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December '09

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.
JOHN MILTON.

State Normal School

River Falls, Wisconsin

Special courses of study are provided for High School Graduates as well as for those who have completed the common schools and grades in the city schools.

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H. L. WILSON, President

THE NORMAL BADGER

Vol. VIII (9)

River Falls, Wis., Dec., 1909

No. 2

Published Monthly by the Students of the River Falls State Normal School
at River Falls, Wisconsin.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION--75 cents per annum, Single copies, 10 cents.

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RIVER FALLS NORMAL FOOT BALL TEAM OF 1909.

The Normal Badger

Vol. VIII

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Editorial

The foot-ball season of 1909 is over. Throughout the season we have been treated to the usual newspaper polemics on the brutality of foot ball, and there was the usual agitation for its abolishment.

In the business meetings of the W. I. A. A. this winter the students and faculties of Wisconsin secondary schools will have to face the question of foot-ball or no foot-ball, and it were well if those interested would study the subject thoroughly and dispassionately before going into the meet.

At first it would seem that the anti-foot-ball people held a more tenable position than the advocates of the game. For several seasons the newspapers of the country have, at the end of each season, collected statistics of the deaths and serious injuries directly traceable to foot-ball, and the list is enough to deter very many parents from permitting their boys to play foot-ball. It would greatly astonish these people to learn that our national game of base-ball has each season a far longer list of deaths to its discredit than foot-ball has; that the coasting accidents for a single day in December, 1908, exceeded the total accidents from foot-ball reported during

the season of that year; and that skating, *excluding deaths from drowning*, is as fatal as foot-ball. Yet who will start an agitation for the abolition of foot-ball, coasting or skating. Foot-ball to-day through the general adoption of the open play, allowing lighter men to work to advantage, is comparatively a safe game.

But even were we to concede to foot-ball a greater fatality than the other sports mentioned, it is to be doubted whether the positive benefits derived from the game would not over-balance the losses. From any game requiring quick thinking and team work a boy receives a valuable mental discipline. But foot-ball requires sterner qualities than these. If we are not to degenerate into a race of weaklings, the physical as well as the moral side of man must be trained to withstand the shocks of every-day life. If the cuts and bruises received in a game of foot-ball are not often serious, they are usually painful and the boy who learns to bear the pain without flinching, because it is a part of the game, and to keep his temper in any case, has acquired a valuable discipline.

County School News

ST. CROIX COUNTY

By Supt. H. A. Aune

PENMANSHIP

It is with a hope that I might in a measure create a more profound attitude toward the teaching of writing, on the part of the teachers, that I prefer to discuss this subject at this time.

More adverse criticisms have come to my office, from parents, on the subject of writing than on any other subject taught in the public schools; and it does not require very extensive observation to convince anybody that these criticisms are well founded.

It is as necessary to give definite and systematic instruction in penmanship as in any other subject in the curriculum. Much of the writing done in our schools is aimless copying that cannot help but produce careless writers. My conviction is that in most of our secondary schools there is altogether too much written work and too little actual teaching of penmanship.

In the matter of penmanship many different ideas prevail. It is not my aim here to advocate any particular system of penmanship, but to call attention to the necessity of some systematic training in this subject.

Writing that is done for the mere sake of "busy-work" where the untrained muscles are not properly directed, must necessarily be erratic movements; and therefore result in ragged, illegible writing.

The first essential in teaching penmanship is to obtain correct positions of the body,

feet, arms, head, etc. To overcome the natural tendency of muscular rigidity, or a "stiff position," it will be necessary to give considerable work in finger and arm movements and other calisthenic exercises. It is absolutely necessary that each pupil is capable of taking a free and easy position before taking up work with the penholder. Owing to the differences in size and construction of the hands, length of fingers, etc., no specific rule can be given for the position of the penholder. It must, however, be held in a natural position, without a cramped up position of the fingers. The paper should be placed on the desk in such a position that it is about horizontal with the right fore-arm and in a right angle with the left arm. A line drawn from the upper to the lower corner of the paper will point almost directly toward the body.

Much work should be given with the upward and the downward stroke, the oval, etc., in order to make the movements automatic, before applying them to easy letters and words. At all times strive for the retention of good position and correct speed. Rather sacrifice form at first than position and speed, for when these always are attended to form will gradually be developed. All writing which is made while the writer is thinking of position, size, slant, etc., is drawing rather than writing, when it is turned out unconsciously or automatically, the writer giving his whole thought to the subject matter, it becomes real writing.

Locals

Ida Baker teaches in Eau Claire, Wis.

Hilda Anderson teaches in Elmwood.

Ethel Mahoney is teaching in Eleva, Wis.

Charlotte Gregerson is teaching in Hague, N. D.

Miss Josephine Mortibois is teaching in Wausau.

Prof. Will Lusk visited the Normal one day last month.

Dolly Dennis is teaching in the primary grades in Woodville.

Mabel Jorstad is teaching in a district school near River Falls.

Miss Agnes Foley is teaching in the grades in Mountain Home, Idaho.

Lavina Fouks, a former student in the R. F. N., is teaching in Woodville.

Bessie Gunnison is doing Post Graduate work at the River Falls Normal.

Ida Hawkins has accepted a position as fifth grade teacher in Stanley, Wis.

Ada Tait, who teaches in Fargo, N. D., spent the Thanksgiving vacation at her home in River Falls.

Mrs. Comer returned to her home in Schenectady, N. Y., after a two weeks' visit with her mother in River Falls.

Stella Newman has accepted a position in the Oregon State Agricultural College in Corvallis. She is assistant in Latin.

The High School at Baldwin has found it necessary to put in an additional assistant. Nearly one hundred pupils are now enrolled in the high school department.

Nellie Grant and May Donelly are teaching district schools near Spring Valley, Wis.

A teachers' association was held at New Richmond, Saturday, Dec. 4th. A very profitable time was reported by those in attendance.

Miss Mira Currier, who is doing post graduate work in the River Falls Normal, is also studying vocal music and harmony with Miss Hale, of St. Paul.

The school board convention of St. Croix County was held at Hudson, December 1st. An excellent program was carried out. More than two hundred school officers attended, and took an active part in the general discussions.

Many people have noted in the newspapers that Stillwater has recently adopted the commission form of government. It will interest Normalites to know that Judge H. H. Gillen who was chairman of Charter Commission was a student at the River Falls Normal about '83. While Judge Gillen never graduated from the Normal, many former students will remember him.

Miss Constance Norseng was married to Dr. Adolph Thorsen on Nov. 3, 1909. Dr. Thorsen took his bride to Dell Rapids, S. D., where they intended to make their home. Soon after their arrival Dr. Thorsen was taken sick with typhoid fever. After a short illness he died on Nov. 26. Funeral services were held at River Falls and Martell. Mrs. Thorsen has the sincere sympathy of all her friends among the members of the school and the alumni.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Our state secretary, Miss Pearson, paid us a visit the first part of this term and instilled new vigor to our society. She brought greetings from the convention at Waukesha and

hopes that next year we may be able to send a delegate. The Y. W. girls enjoyed the talk she gave them very much and are glad of a promised return in February.

Rhetoricals

This year both the Seniors and Juniors are required to give their rhetoricals before the entire school. The rhetoricals given by the Seniors have consisted of talks.

Nov. 17 was devoted to a Senior program. Mabel Dodge gave an interesting talk on "The Effect of Environment as understood by Jacob Riis." Belle Thompson gave a musical number entitled "The Carnival" by Schumann. Josephine Cripps spoke on "The St. Paul Fire Department." Lois Bedall gave a talk on "The Battle Against Disease." Ethel Houston spoke on "The Value of Dramatization," using as an illustration an exercise prepared by some of the pupils of the seventh grade in which they dramatized the scene of "Hiawatha's Wooing."

The next two programs were given by the Juniors. On Nov. 24th Helen Carr spoke of "The Duty of the Public to the Boy." Lenice Ames told of "A Trip up Penobscot Bay." Levi Williams gave a speech on "Initiative."

Clara Roycroft, with the theme "Early Impressions," described some of her early teachers. Elsie Annis gave an interesting rhetorical on "The Wonders of the Deep."

Dec. 1st the second Junior program occurred. Miss Laura Atkins described "The Agricultural College at Winnipeg." Miss Ella Francis told of the life and works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Miss Lorena Steiner outlined the United States Railroad Mail Service. Miss Nellie Keith discussed the "Use of our Modern Language." Miss Mona Lovell spoke on the work of Dr. Grenfell in Labrador.

The second Senior program was given Dec. 6th. Mabel Beardsley told of the life of "Edward Everett Hale." Miss Bliss gave an interesting account of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Mr. Bowen discussed the plan upon which the Battle Creek Sanatorium is conducted and Miss Minnie Carlson spoke on the popular subject of "Public Play Grounds."

Class Affairs

FRESHMEN NOTES

The Freshmen held a spread in the Gymnasium Friday, Nov. 19, 1909, at which they were entertained by a piano solo by Violet Ulman, a duet by Mary Fitzsimmons and Violet Ulman, and a vocal duet by Lena Sharp and Violet Ulman.

Later in the evening refreshments were served after which games were played, such as Wink 'Em, etc.

Miss Campbell chaperoned the party.

About 11 o'clock some one moved that they adjourn. The motion was carried and they all left feeling that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Freshmen rhetoricals began Thursday, Dec. 2nd, 1909. Every Thursday and Friday classes of fourteen or fifteen meet Mrs. Truesdell in room 21, where they give their rhetoricals.

On Friday, Dec. 3rd, the following students spoke on the life of William Cullen Bryant:—George Manion, Elva Ritchey, Lena Sharp, Ethel Shern and Inez Upgren. The period closed before more had a chance to speak.

There are about forty-four enrolled in the Freshmen class.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomores have chosen for their colors red and silver-gray. Their class yell is: All fear, this year!

We hear, cause we're.

The Sophomores!!

The Sophomore class has been enlarged by five new members: Misses Davis and Hinman and Messrs. Nelson, O'Connell and Elertson.

JUNIOR NOTES

The class roll has been lengthened this term by the addition of the following names:

Earl Brown, Jean Manion, Sidney Rogers, Albin Nelson and Thomas O'Connell.

Earl Brown returned from the West in November with one dozen prairie dog scalps. He spent his summer vacation training for the spring track season chasing jack rabbits. These trophies show that he has acquired some skill as a hunter. Jean Manion is promising material for the basket ball team. Since entering school, he has been trying hard to be one of the quint.

Sidney Rogers, a graduate of the R. F. H. S., is a poet of some distinction. The other two new members are of foreign descent, Albin Nelson being a near relative of King Haakon of Norway and Thomas O'Connell a descendant of Peter Stuyvesant.

We are sorry to learn that Daniel Early, a member of this class, is confined to his home with typhoid fever.

We are proud of our basket ball players. Four of the five big men are members of our class, for Junkman, McCann, Manion and Thurston are Juniors.

A branch of the Independent Order of Bachelors, known as the F. O. B. Chapter, has been organized among some of the boys of the class for the purpose of preventing "fussing." The emblem of the society is a neat little mother-of-pearl button worn in the lapel of the coat. The charter members of organization are Earl Brown, Levi Williams, and J. Edward Thomas. It is hoped that other young men of the class will avail themselves of the benefits of membership. At the last regular meeting the topic for discussion was: "What constitutes 'fussing'?" The Society adopted the following resolutions:

1. No member in good standing shall occupy the same seat with a young lady in the assembly room;
2. No member shall buy more than two tickets to the Gem Theatre each week;
3. No member when calling on a young lady shall remain later than nine o'clock.

Athletics



FOOTBALL

The foot-ball season of 1909 really began when the suits came. Before that, to be sure, there was some practicing but it did not appear to be serious. Once arrayed in those shining new khaki suits, however, a fresh earnestness seemed to take hold of the

players. Before, they were a crowd of school boys learning a new game. Now, they were the River Falls Normal School foot ball team, charged with the study of upholding the honor of the school on the gridiron.

One of the first acts of the team was the

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election of a captain, and Tom Bergh was the unanimous choice. Most of the neighboring schools had filled their schedules before the Normal team was organized; but a game was arranged with the New Richmond High School, and played at New Richmond on October 23rd. The score in that game was 18-0 in favor of New Richmond.

The next regular game was played with a team from the East High School, Minneapolis. This was played at Minneapolis October 29th. It was thought that the best way to learn something of the game as played today was to go up against a team that knew something of new football. Besides, October 29th was the date of the big Minnesota-Chicago game and the opportunity of seeing this game was too good to be lost.

It was necessary to play our game early in the morning, so the players could go to the big game in the afternoon. Hence, our boys, with Mr. Ames, went to Minneapolis the night before. Through the kindness of Mr. Shelley, lodgings had been secured on the East Side, and though the hotels were full the team had good beds.

Of course we didn't go right to bed. It was moved and seconded that we see a play and so Messrs. Ames, Owen, Bergh, Charles Thompson, Bliss, Hennessey, Rudow, Sanford, Gustafson and Shelly went to the "Met" to see "The Third Degree." This is a play which has the effect of making one want to kill a policeman. We had to deal firmly but kindly with Captain Bergh on the way home to keep him from destroying a few of Chief Corrison's minions.

The E. H. S. boys were lighter than the Normalites but were of course more acquainted with the game. In the first half the Normals held them even up to the last ten minutes of play. Then East High kicked a goal from the field. The Pedagog seemed to be spurred to new efforts by their adversaries' success and when time was called

Normal had the ball and were but six inches from East High's goal line. In the second half East High made a touchdown, but failed to kick goal. Final score, 8-0.

The Normal boys, though defeated, were well satisfied with the game. We got a square deal from the officials and the East High players acted like sportsmen. The only injury in the game was to Rudow who had to be taken out. Clark took his place as quarter.

After our game the boys saw part of another game played in the same park between two of the Minneapolis high school teams. The Normalites could not wait for the finish of this game, however, as they had heard rumors of "standing room only" signs being out at Northrop Field and fearful of missing the Minnesota-Chicago contest most of them hurried away from Nicollet Park on the first car. One would really not expect it of pedagogs, but some of the squad were so excited that they forgot to eat any dinner. As the game lasted until about five o'clock and all but the wise half dozen who didn't catch the first car out to the grounds were caught in the mob after the game and had to walk to the depot, they forgot to eat any supper. Some of the team didn't get back until Monday and there was a general air of lassitude observable for several days. But all voted the trip a success.

At the game with the East High arrangements were made with Coach Burrier of the Minneapolis South High School for a game with their team at River Falls. This game, played here November 6th, was the first game of foot-ball played on the Normal grounds in four years, and was one of the best ever played here. The Minneapolis team were nearly the equal of our players in weight and had had the advantage of several years actual practice and plenty of opportunity to observe the game. The Normalites were a new team and probably not more than three

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men on the eleven had seen more than half a dozen games, yet the final score stood 19-0 in favor of the home team.

Of the work of individual members of the team much might be said. Rudow's 32-yard drop kick for goal in the South High game, Gustafson's tackling, Owen's irresistible rushes, are instantly thought of. But in truth every man in the team did his duty. No serious accidents occurred during the season and the boys never forgot that whoever plays under the RED and WHITE must be first a gentleman.

This season's work has placed football on a sound footing at the River Falls Normal. Mr. Ames has shown himself a capable coach, and has won the highest esteem of the boys.

Next year River Falls should have an eleven able to meet any team of its class in the Northwest. Five of this year's team, Spencer, Owen, Clark, Gustafson and Charles Thompson, finish in June, but while the places of these will be difficult to fill, there will undoubtedly be a host of new material next fall. Captain Bergh is a Sophomore and will be back to lead his men in two more

campaigns. It seemed a little unusual this fall when the team elected as captain a man who had never handled a football. Captain Bergh has justified the choice of the players. He has not only proved his ability to play the game but his fairness and good judgment, backed by a hundred-sixty odd pounds of muscle and bone, command the respect of his team-mates.

There was considerable changing of players as is necessary with every new team, but the line up at the end of the season was as follows:

Frank Foley, left end
Paul Spencer, left tackle
Wm. Sanford, left guard
Oscar Thompson, center
Wallace Gustafson, right guard
Guy Owen, right tackle
Kelley Clark, right end
Edson Condit, right half
Tom Bergh, left half
Chas. Thompson, full-back.

Substitutes: Ed Thomas, Edgar Bliss, Tom Riley, Walter Meath. Tom Hennessey, Manager, J. H. Ames, Coach.

Basket Ball

The first basketball game of the season was played in the Normal Gymnasium Saturday evening, December 10th. The opposing team was the Prescott High school team. The Prescott boys played a snappy game and in the first half kept our team guessing. In the second half the Normals began to throw baskets somewhat better and the final score was 26-16 in favor of the home team.

Jean Manion played right forward, and as usual gave a good account of himself, throwing three goals from the field and five free goals. Jay McCann, left forward, threw two goals from the field; Ray Junkman, center, three goals from the field; Edgar Bliss, left guard, one goal from the field; and Earl Thurston, right guard, three goals from the foul line.

Literary

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL'S THANKSGIVING

By Ethel Kolb

The Thanksgiving game was to be the biggest game of the season. The football championship was to be decided by the Salem and the Whitecreek high schools. All the football enthusiasts looked forward to the game and because the teams were so evenly matched the game promised to be close.

Tuesday of Thanksgiving week was a day that even the optimistic must admit was not at all pleasant. The sky was gray. A steady drizzle kept up until evening. The Salem boys stood in front of the High School and a more disappointed eleven it would have been hard to find. The field was covered with water and they knew that unless the sun shone all day Wednesday, it would be risky to try any open or trick plays and these were Salem's pride. Wednesday morning the sky was still gray, but the wind was blowing. By noon the sun was shining, and a general shout went up from the High School students. The boys got out for light practice after school and although the field was still slippery, the wind was blowing and it looked as though the field would be in fair condition for Thursday.

It was. Moreover, it was what one could truly call a Football Day. The sun shone brightly; there was no wind and it was just cold enough to make the boys feel like working hard. It is surprising how easy it is for a football player to go without his Thanksgiving dinner if there is a game on for the

afternoon. Not one Salem man broke rule and when we were enjoying all sorts of good things, these men of the gridiron were at the depot awaiting the arrival of the Whitecreek team.

The game was to be called at three o'clock; but long before that time both teams were ready and the grand stands were filled with enthusiastic "rooters." Promptly at three the time keepers gave the signal. In the toss Whitecreek won the kick-off. The men took their places on the field, both sides were ready; the whistle was blown; and the ball shot up in the air. It was a pretty kick, and the ball landed square in the arms of Salem's quarter. He ran for about thirteen yards and was downed. Salem succeeded in getting the ball up to the center line but seemed unable to get it much passed it; for whatever they gained by a punt, they lost by a Whitecreek forward pass. The crowds cheered and shouted, but time was called all too soon. Here was the end of the first half—the score, 0 to 0.

What was said by the coach in the next ten minutes could only be guessed. This much is certain: that every man left the gymnasium with a "do or die" look that seemed to satisfy the coach.

Now for the good hard work. The crowds shouted louder and louder. Salem kicked off. The ball was hard to catch and the Whitecreek man lost a few valuable seconds that seemed to give the Salem team the opportunity. He gained scarcely five yards. How those boys played! First they tried

good solid football; then a forward pass, or a punt, **but** Whitecreek was on the alert and spoiled several pretty tricks.

About the middle of the second half one of Whitecreek's men was layed out, and during the time it took to get him to brace up Stevenson, Salem's quarter, looked up in their Grandstand, and there in section four, almost directly in front, he recognized a red cap and sweater. He wondered if she saw him looking that way—Yes—she did—for up went her Salem pennant; and Stevenson resolved then and there to make a score or—! but the Whitecreek man took his place and the game was on again. They worked even harder than before. Whitecreek had the ball; they were gaining steadily and the crowd in Salem's grand stand grew quiet. Whitecreek's full back had the ball and he was trying an end run. There was one chance in a hundred, and

Stevenson took it. How he tore into the full back and almost had him down when—a fumble! Quick as a cat, Stevenson snatched the ball and ran for the goal. To him it seemed he was hardly moving, but to those in the grand stand it seemed he could never keep up at that rate. However, he did; and fell over the line unconscious of the uproar among the rooters.

Goal was kicked and the score was 6 to 0 in Salem's favor. Again they licked off, but time was called before either side made any gains. Salem got the championship.

That Thanksgiving day will long be remembered in Salem. Stevenson was the hero of the day; but there were only two people who knew that except for a red cap, a red sweater, and the wave of a Salem pennant, Whitecreek High School might have won the championship.

A Christmas Story

By Ruth C. Warner

Standing under a street light on a busy corner in New York, little newsboy Frank was trying hard to sell his papers. It was nearly six o'clock and business was not rushing. Frank was unhappy. It was Christmas eve and he had only five cents, and that must go for his little brother's supper. A clock near by chimed six and Frank decided it was best to go home. He stopped and bought a large orange and then wearily turned homeward.

On reaching a tumble-down old house, he went up a steep flight of stairs into a tiny bare room. Here in one corner on a small bed was a pale, thin little fellow. This was Frank's brother Phil, who had been sick for a long time, and was not improving any.

"O Frank," he cried out joyfully, "I've

just been asleep and had the grandest dream. I was all alone here and some one came and knocked on the door, and who do you suppose walked in? Why, Santa Claus! Oh, he was dandy, and told me to hurry up and get my things on for he was going to take me with him. We went up on the roof and there was his sleigh and the reindeer. Oh my, but they were beauts. We got in and with a crack of his whip and an 'On Vixen, on Comet,' we went off. Just think, we rode over the tops of houses and trees and hills, and went faster'n any automobile ever went. We kept going for an awful long time, and then we came to a great big wooden house. My, but it was a whopper.

'Well here we are at last,' exclaimed Santa Claus, 'Now we'll go in and Mrs. Santa Claus

will give us something to eat and then we'll go to the toy shop.'

You just bet I jumped out good and fast, and while Santa Claus called a man to take the horses—no, I mean reindeer—I looked around. I tell you it was pretty. Then we went into the house and saw Mrs. Santa Claus and, Oh, Frank, she was just like our mama used to be. She put her arms around me and kissed me and Oh, was so kind. She gave us something to eat and cracky, it was good. And then we went into the house where all the toys was. Santa Claus told me to pick out something I wanted, and so I took a lovely big sled for you and me to haul your papers on, and when I get well we can slide down hill on it. And I took a great big rocking horse, and a train of cars, and a little automobile, and some soldiers and Oh, a lot of other things. There were dolls and doll houses and furniture and dresses and other things for the girls, but I never looked at them. We was just getting packed up ready to come home when I woked up, and I looked all around for my things and I couldn't see them any where. Oh, Frank, why can't we have something for Christmas and why can't I get well?" The poor little fellow was crying bitterly, and this was too much for Frank.

"Oh never mind, kid, you're going to get well and we are going to have bully times soon. Now here, eat this orange that I've fixed for you. I'm going out for a little while, but I'll be back soon."

He had made a resolution while listening to Phil's pathetic little story, that he would go out and bring something back for the little sufferer, or he would know the reason why.

On his way down town he passed a brilliantly lighted house. He could not resist the temptation to go up to the window and look in. There was the Christmas tree loaded with hundreds of lighted candles and mys-

terious looking packages. Around it four or five children, with their mother and father, were busily engaged in putting on the finishing touches.

Poor little Frank could not keep the tears back any longer or choke down that lump in his throat. As he stood there sobbing, a young lady who had just gotten out of a carriage came up to him and wanted to know what was the matter. She was so sympathetic and kind that Frank poured out all of his pathetic little story to her. She took him into the house and asked her father if they could not go and get Phil. Mr. Grey was a kind hearted man, and thinking of his own happy children, told Frank to come along and they would bring Phil back. In less than an hour they were back with Phil and had him in a large rocking chair, covered with a bright red blanket and bolstered up with pillows. How his eyes lighted up and his little face brightened as he saw that Christmas tree.

What an evening that was for all, but especially for Frank and Phil. Frank was so happy because Phil was enjoying everything and looked so much better. How Phil enjoyed watching the others play games, and how he joined in with all the songs that they sang. Mrs. Grey finally said it was time to go to bed, but the children would not go until she promised to tell them a story. They all gathered around Phil's chair as she began. She told them of the Prince whose birthday tomorrow would be, and of His kindness and love for all. She also told them of His home and of the angels who made everything so happy there. Phil was so interested and pleased that when she finished he asked: "Shall we ever see this beautiful Prince?" Tears came to Mrs. Grey's eyes as she answered, "Yes dear, some day we will all be there, just as we are tonight, helping to make His birthday a happy one. Now come, all

you children, it's bed time, and we must all feel fine for tomorrow."

They all said good night and went off to bed. Mr. Grey carried Phil upstairs and put the worn-out but happy boy to bed. He was not too tired but that he must talk it all over with Frank, and wonder how it all come about. In a short time, however, silence reigned over all the house.

In the morning Mrs. Grey went in to see if the boys were awake. Frank was up and dressed and sitting by the window.

"I'm keeping still," he whispered, "for Phil is sleeping so nicely that I didn't want to wake him. I know he is going to be much better now, and he is so happy."

Mrs. Grey went quietly over to the bed and stood looking at Phil with tears in her eyes. She saw that Phil was sleeping peacefully, but it was in that other Home where happiness was reigning on that great day. She gently told Frank, and although his heart was nearly broken, he was glad that he brought so much happiness to Phil on that Christmas Eve.

UNCLE TOM'S CHRISTMAS STORY

By Loretta Bailey

"Say, ma, how many days and nights 'fore Sandy Claus'll come?" questioned little Bobby as he stood at his mother's elbow watching her cut cookies.

"Well, Bobby, I wish you would go and play. I've told you about a dozen times today that it will be only two more days and one night, and if you don't stop bothering me, I think that Santa Claus will go right by your stocking and not put a thing in it."

"But ma-ma," drawled Bobby, "won't he bring me a gun that will really bang and a—oh, say, ma give me that cookie, won't you? That'n with a hole in the middle of it."

"Yes, here it is. Now run and play. That's a good boy."

"Will Sandy Claus bring me a sled if I do?" How many more days and nights—

"O I say, Bob, come in here will you?" called Uncle Tom. "I'll tell you a story about Christmas."

"About Sandy Claus and the reindeer an' everything, Uncle Tom?"

"Yes, the whole thing, come on," and Uncle Tom, Bobby's favorite young uncle, laid down his magazine, put his pipe in the rack and lifted Bobby to his knee.

"Bobby, do you know why we have Christmas?" began Uncle Tom.

"Well, I guess 'yes'! What d'you think I am, a baby?" and the indignant Bobby straightened himself up with as much dignity as was possible for a boy of five.

"I guess we have a Christmas so we can get guns an' sleds an'—"

"No, no! Bobby, that isn't why," answered his uncle. "You sit still and I'll tell you 'Once upon a time,'" began Uncle Tom again, "a long time ago—"

"O he-he Uncle T-o-m! Where'd you get this?" and Bobby pulled a long hair out from under Uncle Tom's coat collar. A faint flush stole over Uncle Tom's face as he unconcernedly told Bobby that it was—"his mother's, of course."

Bobby settled back and told Uncle Tom to go on with his story.

"Well, once upon a time, a long time ago," Uncle Tom began for the third time, "in a little town called Nazareth, a long, long way from here, Bobby, lived Joseph and Mary. They were the mother and father of Jesus. One day they were told that they would have to go to Bethlehem and pay their taxes."

"What are taxes, Uncle Tom?"

"Well it, was some money. You'll know what taxes are some day, Bobby, so don't ask any more questions."

"Alright then, I won't. Go on."

"Well, as I was saying, Joseph and Mary

had to go to pay this money. It was a long journey and they didn't have cars. They had to go on camels or donkeys."

"Like that little one of Miller's, Uncle?"

"Yes, I guess so. Mary rode upon the donkey and Joseph walked by her side. It was a long ride and Mary was very tired when they reached Bethlehem. They wanted a good place to rest, but the inns were already full. An inn is something like a hotel. All of the rich people were cared for, Bobby, but Joseph and Mary had to go to a low shed where cattle and sheep were kept. They were happy though, for they knew that God loved them and that Angels had kept them from harm on the long road. It was here in this stable that Jesus was born. The priests and some other people did not believe that this was the Saviour, so God sent angels from Heaven to tell some good shepherds who were watching their sheep by night on the plains of Bethlehem.

"What's a plain, Uncle Tom?"

"Why a plain is—er—a large pasture with no trees or hills or anything."

"Oh," grunted the satisfied Bobby and he sank back to hear the rest.

"The angel came to these shepherds and told them that Christ the Saviour was born and that they would find Him in a manger in Bethlehem.

"Then there came a great band of Angels and sang praises to God. When the Angels went away into Heaven, the shepherds went as fast as they could to Bethlehem. There they found Mary and Joseph in the shed and the baby was lying in the manger. This was Jesus. So now Bobby, that is the reason we have Christmas. It is Christ's birthday."

Uncle Tom finished the story and glanced down at Bobby. The brown curly head was nodding and the bright eyes were almost closed. In a few moments Bobby was fast asleep. Uncle Tom arose and placed the tired boy on the couch where he slept and dreamed of Christmas.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Emma Kinney

On the side of a bluff, about a mile and a half southeast of Bethlehem, stood a half-demolished sheep-cot. It was protected by a solid stone wall and a thicket of tall bushes except where a narrow gate served as an entrance for the shepherds and their flocks. It was the custom of the shepherds of long ago to guard this gate, and on one particular night a mere boy was keeping watch. He paced back and forth, impatiently awaiting his midnight relief, for the winter air was chilly in the hills of Judea. He noticed how silent the night was. The air was clear, with no wind. The sky was a pure, deep blue in the light of the sparkling stars. The solemn hush which dwelt over all was unbroken save by an occasional stir among the sleeping herds. As he gazed at the glorious heavens the light about him grew stronger and clearer, until he seemed to be looking into another world. Half in terror, half in delight, he called to his companions. They stumbled toward him, blinded by the splendor which shone round them so brilliantly that they clung to one another in amazement. Then upon their awe-stricken ears fell the sweetest voice they had ever heard.

"Fear not," it said, in tones like a soothing chant, "for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born in the City of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

And the melodious voice ceased. As the boy raised his head he saw a beautiful angel clad in a robe of dazzling white, slowly rise in the rays of light. Far up in the bright hued clouds a heavenly choir was singing a glad refrain. The sound came nearer and nearer, swelling in volume, until every word

IN ECONOMICS

Instructor—"Mr.—What is a strike?"

Pupil (who plays base ball). "A strike is a ball, which passed directly over the base, not higher than the batter's shoulders or lower than his knees."

Normal Student to primary pupil:

"Oh, do you go to the Normal little girl? I never saw you there."

Little Girl: "Oh, I've sawn you there lots of times."

Freshman in History test:

"The Jesuits were priests who came over here to invert the Indians."

The Professor was always ready for a joke.—

Student—Prof. do you know the best way to catch a rabbit?"

Prof.—"No, I don't know as I do."

Student—Crouch behind a stone wall and make a noise like a turnip."

Prof.—A wise thing for you to do would be to crouch down in a cabbage patch and look natural."

Limericks

There is a young Soph they call Blanche,
Who oft sighed to live on a ranch,
But there'll come a day,
When a brave warrior gay
Will give this fair maiden her chance.

A timid young Senior named Maud,
Was afraid when she ventured abroad;
To eat at a table,
She never was able;
She always stood up when she chawed.

There is a young fellow called Clark,
Who is known as a wonderful shark,
But every fine night,
When the moon shineth bright,
He is sure to be out on a lark.

There is a nice Senior named Rudd,
With a mouth like a tiny rosebud,
But one day alas,
As she came down from class,
She fell on the floor with a thud.

I know a young fellow named Earl,
His hair is inclined to curl,
And you'll oft hear him say,
If you get in his way,
"If there's aught that I love, it's a girl."

There is a sweet Junior called Brown,
Who lately arrived in our town,
He's lively and witty,
He's cute and he's pretty,
And his hair curls around and around.



Societies

LINCOLNIAN SOCIETY

The present outlook for the Lincolnian Society is very bright. The misdirected enthusiasm on the part of two or three which has wrecked many societies, seems to be absent, and all the members appear to enjoy the meetings and to profit by them. There is now no reason why the Lincolnian Society should not be a lasting success.

The program for the meeting on December 9th consisted of a violin solo by Guy Owen, and a debate on the question: Resolved that the Twin City Switchmen's Strike is justifiable. Wallace Gustafson and Tom O'Connell supported the affirmative and William Sanford and Harry Fuller the negative. Each side produced some strong arguments, but the decision of the judges was for the affirmative.

A joint meeting with the Aurelia Society is to be held soon after the holidays.

AURELIA SOCIETY

The girls of the Normal School met December 3rd, and organized a literary society to be known by the name of the "Aurelia Society." A constitution was adopted and the following officers elected:

President, Jessie Wedin;
Vice-President, Bessie Whipp;
Secretary, Anna Thompson;
Treasurer, Jessie Smith;
Sergeant-at-Arms, Olga Thompson.

The girls are very enthusiastic in their new venture and intend to make the Aurelia Society a success and a noteworthy feature in their Normal School life.

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Oshkosh desires to exchange with the Badger.

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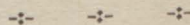
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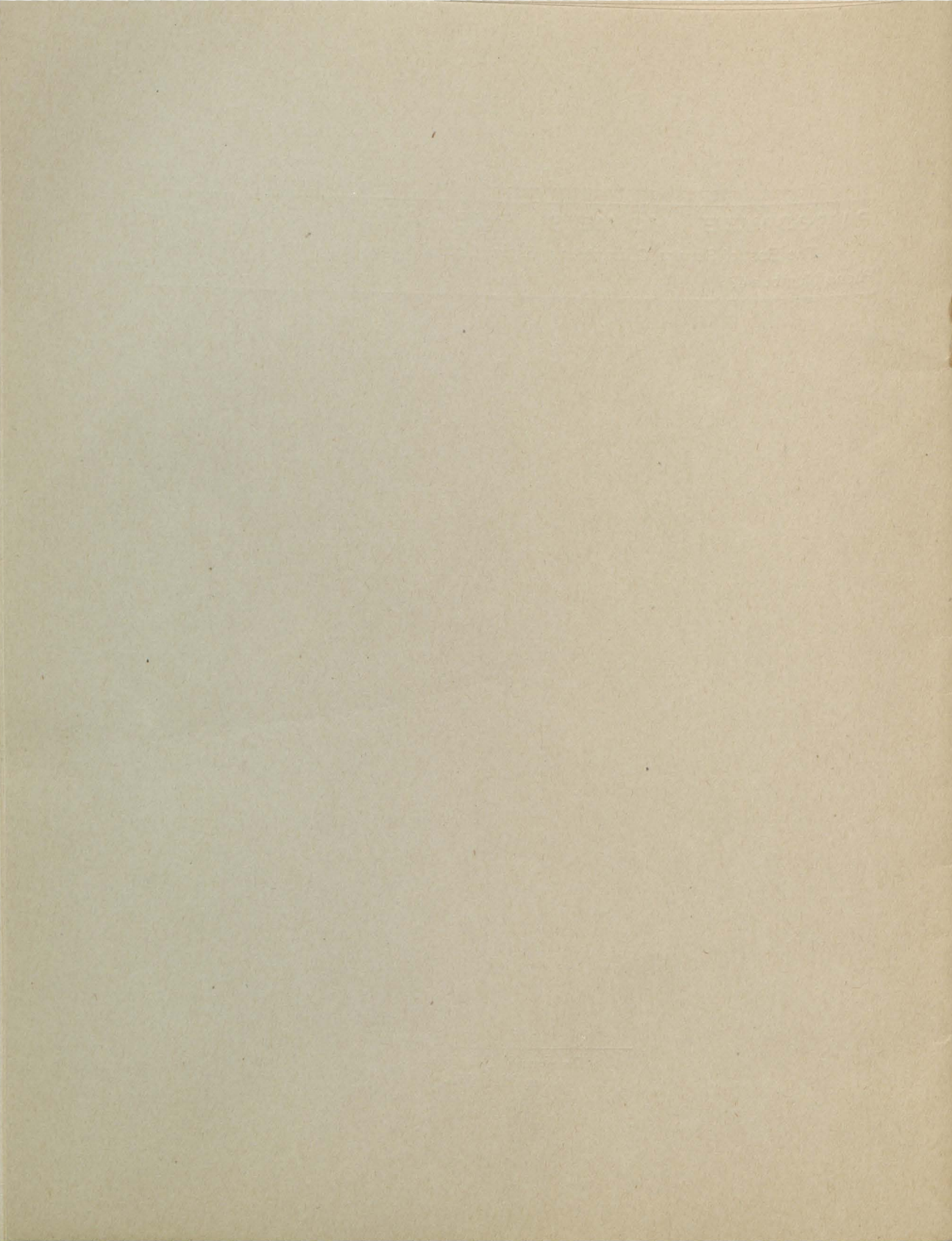
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