

The
**Commencement
Badger**



June 1911

State Normal School

River Falls, Wisconsin

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

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

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

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

Tuition is FREE

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

FURTHER INFORMATION

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

H. L. WILSON.

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PRESIDENT H. L. WILSON

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The Normal Badger

PUBLISHED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF THE RIVER FALLS STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

STAFF

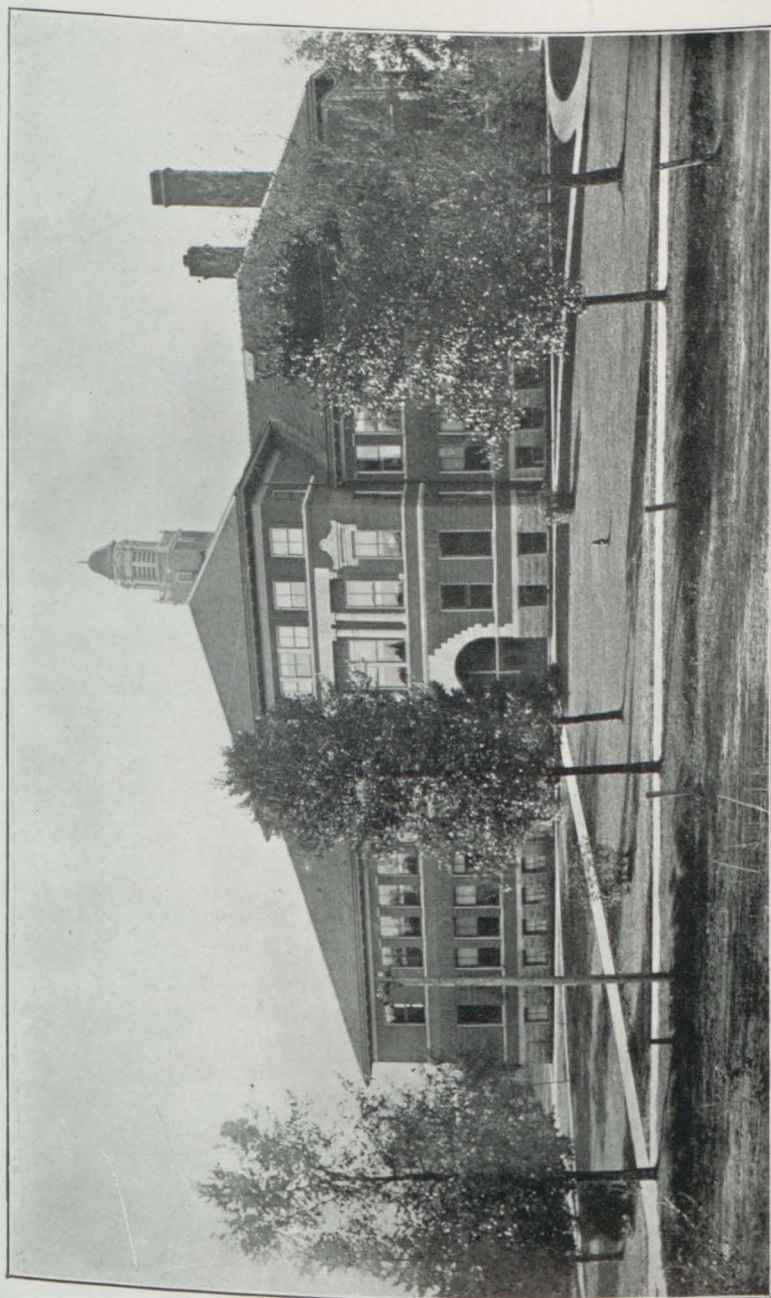
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NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING.

The Normal Badger

NINTH YEAR COMMENCEMENT 1911 NUMBER FOUR

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

We greet thee, dear old Normal
The school we all adore,
With cheerful halls and pleasant rooms
We love thee more and more.
Thy rooms will look deserted
With the class of 'leven gone,
But the class of twelve will follow
And push the things along.

Our Junior days are over,
Those happy, wistful days.
But happy memories linger nigh
To fill the vacant rays.
Our victories we'll remember
With fondest, cherished thoughts,
And we'll wave our Junior banner
Above the towering oaks.

The year has passed so quickly,
The Seniors now depart.
We'll miss their pleasant faces, bright,
And words that touch the heart.
And may the future years
All their school day hopes fulfill,
And bring to each one gladness,
And Normal memories, still.



SENIOR BADGER STAFF



EDITORIAL



The New Staff

THE NEW STAFF has taken charge of the "BADGER." We are glad to serve the school and are proud of the honor and responsibility which has been given us. It is, nevertheless, with trembling hand that we begin our duty of editing the "BADGER." To go on with this work, which has been so beautifully done by our capable predecessors, is no small task.

The "BADGER" does not belong to the staff, but to the entire body of students. We are your representatives and so with your help we trust to get out a paper which will be a credit to our school.

We have worked hard to make this June issue an attractive and interesting number, but have been somewhat handicapped in the way of funds and material for its publication. Trusting that next year everyone in school will consider it a duty and privilege to write something for the "BADGER," we wish you all a pleasant vacation.



Seniors Farewell

THE TIME IS HERE when it becomes necessary for the teachers, students, and practice classes to say good-bye to the Senior Class. It is indeed hard for us to see you go, Seniors. We hope it is just a little difficult for you to leave, without some feeling of regret. We hope the class rooms, the assembly hall, the corridors, campus and all have won a corner (or perhaps more) in the hearts of the departing class.

It is not for the "BADGER" to play the part of a prophet and predict great things for each of our Seniors but we beg permission to wish the class of 1911 great success. No matter whether you teach, go to the university or college, or whether you are to enjoy leisure and live in luxury, we wish you unbounded luck and happiness.

A WORD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the faculty, the retired staff, and fellow students for the many helps and suggestions they have given us. Come again.



LITERARY



THE COMMENCEMENT PIG

BY DOROTHY TAGGART '14.



THE HIGGINS', a very poor family, lived in a little unpainted, uncared for house, almost on the edge of "Nowhere." The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, Eleanor Higgins and four little Higginses.

Mr. Higgins was a small lanky fellow, with sorrowful little green eyes. He looked as if he were a mistake from beginning to end. Whenever anything went wrong about the place, he attributed it to his "natural unluckiness." The source of the affair could usually be traced to Mr Higgins' laziness.

Mrs. Higgins was a tiny little woman, with a wistful look in her eyes and a pathetic droop about her mouth. Mrs. Higgins was never unlucky except when she married Mr. Higgins.

Eleanor, the oldest child, was a beautiful girl of eighteen and the pride of her father's life. She could persuade her father to do anything. This was quite an accomplishment, considering that Mr. Higgins was as stubborn as a mule, and that when once he made up his mind nothing on earth could make him change it—except Eleanor.

Eleanor disliked the life on the farm; she hated everything connected with it, especially the farm animals. So the family was not surprised when Eleanor persuaded her father to allow her to enter a neighboring State Normal School. From this school she was soon to be graduated.

The rest of the household, the four hungry looking youngsters, went to school when they had enough clothes and food, which was seldom.

At the time this story begins, the Higginses were poorer than ever before. The crops had been very meager and one of the best horses on the farm had been killed on a barbed wire fence. Mr. Higgins had sold almost all of his cattle and so the only valuable piece of live stock that remained was an unusually fine Poland China hog. The manner of the pig's arrival to the farm was shrouded in mystery. He was found in the barnyard early one morning, after a storm. Although the farmer advertised the pig he received no answer and so decided to keep it. Whereupon the children speedily adopted it as their special pet and named him Nebuchadnezzar, "Neb" for short.

Every day they fed the pig with ground corn, sour milk and other things that are good for pigs. It is no wonder that this pig grew and grew, until he became so fat he could hardly walk.

One morning when the family was at breakfast one of the small boys came in with the mail which contained a letter from Eleanor. In the letter

she asked her mother when her graduating outfit would be ready. She thought one could be procured for about twenty-five dollars, if a great deal of care were exercised. Eleanor sent much love to the family and stated very modestly, at the end of the letter, that her class had chosen her, Eleanor Higgins, as class poet and she hoped her mother would please keep that in mind when she selected her dress.

Now, mother and father Higgins knew their daughter was going to graduate, but that she would have to have an outfit never entered their minds. Where was the money to come from? It was indeed, a hard question to answer and for a time it was left unanswered.

Meanwhile as the family were considering the question, Eleanor sat in her room thinking of the coming Commencement Day, and her new clothes. She tried to imagine what her graduating dress would be like when it was finished. She wondered if her mother would remember to put buttons on her dress instead of the very much detested hooks and eyes. Eleanor also thought of the beautiful dresses she had heard the other girls plan, and it all made her sad. It seemed hardly fair, that she, who had never had, in all her life, a really nice dress, should have to have a home-made affair, when the other girls were used to beautiful dainty dresses and had now planned to have something more elaborate than ever before.

As Eleanor thought of all this, the tears filled her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. But she was a sensible little girl after all, and so did not allow herself to indulge in crying for very long. "Eleanor Higgins," she firmly reprimanded herself, "stop that this instant! The idea of being so silly, just as if one's clothes counted for anything. Don't ever let me see you being so foolish again."

Two weeks passed at the farm and still no way of obtaining the money turned up. Mrs. Higgins was becoming anxious. One morning, as she was washing the dishes she happened to look out of the window toward the barnyard. There she saw the one and only pig rolling lazily in the mud. The thought came to her, "Why not sell Neb for the commencement outfit?" Hurriedly drying her hands on her apron, she ran out to where her husband was working and told him of her plan. It seemed an exceedingly easy way out of the difficulty, to the easy-going Mr. Higgins. He consented at once and offered to take the pig to market that very afternoon if it did not rain. The weather was fine and so the entire family had to bid adieu to their much loved pet.

The pig, being a large one, sold for twenty-five dollars and thirty cents. This money was quickly changed for dainty cloth and laces which were to be used to beautify Eleanor on Commencement Day.

When all was complete and sent off to Eleanor, Mrs. Higgins felt proud of her work and much relieved to know that the outfit was done.

And Eleanor, as she stood up to receive her diploma, softly confided to the roll of white paper and big satin bow, that she had never been so happy. Then and there she blessed pigs of all kinds, forever and forever.



TOM R.—Mr. Karges said that some insulators were as large as a hat. He didn't mean a Merry Widow, did he?

The Sad Story of the Spring Fairy

BY EMMA KINNEY, 1911.

THE KING OF THE FAIRIES had called for a meeting of his subjects. The herald was the first robin of spring, and as his call echoed sweetly through the grove, the fairies came from all directions to hear their monarch's commands. They found him seated in a hollow oak tree wrapped in a robe made from the velvet skin of a bumblebee, for the weather was still cold.

As the fairies seated themselves about him, he rose slowly and addressed them as follows:

"The winter is over and the grass and flowers will soon appear. Listen! Do you not hear the sap creeping in the trees about us? Look! Do you not see the swelling buds on the plants and trees? The work of the snow fairies ends with the winter, but the fairies of the grass and the flowers must be ready to guide the little plants that will soon start on their long journey from the mother seed up through the dark earth, and out into the sunlight."

He then appointed a fairy to keep watch over each little seed that was asleep in the ground. It was this fairy's duty to awaken the seed and start the plant on its journey. She was to see that no harm came to the plant. If a cutworm ate it, or if the frost killed it, the guardian fairy was responsible.

The commands were joyfully received by most of the fairies, for the duty was a pleasant one. But one little golden haired sprite, clad in a dainty pink robe, turned to her sister fairy, whose robe was of lavender, and muttered complainingly:

"Oh, how dull! Here I must tend a stupid primrose plant all during the sunny spring days! Who will know the difference whether there is one primrose more or less in the world? I won't do it!"

"Oh, how wicked of you!" gasped the other. "I'm going to guard my little violet faithfully. A month from today the king will make a tour of inspection and he will have you punished if you have no primrose to show him."

"Nonsense!" returned the pink clad fay rebelliously. "I am going to hunt for a yellow butterfly. Do you suppose it is too early for them?"

"I don't know," replied her sister soberly. "I am going to call my baby violet now." and she walked sadly away with bent head, while her sister spread her gauzy wings and flew lightly up among the swelling buds, looking for a yellow butterfly on which to sail through the spring sunshine.

Day after day the little sprite in the lavender robes hovered over the leaves of the violet plants that were climbing toward the sun. She pushed away the earth that obstructed its path, killed with a sharp twig the ugly cut-worm that threatened its life, and sometimes covered it with dead leaves when the night was frosty. Sometimes when her work was done, she would turn to her sister's primrose, but gardening is arduous labor for a fairy, and she was too weary to do another's work.

One day she found that a big nettle was growing up beside the primrose, and choking its life out. In haste she set out to find her sister, but when found, the frivolous little being was not at all worried by the news.

"Oh, don't talk to me about work," she cried. "Just see this lovely yellow butterfly I've found! And notice how fast he can fly?"

Then away she sailed on a butterfly as brilliant as her own yellow hair.

At last the day came when the king of the fairies inspected the forest flowers. A gorgeous procession wound in stately splendor up the forest path. Twenty brownies led, clad in robes of bright green and sent forth strains of piping music from instruments made of grass blades. Next came the king's body-guard, ten stalwart brownies, whose weapons were pine needles. Then came the king himself. Seated in a coach carved from a clam shell and drawn by a large black beetle, he looked with searching keenness at every blossom along the path. His splendor drew all eyes to him, for he was clad in a robe that glowed like the petals of the scarlet poppy, and wore a diadem that glittered with diamond dew-drops.

The guardian fairy of the violet stood by her flower in trembling silence as the king drew near. To her joy a smile of pleasure came over his face as his eyes fell on the perfect blossom.

"A beautiful flower, little one," he said. "You have done your work well! But what is this?" as his glance fell on the ugly nettle beside it.

"It is a weed grown up where a primrose should be, your Majesty," volunteered one of the brownies. The violet fairy's worst fears were fulfilled. All her joy in her own success was gone, for her sister could not possibly escape punishment now.

"Where is the guardian of the primrose?" thundered the king.

Just then a gleam of yellow flashed in and out among the bright hued flowers.

"Yonder, your Majesty," replied the same meddlesome brownie. "She wastes her time darting through the forest on a yellow butterfly."

The king turned to a withered old fairy who stood beside the coach with a whip made of the tendril of the wood-bine.

"Catch her," he commanded, "and give her twenty lashes. Then imprison her in the deepest dungeon of the Warden Mole."

The sentence was pronounced. The avenging fairy mounted a wasp and started on the trail of her victim. The procession wound slowly down the forest path, while the little violet fairy crouched beneath her beautiful flower, sobbing for her sister's sorrow.



The Girl

BY GLADYS WILSON, 1911



THE TEACHERS in the Misses Ely's Select School for Young Ladies felt that during the first semester the school had had its share of epidemics for that year. First, the mumps had attacked the whole school, then the measles and then just before the holiday vacation there had been several cases of chicken pox.

After the excitement of Christmas vacation the school settled down to the normal condition of health and studiousness. Lessons were recited with a fair degree of perfectness, rules were obediently observed and everything was indicative of a well-ordered school. During this unusual smoothness of school life the Misses Ely had begun complacently to fold their hands and tell each other that their school was very fittingly called a "select school for young ladies." However, some of the younger teachers secretly noted that the school was running almost too smoothly to last long.

Lessons began to be learned so perfectly as to be alarming. The studious attitude of the pupils was a little too marked, and again, the younger teachers made secret note that this time the school was getting into that overstrained goodness which always precedes an outburst of pent up energy. The younger teachers wondered and speculated upon the nature of the destined outburst. Some of them thought that it would be another attack of the measles; others that it would be an athletic craze; some feared that it would be a strike for shorter lessons; while still others thought that it would simply be a paroxysm of the giggles.

Great was the surprise of the Misses Ely, but not so great the astonishment of the younger teachers, when suddenly the school seemed to break loose. Whispering disturbed the recitations, lessons were half learned, study hours badly kept and school work seemed to occupy only the margin of attention. Flowers and candy were showered upon the upper class girls and it was noted that at the same time the pocket-books of the under class girls were becoming thinner and thinner. The girls themselves acted differently. The freshmen gazed with open-eyed admiration at the upper class girls who in turn assumed a rather self conscious, tho lofty air and behaved themselves with unusual dignity.

At first even the younger teachers were baffled by this new phenomenon until finally the youngest of the younger teachers timidly suggested that it was an attack of the "crushes" or "cases" as they now termed it. The teachers did not know exactly what to do with this new attack but as they thot that the "crushes" would die a natural death, they decided to leave the question for the upper class girls.

Many different views were taken on the "crush question" by the upper class girls. Some were flattered by the attention given them by the freshmen; others took it as an immense joke; others took it seriously; while others, perhaps remembering the time when they themselves had had "cases," looked at it as sanely as such an unreasonable question could be looked at.

Beth Bradley was what the girls of the school termed an "all around girl." She was neither too brilliant nor too popular but stood well in her studies, was generally liked and a girl whom all regarded as one who understood and sympathized. It was probably because of her sympathy and unaffectedness that she had an unusually large group of admiring "crushes." She treated them all good naturedly and without showing any partiality, brought them to their senses without causing any feeling of bitterness. Beth's following of "crushes" gradually vanished, as all crushes will, until only one of the number was left. The remaining "crush" was an attractive, tho somewhat reticent little French girl. Beth regarded her as a mere child and good-

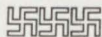
humoredly tolerated her, altho at times she became almost puzzled by the girl's devotion and admiration. As the semester passed on Beth became fond of the younger girl and tho the girls could hardly be called friends in the noblest sense of the word, they became good companions.

One sunny spring afternoon Beth ran down to the girl's room to get her to go for a tramp thru the woods. Whistling the accustomed call, Beth neglected to knock but in her haste walked unannounced into the room. The usually quaint little room was in disorder. The atmosphere was depressing and Beth found the girl curled up on the couch, crying as if her heart would break. Beth had never attributed such emotion to the girl and so it was with much anxiety that she questioned her as to the cause. Between sobs the girl finally gasped that she had been conditioned in geometry, and then burst out in a fresh spell of crying.

The situation appealed to Beth as being more a comedy than a tragedy. The girl, in a bright red kimona, curled up on the green davenport, hugging a much battered Indian pillow, her eyes and nose red from crying, while about the davenport the floor was strewn with much marked geometry papers—all these completed the atmosphere of depression. But as she looked at the girl who was still crying she realized that the situation did have a little tragedy in it. She tried to dispense comfort and cheer but, finding all efforts vain, tried suggestions. First she suggested the usual remedy, a special examination, but the girl was certain that she could not pass one and so that was laid aside. As Beth saw it the only thing left for the girl to do was to get a tutor, but the girl finally hesitatingly confessed that a tutor was out of the question as she could not afford one.

That evening in her own room as the cool night air began to blow in thru the open window, rustling the loose papers musically on her desk, she put aside her books and began thinking of the short happy year now so near a close. Gradually her thoughts ran to the girl and her difficulty. In a way it was only a trivial matter to be conditioned, but as Beth recalled how unprecedented such a dilemma was for the girl she began to look at it more seriously. Somehow it seemed to Beth as though she herself had something of a duty here and when she remembered the girl's answer, that she could not afford a tutor, Beth realized that it was she who should do the tutoring, tho it would mean a sacrifice of more things than one. Her thesis needed attention, her program was heavy, besides she wanted time to read; but the greatest thing that she must give up was her faint hopes of a much desired scholarship—yet this was her duty, and duty, though it offered no rewards, was perhaps more important than those things that did.

On Commencement Day Beth, sitting with the Seniors, caught sight of the little French girl happy with her passing standing in Geometry and it was then that she realized that even tho the scholarship had not been won and standings were not as high as they might be, she had found the real happiness of school life in bringing happiness to the girl.



1ST SPEAKER—Did you see Prof. Wright fly his kite?

2ND SPEAKER—Yes, but why didn't he build a flying machine?

1ST SPEAKER—Because he isn't the right Mr. Wright.



NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA, 1910-1911.

A Senior Boy's Reverie

BY ELLA WIESENTHAL, 1912

THE NIGHT was damp and chilly and these two old friends were alone. One was a fine looking old man. His face was smooth and his hair a silvery white. His eyes were bright and the kindly look in them made him appear boyish in spite of his age. The other was a bright, crackling sort of fellow. He was moody at times and would flare up or subside as the occasion demanded. These two—the old man and the log fire—had been friends for many years.

Tonight the man was sitting before the fire in his Morris chair, thinking and thinking and the fire seemed to understand. The logs huddled closer together, sent a shower of sparks up the chimney and cast a soft ruddy glow over the room. As the man sat gazing at the flickering shadows he fell into a deep reverie.

His thoughts carried him back two score of years and ten; back over his recent success and the long, bitter struggle that preceded it; back to the happiest year of his life,—his Senior year at the Normal. He saw again that old red brick structure as it stood then, surrounded by the many beautiful trees on the campus.

It was the first day of the fall term. He was again greeting his fellow students. He could hear the happy shouts with which they greeted each new arrival, and could feel again the hearty hand shakes. Then came the football season. He thrilled with emotions as he thought of the victories they had won and smiled sadly as he remembered the games they lost. The winter with all its gayeties arrived, the dances, the parties, and the sleigh rides. He could hear the jingle of the bells, the Normal yells, and the songs they sang as they were whirled over the snow. And then spring! Never before nor since had he experienced a more perfect season. Now he thought of the last Junior "Prom." He remembered every detail. The joy of dancing with "Her" was tempered with the thought that the dance was to be his last. The strains of that old song, "Home Sweet Home," burst on his ears. They danced in silence. Everyone seemed to realize they must soon part never again to meet on such an occasion.

Class Day! How well he remembered the pleasant time beneath the trees on the campus; how prettily the fairies danced; how each one held his breath while listening to the class prophet predicting things unheard of for that illustrious class.

Commencement Day! The happiest and yet one of the saddest days of his life. The notable exercises, decorations and music; the girls in their dainty white dresses, their arms filled with flowers, the boys in their best suits, and lastly that farewell speech.

He was strolling again with "Her" beneath the old trees on the banks of the Kinnickinnic River. Each was busy with his own thoughts. The silence was broken only by the splashing of the water over the falls. Suddenly on the still night air the voices of some of their school-mates were heard singing:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne!"

Now the old man's eyes were moist as he thought of the grave he had tended with loving hands for twenty years. He took a box from the mantel shelf, lifted the cover and took from it two articles—a faded rose and a small, round gold pin on which could still be deciphered River Falls, S. N. S. 1911.

The tears sprang unbidden to his eyes as he looked on these reminders of his happy school days, the memories of which were very dear to him.



The Chase

BY LORRETTA V. BAILEY.

HE was a young Plymouth Rock rooster, remarkably young and somewhat over grown. He reminded me of an awkward growing boy. His body was small, his neck long and his head surmounted by a heavy red comb. His legs were long and spindling and with his long tail of two or three feathers, he did indeed look like a weather-cock. If a hard wind had happened to come along I doubt that he could have withstood the blast.

He was given to us in order that we might have him for a delicious supper, but as we thought the time not quite ripe, resolved to allow him his freedom a day or two longer. Ah! if we could have known the utility of those long legs we should have let the time and the place go and been satisfied with the rooster.

But such is the irony of Fate!

Well, we let him have his way about the barnyard for a day. The next day we resolved that he would taste fairly good to us on the evening following; but as we had to rely on our speed and strategy alone, we deemed it both wise and best to start early and avoid the rush.

Yes, we did start early—early in the morning. There was Chanticleer, serenely enjoying his breakfast of worms in the back yard. Quietly we crept up, one on each side so as not to disturb his repast. A flutter and a cackle and young rooster was a rod away making his way swiftly toward a pile of lumber. He disappeared entirely from our view but we were not to be foiled. Reaching for a long stick I poked and prodded under one side of the pile, fully expecting that he would at least be obliging enough to come out of the other side and fall squarely into the hands of the enemy. But he was exceedingly wise. One might have thought the earth had opened and swallowed him. We went back into the house thinking to wait for another good chance.

About ten o'clock I looked out of the window and saw Mr. Rooster strutting stealthily about the yard. He was evidently on the alert for the pursuing party. However, we thought we should let him look awhile, just to keep him a little more anxious and then to be sure. As soon as he showed evidence of gaining security of feeling we started out. This time it did not take him long to catch on for he hid himself immediately toward a large pile of posts at the lower side of the yard. Again he disappeared. I poked and prodded again and was rewarded by seeing him emerge from under the pile but not on the side that we expected. He had the start of us and flew,

ran, hopped and skipped as fast as those pedal extremities of his could carry him toward the barn. We got over the fence in some way or other, chased the rooster in and out among the stacks of bundles and cornered him where the fence joined the barn. I got my hand within two and one-half inches of that beautiful piece of plumage when alas! he squeezed through and left me staring blankly after him. I never did like board fences anyway. By this time my Irish ancestry began to show signs of coming to the front and I vowed to catch him or die in the attempt. Over the fence we climbed once more, ran panting around the corner of the barn, just in time to see him vanish under the drive way. Now *there* was a place I could not reach, nor could I get a stick long enough to have the desired effect. I'll tell you in plain English, our chances for a chicken supper were beginning to look somewhat dubious. We retired to the house after our fruitless efforts, but the resolve was just as high and a trifle stronger. I suppose that contemptible rooster was meanwhile under the barn, laughing until his sides ached, at our discomfiture; yet I think he must have noted the deadly light in our eyes for he did not appear until toward evening.

I started out to get a pail of water when there before my very eyes was that impudent young fry. With a cry, "Here's the rooster, come on," I dropped my pail and took after him. He made a broad circle, all the time leaning to the uphill side, for the scene of battle was on a hill, and finally sought refuge under a friendly pile of posts. I stopped up all possible avenues of escape except one. This time I let some one else do the poking while I stood guard at the opening. Once—twice—three times, he started toward me. Four times—he came nearer. I put my hand under the posts. Five times and I had him by one of those charming, willowy legs. Oh, such a feeling of relief and victory! You may be sure I held on to him. I was even too angry to let him squawk. I ran immediately for the sack that had formerly held him prisoner and thought to myself, "There, you rooster! We've got you where you can't get away," and there he stayed.

I was rather sorry, though, to see his life taken from him in the strength and vigor of his youth, but I concluded that it was best to have it thus. But do you know, I wasn't quite sure of that rooster until I had one of his delicately browned drumsticks on my plate and then I thought I'd better keep my fork on it to prevent it, by force of habit, from taking flight for the thirteenth time.



Buff's Commencement

BY ETTA HAMMOND, 1912.

WHY BUFF, what's the matter?" came from a chorus of voices, as a merry group of girls came into the room. Bertha Grey, or "Buff" as she was more commonly known, sat with her head buried in her arms which were resting on the table. Before her lay an open letter and as she raised her head to greet the girls, they could plainly see that she had been weeping.

"Tell us what's the matter, please do," said the girls crowding around her, each trying to comfort her the best they knew how. This kind sympa-

thy only helped to make the pain less bearable and Buff dropped her head on the table and sobbed.

The girls stood quietly by; they could not say anything to comfort their beloved friend who always seemed hopeful and happy. At last amid sobs Buff said, "O girls, I have to quit school; the mill has burned, father has lost everything and mother is sick."

The news was received with an, "O Buff" and then silence fell upon the little group.

At last Belva Smith broke the silence with, "Isn't there some way out of it, Buff? Only six more weeks left and you have to stop after you have worked so hard for the scholarship."

"Father says I must come home at once," replied Buff.

"Write and tell him you have your selection composed and just have to stay," suggested another friend.

"O girls, I can't do that. Mother needs me, I must go home," answered the brave girl. Tears filled her large gray eyes as she rose from her chair. Why did the girls love her so and make it so much harder for her to leave? She passed over to the side of the room and gazed out of the window at the crimson shades in the west which were slowly paling to orange and then to gold. The stillness that comes with sunset seemed to be settling over all nature when the soft sweet strains of "Auld Lang Syne" fell on the evening air, at first faint and tremulous and then grew clearer as the girls rose, clasped the hand of their friend and classmate and passed out of the room.

Six weeks pass quickly by and the evening of the musical contest has arrived. The hall is filled with people anxiously waiting for the opening of the program.

At last the curtain rises and before us sit six,—no, seven musicians who are to take part. The program names only six, why this seventh number?

But look, the President of the school has risen. Everything becomes suddenly quiet and he announces, "The prize of a scholarship to the Carleton Conservatory of Music will be awarded the young lady who renders the best violin selection of her own composition. I also wish to say that Miss Bertha Grey, a student of our school is given the privilege of entering this contest. Because of sickness at home she was compelled to leave school six weeks ago. Upon looking over her records, I discovered that she has credits enough to finish school this year and is consequently permitted to try for the scholarship."

The first four players play wonderfully well. It is difficult to judge which one has done the best. The fifth rises and takes her place. The audience is almost breathless and when she takes her seat, thunders applause. They are so moved that they feel certain Clara Smith will win. The sixth player plays well but cannot surpass Clara.

At last the seventh player rises, takes her violin and steps out onto the platform almost nervously, it seems. She steps to the center of the stage and stands a minute as if overcome with stage fright. Then a great calm seems to come over her and she raises her violin reverently to her shoulder.

The first notes are wafted out on the evening air then seem to die away in the distance. Now they swell higher and thrill the souls of the listeners.

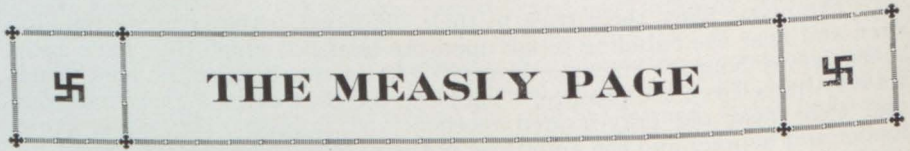
The music takes them back to their childhood. They can see the children and hear the babbling brook upon the banks of which they have spent many happy hours. They can hear the distant cow bells as the herd wends its way home from the pasture. They can see the homes of their childhood and their dear old gray-headed mothers and fathers. The music grows louder and happier and the ambitions of their youth come back to them.

The scene changes; the music becomes deeper and fuller, as if some tragedy were being enacted. The air becomes heavy and oppressive, they can scarcely breathe, then Oh, what a change! The bow is drawn softly; the music is soft and sweet; it grows louder, sweeter and then dies away. The spell-bound people look up to see the player resuming her place. Everything is quiet for a minute, then the hall seems to tremble with the great thunder of applause.

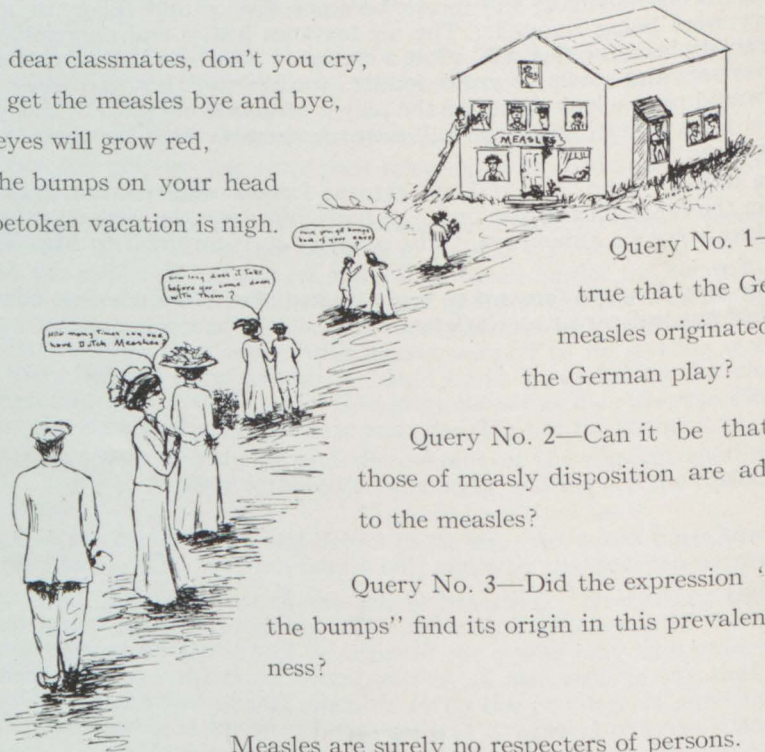
In a short time the President returns from a side room and takes his place in the center of the platform. A hush falls upon the vast assembly and in a clear voice he announces, "The scholarship is awarded to Miss Bertha Grey."

The crowd surges forward to congratulate Miss Grey who can now continue her musical career at Carleton.





There, dear classmates, don't you cry,
You'll get the measles bye and bye,
Your eyes will grow red,
And the bumps on your head
Will betoken vacation is nigh.



Query No. 1—Is it true that the German measles originated with the German play?

Query No. 2—Can it be that only those of measly disposition are addicted to the measles?

Query No. 3—Did the expression "Bump the bumps" find its origin in this prevalent sickness?

Measles are surely no respecters of persons. They coldly took up residence with the following students: Constance Gilbertson, Ray Cooke, Coie Winter, Elva Ritchey, Edmund Ward, Harvey Fletcher, Valborg Jensen, Rachel Taggart, May Smith, Edna Wallen, Cecilia Armbruster, Madeline Schiek, Merle Shepard, Theresa Traynor, Ella Peterson, Ruth Junkman, Marie Righter, Margaret Spence, Florence Lyford, Irene Loomis, Bessie Buck, Bena Kopp, Sara Morrow, Alpha Henriksen, Adeline Forsyth, Dora Kinney, Marie Peterson, Clara Loughney, Ray Junkman, Mace Alton, Ruth Halverson, Emma Sabby, Clinton Van Nortwick, Mary Fitzsimmons, Edgar Bliss, Sadie McGordon, Dorothy Taggart, Anna Nordahl, Hazel Van Nortwick, and Alice McCann.

(Profuse apology is hereby made to any who are qualified to answer to the above roll-call, but whose names happen not to appear on the list.)

Senior Roll-Call

AMES, LENNICE E.

"Lennice is the very first on our list,
And now of our story please get the gist.
Her thirst for knowledge is ne'er satisfied,
For indolence and carelessness she cannot abide."

ANNIS, ELSIE

"A girl who is willing and ready.
"A maid with remarkable art."

ARMBRUSTER, CECELIA

"Brown eyes, bright smile;
Level head, no guile."

ATKINS, LAURA

"Be what thou wouldst seem to be."

BAILEY, LORETTA V.

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

BARKER, HOWARD F.

"Howard carries on his shoulders strong,
A world of care for all;
He has trained himself in such a way
He can answer any call."

BEHRENS, GERTRUDE

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are—to some."

BROWN, EARL

"When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash."

CARR, HELEN

"An ever ready source of information."

CRAWFORD, BERTHA

"Short but sweet."

DIXON, WILLIAM

"A late comer, but as the old proverb reads—
The 'last is not always least.'"

EARLY, DANIEL

"His hand on the throttle, his eye on the track."

FORSYTH, ADELENA

"A very thoughtful girl,—but where are her thoughts?"

FRINK, MRS. ZOE

"One cannot know everything."

GREINA, ANNA

"Who? What?
The last enrolled in the class they say
Who is serenely moving on her way."

GUGGISBERG, CARL

"This our brilliant psychologue,
Is not only a pedagogue,
But he can dance, play, and sing,
And, in fact, can do 'most anything.'"



SENIOR CLASS

Senior Roll-Call—Con.

HENRIKSEN, ALPHA

"She is as good as she is fair."

HEYERDAHL, HILDA

"When once the heart of a maiden is stolen; the maid, herself will steal after it soon."

JOHNSON, STELLA

"Silence more musical than any song."

JOHNSTON, JEANETTE

"Her body was so slight,
It seems she could have floated in the sky."

JUNKMAN, RAY

"Oh, that I might grow."

KEITH, NELLIE

"Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

KINNEY, EMMA

"Oh, she sits high in the hearts of all."

KOLB, ETHEL L.

"Ethel is small, but often the best things are done up in small packages."

LARSON, AMY

"Habits of industry are my chief estates."

LOVELL, MONA

"Happy am I, from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

LYFORD, FLORENCE

"Lots of work, little noise."

McCANN, ALICE

"The mild expression spoke a mind,
In duty fair, composed, resigned."

MAHONEY, ETHEL

"Our aim is happiness, 'tis yours, 'tis mine."

McCANN, JAY

"Studios of ease, and fond of humble things."

McKINNON, ALICE

"Alice is a jolly lass,
She is the joker of the class,
Sometimes she has the nerve to believe
That her bluffs most "Profs" do deceive.

MORROW, SARA

"Talking comes by nature; silence, by wisdom."

O'CONNELL, WM.

"Stately and tall, he moves through the halls."

PITTS, J. S.

"Now Sam is the one whom we all know,
Is preparing toward the south to go.
Our good wishes follow him in his calling,
And we hope he will keep his standard from falling."

POULTER, ALICE

"She can sew and weave and build and draw and cook and plan."

Senior Roll-Call—Con.

RIGHTER, V. MARIE

"She plays the piano in chorus each day.
And it surely must be you all know her way
"200" the song she with spirit does render,
For which, I am sure, Miss Willet commends her."

RILEY, THOS.

"Hail to the Senior President!
A mighty man is he,
With his broad, cheery smile,
A friend to all he proves to be."

RYAN, FRANCES

"A shy and modest maid."

SANFORD, WILLIAM

"William, in his quiet way,
Attends to business, day by day;
He seldom has very much to say,
But when he does, it is sure to pay."

SHEPARD, MERLE

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

SPENCE, MARGARET

"A face with gladness overspread."

SPLAN, KATHERINE

"Whose little body lodged a great mind."

STEINER, LEOLA

"Would that there were more like her."

STEINER, LORENA

"A woman's noblest station is retreat,
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight."

TABOR, ADA

"She works with a will."

TAYLOR, DONA

"I do not care a straw."

THOMAS, EDWARD

"'Tis said that absence conquers love.
But Oh, believe it not!
I've tried, alas! its powers to prove,
But thou art not forgot."

THOMPSON, OLGA

"With eyes so blue and heart so true,
Abundant knowledge with which to do
The many duties assigned to her.
We expect next year she'll make quite a stir."

THOMPSON, OSCAR

"What comes from this quarter
Set it down as so much gain."

THURSTON, EARL

"A man of many and varied interests."

TRONSTAD, MOLLIE

"Authority in her voice and step."

Senior Roll-Call—Con.

WALKER, HAROLD

"He has a good voice and friendly gray eyes,
And a wonderful taste for fancy neckties."

WARNER, RUTH

"I believe in developing the social side of my nature."

WHIPP, ANNA

"Now Anna's the one who is right in line.
Wherever you put her she is sure to shine;
Tho' still quite young to be teaching school
We know that the children will mind the rule."

WILLIAMS, LEVI

"Here's to the one that outshines us all,
Discussing topics great and small,
If his knowledge continues so great,
We fear he'll have a "busted pate."

WILSON, GLADYS

"When once she tries her mind to apply,
No one Gladys Wilson surpasses,
For in spite of her youth
It (indeed is the truth.)
She stands well in all of her classes."

WOODBURN, GLADYS

"Not much talk, but heaps of thought."

YOUNG, ELMER

"I was not always a man of woe."

YOUNG, FLORENCE

"Florence is a student, but—
I really must confess,
Regarding what she does next year,
You'll have to make a guess."





BASE BALL TEAM



Athletic Notes

WILLIAM MOSER.

Base Ball

THE FIRST GAME of the season was played on the Normal campus, April 29, with the Spring Valley team. The final score was 13 to 0 in favor of the Normal boys. Safe hitting and good base running of the Normal team was the cause of the large score, while the failure of the Spring Valley boys to hit Moser, together with good defensive play on the part of the Normals, prevented the visitors from scoring.

The second game was played at Hammond with the local High School assisted by an outside battery and third and second basemen, Nordstrom pitching for Hammond. The game was ragged from start to finish. Nordstrom held the Normalites close for eight innings, but was pounded all over the pasture in the ninth for six runs. Errors on the part of the Normalites figured in the large score for the locals. Captain Moser and Meade starred with the stick, each getting four hits off the old time Normalite. The game ended with the score of 13 to 12 in favor of the Hammond team.

On Tuesday, May 9, the Normal Team went to play the Galahad school at Hudson, and won from them 11 to 8. The game was ragged and many errors were made on both sides. Our boys hit well—getting four over the fence. First baseman Reagan got two of them. Galahad has a good team and knows the game well, but could not keep our boys from hitting hard.

Our next two games were with the Hamline University team. The first game ended 7 to 3 in Hamline's favor and the second 11 to 3 in their favor. The first game was perhaps the best played on the Normal grounds for some time, very few errors being made. Manion was on the mound for the locals and threw splendid ball, that struck out a good number of the University men. His support was excellent and the few big hits got from him were made in the trees out of reach of the fielders.

Moser pitched the second game and although he was not hit hard Hamline succeeded in getting eleven runs.



BASKET BALL TEAM

Athletics—Con.

The last game played was with Hudson High, which team they took into camp at Hudson by the score of 9 to 1. The game was "Pitcher Moser" from beginning to end. His pitching was the big feature of the game, striking out eighteen men and allowing only two hits. With three men on bases (by two passes and an error) he struck out the next three men in succession. But for an overthrow on third base the local high would not have scored. Every man on the team is to be commended for that day's playing.

Thus far the Normal team has won three out of six games and have several games yet to play. Coach Ames has games scheduled with Spring Valley High, Galahad and the Minnesota University Freshmen.

The following players took part in the games played: Robt. Moser, Thos. Bergh, Ray Cooke, H. Meade, Claude Reagan, Frank Foley, Will Moser, H. Race, J. Manion, Earl Brown, E. Condit, C. Sherburne, R. Sakrison, C. Koller and Earl Thurston.

Field Day

T has been decided to have field day exercises again as a part of the commencement week's program. The last two years our field day has been an interesting event and has brought out a larger crowd than any other athletic event. This year we have more good material than we have yet had and our next field day should be the most interesting one of the three. The Junior boys have challenged the rest of the boys in school and they think that they will have an easy victory, but the all class team think the Juniors have undertaken a big job.



FLORENCE AHLSTROM.

N a conspicuous place in the Normal School building there appeared a new box one day. It bore no sign or label, so we shall not judge harshly the Sophomores who posted letters in it. Nor will we censure the Agricultural class who had failed to notice that the BADGER was hungry. They evidently had not had much experience with undomesticated animals.

Now in his regular diet the BADGER likes a few imported things. You know what you like in the way of Alumni Notes and those are the very articles he wants.

If you think of this at all you'll admit we're not asking for much of your time and energy; you owe a little of each to the magazine of your Alma Mater.

Address your contributions to "THE BADGER" River Falls, Wis.

Alumni—Con.

Kelly Clark, '10, came home from Ladysmith, Wis., about the first of May as his school was closed for the year on account of contagious diseases.

Marie Christine Jensen, '09, came home from Washburn, her health not permitting her to finish the school year there.

J. E. Hale, '00, Principal of the Barron Co. Training school at Rice Lake, was one of the official visitors at the Normal in April. Mrs. Hale, nee Leona Delap, who was with him, is also a graduate of this school.

Dona Taylor, mid-year graduate, filled a six weeks' vacancy in the Intermediate Department of the Melrose graded school.

W. F. Lusk, '96, of the Stevens Point Normal, visited the Normal May 22, and gave the students a bit of advice at General Exercises.

Jessie Smith, '10, visited River Falls Sunday, May 28th.

Vivian Hallett, '07, has given up her summer school work here on account of her health.

Mrs. Elmer Comer '03, (nee Mabel Keith) of Pawtucket, R. I., visited relatives and friends in River Falls this spring.

Alma Moline, '10, was in River Falls Saturday, May 20.

Mable Ahlstrom, '07, was in River Falls Sunday, May 7.

John Gunning, '10, and family visited in River Falls May 19.

Bertha McKinnon '08, Will Hodge '08, Jessie Thompson, Lois Beddall, Maud Sakrisson, Leverett Farley, all of 1910 and Oscar Thompson, a mid-year graduate, visited River Falls this spring.

The Martin Norseng family of River Falls, including Constance Norseng Thorsen '08, expect to visit Norway this summer.

The picture donated by the class of 1910, has been hung above the west entrance to the assembly hall. It is one of a series of six pictures, the original of which are in the Congressional Library at Washington.



FINANCIAL STATEMENT IN REGARD TO MONEY HELD IN TRUST BY PRESIDENT H. L. WILSON FOR THE CLASS OF 1919

Amount received by President Wilson from the Class on June 24, 1910.....	\$45.75
DISBURSEMENTS	
Amount paid President Wilson for books purchased for the class.....	\$ 7.99
Express charges for return of costumes.....	.78
Amount paid Mr. Elmer B. Young, for money advanced by him to Mr. Archie Shepard for photographs.....	11.15
Amount paid by Miss Pardee for Class Memorial Picture, "The Manuscript Book"	25.00
Express and drayage.....	.83
	\$45.75



FRESHMAN GIRL—Should girls marry Young?
SENIOR GIRL—Ask nee Ethel Sanderson.

Senior Class Notes

The Midsummer Night's Dream is to be presented by the Senior Class on the campus.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Theseus, Duke of Athens	Elmer Young
Lysander, in love with Hermia	Levi Williams
Demetrius, his rival	Edward Thomas
Egeus, an Athenian noble, Hermia's father	Ray Junkman
Philstrate, Master of Revels	Harold Walker
Nick Bottom, the weaver	J. S. Pitts
Quince, the Carpenter	Wm. Sanford
Snug, the Soiner	Charles Guggisberg
Snout, the Tinker	Wm. O'Connell
Starveling, the Tailor	Thomas Riley
Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons	Florence Young
Hermia, daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander	Loretta Bailey
Helena, in love with Demetrius	Emma Kinney
Oberon, King of Fairyland	Mona Lowell
Titania, Queen of the Fairies	Katherine Splan
Puck	Ethel Kolb
Dancing and Singing Fairies—Misses Hendrikson, Crawford, Atkins, Annis, Ritchey, Currier, Farnsworth, Thurston, Whipp, Hammond, Warner and Smith.	
Pianist	V. Marie Righter
Violinist	Mr. Howard

Class Day will be observed on the campus Thursday morning, June 1911.

PROGRAM

March of Classes around the campus	
Dance	Senior Girls
Class History	Amy Larson
Senior Class Song	Seniors, Words by Ethel Kolb
Class Prophecy	Laura Atkins and Hilda Heyerdahl
Presentation of Class Gifts	Ruth Warner
Dance	Senior Class Girls
Speech to the Juniors	Senior Class Pres., Thomas Riley
Response	Junior Class Pres., Octave Baillargeon
Junior Class Song	Junior Class, Words by Gertrude Wiesenthal

The Senior Class of 1911 decided to vary the long established custom of having theses read on Commencement Day, and instead will have Prof. Charles Judd, Director of the School of Education, in the University of Chicago deliver a lecture. Mr. Judd is an eminent psychologist, who has published several books on psychology, and who, before his call to the Chicago University, occupied a chair at Yale.

The Seniors all thoroughly enjoyed the Junior Prom and wish to thank the Junior Class for the splendid hospitality shown.



Senior Class Song

Tune—Yale Boola

Oh, we're a class of great renown,
We have sipped from the Goblet of Fame,
And all the years that we've been here,
We have proven that we are game.



JUNIOR CLASS

Senior Class Song—Con.

When some of us were entered here,
 We were as green as grass;
 But that wore off and we grew bold
 When we entered the Sophomore Class.

CHORUS:—Now we're leaving this institution,
 But we do love our Alma Mater,
 Though our Normal days are over
 We'll remember our Normal School.

How the teachers loved the Junior Class!
 And we loved our dear teachers, too,
 We always tried to do our best,
 To our lessons we were true.
 And then! When we were Seniors grand!
 Our marks were never low.
 In fact, the whole school loves us so,
 That they mourn to see us go.

—ETHEL KOLB, 1911.

**Junior Notes**

MAY SMITH

As things in this old world move on in much the same way from year to year it behooved the Juniors, as it has behooved countless Junior classes before us, to give a "Prom" for the Seniors. There is a saying that what people want are common things done uncommonly well," and the Juniors certainly lived up to that saying.

The Junior Prom was held on April 28, in the gymnasium of the Normal School. The gymnasium was a charming place in which to dance; the walls were artistically decorated with scores of pennants. From the center of the ceiling were draped strips of red and white bunting. The balcony was a mass of ferns and palms from behind which the light and airy music of Crane's Orchestra floated. To this most enchanting music many dancers tripped the light fantastic.

Miss Shultes was kind in allowing her office to be converted into a reception room. This room was decorated in the Senior Class colors, black and orange, and made a very pleasing sight.

Miss Willet willingly resigned her claim to the music room for one evening and the committee used it as the serving room. The room was decorated in Japanese parasols, lanterns and fans; so that upon entering one felt one was in a Japanese fairy-land. And Oh! the refreshments just touched the spot! In short, the "Prom" was a glittering success.

But a deep, and unsolved mystery hangs over it all, and that is—"What became of the seven remaining bricks of ice-cream?"

Octave Baillargeon made the following public announcement the other day:

"My heart's in the Highland
 My heart's not here;
 My heart's in the Highland
 Achasing the (a) deer (dear).
 (We wonder if there are highlands about Hayward.)



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Junior Notes—Con.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The following is a little out of season—but too good to omit.)

Have you heard of our great Basket Ball quintet,
Who have beaten everything up, you just bet?
They are made of the best and toughest steel;
They can eat a load at a single meal.
And out of this bunch we Juniors claim,
An Irish—and a Dutchman high in fame.
O'Reagen it is who's a doughty star,
He's better than you, whoever you are,
I care not how fast or strong you may be,
He'll run you around till you cannot see;
He is never rough and never mean,
An honor he is to the Shamrock green.
The other is about five feet and six
And he knows the game and all the tricks.
The captain is he of this wonderful team,
He is all to the good in vigor and steam;
And Moser runs the team just like a charm
With the strength of his mighty, strong, right arm.
And so worthy Juniors you know 'tis true,
When our Basket Ball season is over and thru,
That it was two of our Junior crowd
Who made everyone of us so proud.



Junior Class Song

Tune—"The Fair Transgressor."

We are the Normal Junior Class,
Famed for our wond'rous knowledge
In things that may be great or small,
Our class surpasses others.
Long may good fortune
Remain with our class
And favor us when we're Seniors.

CHORUS—We're from the Normal
Of River Falls,
We are the Juniors
Of nineteen-twelve.

We love to sing of Junior days
Full of delight and pleasure,
Although our studies have been hard
Many fond thoughts we treasure.
In all athletics
Our boys came out first,
And gained for the Juniors, fame.

—GERTRUDE WIESENTHAL '12.



Sophomore Notes

LENA SHARP.

We are all looking forward to next year when we can show our wisdom and power by giving Junior Rhetoricals.



FRESHMEN CLASS

Sophomore Notes—Con.

The most interesting topic under discussion among the Sophomore students is agriculture. Anyone overhearing a conversation among the girls of the class would judge that a contest were on, the aim of which would be to see which girl could succeed in getting the greatest number of blisters on her hands. The source of all this conversation is garden planting.

The prevailing mark in mid-term geometry test seems to be "60." It is gratifying to know that there were a few bright and shining lights in the class—two bright little misses secured the glorious "95."



Freshmen Notes

ESTHER DEMULLING

We, the Freshmen Class of 1911, bequeath unto the Freshman Class of 1912 the honor of representing the green and innocent part of the student body of the school. We also bequeath to them the joy of weekly rhetoricals and the meek endeavor to consider Thursday night as Theme night and not one in which to find out what is on at the Gem or what this little town looks like.

DESCRIPTIONS OF VARIOUS FRESHMEN BY FAMOUS POETS

RUTH CARLSON—"She came anon with quiet grace."

MARIE KELLY—"There is no mischief in this girl."

RUTH SYMES—"To see her, is to love her."

HELEN NEWCOMB—"Gaze into her eyes and you see an angel there."

ESTHER DEMULLING—"Little I ask, my wants are few."

DOROTHY TAGGART—"A little nonsense now and then
Is welcomed by the best of men."

FRANCIS CAROLAN—"Though the package is large, the goods are O. K."

LEROY HERUM—"Good Shepherd teach this youth what 'tis to love."

FLOYD KEITH—"Sad of mien was he but mischief lurked beneath."

EDITH TUBBS—"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

STELLA FINN—"Her locks whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing."



Y. W. C. A. Notes

ANNA WHIPP

At the beginning of the fourth quarter, the Y. W. C. A. had a business meeting for the annual election of officers for this quarter and the coming year.

President—Etta Hammond.

Vice-President—Agnes Holdahl.

Secretary—Jessie Michaelson.

Treasurer—Mary Chapman.

A short time ago the Association was honored by a helpful visit from Miss Lucy Pearson, National Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

On Thursday afternoon before the spring vacation the girls of the Association gave a candy sale in the lower corridor of the school. More candy



AURELIA LITERARY SOCIETY

Y. W. C. A. Notes—Con.

could have been sold than there was on hand. Through it \$11.00 was raised for the Wisconsin Y. W. C. A. work and a surplus left in the treasury.

Two of the ladies of the faculty have helped the work of the Association this year. Miss Sanford has given us two excellent talks, and Miss Zinn has sung for us.

The Association plans on being represented at the Geneva Summer Conference this year and solicits the support of the school in its plans for raising funds to send the delegates. We want about \$30 or \$35 and are planning on having an ice cream and lemonade stand Field Day.

The members of the Association this year prophesy a very favorable new year for the Association under the leadership of the newly elected officers.



Aurelia Notes

ISABELLE HOLDAHL.

At the first meeting of the Aurelia Society during the fourth quarter, the following officers were elected:

President—Agnes Holdahl.
Vice-President—Gertrude Wiesenthal.
Secretary—Ada Sylvester.
Treasurer—Hazle Coon.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Frances Carolan.
Badger Reporter—Isabelle Holdahl.

All honor is due to the old officers of the Aurelia Society for performing their duties so creditably.

The crowning feature of the second program was the initiation of five new members. They showed their fitness for membership by performing a number of daring feats, among them were shaking hands with the spirits of the society, and eating "angleworms."

Helen Carr, ex-president, is missing from our ranks this quarter. The Aurelians wish to thank her for her help in making the society a success.

The social meeting held on May 19th was a decided success. A very enjoyable musical program opened the meeting. The Misses Zinn and Willet favored us with solos, and Miss Christine Jenson rendered a violin solo; several of the members assisted by giving piano selections. A number of the ladies of the faculty were present, and about fifty of the members.

After the program the guests secured partners by matching quotations, following which, light refreshments were served. The remainder of the evening was given up to playing the following games,—“ztlaw”—“pets-owt,” and “ecandnab.” Everybody joined in the fun which was at its highest when it was suddenly discovered that the hour was near midnight, so all regretfully wended their way homeward, declaring that they had had a jolly good time.

Aurelia Notes—Con.

(We wonder if the boys would rather have been inside looking out than outside looking in.)

The following program committee deserve thanks and commendation for the perfectly grand evening: Alpha Henriksen, Lena Sharp, Jennie Wiesen-thal, Kathryn Splan.



A Fishing Trip

A Coie Normalite, a Gardner, a Junk-man, a Shepard, a Cook And-er-son, started across the Meade with a mule and buggy to go fishing. The buggy could scarcely Holdahl of them and the mule began to Buck. The driver yelled Jea'nette and Alice Beggs to get out but she Fell and they had to carry her off. They arrived at Hammond, which is a small Bergh, where they said they could Phyllis with Murphies and serve us in the latest Stiles. They also said their rates were Lowe.

We Etta Hammond some other Junk and started to Walker to Pitts-burg. Everyone thought it was Daisy until they met a Kopp. Mr. Cooke gave him some dough and we passed on. We passed a field of corn where the Junkman stole a Kolb of corn and ate it like a cow chews her Cudd in the shade of some heavy Foley-age of a Hazel bush. We all thought it would be his death-Nell the way he Claude the air. We wonder Wil-lie ever do it again Oh Shaw! he said he ate it to Ward off measles during the Winter. We crossed Sanford and Ly-ford and found them both Brown and Riley. We Race-d for Lake Charles and camped there for the night. You May know we slept well.

There's a Senior girl named K—
With a young Junior does hobnob,
They know a good thing
In the shape of a swing
And care not that others they rob.
And many a fine tete-a-tete.
In fact, till the hour became late,
But if more you would know
(For indeed it is so.)
Just watch for the very next date.



PROF. AMES—What is artillery?

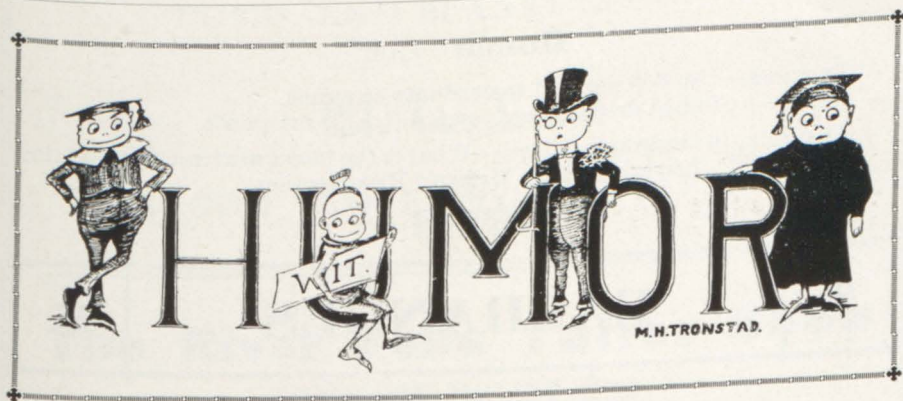
ELSIE A.—I don't know but I think they are Big Guns.

MR. JACK—What do you expect to enjoy most when you visit Norway?

ROY S.—The Midnight Sun (?)

TEACHER—In Germany a professor made an asbestos cell in which the outer sounds were so much excluded that he could hear his heart beat.

STUDENT—Gee! wish my father would eat soup in there once.



ROBERT MOSER.

TEACHER—What is the plural form of brother?

BOY—Brethern.

TEACHER—What is the plural form of sister?

BOY—Cistern.

TEACHER—Earl, you may use the word coefficient in a sentence.

EARL—I like to coefficient.

TEACHER (to a class studying the "Ship of State.")—Define stemson, keelson, and sternson.

LITTLE NORWEGIAN—Those are the names of three Swedes that built the Ship of State.

STUDENT—Why were you expelled from the reading class?

CHARLES K.—For the murder of Lochinvar.

OLSON—Hello Kopp! What have you got with you?

KOPP—Why that's my Billie.

TEACHER—What vegetation grows in water?

BRIGHT BOY—The ocean currents.

TEACHER—Can you quote four lines from Snow Bound?

STUDENT—"The son the brief December day,
Rose cheerless from his bed of hay,
And quickly started up at noon.
To cook and eat the slaughtered coon."**PROFESSOR ON THE ROCKS**

The professor's brow was dark,
And the professor's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the bill
And darkly at his dough,
This man will be upon me
Before my month is 'round,
And if he chanced to ask for cash
What chance to pay it down?

—MORSE.

Humor—Con.

TEACHER—Use defense and toward in a sentence.

PUPIL—I climbed de-fence and toward (tored) my pants.

TEACHER (in Geography Class)—What is the latest movement in Mexico?

GLADYS W. (brightly)—The Mexican Resurrection.



COIE WINTER.

"The Royal Purple" for April contains a fine article on "The United States and International Peace." This adds much to the paper and shows that they take an interest in current topics.

Two school boys got into a quarrel over a trifle and one said to the other, "You're the greatest fool in town." "Boys, Boys," their teacher cried, "don't forget that I am present."—Ex.

If a body see a body
Flunking in a quiz;
If a body help a body
Is it teacher's biz?—Ex.

The April number of the "Racquet" is the "best yet." It contains all the orations given in the contest, together with an excellent picture of each contestant. Besides these cuts there are many others of class rooms and an excellent one of the Normal building.

LATIN TEACHER TO PUPIL—Give the principal parts of the verb "to fail."
PUPIL—Flunco, fluncere, faculti, fierum.

Taken from the La Crosse Racquet:—

"At La Crosse we got to bed at night,
And dress by yellow candle light;
At River Falls, quite the other way,
We had to go to bed by day."

Judging from the articles in "The Increscent" the Beloit basket ball team must have been a "live one."

TEACHER (to pupil in Latin)—Please give the principal parts of the first verb.

PUPIL (aside)—Darned if I know.

TEACHER (not hearing reply)—Next.

BRIGHT PUPIL—Darnifine, Darnifinare, Darnifinari, Darnifinatur.—Ex.

A number of the lady members of the faculty were recently invited out to dinner in a home where a little girl was an interested listener. One of the hostesses on leaving the room said, "Excuse me, ladies." The little girl looked up in astonishment and said, "Ump! I didn't think you were ladies, I thought you were just school teachers!"

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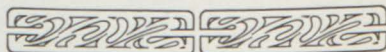
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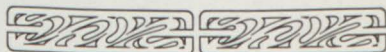
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