arrange games with some of the city teams. A game was arranged with St. Thomas for April 17, but if no word is received farther, the game will not be scheduled.

The candidates for the base ball team are out and striving for positions on the regular line up. Many of the candidates are experienced players and a good team will certainly be turned out. But no matter how good the team is, it cannot be successful without the help of the rest of the school. At every game each student should be present and should aid the team by "rooting" and by buying a ticket. Shall we let the fame, won by our basket ball team, be dimmed by a poor base ball team? Then let each do his part.

ATHLETIC MEET A SUCCESS.

Juniors and Sophomores Win.

The Juniors and Sophomores defeated the Seniors and Freshmen in the track meet held in the Normal gymnasium March 27, by score of 50 to 30. The principal cause for the defeat of the 4th and 1st year people was not so much one of inferior ability, as few contestants. The 2d and 3d year classes had a much larger number entered in the various contests than did the 4th and 1st year classes.

The first on the program was a basketball game. Both sides showed lack of practice. The winning team was composed entirely of Seniors. They were favorites, and had the advantage of having three first team players, Haddow, Fo

ley and Norstrom, on their team. Two first team men, Jonhson and Rudow, were on the 2d and 3d year team. Neither team showed much team work. At the end of the first half the score was 1st and 4th year 9, 2d and 3d years 6. During the second half the 2d and 3d years outplayed their opponents and for a while looked like winners. The Seniors finally pulled together and won by one point. Final score 16 to 15.

Line up—

4th & 1st yrs.	2d & 3d yrs.
Foley, l. f.	l. f. Bennett
Haddow, r. f.	r. f. Clark
Norstrom, c.	c. O'Keefe
Anderson, r. g.	r. g. Johnson
Winn, l. g.	l. g. Rudow

Referee—Taylor.

2d and 3d years took all points in the long and high jump.

Long Jump—Thompson 1st, Clark 2d.

High Jump—Bennett 1st, Johnson 2d.

Relay Race—Johnson, Thompson, Clark, Race, 1st; Haddow, Winn, Anderson, Comstock, 2d.

Tug of War—2d and 3d years, first; 1st and 4th years, second.

The boxing match between Anderson and O'Keefe went two fast rounds to a draw.

Mr. Rogers acted as starter in all the events. From a financial standpoint the meet was a success, nearly \$15 being added to the coffers of the N. A. C.

Basket ball boys have their pictures taken.

Buy a copy of the Badger and get a picture free.

The boys greatly appreciate the playing of the Orchestra at the Athletic meet.

A new catcher's and a new first baseman's mitt have been added to the base ball collection.

We have been requested to send our basket ball picture to the St. Paul Dispatch.

Our first game with St. Thomas, April 17, will probably be postponed till later in the season.

Griffin, a former High School and Normal star, is trying out with St. Thomas. He will probably pitch against the Normal.

The boys are to be commended for the promptness with which they have paid their N. A. C. dues. The few that have not, doubtless have excellent reasons.

Base Ball.

Merryhew Captain.

At a recent meeting of the base ball candidates Lloyd Merryhew, of Hammond, a Junior, was elected captain of the base ball team. Hammond is noted for its base ball players and Mr. Merryhew is no exception. He will make an ideal captain. He has experience as player and captain of the Hammond High School team.

Suits Distributed.

The suit committee consisting of Merryhew, Foley, Anderson, Norstrom and Haddow have given suits to the following candidates: Norstrom, Merryhew, Anderson, Foley, Haddow, Winn, Thompson, Johnson, Sackrisson, Race, Spencer, O'Connell, Clark and Miller.

When You Buy Goods at Norsengs'
YOU GET THE BEST



LITERARY



At a recent social tea in Miss Shultes' office the following "Farewell Ode?" to Miss Notz and Mr. Rogers was read:

It's meself that is gravin'
At thoughts of the lavin'
Of thim that is goin', och hone!
They heve stood by their wurk
Wid niver a shirk
And niver an audible groan.

It's meself would be tellin'
The feelin's that swellin'
And fillin' me heart wid such pain,
That me idees are hazy,
And me words are so crazy
That me meanin' they'll niver explain.

But it's this I'd be sayin',
And this I am prayin',
That wheriver your pathway may lie,
You'll be findin' your pleasure
In bountiful measure
And success wid your efforts comply.

And whin in your roamin'
Your lot you're bemoanin',
And sighin' for friendship sincere,
May you thin be recallin'
The sorrow befallin'
Your cronies left desolate here.

And may you ne'er be forgettin'
And niver regrettin',
The one's who've been sharin' your load,
And who'll iver be mindin'
Yoursilves to be findin'
At some meetin' place on life's road.

Be me soul, 'tis appalin'
In fate to be callin'
You far from your cronies, och hone!
And the farewells we're sayin'
Are mixed wid our prayin'
That sometime we'll be meetin' again.

A BALLARDE OF MEMORIES.

When dusk is heavy in the air,
And low along the western sky,
The sunset glimmers sweet and fair,
And golden tints fade out and die;
I build me castles broad and high,
Rock-walled, and centuries old and gray,
And dim around the turrets fly
The memories of a by-gone day.

The castle keep holds jewels rare,
A voice of hope, a love-lit eye,
A lock of waving golden hair,

A bitter word and a broken tie;
Far down the donjon-keep they lie
Where endless night holds double swav,
In darkness dimly slipping by,
The memories of a by-gone day.

Beneath the moon-beam's misty flare
The stars are peeping pale and shy;
Across the meadow, none knows where,
The night's foreboding, plaintive cry;
A whispered moan, a breathless sigh,
A wordless voice from far away;
From out the darkness, crowding nigh,
The memories of a by-gone day.

L'ENVOI.

What matters it that you and I
Once dreamed where scented breezes
play?
The dreams are past, I know not why,—
The memories of a by-gone day.

—Lawrence Dake.

But listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of the record of the Freshman year.
Hardly a one of them is bright
Or ever does his work up right;
But in the assembly room all day
Whisper and do nothing else but play.
They know not how to act in school,
But that's but a joke of April Fool.

Attend to my words of the Sophomores
Who are never seen within the stores
After four o'clock P. M.,
But they hie them home to study till ten.
They never would look across the aisle,
Even when President's gone for awhile.
They could not possibly break a rule,
But that's only a joke of April Fool.

O Juniors! it pleases me to tell
Of the many things you do so well,
Of the spreads you have on Friday night,
And yell for our orator with all your might,
And keep our school from being dead
As if our shoes were filled with lead.
You are the models in our school,
Do you believe it? April Fool!

The most painful task I still have left
To tell of the Seniors of sense bereft,
Who write notes and talk the livelong day,
To while the precious hours away.
In fact they haven't a bit of spunk,
But in their lessons always flunk;
They've ruined the name of this good school,
But wait a moment—April Fool!

The Normal Badger,

River Falls, Wis.

Vol. 5

April, 1907

No. 2

Published monthly at River Falls, Wisconsin, by the Senior Class of the Normal School during the school year.

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ALUMNI NEWS.

Andy Deneen, '03, is attending Pratt Institute in New York.

Urias Finn of Deer Park was at home during the Easter time.

H. J. Niehaus has just been elected superintendent of Buffalo county.

Miss Rhoda Hunt, '02, is teaching successfully in the city schools of Seattle.

Miss Virginia Wales of Faribault, an alumna of this school, was a caller here March 18.

Miss Kora Ellis, '03, has recently been married to H. A. Rudesill and is living in South Dakota.

Edwin Greene, Principal of School at Wilson, talked to the Economics class one day last term.

Any news relating to the Alumni of this school will be gratefully received by the Alumni manager.

Oscar Aastrud, '05, of Wilson, stopped here on his way to Beldenville where he spent his spring recess.

Miss Olive Chinnock has accepted a position near St. Croix Falls where she will finish the school year.

Miss Elsie Meigs, '06, who is teaching at Menomonie, spent part of her spring vacation visiting friends here.

Miss Vidal Finley, teacher in the schools at Stillwater, spent a day at Normal during her spring recess.

Miss Katherine Snodgrass, '02, a teacher in the public schools of the city, visited the school during her vacation.

Mrs. Kate Whitehead of St. Croix Falls and Miss Mabel Keith of New Richmond were callers here last term.

Miss Maude Kavanaugh, '06, visited Miss Saby at Easter time. She is teaching in the high school at St. Croix Falls.

Frank Otis, '03, who has lived in La Junta, Colorado, the past year, shook hands with old friends here a few weeks ago.

The many friends of Miss Eva Williams are glad to hear that she is recovering so rapidly from her operation for appendicitis.

Warren Clark and Miss Margaret Brown, teachers in the Hammond schools, were visitors here during their spring vacation.

Miss Helen Beauregard, teaching at Eau Claire, has been very busy of late teaching the young idea how to paint Easter eggs instead of how to shoot.

Glen Junkman of Pittsville, and Adolph Mommsen of Arkansas, graduates of the Normal in last year's class, came back to their Alma Mater for a few days last month.

Among the many former students of this school back during the holidays were Eulalia Weisend of St. Croix Falls, William Segerstrom of Independence and Raymond J. C. Chinnock of Apollonia.

Miss Edith Webster spent Easter at home but had to return to Turtle Lake Monday. The erection of the new school building there caused a delay in commencing the fall term so that they had no spring vacation.

Mr. W. N. Mackin, County Superintendent of Gates county, was re-elected, the other candidates, at the request of the teachers of the county, having withdrawn. He graduated from the River Falls Normal School in the class of '95.

Lloyd Tombleson, '05, was in this city enjoying himself while the students were very much depressed with the thots of coming examinations. After spending a couple of days here he returned to Grantsburg to preside over the schools of that place.

Miss Crissie Otis died at La Junta, Colorado, March 14.

When sixteen years of age she commenced her career as a teacher and taught very successfully. In 1894 she moved with her mother and brother to River Falls, where she attended school for a while. She then accepted a position in the Prescott schools and taught there three and one-half years. Returning to River Falls, she again attended the Normal and graduated in 1903. The next year she taught at Independence and the following year she went to Knapp where she taught two years. Then her health failed and in July, 1906, she went with her mother and brother to La Junta—too late to receive benefit from the change in climate. She was in all respects a lovely woman and the

mother and brother have the heartfelt sympathy of hosts of friends in their bereavement. The remains were taken to her old home in Maiden Rock for interment.

JUNIORS.

They say that the Juniors are sleeping,
They say that the Juniors are dead,
Perhaps they say it in blindness
As such things often are said;
But the one who started that story
Cannot surely be overly wise,
Or he'd think of the honor and glory
For the Juniors, when Duke took the prize.

He'd think of the good recitations
The Juniors are giving each day,
While the Seniors in their stolid stations
Sit still, and can't think what to say.
Just think of the time spent in chorus,
Which a Junior is ne'er known to flunk,
And singing the do, re, mi, re, mis,
And learning two octaves to jump.

Then consider their work in gymnastics,
The Seniors of course feel quite small,
To think, that in spite of their practice,
They win, really, nothing at all.
And so we might go on forever,
Tho perhaps this will be just enough
To prove that the Juniors are living,
And don't have to put up a bluff.

That the Juniors are physically, if not mentally, superior to the Seniors was proven in the Athletic Meet.

Our class is reduced in numbers this term, owing to those who have left to teach. Let us make an effort to improve the portion of the class that still remains.

SOPHOMORE.

Wanted—by the members of the Junior class, a detective to hunt for a lost pillow. Apply to the President of the Sophomore class.

Who got the first prize in the N. A. C. meet?

Sophomores and Juniors.

Who got the booby prize?

Freshmen and Seniors, of course.

Get wise—Join the Sophomore class.

Wanted by Freshmen Boys—Stiff hats. They are not aware of the fact that they don't manufacture them with green crowns.

Row 5 seat 5 seems to have a great deal of attraction for Oscar Weberg. There is some thot of sending a petition to President to have his seat changed.

Annie Leoffler is a great student of Scripture, she even takes Paul with her as a studv in her daily walks.
I crossed the bridge at midnight,
When the clock was striking the hour,
And I heard the soft voice of Mabel E.
A talking to Harry Bower.

FRESHMEN.

Re-ri-Re-ri-ra-ri-ru

Freshmen, silver gray and blue.

Well the Freshmen had the sleigh ride for which so manv of them longed.

One of our number is sorry to see the snow go, because he has been deriving a great deal of pleasure from it lately. Too bad he did not begin earlier.

The following conversation is known to have taken place between two Freshmen: "Say, they've got a job for some one down at the restaurant, don't you want it?" "Yes; what is it?" "Wheeling holes for doughnuts."

Since the sleigh ride the Freshmen have lost all interest in class meetings. Why?

Students studying physics will find a good illustration of the principle that "positively electrified bodies attract negatively electrified bodies," in the Freshmen class.

We are not ashamed of the work we did at the Athletic contest, March 29.

The president of our class needs a helmet to protect him from sudden attacks upon his face.

The Freshmen Base Ball Club has chosen Thomas Riley manager, and Earl Brown captain. This means an active season.

Why is it that the Junior and Sophomore boys are so interested in that one Freshman?

ELEMENTARY ITEMS.

Wanted—100 boys for the Elementary class, before those that belong drop out.

Buttinski licenses may be received by applying for the same at the reporter's office within ten days.

The Elementaries expect to meet on or before June 30, 1907.

Lost—a spoon with the initials J. W. M. A. Finder please return to Julia Wadsworth.

Guess who seconded the motion for inviting outsiders to Elementary functions.

Our class contains many useful and necessary phenomena and people such as:

1. Frost.
2. Mealy (potatoes).
3. Old Sun.
4. Jack's Son.
5. Corneal's Son.
6. Watt's Son.
7. Saxon.

Exchanges

"Good music creeps on the spine."—Ex.

"Culture is taking part in what others are."—Ex.

If you really wish to enjoy these foreign papers read them for yourselves.

"A good teacher learns more from his students than they learn from him."—Ex.

You will find the "Exponent" in the library. Read it and then read it once again.

Miss M.—"The only original thing in me is original sin."—Ex. Is this your sentiment too?

Read the poems in The Normal Advance. They are worth your time and may inspire you to noble deeds.

"Paw, what is a talking machine made of?"

"Well, the first one was made of a rib."—Ex.

Look in the February issue of Royal Purple for sympathy on your state of mind this week of all weeks—examination week.

"What you were yesterday and what you are today is determining whether you will fall or stand in the crisis of tomorrow."—Ex.

We have not a great number of papers on our exchange list as yet, but inasmuch as ours is a young paper we do not consider this a serious fault. We hope to make our list a little longer each month.

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

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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.



THE JEW



By Lawrence Duke

Nineteen hundred years ago the cruel tragedy of Calvary was enacted; the fiendish hatred of a corrupt and hypocritical priesthood crucified a God; and from that day to this there has been a ban upon the race that approved of this most inhuman crime. Upon them fell an awful retribution. The sins of the fathers were visited upon the children, not only to the third and fourth generations, but for nineteen dreary centuries.

But in spite of ban and persecution, the Jews have lived and worked through all the years, and now they are the oldest civilized nation in the world. Their origin dates back at least two thousand years before the birth of Christ. They were contemporaneous with ancient Egypt, they saw the rise and fall of Babylon, the Persian Empire long since passed away, they witnessed the decay of Greece and Rome, and still they live. The heroes of Egypt, of Babylon, and of Persia are but myths, the noted men of Greece and Rome are known to scholars only, but the Jewish heroes live and breathe.

For long centuries, persecuted with restless fury, scattered far and wide throughout the nations of the world, they still cling to their nationality with a tenacity of purpose almost superhuman in its energy. The world's history reveals no other race with such inherent strength, and such a magnificent reserve of self-sustaining power. These are the characteristics that modern nations most lack. We need this strength and this self-sustaining power. We need the Jew. Civilization needs the Jew.

Three thousand years ago, the Jews gave to the world a lawgiver, and down through the ages, the laws of all civilized nations have been permeated by the Mosaic code. Examine, if you will, the statute books of our own or any other Christian nation, and all you find there that is truly fundamental, you can trace to the code of ancient Israel.

Moses was the first great statesman,

and from his time the Jews have been a race of statesmen. Almost every modern nation counts a Jew among its men of fame.

Castelar was the acknowledged leader of Republicanism in Spain. Twice he was forced to leave the country, his very life in danger, but still he clung to his party and his beliefs. Laskar was the great protector of German liberties. Gambetta has well been called the second man of destiny. The great Republican of France, he opposed the French Empire with all his power. In the darkest hour of France, he championed freedom. At the time of the famous Prussian invasion, he again and again risked his life in the vain attempt to check the advance of the invaders. Undismayed alike by enemies without and within, scorning fear he strove long and bravely for his country's welfare.

But there was another whose life work and whose history are more worthy of consideration. Born the son of a despised Jew, the offspring of an outcast race, with dauntless energy and with unconquerable strength, he strove against overwhelming odds. Made the butt of ridicule and insolence, laughed at and hissed at, friendless and alone; still step by step he surmounted the innumerable obstacles that scorn and hate strewed in his path, until at last he became a member of the English Parliament. But even this was not to be the limit of his achievement. By untiring effort and unswerving purpose, he forced himself to the leadership of the Conservative party, the highest position of English political power, and carved for himself a name that will stand forever. Where in the annals of any race will you find another such? Where in all the pages of political history will you find a man that for strength of purpose, for matchless zeal, and for unbridled energy can equal Benjamin Disraeli?

Have such men as these no claim upon the world and its rewards, no claim

to honor and to recognition? Year by year, century by century, laboring under persecution and hatred, they have been adding to the increment of the world's strength. Year by year they have strown and they have not gathered, they have planted, and the world has reaped their harvest. And what has been their reward?

Go back with me, if you will, to the Spain of Mediaeval times, the sunny land of Jewish choice. There it was in 1492 that, instigated by the leaders of the inquisition, Ferdinand and Isabella signed a decree that the Jews, numerous and powerful as they were, should be banished entirely from the realm. Upon learning of their fate, Arabanel, a Jew of great wealth and exalted rank, forced himself into the presence of the sovereigns, and casting himself at their feet, implored their interposition, but in vain. When he saw that entreaty availed him nothing, he offered to pay into the royal treasury three hundred thousand ducats, if the edict might be revoked, but his pleadings were unheard. Under the direction of the inquisitor general, hundreds of thousands of Jews were banished to Morocco and Algiers. Footsore and weary, with sinking hearts, the long line of outcasts filed slowly by. See the mournful procession, gray haired fathers and mothers, fair faced maids and weeping children; list to the mournful song as they gaze for the last time on the homes they love so well; see the ships vanish in the blue distance; then imagine, if you can, the awful scene of slaughter of slavery worse than death, as they reach the inhospitable shores of Africa.

Think of the inquisition of the early centuries, with its horrible, inhuman tortures. Hosmer well describes it, in his history of the Jews. "Seated," he says, "in some vast or frowning castle, or in some sunless cavern of the earth, its familiars in every disguise, in every corner of the land; its proceedings utterly secret; its decrees overriding every law; it would be impossible to draw a picture which would exaggerate its accumulated horrors. Men and women disappeared by hundreds, suddenly and completely, as a breath annihilates the flame of a

lamp, some gone forever, without a whisper as to their fate, some to reappear in after years, halt through long tortures, pale and insane through frightful incarcerations." None were spared, gray hairs and honor, youth and innocence, alike fell before the fury of the inquisition. See that gray haired father in Israel as they bind him on the rack and with fiendish hatred tear him limb from limb! See this tender maiden, as with devilish cruelty, they thrust her fair white hands in tanks of boiling oil, and laugh in triumph to hear her shriek of agony. Go down into the deepest dungeons of the Spanish prisons and see them waste away and die, alone, unmourned; then return again to the light of day only to see the horrors renewed. Go with me to the "Auto da fe" of 1680, in honor of the marriage of Charles II. The dungeons yawn and a ghastly group of fifty-four haggard Jews,—men, women and children,—creep before the Royal box. There stand the stakes, the victims are bound, the fuel is piled with ingenious cruelty to prolong their suffering. The darkness deepens, the lurid flames light up a scene of hatred and death, a Spanish Holocaust.

But not to Spain alone must we look to see the drama of Jewish history completed. The whole of Europe was one vast theater in which act after act of the bloody tragedy took place. Let me picture to you one of the saddest scenes that England has ever witnessed. See that castle crowded with Jews as they await the dreaded onslaught of the Christians! Resistance is useless. In despair they fall upon each other, and thus die to escape the agony of torture. Five hundred helpless victims of fanaticism. And such a scene in Christian England.

Nor are these isolated cases. Authentic history records scene after scene of exile, scene after scene of blood and torture, scene after scene of wholesale death. If these pictures seem overdrawn, or if you think these days of persecution past look at the Russian Jew of today; and week after week hear these stories duplicated by slaughters scarce less horrible.

No such scenes of blood and torture

stain the pages of our history, and yet, even in our own land, the Jew is an outcast, hated and reviled. His name is a by-word in every mouth, a synonym for everything that is greedy and rapacious. Taunt, hatred, social ostracism, and even mob violence follow him wherever he goes. But why? Why this scorn and hatred, this ostracism and persecution? You say it grows out of his character and disposition. Aye, and I tell you, nineteen centuries of subjection and cruelty will develop undesirable traits in any race. I care not how pure may be the motives of a people, I care not how they may struggle against downward tendencies; subject them for any considerable time to active persecution and you instill in their breasts a thirst for revenge, and a hatred for mankind. And the Jew is no exception to this rule. If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, shall he not revenge? If he is like you in the rest, shall he not resemble you in that? If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge! The villiany you teach him he will surely execute.

Whatever undesirable traits the Jew may have developed as a result of these nineteen centuries of subjection, we must lay at the door of Christendom, and the time has come when reparation is due him. This is no matter of sentiment, it is a matter of simple justice.

What the Jews are and what they have accomplished, demand recognition. They are a race strong in their physique, strong in their statesmanship, strong in their nationality, strong in all those qualities that the world today most needs. They are a race, who, regardless of persecution, have been a positive factor in

every great line of advancement. They are a race who have overcome every obstacle, who have surmounted every barrier, and who have wrought for the whole world wisely and well. In spite of scorn, in spite of persecution, they have steadily and surely mounted upward. Defying the inquisition, the dungeon and the stake, they have given to the world such men as Gambetta and Disraeli.

Whatever their faults may be, they have certainly won a claim to the admiration and brotherhood of the whole world, a claim to that eternal justice which we profess to make our guiding law. Where, in all the magnificent history of the world's progress, will you find another race that, through the terrors of such a persecution, have clung so tenaciously to their nationality, have so influenced and permeated the world's thought or have accomplished such glorious achievements? Where will you find another race that possesses, within itself, such splendid powers for overcoming odds? And where will you find another race that, having achieved so much, and have added so freely to the world's success and progress, have been requited thus with contumely and scorn?

For nineteen centuries they have sown and the world has reaped their harvest; for nineteen centuries they have striven, and the world has rewarded them with oppression; for nineteen centuries they have sought equality and recognition, and the world has yielded them subjection.

Now in this dawning twentieth century, the time has come when we should grant them the rights their labor demands, when we should reward them, not with oppression, but with mercy; when justice should take her unhindered course, until the world has yielded them ungrudging recognition, and unstinted honor.

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