

M. Elliott,
VOL. IV, NO. 5.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

THE NORMAL
BADGER.

*Read the best books first, or you may
never have a chance to read them all.*

RIVER FALLS, WIS.

THE NORMAL BADGER.

Published monthly during the school year by the Normal Literary Society.

VOL. 4. RIVER FALLS, WIS., FEBRUARY 1899. No. 5.

Editorial.

One afternoon recently Miss Stearns, the secretary of the Wis. State Library Association, addressed the school and some of the towns-people on the subject of libraries. After mentioning the great public libraries of this country, she spoke of the comparatively few public libraries in Wisconsin, large or small, and the great need of books in many communities. This need is being supplied, in many places, through traveling libraries, as they are called.

Miss Stearns related many incidents which have come under her own observation, showing the good that is being accomplished by these small libraries—the weary farmer's wife, who finds here something else to think about than her daily drudgery; the isolated country people, through these books and magazines coming in contact with the world; the children acquiring a liking for reading, who, otherwise, knowing it only as a part of their school work, would consider reading anything but pleasure; the boys, now occupying their leisure time in reading at home, instead of loafing around the stores or the saloons.

Miss Stearns' audience was especially interested in her suggestions concerning the establishment here of a center of a traveling library system. It is probable that these suggestions will be adopted, and books and money given to form as many of these libraries as possible, to be sent out into near-by communities. It is to be hoped that pictures also can be collected, as the traveling pictures form an admirable adjunct to the library.

Our School was well represented at the State Teachers' Association at Milwaukee during the holiday vacation, ten members of the faculty being in attendance, viz. Pres. Brier, Professors Adrian, Sims, Clark, Ewing, Misses Hatherall, Terry, Gilfillan, Smith and Shultes.

Professors Clark, Sims and Miss Shultes read papers before the Association. The meeting was a notable one in that it was the first state association presided over by a woman.

Miss Swarts efficiency in the chair demonstrated the fact that possibly there are women in Wis., with sufficient executive ability to successfully occupy positions heretofore accorded to men only. The rural school problem seemed to be the most important subject before the Association.

Miss Shultes has been exhibiting a set of Hudson's Shakespeare, in thirteen volumes and six fine Shakespearian engravings sent out by the University Society of New York. They are sent on approval and may be returned at the expense of the society if they do not give satisfaction. If kept they cost \$14.00 and may be paid for at \$1 a month. Miss Shultes is pleased with them and all who have examined them consider them in every way desirable.

The January number of the

Normal Badger is a very creditable number, especially as to its mechanical make up.—River Falls Journal.

Thanks. The Normal Badger which is now being printed by Mr. Churchill is most excellent in mechanical make up. His work is very satisfactory.

The High School has organized a Literary Society. It meets every Friday night and is open only to members. This is a move in the right direction and we wish them all manner of success.

LITERARY.

A Jaunt in Southern Italy.

A merry party of five were we, who found ourselves one spring day in a heavy, lumbering old cab, rolling along the road that leads from Castlemare to Sorrento. On the left were towering rocks and cliffs, on the right, the Bay of Naples rolled up her dark green waves, while in the distance rose the rocky shores of Capri.

Enraptured by the beauty of the scene, by the ever-changing, never-ceasing, never-tiring sea, we were undaunted by the rain which now began to fall, but, in the true tourist spirit, emphatically rejected, much to our

driver's amusement, any protection which the cover of the carriage might have offered. On we drove, under dripping umbrellas, through lemon and orange groves which here bordered the roadway. How beautiful, too, it was. The scene through those orchards—a mass of yellow and gold, for the luscious fruit hung a burden on the trees. A childish longing came over us to scale the wall and eat our fill. Nor was this to be denied us, for early the following morning at the Cocumella in Sorrento we were entrusted with the garden key and so had the full enjoyment of plucking the oranges from the tree. But

Normal Students and Teachers can have their eyes examined

more tempting than the fruit was the vast expanse of the blue Mediterranean, shut out from us by a high stone wall, which has steps leading to its summit, and there in the beautiful morning light—what a glory!—The bay at one's feet, before and to the left smoking Vesuvius. Here we sat, feasting upon the scene, or strolling about watching the ceaseless toil of old Ocean, until weak flesh summoned us to do justice to what we all pronounced the best breakfast we had partaken of on that side of the Atlantic. Think of it! Oranges, toast, boiled eggs, fried mush and coffee! Who ever heard of such a breakfast in Europe?

At ten o'clock, with a lunch-basket that would have contained my complete wardrobe, filled with "goodies," headed by a staunch old seaman, we were escorted through an underground passage to the boat landing and there embarked in a sail boat with four oarsmen. How glorious the water, the sky, the mountains! But soon one of our little party was seen leaning over the boat side—interested in the fishes of course, but soon another and then another sank pale and dejected to the bottom of the boat, happy had it been the bottom of the sea.

Arrived at Capri we were transferred to small boats accommodating but two each and bidden to lie flat on the bottom of the boat. We rode on

the crest of a wave through a small hole in the rocky wall straight into fairy land. Such weird beautiful blue were water, rocks and air, surely it was a "Blue Grotto."

Thence we skirted the rocky shore to Marino, the harbor of Capri. The town is a little Italian village, grown on the rocks, where the men fish and the women weave, and sell coral. Here we took a carriage and drove up to the town of Capri, up the steep cliff, up hill and down, with rattle and bang, over ditch and stone, the most reckless drive of our lives. In a half hour's time we had seen the city and were again under full sail before a stiff breeze speeding back to Sorrento.

Arrived there we were ready to accept an invitation from our good host of the Cocumella to attend a native dance, and for the picturesque, the fantastic, there is naught to surpass the dusky Italian in his multi-colored costume dancing to the beat of the tambourine and castanet.

The rain threatened to spoil our next day's drive, but undaunted we set forth and ere long were gladdened by clear skies. All day we drove, the road, built into the cliff of solid rock, never once quitting the coast, now winding along the Bay of Naples, then the Gulf of Sorrento. Such changing of colors, deep blue and beautiful—it was a veritable delight—this

play of colors, and the air so fresh and pure after the rain.

Arrived at Amalfi, a wretched, dirty hamlet, we rested and while waiting for a relief of horses visited the cathedral where we encountered a swarm of street urchins and beggars. Miss—with her kodak attracted them as honey does flies, and so she photographed the troop.

At Vitri we expected to get a train to Pompeii but, arriving we found that a new time card had just gone into effect and there would be no train until nine o'clock and that a slow one. We had learned to beware of slow trains so accepted the offer of our driver to take us on to Pompeii—fifteen miles farther, for the consideration of 12 francs (\$2.50). Now our way led across a plain, with level roads, toward the setting sun, while the mountains at our back were aglow with the reflected light, and that night we slept in modern Pompeii.

The next day was an eventful one, as were all of these days, for we did what in our day-dreams I for one had never thought to do—ascended rugged smoking old Vesuvius. The first stage was made by carriage rattling along through the narrow filthy streets and alleys of Pompeii. Such wretchedness, such squalor as we had never seen. The greatest, yes, almost the sole sign of industry was the macaroni hanging on rocks, at

the windows, inside and outside, on the roofs, everywhere, in all shades of yellow, according to its state of dryness. Upon the roof-tops we saw men tramping with bare feet that which we supposed to be a fine variety of macaroni, here, there, everywhere, nothing but macaroni, but that suffices to make an Italian happy.

But we had not driven far beyond the city when we halted at a small cabin with roomier stables adjoining, where we left the carriage and then rode, mounted not on the fiery steed of Alexander, but on poor scrawny ponies each attended by a small boy whose sole vocation was prodding the poor beasts along, and here the ascent began. For some distance small trees and shrubs subsist on the black ash-soil but ere long even this scanty vegetation ceases. It is a mighty ash-heap, black, bleak, barren, desolate. Up and on we toiled, over the lava, hardened as it boiled and bubbled, the sturdy little animals cautiously avoiding every treacherous rock. When within about three quarters of an hour of the top we left the ponies with their small attendants and proceeded to do our own climbing. In order to visit the crater it was required that we add an official guide to our party for whose services we paid a tariff of 12 francs. Many were the cautions he gave us to

follow in his very footsteps, nor did we need more than one ominous sound to impress the warning upon us, for passing along the edge of a great circular depression whose depths no man knows, we were startled by a mighty rumbling and thundering as of a storm just breaking over us, but a second peal assured us that it was beneath us. Then rose stifling fumes of sulphurous smoke and we were commanded to run for this was more dangerous than the crater itself, for stones are often thrown out after these peals.

The old crater itself was a great crack, or fissure, in the mountain, colored red and yellow by chemical action and from it issued hot fumes. We were allowed to tarry but a few moments and then began our descent on the other side. Here with each step we sank knee deep into the cinders from which we could extricate ourselves only with great exertion, but to sink again, yet all the time compelled to hold ourselves back so steep was the descent. After about fifteen minutes of this we reached the new crater, whence was flowing a red-hot molten mass which turned black upon the surface as soon as exposed to the air. No flames were issuing and the lava stream was comparatively small and moved slowly down the mountain, yet

the heat was too intense for us to tarry near.

Retracing our steps a short distance we partook of a lunch on the barren lava rocks, emptied the ashes from our dilapidated shoes, then mounted our faithful bearers which had been led around the crater and began our descent. At two o'clock we were back at our inn and the Vesuvius trip was past history.

Nor yet is the record of those days complete without mention of our visit to the excavated city of Pompeii. Yes, we trod those streets where Pliny was wont to wander, where in the Temple of Isis, in the house of Glaucus, in that city which seventeen hundred years before had been a living city, and was now in part restored to the light of day after its sleep of centuries.

MISS DORA GILFILLAN.

A Vision at Sunset.

Whenever a sunset grand
Glow's o'er the western hills,
In vision the glory-land
My soul with its beauty thrills.
There gleams the crystal sea,
In the sun-glow burning far;
And I can almost see
The pearly gates ajar.
The flaming cloud-shapes grand
That fill the western sky,—
Around the throne they stand,
The marshalled hosts on high.
The many mansions bright,
The sheen of the jasper walls
I see in that beautiful light;
To my waiting soul there falls
A word of the Awful One,
Whose face no man shall see,
Till the city that needs no sun
His heritage shall be.
And as the sure hour nears
When earth and I must part,
The city where fall no tears
And Thou in Thy glory art,

C. F. Heinrich, First-class Grocery; Teas, Coffees and Fruit.

Let me see with my dimming eye
Through the sunset's glowing gold.
To my home beyond the sky,
To the joy that's all untold,

With not a fear or sigh,
Sure of the Father's love,
The earth-freed soul shall fly
To that radiant life above.

WALTER A. SCOTT.



KINDERGARTEN.

About twenty-five ladies were present at the Mothers' Meeting in the Kindergarten, Friday afternoon, Jan. 20. Many of the ladies came before the children went home, in time to witness the pretty ceremony of saying good-bye to Miss Peckham, who stood in the center of the circle, and to whom each child went to shake hands and say good-bye before going home.

The exercises opened with a pianosolo by Miss Pierce. After a few words from Miss Peckham introducing the subject of the afternoon's talk, discipline, Miss Sadie Johnson read a paper in which she discussed the necessity of discipline, and right and wrong ways of inflicting punishments. Punishment by whipping was mentioned as still believed in by many people, as sometimes indispensable, but the experience should be rare enough to be impressive, and one should not threaten this, or any other punishment, unless perfectly sure of inflicting it. One disastrous habit of some

parents is the punishing of all offences in the same way. How is the child to learn which is the greater fault?

Governing through fear and governing by bribing were both condemned, as both will leave bad effects on the child's disposition. The child's efforts to do right should be encouraged and appreciated or else he will cease trying. Most of all is it essential that the parents, in their treatment of the child, shall show the same traits of character which they wish him to acquire, since he is sure to imitate whatever he sees in them, of good or bad.

Following the paper was a general discussion of the question, "What is the result if a child is disciplined through fear?" In this discussion, many interesting points were brought out, and individual cases considered. The ladies showed their interest in the question and in the meeting by taking an active part, making this the most interesting of all the Mother's Meetings.

Geo. J. Dodge, General Hardware, Umbrellas repaired.

The meeting closed with a lullaby song, in which all joined, following the custom of learning one song each meeting. At the next meeting, which will probably occur in three weeks one of the mothers will read a paper on discipline, touching on other sides of the question.

Once upon a time, a little stone with a picture of a fern upon it was picked up and carried to a large and beautiful house, and put into a cabinet with ever so many other stones and sea shells.

On top of the cabinet there were pictures and vases and a white owl, who looked as if he might be taking care of all the wonderful things inside the cabinet. In the room, besides the cabinet, there were sofas, chairs, tables, pictures, books and a grate with a bright fire glowing in it. One evening, just at dusk, when the stars were just beginning to shine in the sky, a mamma and two children named Felix and Fern came into that room and sat down in front of the fire. Little Fern said, "I am so glad it is time for our story for you always tell such nice ones, mamma." The mamma smiled, and after looking at the bright fire answered, "The coal in the grate and your name, my child, makes me think of a story which I think you will like. You Felix, may go to the cabinet and get the stone which has the picture of the fern on it, and I

will tell you how it came to be there." And this is the story which she told them, "I heard it because I am the tiny fern which was in the rock that Felix and Fern looked at while their mamma told them about me. She said that years and years and years ago I was a delicate little green fern just like the very tiniest one that Felix and Fern picked when they went out into the woods to play, and that I was growing in a large forest at the foot of—O, such a tall, strong tree; and that I loved the sunshine and dew long before any birds were flying about on the earth. That, in my forest home, there were so many trees that the children, had they been there, could not have counted half of them. Some of the trees had very long, strange names such as *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria* and *Calainite*, but my name is the shortest and easiest to say and I think the prettiest because it is Fern's name also. Then she said that there were many ferns also and that some of them grew big enough to be called treeferns, and that we all belonged to what is called the coal age and that many of the trees in my forest home grew so tall, that even the very tallest trees that Felix and Fern had ever seen, would look small beside them, and that there were so many, many trees growing close together that our home

was called a dense forest (that means thick;) and there were not only these tall trees, but many kinds of plants and mosses so thick that they were like a soft, green, velvet carpet, but that we did not have any pretty flowers or any meadow-larks or robins or bluebirds to sing to us, but that the wind made soft music in our forest, and that crickets and grasshoppers made us happy with their piping, and that animals like giant frogs and lizards went croaking through the marshes. When she told about those huge animals I almost shook, even though I am a stone, for I remember how afraid I was of them and used to wish I could creep closer to my tree. And then I would look up and think, "Well, I guess you can take care of me, for you are so big and strong," and then I would see the sunbeams dancing through its branches and in trying to catch and hold them I would forget all about those big things. Then she said at night when all the beautiful stars came out to peep at me, that the dew came and kissed me and that I grew on, day after day, in my wild sweet way, for no one came to pick me, for there were no people living on the earth then, or any tigers or lions or elephants; but that one day the sun forgot to shine, the clouds grew dark and then it rained and lightened, and that the trees around my tree shook and fell;

then the earth began to tremble and that at last my tree fell and covered me with its branches. And how we took such a long, long nap in the soft, moist clay, for the ocean came and covered us, and pressed us deeper into the earth where it was so much warmer than it was upon top of the ground, and then that some water with lime in it, must have flowed over me and thus left my picture on the stone where Felix and Fern could see it, though it was taken such a long, long time ago.

Then the mamma said that many useful and wonderful things were done with coal, for after people had lived in the world a long time, a man found out that this black stone would burn, and from that time it has become more and more useful. Then she said, "Children, coal is not only used to make this bright cheerful fire for us, but it is used in the engines of our mills, of trains, and of steamships, and some beautiful colors, among them the violet which you children think so pretty, came from this same black coal." Then the mamma told them when they were older they could read a poem about this petrified fern. As soon as the story was finished the children said, "O, that was such a pretty story," then they came to the cabinet, opened the doors and laid me gently down on a shelf beside some bright little stones called fiery opals.

Then they went up stairs, for it was time to go to Dreamland. After they had gone I looked over at the pretty fire and thought, "I am so glad I belong to the coal age, too, because I have made two little children happy and because coal is called, 'imprisoned sunlight, nature's greatest gift to man.'"—SADIE E. JOHNSON.

Miss Cymbra Daniels has been with us for two weeks and has taken part in our work.

Miss Ethel White has been observing the work in the Kindergarten this week.

Among other visitors were Misses Bessie Lusk, and Langdon, Mrs. Swartz, Mr. Reed, Mr. Fosbroke and Mrs. Farnsworth.

Gymnasium Notes.

Last term there were five large gymnasium classes organized and they are doing good work.

The physical training classes appreciate Miss Mamie Langdon's kindness in coming in and playing for them so often.

Classes from the Primary and Intermediate schools have given each other two exhibitions of their work. This has been a great help in creating interest.

This term there is to be a military class organized with Mr. Otis as leader.

Basket ball draws the interest of most of our athletes. Each of the classes has a class team of the young men and we understand that steps are being taken to organize the young ladies into teams.

The following table shows the number of games played and percentage of teams up to Jan. 26:

	Games Played.	Won.	Lost.	Percent.
Freshmen,	8	7	1	.875
Senior,	5	3	2	.600
Sophomore,	8	3	5	.375
Junior,	4	0	4	.000

The young men appreciate Mr. Sim's kindness very much for helping them in their games. Mrs. Truesdell also wishes to thank the young men who so willingly umpire and referee for the young ladies.

Y. W. G. A.

Topics and Leaders.

Jan. 31.—Inactivity a Sin. Consecration.—Alma Layne.

Feb. 7.—Think Before You Speak.—Margaret Anderson.

Feb. 14.—Character—Rev. Snodgrass.

Feb.—21.—Laborers Together With God.—Pearl Scott.

With the exception of receiving new members, no business will be presented at the prayer meetings. Regular business meetings of the Association will be held once a month and cabinet meetings once in two weeks.

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Entered at the Postoffice at River Falls, Wis every month as second class matter.

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River Falls, Wis.

Printed by the
TIMES office, River Falls, Wis.

Gocal.

Frank Otis is in school again.
More new seats have been placed in the assembly room.

Miss Julia Johnson has secured a position in New Richmond.

Miss Maud Wood, who has been teaching in Chippewa Co., has returned to school.

Pupil in practice class—Is a knight dressed in woman's clothes a (k) night (d) ress?

Jennie Davies has withdrawn from school on account of her

health. She will resume work next term.

Pupil in General History—Ten thousand Greeks invaded Asia Minor. They were all slain. The rest returned home.

Elmer Waite left this week for New Richmond, where he has secured the position of assistant principal in the High School.—Dunn Co. News.

A load of ten young people from Hudson drove down on Saturday, Jan. 14, to pay a pleasant visit to the young people from that place attending school here.

Christmas vacation welcomed the return of a large number of the old students. Among them we recognized Geo. Frye, Prin. at Winneconne; Geo. Swartz, Laura Weld, students in the State University; Josie Johnson, Shell Lake; Mabel Wood, Chippewa Falls; May White, Villa Marie; Ethel White, East Lincoln; Wm. Lusk, Prin. at Humbird; Bessie Lusk, Rice Lake; J. C. Thompson, Prin. at Hammond; Cora Chapman, from Knapp; Mary Fogle, Rice Lake; Ada Burnett, Rice Lake; Marie Hale, St. Croix Falls; Hester Hulst, Glen Flora; Emily Parsons, Bayfield; Johanna Iversen, Rice Lake; Minnie Barg, Ironwood, Mich.; Tillie Smith, Ellsworth; Nina Daniels, Ironwood, Mich.; Cymbra Daniels, and Emma Jenson, Minneapolis; John Callahan, New Richmond;

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Prof. Ames, of the High School;
 Prin. H. E. Layne, Plum City;
 J. D. O'Keefe, Law School,
 Minneapolis; Edna Littlefield,
 Humbird; Lulu Beers, Cumber-
 land; Bell Deans, Madison; D.
 J. O'Keefe, Law School, Minne-
 apolis.

Self reverence, self-knowledge
 self control;

These three alone lead life to
 sovereign power.—Tennyson.

I am a part of all that I have
 met.—Tennyson.

Nothing is ever done nobly
 that is done in rivalry or beauti-
 fully that is done in pride.—Rus-
 kin.

Reading and conversation may
 furnish us with many ideas of
 men and things, yet it is our own
 meditation that must form our
 judgement.—Watts.

As far as is possible, let your
 motto be to leave nothing till
 you have thoroughly mastered
 it. Do not think that any part
 of the lesson can be rightly pass-
 ed over. Dig deep and you will
 find the gold.—Selected.

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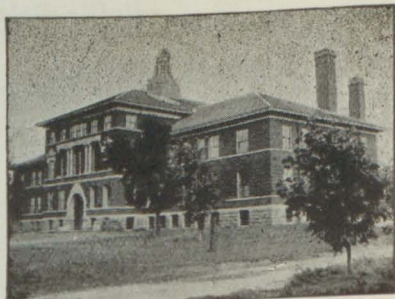
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