

THE NORMAL BADGER.

The great result of schooling is a mind with just vision to discern, with free force to do; the grand schoolmaster is Practice.—Thomas Carlyle.

RIVER FALLS, Wis.

THE NORMAL BADGER.

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

VOL. 4.

RIVER FALLS, WIS., JUNE 1899.

No. 9.

Editorial.

The article *Pictures in Normal* printed in last month's Badger contained some incorrect statements which are corrected by the following statement of receipts and expenditures of the Normal Art Fund up to the present.

RECEIPTS.

Alumni Contributions.....	\$108.00
Donations by members of Faculty.....	100.50
Fete Gymnastic, Last June.....	100.00
Kindergarten Entertainment ..	14.98
Tuesday Club.....	12.00
Exhibition of Pictures.....	11.45
Junior Art Fund, Last Year's Junior Class	10.00
Ninth Grade.....	5.03

\$361.96

EXPENDITURES.

Pictures and Frames.....	\$273.63
Statuary	42.65
Freight, Express and Exchange ..	17.56
Bracket	3.25
Labor.....	1.97

\$338.76

The traveling library scheme has succeeded as far as the Normal School is concerned. Four libraries are now complete and have been placed in outlying districts. One more library will probably be completed before the end of the year.

Science.

It has been found that the density of liquid air is less than

that of water. Air freshly liquified and containing over 50 per cent. of oxygen has a specific gravity of 0.995. As the nitrogen evaporates, the specific gravity increases, so that after two or three days the air containing 94 per cent. oxygen has a specific gravity of 1.112. From the data obtained, it is claimed that if atmospheric air could be liquified without change of composition, its specific gravity at its boiling point would be between 0.87 and 0.90.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

A most serious charge has been brought against our common enemy—the mosquito. It has been quite satisfactorily proved that this insect carries with it and injects into the veins of its victims the germs of malaria. This matter has been thoroughly investigated by European medical circles. The world renowned Prof. Koch at the head of a commission from Germany recently studied the subject in the malarial districts of Italy. His report substantiates the theory of mosquito infection very decidedly.

This alarming discovery has led to attempts to exterminate the little pest. It has been found

that the mosquito in all its stages of growth can be instantly killed by contact with minute particles of potassium permanganate.

It is claimed that one part of this substance in 1,500 parts of solution, distributed in mosquito marshes will render the develop-

ment of the larvae impossible.

Kerosene is sometimes used to prevent the hatching of the larvae from the water of a mosquito marsh. One ounce of kerosene to fifteen square feet of water surface is found sufficient.

LITERARY.

Monument.

Ye rock! so silent, grim and mute,
That crowns the towering hill,
Whose ancient lineage none dispute,
Whose height and grandeur thrill.

Come ope those lips so cold and dumb,
Thy history relate.
Tell us the byways thou hast come
To this thy changeless state;

How long in ocean's slimy bed
Thy shapeless form was laid;
How long before thy rising head
The gushing waters staid;

What earthquakes raised thee from below
And heaved thy ponderous form
To where the changing zephyrs blow,
To face the thundering storm;
What mortals passed beneath thy gaze
When earth and time were young
Canst thou not clear this dreary haze?
Oh! loose thy silent tongue.

No. Silent as the grave thou art.
No tremor shalt thou feel
Till God the secret of thy heart
Commands thee to reveal.

JAMES C. CUTHBERT.

The Lady Slipper.

Among those wild flowers which we prize not only for their beauty, but for their rarity and curious form, is the lady slipper or moccasin flower. We are all more or less familiar with the yellow lady slipper, but the pink is more rare. It is about twice as large, and the flower a delicate

pink, shades off into a deeper color on the inside of the moccasin-shaped corolla. The upper portion of the flower, where it is attached to the stem, is thickly dotted with small brown specks which make it appear as though freckled by the spring wind.

I well remember one of these plants which grew in the edge of a kinnickinnic thicket bordering the wind hill road. Year after year we watched the large soft leaves unfold and finally display the downy, pale green buds. Then as the warm June sunshine stole in among the tall ferns and bushes the buds became a creamy white, and at last some fine morning we would find the lovely flowers hanging their pretty heads as though unconscious of the admiration they were exciting, yet amid their sturdy erect stalks they appeared monarchs of all they surveyed, and certainly were of all who surveyed them.

I think that we can see more readily why the name of moccasin

flower should be applied to this plant than that of lady slipper, which name must certainly have been applied when the coin toe was in vogue.

We may think of the moccasin flower as year after year it bloomed and faded, hidden away from all sight by the ferns and brakes, or perhaps blossomed in front of the door of the Indian's wigwam and was broken and crushed by its namesake, the Indian's moccasin. Then as the white man came and the sheltering birch was hewn down, and the ferns and brakes upturned by the breaking plow, the moccasin flower retreated as its red friends had done, and sought the seclusion of the bluffs overlooking our Kinnickinnic, meantime having received a new name. Perhaps some mild June evening Farmer Jones' daughter, fresh from boarding school, happened to be taking a stroll in the cow pasture, shortly before milking time, and found a timid little moccasin flower struggling against the intrusion of the patient-eyed cows. In an ecstasy of delight she christened it La Lady Slipper, and bore her newly discovered treasure home in triumph. The whole family being only too ready to acquire the boarding school manners of the adored eldest sister proclaimed "Vive La Lady Slipper," all except the farmer himself, who was a trifle too matter of fact for this and compromised

by "the lady slipper."

Back in our little district school there was no flower watched for with greater impatience or searched for with more eagerness than this. The pink lady slipper, which blooms a trifle later than the yellow, is frequently in all its glory at Commencement time, and this was true of one year when they bloomed with unusual profuseness. Our teacher, just from the Normal school, which probably accounts for her great success in the district, had told us that she desired some lady slippers for a friend who was to graduate. Nothing could have pleased us more. So one noon after hastily eating our lunches we all set out for the hill, where the little flowers, all-unconscious of the fate awaiting them, were nodding drowsily in the warm sunshine of a June noontime. Dividing into five or six groups, we had soon sacked the whole hillside and were on our way back, each with hands full of the flowers. As the hill was more than half a mile from the school house and the noon intermission but an hour, we were obliged to run the greater part of the way back. Just as we entered the school yard, warm, panting for breath, and thoroughly exhausted, the melodious tones of the old school bell rang out. They may not have seemed as melodious then as they do now, but possibly they have grown mellow with

age.

At the door we were met by the teacher, who uttered all the exclamations of delight and admiration our childish hearts could possibly have anticipated or hoped for. After reserving a few of the flowers we placed the remainder in a great bank just under the eaves, in the shade of the school house, where the earth was packed hard by many feet, the long grass bent down or pulled and scattered about in miniature windrows and haystacks, and where the tender young stems of the caraway were nipped in the bud.

There were enough lady slippers in the school-room that afternoon to have stocked a shoe-store. On every desk, no matter how whittled, marked, or smeared with sauce, molasses or honey, at least one of the delicate flowers looked benignantly down from an empty ink-well, the hole where the ink-well should have been, or from the finger-blurred sprinkling bottle dear to the heart of every country school child, as a necessity for the cleanliness of his slate.

That afternoon there was little mischief in the school room. During the first hours all were too exhausted physically to think of mischief, and there seemed absolute rest and supreme happiness in lolling back in the high backed desks, with feet dangling or else tucked up in the seat conning over again

and again, "Bobolink, bobolink, spink, spank, spink, spink, spank, spink."

A lull seemed to settle over all. There was the listless drone of a big blue bottle-fly as he languidly settled down upon some sweetly inviting desk, the buzz of the bumble bees as they came and went past the open windows, and the occasional click of a slate against a desk, and the clatter and scratching of slate pencils, while through all was the constant hum of voices in the recitations, but to-day this only settled into our souls as a peaceful accompaniment to our thoughts, as the babbling of a brook might do. Then came the patter of bare feet on the rough pine floor, another clatter of books and slates, and class No. 2 continued the hum of voices, while class No. 1 took up the murmur, "c-h-i-c-k-e-n, chick'n, chick'n, c-h-i-c-k-e-n," for it must have been that as yet the new method of spelling had not been introduced into the Normal. Now and then an eye wandered, but finally rested on the passive flowers, and after a deeply drawn breath, and a caressing touch from a brown hand, the eyes again rested on the speller and there could be heard the faint murmur, k-e-t-t-l-e, kittle, kittle, k-e-t-t-l-e.

Suddenly there came the robin's sweet full notes, as he balanced on a fence post near by. A few of the eyes were lifted, but they only rested on the lady

slippers a moment, and again fell on the speckled pages of the speller. But one pair of quick eyes saw the blue bottle fly peering cautiously into the rosy depths of a lady slipper as he walked mincingly around the edge. The eyes sparkled a moment and a chubby hand lowered stealthily, then followed a quick motion, the drone of the blue bottle fly, the crash of breaking glass, and a small boy was seen mopping off the top of a desk with his shirt sleeve and gathering together the fragments of a sprinkling bottle. In answer to a look from the teacher he sat upright and pulled forth a tattered spelling book, while the next moment he was studiously arranging a lady slipper in the button hole of a limp shirt sleeve.

All had just regained their former quiet when there came the low rumble of distant thunder, and one after another, yellow, brown and black heads raised up even with the high window sills and sank back again so quickly that the murmur and hum of voices was not interrupted.

The adjacent rye field heaved and changed every moment in undulating waves, the oak trees showed silvery gray as their leaves turned wrong side out in the wind, while the record of head marks for the B spelling class, pinned to the window casing, flapped and fluttered wildly.

The teacher closed the windows

and the next moment we heard the pattering of the rain. As we watched the drops trickling down the panes, thinking how convenient it was to have the windows washed again we were recalled by a slight commotion in one of the front seats and there we saw the whitewash falling down in feathery flakes, and the drops of water hovering all around the boundary of Wisconsin we had traced in the cracked ceiling. The unfortunate occupant of this seat having been removed to a dry quarter of the room, all was tranquil again.

Owing to the rain our afternoon recess was spent indoors, but gradually the rain ceased and the sun came out just as we were dismissed for the afternoon. With one accord we rushed to the east side of the school house, where we found our lady slippers fragrant and dripping with rain. As we gently lifted them up, gathering them into bunches, there were many exclamations of delight and joy. The whole scene was one of harmony, no cross words, no tantalizing nor bullying. The worst little tease and the biggest bully in the school were going into ecstasies over a big lady slipper that had been acting the role of rain barrel under the eaves and now was half full of the clear water. Even the most stoical of the boys, who hid all tokens of feeling except a grim

smile as he watched the struggles of an ensnared gopher, or occasionally gave a conservative word of praise for an unusually fat and well groomed team grew quite eloquent now.

Regret was marked in more than one of the faces as the flowers were stowed away in the teacher's buggy that evening,

and the following day while our lady slippers drooped and faded in the midst of music, cheering, and laughter, in the old Normal Chapel, their sweet presence still lingered in the little school house surrounded by its oak trees and rye fields.—*Wisconsin Journal of Education* by Miss Mary Odell, El' '99.



KINDERGARTEN.

What We Do in Kindergarten.

After mentioning that I had been taking a year's work of Kindergarten in a letter to a young lady way off in California, and receiving an answer asking "What do you do?" (or in reality I inferred the question, "What is a Kindergarten?") I was and am so filled with enthusiasm to get to her, and really tell what we do that now I am going to tell you, as I would her, something about it. First, what is a Kindergarten? I can think of no better meaning than that given by Miss Blow, who conducted the first permanent Public School Kindergarten in America. She says,— "The Kindergarten is a world where small virtues are nursed into strength by exercise, where small faults are gradually overcome because their effects are clearly seen and where character

is harmoniously developed because the same truths realized as law are felt as love."

It is not very long ago that I did not realize the full meaning. I can remember when I observed the work of last year, of going away each time, thinking that it was merely play on the part of the children and also on the part of the kindergartners. I used to do just what I see you doing, call in for a few minutes, visit the table and circle work, beam with joy when an amusing game was played or when the children were having the skipping game, instead of staying long enough to follow the work and get a good insight into it.

But now as I am wrapped up and absorbed in what I used to think of as merely a pleasant time I find a great change: The pleasure is there, as before, but

there is something else, an understanding of this play. Froebel has not only taught us to make children happy, but has helped us to understand and educate them wisely.

Educate them? We have had people say to us,—“Nonsense, you know enough to teach those little things. What knowledge can be required to amuse babies?” Yes, they are babies. Yet I will say there is no spot on earth so big with fate as that within the four walls of the kindergarten.

To work with and to be in the presence of children and to make them happy, to me, is enjoyment and happiness.

After knowing what a kindergarten is we should think of the kindergartner. What is required of her.

Every year as the kindergarten grows in public favor, greater things are required of those who wish to devote themselves to this profession.

The training courses are lengthening, greater numbers of studies are taken up, hard examinations held and the post-graduate courses are more and more insisted upon.

Altho' there is no accredited course of training in this school, after finishing a year's work successfully we are admitted into any regular training school as second year students. We are required to follow the same plan of work.

Our course of study includes 40 weeks of practice in this department, 20 weeks of Mother Play or the philosophy of kindergarten, 10 weeks of the study of the great educators, especially Froebel and Pestalozzi, 40 weeks of the Gifts and Occupations, 30 weeks of drawing, including blackboard drawing, illustration of stories, and painting, 40 weeks in vocal music and 40 weeks of nature study.

During the entire year we make four books of advanced occupation work, including folding, weaving, cutting and sewing.

In addition to our regular work we assist in the Mothers' Meetings, and not only do we see the mutual benefit to both mother and teacher but we see the bond that connects the home and school.

The Mothers' Meetings to me seem to be beneficial to students not alone for the knowledge derived, but for getting the spirit so when we go out into our field of work we will not be contented until we have a Mothers' Club in connection with our schools.

I would like to tell you all about our studies, if time permitted, but I will speak only of Nature study, one of the most important requirements in our Course.

Why do we study it? Simply to know, ourselves, of Nature. So when the little child asks us, “What did the bee do that for?”

and the whys and whens of the things Nature does, we will be able to put him into the right spirit. It is amazing how many questions children ask. Often we think that there is scarcely a thought back of them, but generally the questions are reasonable.

Another question concerning Nature is, how we study it, do we take all things alive? about what shall it be centered? It should be chiefly centered about that which appeals to children, the study of living things and their ways.

We think the study of living things most appropriate for the babies but do not exclude other sciences. Incidentally, we study the snowflakes as they fall, watch the steam from the kettle, talk with the child about the pebbles he finds. But as I said all these things would be incidental, while the study of plants and animals should be constant.

Our little children have a flower garden out in the yard and it is perfectly beautiful to see how they watch and care for it. Each child found his own place, then planted his flower seeds and now is watching the spot day by day waiting for the tiny flowers to appear.

All of this seems simple to us, but to the child it is the deepest earnest, for play is at once his life and his lesson, his work and himself. No better foundation for science or religion can be

laid than that sincere and reverent interest in nature which has found out by seeking, that in this universe of ours "all is love, yet all is law."

Froebel in his mysterious way expresses this conviction when he says, "The things of Nature form a more beautiful ladder between heaven and earth than that seen by Jacob; not a one-sided ladder, leading in one direction, but an all-sided one leading in all directions. Not in dreams is it seen; it is permanent; it surrounds us on all sides. It is decked with flowers, and angels with children's eyes beckon us toward it; it is solid, resting on a floor of crystal; the inspired singer, David, praises and glorifies it.

To me the supreme object of the study of Nature in the kindergarten is to induce the children to love the things of Nature and to live with these things. By doing this, knowledge follows.

Altho' we do not possess all the qualifications of an Ideal kindergarten separately,—we are certain that we have them collectively, for have we not a St. Cecilia, a Raphael, a Rachel, a Franklin, and we look to you to furnish us in the course of a few years, a person that does possess the Music of St. Cecilia, the Art of Raphael, the dramatic genius of Rachel, the administrative ability of Cromwell, the meekness of Moses, the patience of Job, the prudence of Franklin.

When we have found this person we will have our Ideal Kindergarten and then our Ideal Child.

ANNA J. FORTUNE.

Athletic.

Our base ball team has played four games this year. The first one was played on the Normal campus April 29 with the Hammond High School. The score was 11-13 in favor of Hammond.

The battery work with the exception of one inning was good. During that one inning there were seven men fanned but only two caught out.

Before the game there was a little wrangle over the question whether E. Jacobs, Hammonds pitcher, was eligible to play. The game was protested by the Normals but later the protest was withdrawn so as to prevent unfriendly feelings between the two schools.

The next game of the season was played at New Richmond against the High School of that city. The battery work of the Normal was splendid. Purves fanned out nineteen men, eighteen of whom were caught out behind the bat. The fielding of New Richmond was gilt edged while that of the Normals was very ragged with the exception of Baird and Moynihan, center and left fielders, and Magney, second base. The New Richmond boys

bunched their hits and so won. Score 15 to 5.

This game showed that our boys had not had enough practice. It was thought that the boys would get out and practice then, but they didn't.

Our next game was played Friday, May 12, with the River Falls High School. It was then we won our first and only victory. Score 16 to 13. The fielding on both sides was poor and errors plentiful.

The next Saturday the Normals again played Hammond High School, this time at Hammond. The Normal team went completely to pieces. The score was 21 to 3 in favor of Hammond.

Below is the standing of the clubs in the St. Croix Inter-Scholastic League:

	played	won	lost	percent.
Hammond	4	4	0	1000
New Richmond	4	3	1	750
River Falls H. S.	4	1	3	250
Normal	4	1	3	250

Y. W. C. A.

Leaders for June:

June 6—What progress have we made this year? Miss Shultes.

June 15—Union Service with Y. M. C. A. Prof. Adrian.

Misses Grace Kellogg and Pearl Scott have been chosen as delegates to the Annual Conference of the Y. W. C. A. to be held at Lake Geneva, Wis., from June 30 to July 10.

Dr. J. N. Kirk, Office on Main St., open day and night.

Miss C.—“I took some quinine last night and my head has rung all the morning.”

Mr. W.—“We all concede that you are a bell(e).”

Favorite Expressions.

Rand—“It seems to me.”

Miss Lowater—“Why——.”

Miss Coggs—“I don't see the force of that.”

Universal chorus “I don't know, but I think—.”

Y. M. C. A.

Topics for June.

June 1—Spiritual Growth,
Glen Folsom.

June 8—Our Responsibilities,
Edward Mooney.

June 15—Union meeting with
Y. W. C. A. Prof. Adrian.

Normal Students.

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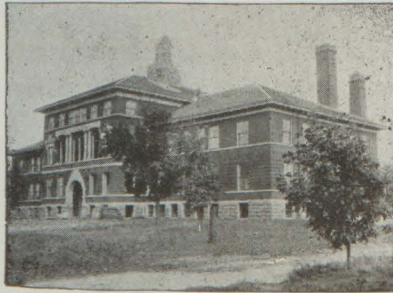
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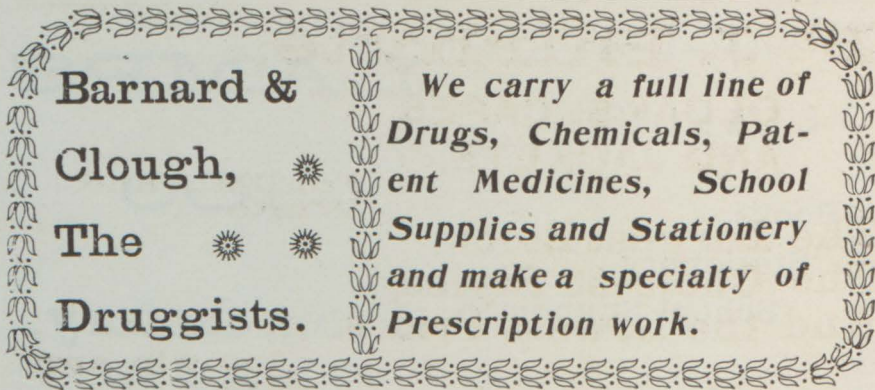
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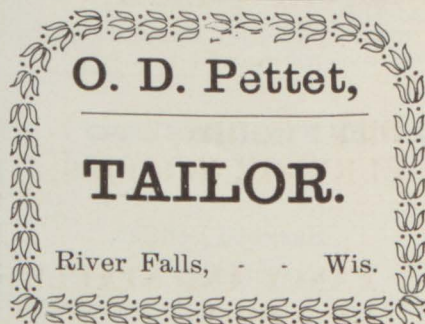
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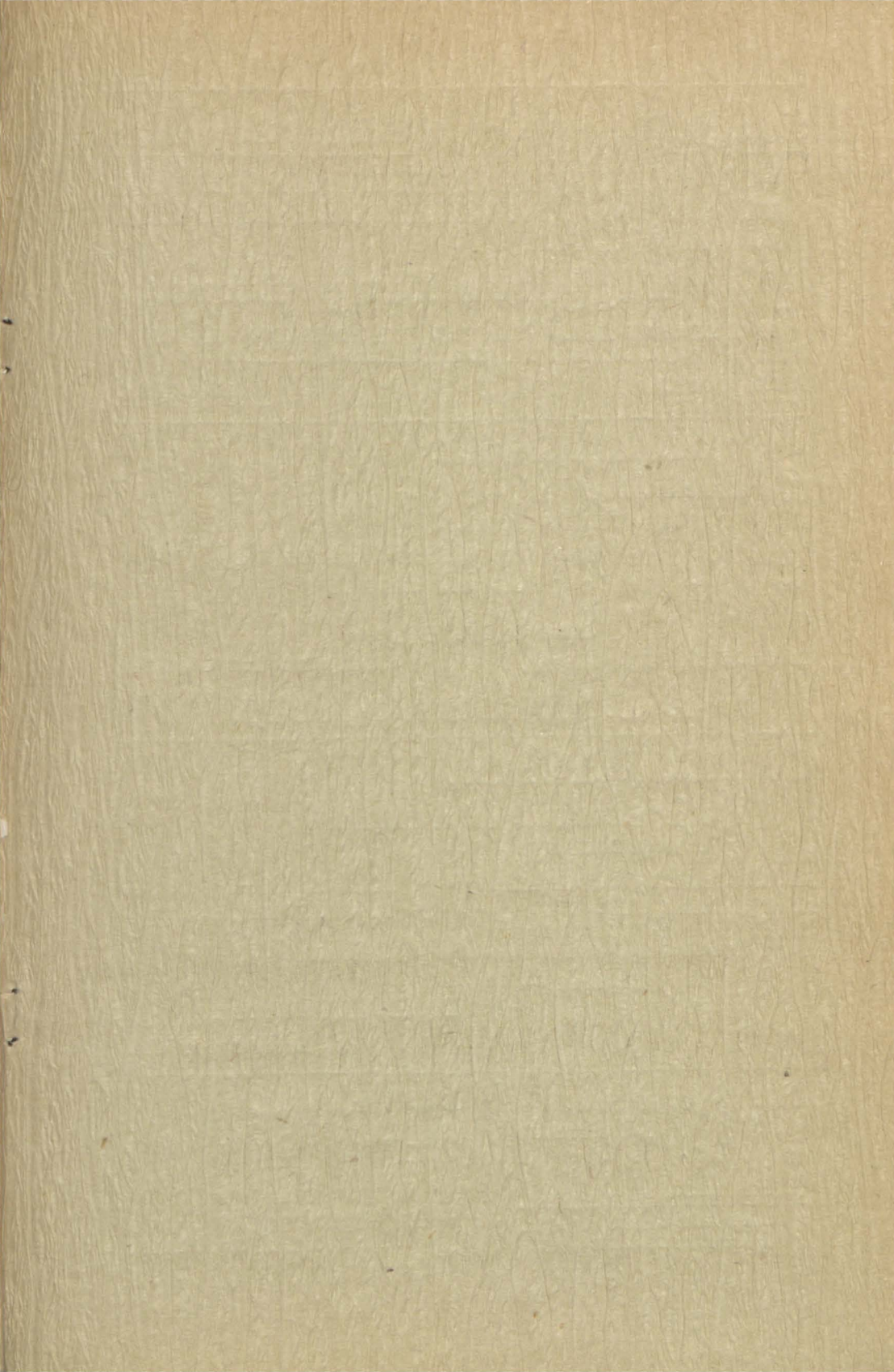
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