

THE
BADGER



Christmas
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The Normal Badger

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The Normal Badger

NINTH YEAR

CHRISTMAS 1910

NUMBER TWO

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

On Christmas Eve



Bright shine the stars in the clear, winter sky;
Gayly the bells ring from steeple and tower;
A child's happy laughter peals forth from the street;
Happiness, music, and mirth fill the hour.

Tightly the sounds float away o'er the snow,
The earth becomes dreary and dark and cold,
Silence and night reign together supreme,
But a swift change sweeps over the heavens. Behold!

The dark sky has opened! There's flame in the air!
A host of white angels with low-sweeping wings
Bear a message to earth from the realms of the sky.
Bow the knee and the head, for the holy choir sings:

"Glory to God in the highest," they chant
"To the Spirit who gave us his life and his love,
On earth peace, good will to all men and all creatures,
O sing ye a hymn to the great God above."

The last tone grows faint as it dies 'mid the stars,
The last touch of flame fades, and leaves the earth dim,
But the song of the angels still lives in our souls,
And visits our hearts with each Christmas hymn.

 EDITORIAL

From the point of view of the administration of the school, some organ is necessary to coordinate the many interests and activities of the institution. The Badger is devoted to the various activities of the school, and through this publication the interests of the students and members of the faculty may find expression.

It is probable that not many members of the school realize the numerous activities carried on by different groups of students; each one is concerned about his own particular interests, and without such an organ as the Badger these activities would not be brought to the attention of the entire school. The Badger periodically brings before the school the work of the literary societies, of the Orchestra, the Girls' Glee Club, and the Deutsche Gesellschaft. It is very desirable that all of these interests be unified, and that the results of the efforts of these different organizations be set forth from time to time.

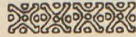
Moreover, the ideals of the school need to be preserved and held constantly before the students. The Badger meets this need. Whether these ideals originate in the class rooms or from the platform of the Assembly Room during the General Exercises of the school, they exist, and largely determine the character of the work of the school and the nature of the product it turns out.

Like the ideals of the school and dependent upon these ideals, is the school spirit. Every human institution possesses an intangible, indefinable something which for want of a better term we call its *esprit de corps* or its spirit. This is the power behind the throne, the motive power of the institution, the all-pervading power that inspires, directs, and unifies every interest. So far as it is possible to give expression to this spirit of the Normal School, the Badger offers an opportunity for such expression, and by so doing helps to make effective this valuable resource of the administration of the school.

The River Falls Normal School possesses no asset that can begin to compare in value with its graduates and former students. The product of the school is its most convincing advertisement, and the influence of those who have once allied themselves with the institution is greater than all other influences combined, in securing new students for the school. It is, therefore, of the very greatest importance to the administration of the school that a close relationship be maintained between the school, and its alumni and former students. Personal correspondence and acquaintance and reports from school officers can

never secure this close relationship as well as it can be done through the effective use of the Badger.

For these reasons and others not mentioned, it will be seen that the Badger may be, in fact is, a most valuable agency in supporting and maintaining an effective administration of the Normal School.



Japanese Art Exhibit

The last week in October we had an exhibit of Japanese prints sent us from New York City. They were placed in the upper corridor where for three weeks everyone interested, could study them at his leisure. The students very generally took advantage of this privilege, getting much pleasure as well as adding to their knowledge of things artistic. A list of references was posted in the library and much reading was done on the subject of Japanese art by the drawing classes who took this topic for their picture study, the reading taken with the study of the pictures themselves making an unusually interesting subject. Even those who did not read could not fail to gain some appreciation of the lovely soft colors used and the wonderfully artistic choice of subjects depicted. One set of plates showed the process of printing and there were a number of stencils showing the very minute and careful workmanship of these people.

Even the prints that were so curious in design and so foreign to our ideas of things that we could not understand them, were so lovely in color that they were a delight.

Then there were flowers and birds and fishes and landscapes and figures. The figures seemed least pleasing to us and the landscapes most pleasing. A landscape called the Monkey bridge by Hiroshige seemed quite a favorite as we sold the five copies that came—different sizes—and ordered another of the large size. It pictured a high cliff on either side with a glimpse of the sea beyond and a narrow foot-bridge connecting the cliffs which looked so perilously high that it seemed more appropriate for monkeys than for human beings. The towels were also a favorite, being very pleasing and decorative.

Of course there were many views of Fujiyami, the sacred mountain. One of the curious legends connected with it is that the sand which is carried down by the feet of the pilgrims in the daytime goes back to its place of itself during the night. There are also some fine views of Lake Biwa which is believed to have appeared the same night that Fujiyami was raised from the level ground.

These and many other legends will help us to remember the fine draftsmanship, the wonderful color and the poetic imaginations of these far eastern neighbors. The percentage allowed us on our sales will enable us to purchase something in this line for our building. The selection has not yet been made, but we hope before long to have a typical Japanese picture on our wall.

Christmas Giving

The most precious treasure-ship that sails that uncharted sea called life, is a human heart. Breasting the swells of our daily existence, or buffeted by winds of adversity, gliding across the unclouded days, or riding safely into some quiet home-harbor, the human heart bears its cargo of care and pain, pleasure and toil, good and evil, love, joy, fear and sorrow. And many a bark goes up and down the dear home-coast nor ventures far amain; and many a bark upon larger journeys bent, spreading its wide sails of ambition and bidding farewell to the home-harbor, departs beyond the horizon of our lives and we know it no more. Out, out upon that tumbling sea of human hope and despair, toil and tears.

We go to inquire with what cargo this one was freighted when she cast her hawser at our port and sailed away. This one, so the neighbors say, was loaded light. Her captain deemed it best to fit out with scanty store of life's goods; a little faith, a little toil, a few tears and much laughter. We turn away with an inward groan and fear descends upon us with a chill. Alas, that bark will never enter the home-harbor again! With laughter for ballast and no more stable cargo than tears she will be at the mercy of all the winds of heaven, and God pity the soul that joins her in that voyage, for it shall go down.

And this one, so the friends tell, sailed away from our life coast a few years since with full cargo in her hold and her decks piled high with hope. Below she carried faith and good cheer and good works. A glow mounts our cheeks; a peace descends upon our souls; that ship, though she be long absent from our life shores will one day sail again into the home-port and send us some token of her return; a bit of life's joy; a good wish from seas by one heart spoken to another in passing; a smile perhaps; but no token of trials past; no evil spoken nor deed of hate will the returned bring to our door. All will be for hope and cheer and joy. She will tell of speaking and passing other heart-ships still outward bound. She will tell how some sail right on into the teeth of life's adverse winds, beating, tacking, struggling, but ever moving forward; how some have trimmed ship and reefed sail on the approach of a storm, running before the wind with colors flying, with light heart and a song; how some, alas! over-burdened with care and racked and strained have gone down.

And we look with longing for the time when hearts come home to port to bring us their news of life. So "ever against that season comes, wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated" we set our watch upon the lookout points of our life shores, and kindle the beacon fires of our hearts thereon. A new light shines out from the windows of our souls to cheer and guide. We and all who love their fellow-man sail into the home-harbors of their hearts on this day of peace and good will, leaving our tokens of remembrance and regard, the smile of great price, the little gift, the kind word, the good wish, the message from one still outward bound. And the day passes and we have made all our ports

of call; we have welcomed all comers into our own heart-harbor; we weigh anchor and slip our cable and with replenished stores of trust and hope and good cheer start out upon the voyage of another year.

And value, and price! It was not considered in the tokens sent or received. We trade not in the qualities of heart and life; no rates of exchange are quoted on these commodities. Do I esteem one friend above another? Let me not try to tell him how much more by a few pennies or a few dollars. Let me give and receive for the joy of it. And if my friend sends me a plain white card bearing good wishes and his name, and if I read on it besides "On demand I promise to pay to——my strength or my life, for value received," what token of greater price could any heart-ship send to me when she calls at my home-port on Christmas morning?

STUDENT LITERATURE

THE OTHERS

(BY GLADYS WILSON)

The boy came trudging manfully up the street, hands in his pockets and his mouth puckered, making a pitiful attempt to whistle; but in spite of his efforts to appear cheerful, one could not help noticing the droop of the small square shoulders under the perfectly tailored coat and appeal of the deep blue eyes. Up the street on the other side came a crowd of happy, rollicking children for was not this the day before Christmas and were they not hurrying to get to their happy homes, busy with Christmas preparations?

There was no eagerness in the step of the boy as he climbed the steps to his home. No one opened the door for him; no one was sitting by the wide fire-place ready to hear about his day at school; no one kissed the chubby little cheeks, nor held him on her lap nor told him wonderful stories. Instead, he himself pushed the massive door open and hardly dared look at the fire-place with its smouldering fire; nor did he trust himself to look at the low wicker sewing-chair which was empty. A sob nearly choked him as he tusseled and struggled alone to pull off his rubbers and coat. The boy was a brave little lad, but he could not endure the dark suggestiveness of the once bright and cozy living-room so he fled to his own apartments. There he intended to pass the time, playing with his Humpty Dumpty Circus but he soon decided that he had much out-grown that play-thing. He picked up a book but even the wonderful Wizard of Oz could not fill up the lonely spot that was so evident. The violin, the one which his father had forbidden him to touch, lay on the table. His one desire was to take it up and play, play, play until he had driven away his loneliness. But his father's demand was so fresh in his mind that he shook with fear at the thought of touching the instrument. Last year at this very time

his mother and he had played the game of imaginings; this year he would do the same. He remembered the bright, happy pictures that they had painted and gradually his mind started on another game, the game of memories. All the happy Christmases of his ten happy years came before him. Three people were always in the pictures,—his mother, his father and himself. Sometimes there was a Christmas tree, sometimes a merry dinner, but the picture most often recalled was that of his father, telling stories and poking the huge log in the fire-place while his mother sat in her low wicker chair sewing and smiling contentedly to herself while he lay curled up on the big rug by the fire-side, listening to his father's stories and watching his mother's face. These pictures gradually took the boy into the Land of Dreams, the only happy land for the unhappy.

A few minutes later a man entered the dark room, scowled and hurled himself into the big Morris chair in front of the dying fire in the fire-place. Marks of despair and lines of worry had made deep impressions on the well-formed face. His thoughts also took a backward turn, reviewing the ten Christmases just past; then they went to the future but these were desperate and hopeless with no one to live for and nothing to hope for. The doctor had told him to "brace up" and to "think of others." But the "others," how could he think of others when sorrow so utterly overcame him. "Others"—who were the others? the word "others" ran persistently thru his mind. She, too, had always said, "think of others." True, there was his stenographer whose son was ill. He would send him a liberal check for Christmas. There was the small news-boy and the boot-black; he would remember them. Still the word "others" ran thru his mind, nearly maddening him. "The others,"—yes—it must mean the boy. The boy whom he had refused to see because he had her eyes; the boy whom he had forbidden to touch the violin because she, too, had loved and played it; the boy whom he had thrust bodily and mentally away from him.

"Think of the boy," was what the doctor had meant but not dared to say and that was the reason he had scowled when he heard that; "Think of others."

"James! We will have the house well lighted to-night—don't look so scared, this is Christmas-Eve you know. Set the table for two—yes, two—the boy will dine with me to-night,—and build a big fire in the fire-place and put in a jolly big log. Tell the cook to fix things up fine and don't forget the flowers for the table nor the candles either. And James, bring down the boy's violin and then tell him that he is invited to dine with, yes, with his father. Dress him up fine James, for to-night is to be a gala day for us."

An hour later father and son were seated at a tastily decorated table, each doing his best to appear cheerful and natural. A bond of sympathy was springing up between the two and as they passed from the dining-room, arm in arm, the father asked the boy to play for him. The boy's arm trembled as he drew the bow lovingly over the strings

but after a few measures which were almost sobs the music broke into a rollicking strain and merry peals of Christmas music filled the once gloomy house.

The man had "thought of others."

[Editor's Note—In a short story contest open to the members of this school, this story was awarded first prize].



A Christmas Run

(BY HOWARD BARKER)

It was a cold, blustery night, two days before Christmas. The Lightning Express roared up to the station amid a great flurry of flying snow, and came to a stop. The throbbing engine, covered with drifts of snow and with steaming sides, seemed like a live creature, a true Cyclops, which struggled with the fury of the elements and strove to fathom their mysteries with its one bright eye. While the train paused in its rapid race for the cities, I boarded the smoker and with a light heart made my way to the baggage car. Why should I not be happy, for was I not fewer than a hundred miles from home, friends, and Christmas, toward which I was even now on my way? I found that Jimmy McFarlane was baggageman and express messenger, and for this was duly thankful for Jimmy was a "good fellow," one of the kind who always has a good story to tell and who never tells you the same one twice. In the memories of my work as express route agent this man stands out as one of the best, for a good talker can always lighten monotonous work if he chooses, and Jimmy did. It seemed almost as tho he had his work all done and was ready to talk to me before we were out of the station. Neither personally nor in my official capacity, did I have any bones to pick with McFarlane, and so by the time the engine had struck a steady gate and we were pounding over the ties at a good clip, we had settled down for a quiet chat, he on the edge of his bunk and I stretched out in his "knock-down" chair.

"Well," said Jimmy, taking out his pipe, and a can of tobacco, "two good things about this run anyhow: No more stops before the cities, and Christmas at home! I hadn't ought to kick. Put in last Christmas at the return terminal, tho, and had a pretty good time, but"—lighting his pipe—"the one I won't forget is the Christmas of the year before, and the run I made for it; that was my first year as messenger. [We got into Wheat City so late the day before Christmas that I didn't go to bed at all, but sat down to a game with the fellows till eight in the evening when my return run would begin if the Express was on time. I played for several hours, but with poor luck. I took heart when I drew four kings, but when I lost to four aces, I was disgusted and said: 'It's no use, fellows, I've struck a streak of bad luck; I draw out'!"]"

"My companions, the baggageman and helper on six, and the expressman on eight, played on, but I carefully gathered up my change and put away what was left of my meal book. Then I settled down in my chair and sullenly watched the game. I was overcome by that depression, that melancholy which follows steady losses. One feels as tho if one took another hand one would draw a royal, and yet, one knows one would do well to better a pair of deuces."

"Thus sitting and moping I fell asleep and dreamed I was snowed in like Bret Harte's Gambler, Oakhurst, and was about to make an end of myself. I thot I had pointed my Derringer at my head and was pulling the trigger when I felt someone tap me on the shoulder. I awoke with a startled jump. It was the call boy, who said: 'Baggageman, hundred eight, on time,' which meant to me that my run would begin in half an hour. I arose and stumbled down the stairs after the boy."

"In those days I was known as the 'College Baggageman' because I distinguished myself by the display of peg-top pants, gay socks, and a pompadour hair cut—you know how a fellow just out of high school arrays himself. That doesn't have much to do with my story, tho; what I was going to say is that by the time I got my paraphernalia and artillery on the truck, the Express pulled in. In a few minutes I had transferred with Cleary who was on that night, and was ready to unload a bunch of stuff. Usually the station baggageman and I joshed each other as we worked and passed jokes about different things, but on this trip I seemed to have suddenly got the blues. The old cracks about the Russian sample cases, as we called the bales and bundles which those heathen carry, and about the travelling junk-shop it made of a car to stow in tea cases and Chinese carry-alls, didn't seem funny in the least. As the train pulled out I stood in the door of the car and looked at the northern lights which shone with unprecedented splendor, and cast their mysterious flickering light on the snowy prairie landscape. There is a curious poetry about the prairie nights. Sometimes they inspire one only with admiration, but at other times they overcome with their mystery. On this evening, the seeming endless extent of the prairie and the curious wavering glow of the Aurora added to my feeling of melancholy. I was depressed with a feeling of expectancy, a sort of foreboding of something which was to happen. I thot of the dream I had had and wondered if we were to be snowed in; the landscape seemed a symbol of eternity, and I thot of death. I remembered reading of the foreboding which General Nelson of the Union Army felt before he was assassinated. The thot made me shudder, but the dismal and gloomy feeling would not leave me, and hung over me like a shadow.

"I attacked my work with a stubborn doggedness and during the first part of my run when the stops came often I began to cheer up. I remembered that at Kensing I heard a rollicking song which seemed almost funny. It ran something like this:

Oh we'll sing of the old,
And we'll sing of the new,
And we'll sing of the ladies so fair;
My songs, they are few,
But I've one for you
For the first time in twenty-four years.

Oh, the place where I stay
Gets worse every day,
But I'll tell you no lie,
Last night we had pie,
For the first time in twenty-four years.

"It's foolish, isn't it? But it livened me up a good bit. By the time we pulled out of Cooley, I hit the hay feeling quite happy."

"I don't know how long I had slept, but I suddenly awoke with the feeling that the unexpected had come. The wheels of the car were off the track and bumping along on the ties. Then the whole thing seemed to leave the ground and soar thru the air. In those few moments, I thot of the most incongruous things, of the time P. T. Barnum let some men shave one side of their faces and then throw away the razor; of the fact that I had Glenn Curtis down for aeroplaning; and of the time when Parsons got into a wreck and the baggage car jumped clear over the tender. Suddenly, however, our soaring stopped, and the crash knocked me out of my bunk and into unconsciousness.

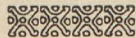
"When I came to, I remember feeling some snow down my neck and something heavy on my chest. Some one who stood above me, said, "Merry Christmas, Jimmy," then my chest pained me and I don't know what happened.

"I remember that Christmas because I spent it in the hospital, so wrapped up and propped up I could hardly think.

"Guess I'll get a wink of sleep before we hit the cities."

Thereupon Jimmy McFarlane, erstwhile the "College Baggage-man" stretched out on his bunk and slept soundly until we drew into the cities.

[Editor's Note—This story was awarded second prize in the short story contest].



Paid in His Own Coin

One of the most rigid rules of the Bellevue Seminary was that no gentleman callers, relatives excepted, were allowed to visit the students. Now every reader knows that stolen fruits are sweetest, so, to enjoy life to the utmost, it was necessary for these mischief-loving girls to do something strictly against the rules of the Supervisor. Every scheme had been tried for clandestine meetings, but as often as they were attempted, a watchful eye saw, and immediately understood the situation.

At last a new method was tried, and successfully worked for two months, and would you believe it? Not one of the professors found it out!

The plot was simple enough, but it was the least feasible plan one would have thought of. The chief instrument was an innocent-looking clothes hamper in the room of Mary Palmer and Lea Bainbridge. There was nothing unusual about this hamper. It was sort of a strong basket, with a cover, and long handles on the ends—so thought the Supervisor. But to work the scheme—listen! This is how Lea and Mary did it.

Every Wednesday night at about half past eight, a low whistle was heard below the girl's window. Need I say it was eagerly listened for? It was a peculiar sound, but it had been thoroughly worked out, and was perfectly understood. The window was then thrown open, and two stout ropes were hauled out of the very bottom of Lea's trunk and tied securely to the handles of the basket. The basket was then cautiously placed on the window-ledge, shoved out over a tiny porch, and dropped slowly down. Another whistle of a different kind would tell the girls when to begin to haul on the ropes. When the precious burden reached the edge of the porch, he would emerge from the hamper, and scramble over the porch, through the window. With the help of this "burden," the next valuable load would be hoisted in the same way.

Yes, this had gone on for two months, but now Professor Lyndale, young and unmarried, began to detect a "nigger in the fence." He waited around one Wednesday evening, heard the whistle, and after practicing it softly to himself for a short time was able to give it exactly.

He knew the next night was the wrong time, but if his scheme would work at all, it would work as well then as any time. So he went beneath the window on Thursday evening and gave a short, sharp whistle that seemed to demand immediate attention. Actions were quick and certain within the room. What did it matter though Mary's hairpins were scattered over the study table or Lea's collar was hung over the handle of the chafing-dish?

The ropes were tied on the hamper, the signal flashed from the window and the hamper was hastily lowered. A muffled voice told them to pull, and pull they did. The crown of a hat appeared above the porch, and there followed a face, but "Horrors!" Yes, that's what Lea and Mary screamed. It was neither Tom nor Bob, but Professor Lyndale.

With one accord, the girls let go of the ropes and slammed down the windows.

Well, the professor landed all right, but not exactly right side up. It seems necessary to add, however, that Professor Lyndale kept this occurrence secret, and by some unseen power, Mary's and Lea's hamper was returned to their room. But as far as the professor was concerned, these midnight elevations were left to continue undisturbed.

Calendar for November

- Tuesday, Nov. 1.**—Everyone very much relieved to find that the Hallowe'en elves have left the Normal building intact.
- Thursday, Nov. 3.**—The atmosphere is filled with a spirit that seems to say, "A week from today examinations commence."
- Friday, Nov. 4.**—Some of the Normalites attend an entertainment given by the Epworth League.
- Monday, Nov. 7.**—Everyone is consulting everyone else's notebook for forgotten data.
- Wednesday, Nov. 9.**—Miss Campbell gives two pleasing vocal selections, winning enthusiastic applause.
- Thursday, Nov. 10.**—Quarterly examinations commence. Senior writes his Psychology final with a young lady occupying the fringe of his consciousness.
- Friday, Nov. 11.**—Normalites finish examinations, and retain sufficient energy to attend the minstrel show.
- Saturday, Nov. 12.**—And then Ed Thomas and Ray Cooke attend the Gem Theater!
- Monday, Nov. 14.**—"Halcyon" arrives. Everybody sings.
- Tuesday, Nov. 15.**—Firm of "Pitts & Brown" succeeds "Elmer B. Young & Co.," in the eraser cleaning industry.
- Wednesday, Nov. 16.**—Who ate the prunes?
- Thursday, Nov. 17.**—"Blow, blow, ye wintry blast!" Ray Cooke has a new overcoat.
- Friday, Nov. 18.**—Will wonders never cease? Oscar Thompson has a new name card on his desk.
- Monday, Nov. 21.**—Everyone is charmed! Why?
- Tuesday, Nov. 22.**—We are informed that the afternoon train tomorrow will leave at 3:30, with three extra coaches; and school will re-commence at 10:15 the Monday after Thanksgiving.
- Wednesday, Nov. 23.**—First program of Senior rhetoricals at 2:30. Off for home and turkey at 3:30.
- Thursday, Nov. 24.**—"Eating turkey, little Normalites?" "Naw, we're stuffing sofa pillows with dandelion seeds."
- Monday, Nov. 28.**—Roll call shows fine percentage of attendance, notwithstanding former festivities.
- Tuesday, Nov. 29.**—Miss Schlosser gives a delightful reading at General Exercises.
- Wednesday, Nov. 30.**—Winter weather sets in, with a brisk west wind, very suggestive of Santa Claus.

A North Dakota Christmas

"Why, children, don't you see that it is almost nine o'clock? Hang up your stockings this minute, and jump into bed, every one of you, or Santa Claus will never stop at this house."

"But, mama, Johnny wants to hang his stocking at the head of the line, and I'm the oldest, so mine belongs there, doesn't it?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter where you hang them, just so that you hurry! I want you all to be in bed within five minutes."

For a few moments, all was hurry and confusion in the little North Dakota farmhouse. Then the noise subsided, and no one remained but the mother and Miss Gray, the little school-teacher from "way back east." Miss Gray had watched the tableau with tear-filled eyes, for it reminded her of Christmas eves at home, when she and her brother had hung up their stockings, with implicit faith in Santa Claus. And now, how different! Brother Jack had run away, leaving only a note, saying that he was "going to be a cow-boy on a ranch in Montana," father had lost all his money, and Helen had graduated from High School, and then had come out to North Dakota, where her father had friends, to teach a country school! And now it was Christmas eve! Poor Helen helped Mrs. Garvin fill the children's stockings with toys and candy, and then sought her own room, with a firm determination to cry herself to sleep.

Christmas morning was heralded by shouts of joy and surprise from the Garvin children. Helen looked out of the window, and saw a gray sky, with a few tiny flakes of snow drifting slowly to the ground.

"John," she called to the oldest boy. "Put a saddle on the pony, so that I can ride over to Hanson's before it snows harder. You know I have a basket of presents for the Hanson children."

The Hansons were old friends of Helen Gray's father, and lived eight miles from the Garvins.

"Better ride pretty fast Miss Gray," said Mr. Garvin, as Helen mounted the pony. "Wind's rising and we may have a hard storm."

But the air seemed so soft and warm, with only a few tiny flakes to drift into one's face, that Helen let her pony take his time, for her thoughts were far, far away, with a merry group of boys and girls who always had such a jolly time in an eastern town on Christmas Day. Not accustomed to Dakota weather, she did not notice how the wind was rising until an especially strong blast blew a gust of flakes into her eyes, and caused her to shiver slightly with the chill. Looking about her, she saw that she was still five miles from her destination, and that it was snowing quite hard. She urged her pony ahead, but they were facing the wind, and seemed to make little headway. Helen's hands were quite cold, and the basket was growing heavier every minute. Faster and

faster came the flakes, directly into Helen's face, until she could hardly see the road. She must remember that the road turned when she reached the mail box. But would she be able to see the mail box? Oh, that basket was so heavy! She really could carry it no further, her hands were so numb. So she let it slip to the ground, and clapped her hands together to keep them warm. The pony was plodding bravely along, but Helen could no longer keep her head up, the wind blew so fiercely in her face, and the snowflakes had become stinging bits of ice, pelting relentlessly against her head. Now and then she looked up, wondering if it would be wiser to turn homeward and have the wind at her back, but she had heard that the snow always drifted eight or nine feet deep at Mr. Garvin's gate, so she did not dare turn back. Besides, she was getting so sleepy! She could no longer think clearly! Oh, she must keep her head, for the pony was not used to the road, and they would never reach Hanson's without her guidance! If she could only sleep—sleep. Just as Helen was falling from her pony, a man came ploughing through the snow on a big, brown horse. She dimly heard an exclamation of surprise, felt herself lifted somewhere, and then lost consciousness.

Late that afternoon, Mrs. Hanson's efforts to arouse Helen met with success. The first person the little school teacher saw was her own brother hovering about with his tired eyes filled with anxiety.

"Jack, Jack!" She cried, trying to sit up, but finding herself too weak. "Where did you come from?"

"I came all the way from Miles City to spend Christmas with you," was the reply, as he gave her a brotherly hug, "Imagine how delightfully surprised I was to find you wandering loose on the Dakota prairies on this pleasant day. If my horse hadn't been the former property of Mr. Hanson, our parents would have lost their cherished son and daughter. "By-the-way, I have a present for you. Merry Christmas, Miss Gray!"

Whereat Jack drew forth a letter, in which Helen read that her father had regained some of his property through a fluctuation in the prices of an investment, and she and Jack would soon see their parents in Dakota, where they were intending to pay the Hanson's an extended visit.

"Every cloud has a silver lining," sang Jack sentimentally, as Helen gave her eyes a furtive dab with her handkerchief, and tried to pretend that she wasn't crying.



Three Ideas

(BY DONA TAYLOR)

My ideas of the River Falls Normal School are three-fold. Perhaps I should say they have been three-fold, for two of them are no more. All students have probably formed similar ideas some time in their lives, especially if they live some considerable distance from River Falls in their childhood.

My first idea of the River Falls Normal School was formed when I was a child in the "little red schoolhouse." At intervals a very distinguished man by the name of "County Superintendent" (he had no other name) came to visit our school. He had gone to school in a far-off city, a city so distant that it seemed to us to be in another world, and a school so wonderful that we might scarcely expect to see it,—much less dream of having the high honor of really becoming a student there.

But as years went by, the district school course was completed; then followed the course in the school in a neighboring town. Here we met another man who had been a student in River Falls. He had completed only two years of the work, but he was great in our eyes. Now we commenced to dream of a time when we might go to that wonderful place. Our fathers wrote to the president, (that man who was to us more distinguished than the president of the United States) and he replied that he would be glad to see us at school on the first day. Think of it!

The day came at last, and we were actually on our way to River Falls. What cared we for three hours' wait in Hudson?

Remember, our home town was a little village of two or three hundred inhabitants. As we walked through the city to the Normal School, we found our second ideal. O, the streets stretching miles and miles, and the beautiful houses! We would not look at the building until we were very near. At the first glimpse we thought it must be the largest building in the world. How high, such numbers of windows, such a sober, impressive atmosphere! How we wished our fathers and mothers might see it!

It was time for school, so we went in. We found the inside of the building even more striking than the outside. On all sides were labyrinthine corridors, through which we dared not venture alone, for fear we could not find our way out; stairs leading up to unknown regions; hundreds and hundreds of people moving swiftly about; and so many rooms that we never expected to visit them all. Alas! We soon found that some of the rooms were occupied by grim men and women called instructors. When we found that our duties brought us before these instructors, we were so bewildered that some of us could not remember our names, and all of us wished we were home. If they had been teachers instead of instructors, we might have felt a little easier, but the thought that we were really talking (or were expected so be) with an instructor of the River Falls State Normal School overpowered us, and we stood dumb before these mighty persons, who no doubt formed very flattering opinions of us.

These are the two ideas that are no more,—one that the River Falls Normal School is a far-away, inaccessible institution, which only very few fortunate persons may attend; the other that it is a bewildering, unfriendly place, where poor little freshmen are stricken dumb by the glories about them.

Our lasting idea, and the one we are so soon to take away with us is very different. River Falls is a delightful little city in which one can really live. The Normal School is no longer a house of labyrinths and rooms into which we fear to go. Instead, every part of the building is filled with associations, which make it more than a structure of brick, a real influence in our lives. And those instructors of whom we stood in awe,—to-day we call them friends, and we hope that our conduct during the years we have worked with them, has enabled them to raise their opinion of us. We highly appreciate their efforts to help us, and our highest aim will be to live up to the ideals they have given us.



A Part of a Freshman's Letter Home

I like this school awfully well. It is as large as both of our big red barns put together. It is made of red bricks and has ever so many windows. No one stole my suit case when I was coming and the straps never came off the box either. I nearly lost the cake Grandma sent that was wrapped with the pillow you told me to lie on when I had a headache. I tried to do what you told me to and sat in a seat in the side of the room near the fire escape. But a young man came and asked me if I wasn't a Freshman and well when I said I was, he said I would have to sit on the other side of the room as the side near the fire escape was for Seniors only and anything green among them broke the harmony, whatever that happens to be. I never had my new green dress on either but I suppose he was a Senior and didn't know so very much.

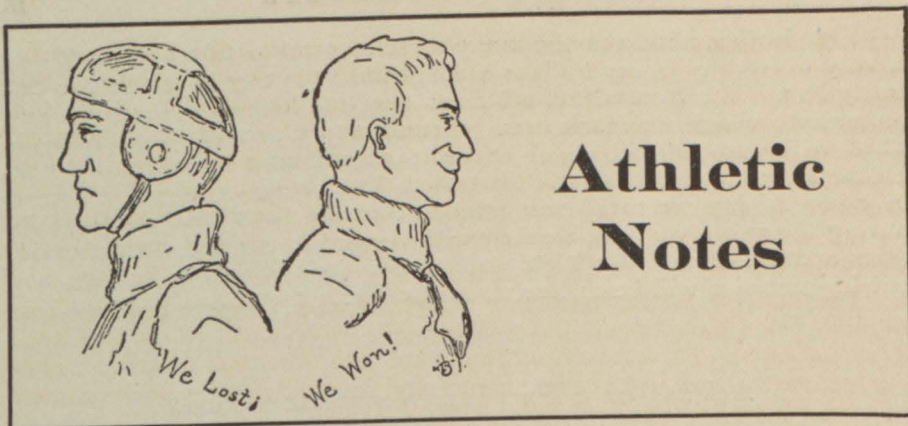
In the front of the room is a platform about four times as large as the box in our old stage coach that Grandpa used to haul milk with. It isn't very high. If anyone fell off of it, it wouldn't hurt them very much. But no one goes on the platform except big people and they know enough not to fall off. But it isn't one bit dangerous and if I ever have to go on it I will be very careful so you need not worry about my falling and hurting myself.

The watering troughs here are very different from the pails and dippers we had at home in our school. They are little pipes out of which the water keeps bubbling all the time. You have to drink a certain way or the water comes all up into your face and all over your clothes.

The teachers here are all different sizes and dress as stylish as can be. They wear clothes every day good enough to go to church in. There are more ladies than men and all the teachers sit in arm-chairs on the platform for twenty minutes nearly every day while the president talks. They are not aranged in akordanse to hight or they do not sit in alfabetic order like we used to. But there are two rows of chairs and the men sit on the front row so the ladies have to sit on the second row.

I used to jump every forty-five minutes when a loud bell rung but now I am getting used to it and I guess I shall miss it when I get home.

With love, Mary Jane.



Normal 8—Stillwater 5

The last foot-ball game of the season was played on the Normal campus on November 5. It was played after a week of inactivity due to the weather and on a ground covered with snow. Owing to the snow, the cold weather and the late hour at which the game was scheduled only a small number of persons were found along the side lines.

As a general thing the Normal defense was too strong for the attack at every point, but the visiting team caught the secondary defense napping for a few moments and worked a criss-cross, sending a fleet half-back over for a touchdown. Except for this the Stillwater attack was not dangerous and the game was played well within their half of the field. Early in the scrimmage Moser went over for a touchdown and in the second half the ball was forced to within a few feet of the opponents' goal, the one at the east end. At this point Normal failed to make the required yards thru the choice of a play which was anticipated and the ball went to Stillwater, who permitted Normal to score two points on a safety, making the score 8 and 5 in our favor. All of the players made good in this game, but the work of Moser, Condit, Bliss and Thompson was especially commendable.

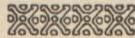
Owing to the lack of a schedule this was the last game which could be secured. This was disappointing and should serve as a lesson to be kept in mind. If the season's games are all scheduled beforehand a more satisfactory arrangement obtains than if the games are secured week by week; in fact, the latter arrangement generally amounts to the waste of half of the available dates of the season.

This season will be the last to see Thompson, Thomas, Sanford, and Riley on the gridiron with this school and in them we lose good men, but we are encouraged by the fact that the following will be with the team next year: Moser, Bergh, Bliss, Condit, Reddin, Cooke, Foley, Sherburne, Sakrison, and Crawford. The outlook for the season of 1911 is in fact very promising. Enough men who have a working know-

ledge of the game will remain in the school to furnish the nucleus of an extraordinary strong team. Foot-ball should develop into one of the principal factors, if not the principal one, in the athletic life of the school. This year the lack of a schedule and of a strong supporting spirit in the student-body was felt, but, given the good men who will remain, the opportunities which they will have, and the probability that considerable good material will be found among the men who enter in the fall, a team should be developed next year which will make a very favorable record.

The outlook for basket-ball this year is also very promising. The following men have turned out: Thurston, Bliss, Race, Riley, McCann, Moser, Reagan, Foley, White, Junkman, Sanford, and Manion. This list includes all of last year's players and a number who have entered this year from high schools where they played.

The competition for places will be sharp and should insure good work. Steady practice should produce a strong team from this material.



CLASSES

Senior Notes

Oscar Thompson finished his work at Thanksgiving time. Mr. Thompson will be greatly missed by the whole school as well as by the Senior Class. During his school life here he has held several important offices. Mr. Thompson was president of the N. A. C. in 1910, president of the Junior Class in 1910, manager of the base ball team 1909, manager of the basket ball team 1909 and was steward of the eating club for the first quarter of 1910.

Maude Wyman left school at the end of the first quarter to take up work in the Valley City Normal.

The first Senior rhetorical for this year were given November 23. Miss Alpha Hendrikson concluded the program with an instructive discussion of Dramatization. Her rhetorical was illustrated by the clever dramatization of three stories by pupils of the primary grades.

Favorite Songs of Some Seniors

EDWARD T.—"In the Golden Autumn Time, Sweet Elaine."

LENICE A.—"Put on the soft, soft pedal, sh, sh, don't talk so loud."

BERTHA C.—"His name is (Solomon) Levi."

SAM P.—"She's my Daisy".

TOM R.—"I wonder whose kissing her, now."

CHARLES G.—"I'm the Kid."

MARY R.—"Pony Boy".

Occupations

GERTRUDE B.—Knitting Brown Gloves.

ANNA K.—Reading Burns

ETHEL M.—Lingering around the Hall.

MONA L.—Keeping her Purse.

SAMUEL P.—Chewing Gum

NELL K.—Writing K. (ay).

As Chaucer Might Describe Some Members of the Junior Class

EDMUND WARD	A lovyer, and a lusty bachelor, With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
OCTAVE BAILLARGEON	And French he spak ful faire and fetishly. Ful wel he sang the service divyne, Entuned in his nose ful semely;
ETTA HAMMOND	That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy.
HARVEY FLETCHER	Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas. And yet he semed bisier than he was.
HAZEL STRANG	She was so charitable and so pitous, She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
LEROY SAKRISON	And born him wel, as of so litel space, In hope to standen in his lady grace.
WILLIAM MOSER	He was nat as pale as a for-pyned goost,
HOWARD WHITE	And big he was of braun, and eek of bones.
EDNA FOLEY	In feloweschip wel coude she laughe and carpe.
ALICE BEGGS	And on hir heed an hat As brood as is a bokeler or a targre.
ROBERT MOSER	But alderbest he song an offertorie.
HOWARD CRAWFORD	Ful loude he song, 'Com hider, love, to me.'
LYDIA HEINRICH	Of remedies of love she knew per-chaunce, For she coude of that art the olde daunce.
AGNESS HOLDAHL	Of studie took she most cure and most hede.
CHARLES KOLLER	And gladley wolde he lerne, and gladley teche.
WILLUR SHAW	Wel coude he sings and pleyen on a rote.
WINFIELD SMITH	Noght o word spak he more than was nede.
MARYORIE CRIST	Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas, Hir mouth ful smal, and ther to softe and reed.
OSCAR HALL	That had a fire-red cherubannes face.
FRANK FOLEY	His studie was but little on the Bible.
TOM BERG	His eyen twinkled in his heed aright, As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
R. J. C. CHINNOCK	But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
RUI THURSTON	And sikerly she was of greet disport And ful pleasant and amiable of port.
FLORENCE GARDNER	In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest.
EDISON CONDIT	And of his port as meek as is a mayde.
CLINTON SHERBURNE	And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
SIDNEY ROGERS	Discreet he was, and of greet reverence.

Junior Notes

The following students enrolled in the Junior Class at the beginning of the new term:

Katharine Johns, Howard White, Claude Reagen, Cecil Morrow.

Sophomore Class

At the meeting called by the physical instructor for all girls interested in basket ball, the sophomore class was well represented. There were enough girls present to make two teams. Miss Mary Fitzsimmons was elected captain of the teams. Under the careful guidance of Miss Johnson and with the united efforts of the girls, the sophomore class will be able to have a strong team this year.

The work in rhetoricals was taken up by our class this term. Every student must give two rhetoricals. They are allowed five minutes to present their topic in. Class rhetoricals are given that pupils going out from this school as teachers will be able to speak fluently.

Many of the sophomore girls are busy studying Homer. They expect to take an examination in that art in June.

The Kopp at the sophomore zoological garden has succeeded, with the aid of a Currier, to capture the animals which escaped last week. They were, the pet Crain, the beautiful Martin and the sharp-witted Coon.

Sophomore Girls All Have Characteristics

Ruth Moline—Dare me and I do
Amy Johnson—Tee Hee
Stella Hawking—Little but Oh My
Ruth Demulling—Pitch-in-and-dig
Inez Upgren—Jag vet Alt
Glad & Leonia—The long and the short of it.
Dora Kinney—Grin.
Mary Fitz—President of the Anti-rat club
Margaret Currier—Ich lieb ihn
Hazel Van—I just can't make my eyes behave
Rosa Gregor—Our youngest
Ruth Fessenbecker—Miss Modesty
Hazel & Lena—The Candy-loving Kids

If you see someone's reflection
In a looking glass
Just because it's green, don't think
That it's the Freshman class
For they are bright and shining lights,
And ever upward climb.
And their deeds so great and glorious,
Shall go down in the Book of Time.

Aurelia Notes

The interest in this society continues strong and there are several candidates for membership who will be admitted at the next meeting.

Miss Hattie Flint gave an interesting talk one evening on her visit

to Pompeii and made it very real to us by the use of lantern slides and diagrams.

At the last meeting of the first quarter an amendment was made to the constitution so that new members are not required to pay an initiation fee. Since the meeting came at the end of examination week the committee attempted to give us something that would relieve the nervous tension caused by the trigonometric, geometric, physiological and psychological problems propounded by our worthy instructors.

One of the features of the evening was an impromptu debate upon the question, "Resolved that seniors should be exempt from taking spelling and penmanship." Amy Larson and Helen Carr—Seniors—supported the affirmative, and Valborg Jensen and Ada Sylvester the negative. The decision of the judges was one for the negative and two for the affirmative. Can it be that it was because two of the judges were Seniors?

The crowning event of the evening was a vocal solo by Miss Campbell, with Miss Marie Righter as accompanist. Miss Campbell responded to a hearty encore by singing three of Carrie Jacob's-Bond's sentence songs. Just before she left the meeting the girls joined in a rousing yell declaring that she is "all right" and we all think so too and are glad she is to make River Falls her home.

The election of officers for the second quarter came too late to have the results reported in this issue.

Six of our alumni made a tour of Europe last summer. They were Miss Laura Weld, of Stevens Point Normal; Miss Irma Armstrong, of River Falls Normal; Misses Abbie, Hattie and Laura Flint, of River Falls; and Mr. Raymond Ensign of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

Miss Christine Jensen, 09, who is teaching in Washburn, visited schools in River Falls on November 4th.

Miss Mira Currier, 08, is specializing in vocal and instrumental music at Oberlin College.

Miss Marjorie O'Hearn, 10, was in River Falls November 19-20, visiting with Miss Ruth Warner, 11.

Miss Florence Meath left for Elkhorn, Wis. November 4th, to take charge of a seventh grade.

Miss Florence Peterson went to Port Wing, Wis., in November to teach in the public school.

Miss Sophy Shultes, 08, was married September 15, to Earl Jackson of the faculty of the Fond du Lac High School.

Miss Hazel Lindman, 09, was married in July to Harold A. Worcester of Minneapolis.

Miss Jennie Ryan, 06, and Julius Thies of Pepin were married at Ellsworth on Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Constance Thorsen, who is teaching at Baraboo, entertained her mother, Mrs. Norseng of River Falls, during Thanksgiving vacation.

Lloyd Merrilen and Robert O'Connell, 08, who are teaching in Bayfield county, spent Thanksgiving with friends in Duluth.

Oscar Weberg, principal at Weyerhaeuser, Wis., spent Thanksgiving in St. Paul.

Warren W. Clark who is attending the School of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin, has been elected to the Alpha Zeta Society. The Alpha Zeta is an honorary society in the College of Agriculture, corresponding to the Phi Beta Kappa of the Academic Department.

EXCHANGE REPORT

This month we can add two new papers to our exchange list, one from Everett, Wash., High, and one from Bellingham Normal, Wash., We are certainly glad to get these papers from the far west. They are both excellent papers and add a great deal to our exchange column.

I thought I'd eat a doughnut—I took one from the bowl;
I ate the blamed circumference but I couldn't down the hole.

The wrong way—Sit and think of that long paper for History of Education for tomorrow, and that Botany note-book that must be in tomorrow, and oh! that long lesson in Algebra, and how you have more work than any one else!

The right way—Sit down. Work quietly. Do the best you can. Don't worry! **Work!** (Ex.)

He—"I'd like to know how long girls should be courted?"

She—"Just the same as short girls." (Ex.)

Misses may come, and Misses may go—
But old maids stay on forever.—Ex.

Among the papers from the state this month are Whitewater's "Royal Purple," and the Algoma School publication. These papers are just as welcome as those from far away, for in so many of these papers we can learn of former River Falls graduates and their successes.

The Freshman burned the midnight oil, and likewise the midnight taper, Thinking on what to write a theme; at last he wrote—on paper.

SOME GOOD WAYS TO GET THERE

Little Johnny poked a pin
 Into a bulldog's back—
 We never saw him all again,
 (His mother's wearing black.)

✦ ✦ ✦

Jim put his hand upon a saw
 To see if it was sharp—
 And now he's playing tunes above
 Upon a golden harp.

✦ ✦ ✦

Tena poured some kerosene
 Upon the kitchen fire—
 And now she's gone to heaven
 For coal oil took afire.

✦ ✦ ✦

Now if a trip you'd like to take
 You can at once proceed,
 For every one of these ways
 Is firmly guaranteed! —Ex.

The Kodak from Everett, Wash., is entirely devoted to the Freshmen this month. It has clever cuts, good class reports, bright jokes and a classified want column that is new and catchy. It really would add a great deal to the good things in the paper if there were two or three good stories.

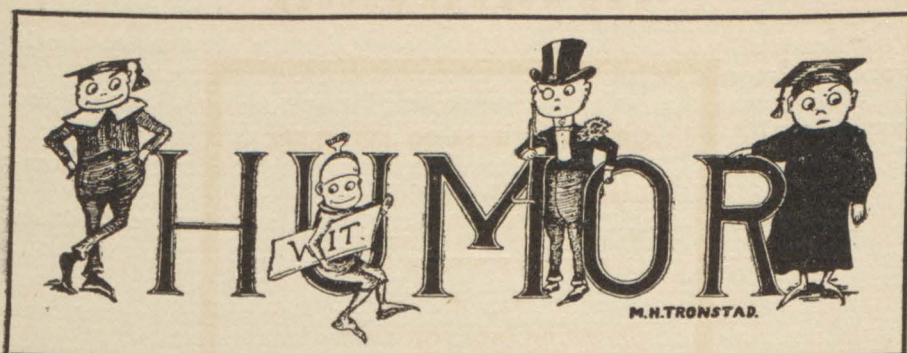
Miss S.—“The gong was so faint today, I could scarcely hear it in my room.”

Miss H.—“Do you have an electric gong at the Normal?”

Miss W.—“Oh no! We have a little hand bell that we take around to the rooms and ring.”

A couple in Neillsville,
 One tall and fair, the other
 A man—! ! T. R.
 A gray felt hat. R. S.
 Branded as a gossip. L. A.

C—(excitedly)—Give me a problem in perdition, (partition) Quick!
 L—Can't, have never been there.



"Humor is wit steeped in mannerisms"—Lamb.

"The proper study of mankind is man.
The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman."

Laugh and be fat, sir.

Adam lay down and slept, and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least,
For wit is news only to ignorance,
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in jest
Thy person share and the concert advance.

A Carefully Prepared List of Aims to Be Used by the Seniors

1. To find out when we get our practice reports.
2. To find out where we belong in Chorus.
3. To find why Earl Brown waits at school every night.
4. To find out how the Q. T's like study hours.
5. To find out Guggisberg's mode of discipline.
6. To find out which one of the Senior boys carries the image of a girl in the fringe of the consciousness.

Beauty's Realm

(Conducted by BEATRICE FAIRFACTS)

Dear Miss Fairfacts:

As you seem to have the happy faculty for keeping people out of difficulties, I come to you with a question. I am in the habit of blushing and, indeed, this embarrasses me very much. Every time I am called upon to recite or a girl looks a little sideways at me I feel myself grow red, up to my very ears. Is it due to bashfulness, modesty, or is it a symbol of nervous disorder? Now my dear Miss Fairfacts I hope you will consider this subject thoughtfully and send my answer in the next copy.

A Senior Boy.

"Learn all you can while you are young, for the nervous system is worn into mere shreds at fifty."

The person that said that must be planning to be a teacher the rest of her life.

Questioner: What do you do when Miss Willett asks you to compose a few measures of music?

Junior Girl: Oh! I just go up a little while and then come down again.

Senior Lesson Plans

1. **AIM:**—To find out why Ethel Mahoney clings to the front seat in Psychology.
2. **WHAT IS KNOWN:**
 - a. That she gets there before anyone else.
 - b. That it is easy to pay attention there.
 - c. That it shows earnest endeavor on her part.
3. **WHAT REMAINS TO BE KNOWN:**
 - a. Will it work?
1. **AIM:**—To teach the Seniors not to 'hobble' the children of the model Grades.
2. **WHAT IS KNOWN:**
 - a. This was fully discussed in Teacher's Meeting.
 - b. Hobbles are a hindrance.
 - c. They develop acrobats.
3. **WHAT REMAINS TO BE KNOWN:**

Why some Senior Girls persist in wearing "hobble" skirts. It is not in harmony with Pedagogic principles.

Teacher: What animal makes the nearest approach to man?
 "The flea," timidly ventured the boy with the curly hair.

A distinguished society leader of New York, lately returned from a motor trip through France, said that her most delightful experience was hearing the French pheasants singing the mayonnaise.

"What is an equinox, Papa?"

"Why, its—its—. Don't they teach you anything at school? I thought you had studied mythology. An equinox, my son is a fabled animal, half-horse and half-ox. Its name is derived from 'equus' meaning horse and 'ox'. Schools are different now from what they were when I was a boy."

From a recent quiz in library reference work the following statements are gleaned:

- "The book is classed as lititure."
- "Examine the table of contends."
- "Use the enital letter."
- "It belongs to joveal (juvenile) fiction."
- "Consult the censure dictionary."
- "Insult the card catalog."
- "Assault the World Amonac."

Expressions of Faculty at School

- MR. WILSON—"In an institution like this—"
 MISS SANFORD—"With a studied lesson we should have better results."
 MR. REED—"As Stevenson says in 'Kidnapped' ".
 MISS CAMPBELL—"Step up."
 MISS FRANCIS—"I didn't hear the bell."
 MR. WELLES—"Will the student who borrowed—"
 MISS CURRY—"Won't somebody please tell me?"
 MISS ZINN—"Machen Sie, Bitte, die Bücher zu."
 MR. CLARK—"I had two horses once. One did all the pulling and the other."
 MISS ARMSTRONG—"Do you belong to this class?"
 MISS FLEMING—"Be sure to plan your five minute drill."
 MR. JACK—"Start out the day with a song or a piece of poetry and your work will only seem half as great."
 MISS PARDEE—"Hand in a list of references that you read, not those you might have read."
 MISS MOSHER—"Let us have less conversation."
 MISS SHULTES—"Oh, my dear, that is such a weak question."
 MR. AMES—"Of course you know this is an artificial situation."
 MISS SCHLOSSER—"If you can't find it in the Library, go to the west end of the corridor, Miss Mosher will show you where."
 MISS WILLETT—"Watch me for your retards."
 MR. GOBLE—"I see our time is almost up."
 MISS COGGESHALL—"Then answered Minnehaha—"
 MR. KARGES—"Now—now—now—"
 MR. WRIGHT—"What did I say I'd do?"

Expressions of Faculty Out of School

- MISS SANFORD—"Now quit your teasing!"
 MISS WILLIAMS—"Stop girls I'm blushing."
 MR. REED—"Tum-di-di-um, di-di-um, dum dum."
 MISS CAMPBELL—"Oh Goody!"
 MISS FRANCIS—"Oh you horrible person,"
 MR. WELLES—"I'm so happy I feel just like singing."
 MISS CURRY—"Good morning girls. How are you all today?"
 MISS ZINN—"Is that cow on this side of the tree or on the other?"
 MR. CLARK—"Did you say music?"
 MISS ARMSTRONG } "What kind of a bird is that?"
 MISS FLEMING }
 MR. JACK—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."
 MISS PARDEE—"Isn't that coloring rich?"
 MISS MOSHER—"In Europe, why—"
 MISS SHULTES—"Good morning girls" (with a smile)
 MR. AMES—"What do you think about that?"
 MISS SCHLOSSER—"Who's going to buy me some candy tonight?"
 MISS WILLETT—"Isn't that fine?"
 MR. GOBLE—"Of course that is only my opinion."
 MISS COGGESHALL—"Isn't it gorgeous?"
 MR. KARGES—"A good one, a beauty!"
 MR. WRIGHT—"Tennis is a fine game."

Elsie Gates Fletcher**Teacher of Piano****STUDIO, THIRD STREET****River Falls, Wis.****Tel. 44****JOHN E. HOWARD****Solo Violinist****Class River Falls****Monday and Wednesday each week.**

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.

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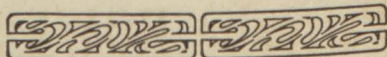
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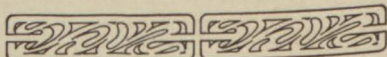
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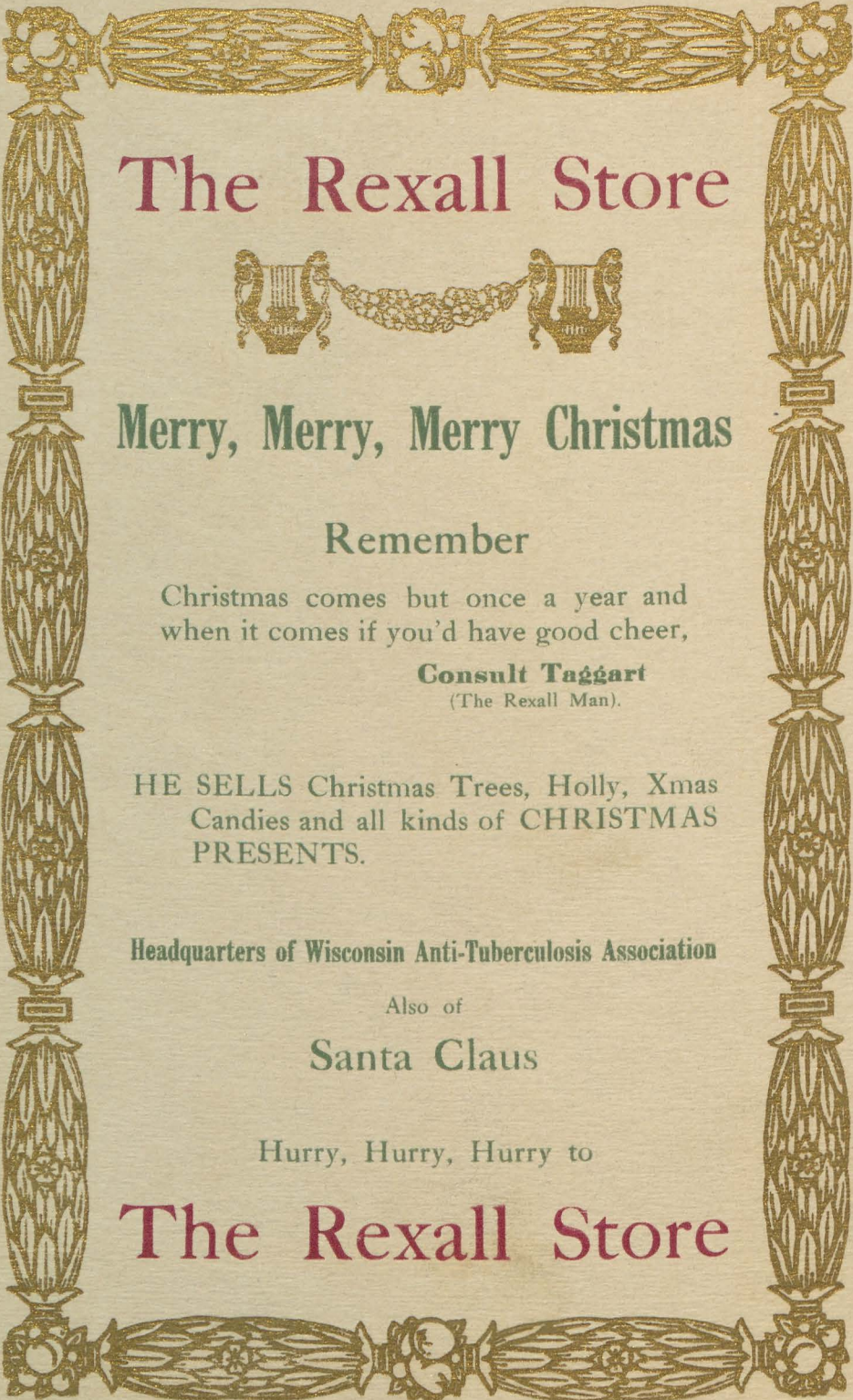
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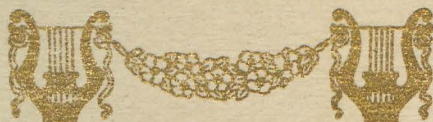
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