

THE

BADLER

November
'09

State Normal School

River Falls, Wisconsin

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H. L. WILSON, President

THE NORMAL BADGER

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No. 1

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The Journal Job Print
River Falls, Wis.

The Normal Badger

Vol. VIII (9)

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EDITORIAL

GREETING

Dear Friend:—Wherever you may be and whatever part of the world's work you may be doing, we wish you the joy that comes of right endeavor. May the Critic Teacher approve your plans and help you to overcome your difficulties. And may the lesson that you teach help someone to enter a higher grade in Life's school. This is our wish for the coming year.

With this number the Badger again comes out of his den. A normal badger hibernates, but THE NORMAL BADGER æstivates. You might be justified in calling us an ab-Normal Badger. We have, however, some of the characteristics of the ordinary Taxidea Americana. The long suit of a badger is his ability to dig. This is inborn and the badger is not to blame for it. Therefore, we ask that you will be tolerant of any digs that may, from time to time appear in this paper. The Staff have to dig to get the material, they have to dig for money to pay the printer, they have to dig to get the paper to subscribers on time. You will pardon us if a few digs are left scattered through the paper.

This is your paper. Though the Badger Staff have the responsibility of getting out the magazine every month, we want everyone

of our readers to take as great interest in the success of the paper as the editor does.

We aim to make the Badger this year a sort of correspondence-school-mass-meeting for all who have ever attended the River Falls Normal. In a mass meeting you would feel free to shout for your school, your class. And the more shouting there is going on, the greater is the enthusiasm and the fun.

Will you not take part in the meeting? Write us. Tell us about your class-mates, your clique, your chum, yourself. We do not believe anyone ever went through the old Normal without making some friend. If you have drifted away from your school friends, hail them through the Badger. If you know something of interest about someone who was once connected with the Normal, tell the Badger. Possibly the Badger will have heard of it before, but many versions bring out the details of a story and you may know some point of interest which the other tale-bearers have missed.

While this is directed especially to the Alumni, it applies with equal force to those who are now enrolled in the school. Remember that everything that helps the school helps you and by your hearty co-operation you can help to make the Badger one of the most efficient agents for advancing the interests of the institution.

THE NORMAL BADGER

When it was announced last spring that the Board of Regents had chosen Mr. H. L. Wilson to fill the place left vacant by the resignation of President Brier, there was a general feeling of satisfaction among the students. Mr. Wilson was well known through his work as a member of the faculty, and by the sincerity and thoroughness of his instruction had won the respect of all who entered his classes.

As President, Mr. Wilson has more than fulfilled the hopes of the most sanguine. With the same sincerity with which he met his classes he has confronted the vexatious problems of administration. Without forgetting for a moment the dignity of his position he has united the whole student body to himself by his warm sympathy and ready understanding. As one Junior said:—"Mr. Wilson is just like one of the boys to talk to. You can say just what you mean."

The boys of the school are especially jubilant. Granting to Regent Lord his full share of the credit for the installation of the new locker and the dressing room, the boys recognize the fact that it is mainly through President Wilson's encouragement and co-operation that they are in a position to make the most of these facilities.

Mr. Wilson is a "man's man." His pleasure

in athletics is unfeigned. But in common with the leaders in education today he teaches that there is something more than pleasure to be obtained from athletics; that initiative, self control, diffuse consciousness, are as well cultivated in playing foot-ball as in the discipline of a school, and that a sound mind in a sound body is the result of participation in rational sports.

The students of his school revere him as a teacher. His scholarship is known throughout the state.

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In laying our plans for the Badger this fall it was thought that since a large number of the former students of this school are now teaching in the adjacent counties of St. Croix and Pierce, it would be well to put in a department of the paper particularly interesting to them. The question was taken up with the superintendents of the two counties, Messrs. Aune and Mattson, who expressed themselves to be in accord with the plan. In this and in subsequent issues of the Badger will appear departments conducted by Messrs. Mattson and Aune for the benefit of teachers in their counties. We are certain, however, that teachers in any county may benefit by the reading of these articles.

County School News

ST. CROIX COUNTY

THE FIRST WEEKS of SCHOOL

By Supt. H. A. Aune

The opening weeks of the current school year have already passed, and our teachers have their work fairly begun. The writer has, since the opening of the present school term, visited a half-hundred rural schools, and has

noted a great many good things as well as some not so acceptable, in both the physical and professional sides of our public schools. It is not my intention to discuss in detail in this letter any of the matters noted, but to make a few general statements concerning some of the things that have been observed in the schools visited thus far, with a hope that they may benefit some of the readers of the Badger.

It is a well known truth that "a tree is known by its bark." If this axiom were applied to our rural schools, allowing it elasticity enough to take in the school yard, as well as the outer appearance of the school building, our schools would not create a very favorable impression upon the mind of the casual observer, for in looking over my visitation records of the current year, I find that a large proportion of the school yards observed thus far have been recorded in various conditions, from "bad" to "outrageous." To be sure, I have found a great many school yards in excellent condition. The grass and weeds have been cut, the yard raked and presenting a very attractive appearance; but other yards have been found with the weeds cut or partly cut but left unraked; and several school yards have been found with the weeds (not grass) left to grow unmolested except for the tread of the feet of the little children who are forced to spend their recreation time in the "miniature jungle" surrounding the school house. Such school yards present an unsightly appearance, and should not be tolerated. The school board is primarily responsible for the condition of the school yard, as it is their duty to keep the school property in good condition and repair; but where the school has been in progress for a month or six weeks, as was true in some instances, I would not entirely exonerate the teacher from all blame, for she has had ample time to persuade the school board to take action in the matter. The condition of the school yard and outer appearance of the school building generally indicates pretty accurately the condition of the inside and equipment of the building; and oftentimes it gives a true index to the character of the work done in the school.

Some of the teachers observed had made a thoro study of the ventilating systems used in their schools, and the condition of the rooms easily proved that they were operating them with good results. Others did not know

how and had not taken time to learn how to operate them. The conditions in such schools were very similar to those found in schools where there are no ventilating systems. No ventilating system will operate itself. The teacher must see to it that the dampers are properly adjusted. No teacher can afford to neglect this matter, for the sake of her own health and the health of her pupils.

Nearly all teachers have been found to have a copy of the program in use posted in a conspicuous place in the school room, and nearly all were making a systematic use of the Manual.

I have observed some very good teaching of reading, and some that was not so good. This might also be said of other subjects in the curriculum. The most common mistake seems to be that the teacher is too willing to accept as "good enough" work that might easily be improved upon. I have heard very little singing in the schools and have seen less of actual teaching of penmanship.

Permit me at this time to urge upon active teachers the necessity of looking carefully after the little details in the management of their schools, for that in a large measure determines the success or the failure of the school. Make constant use of the Manual of the Course of Study, and test yourselves occasionally by means of the little pamphlet "How to Have a Good School."

PIERCE COUNTY SCHOOL NEWS

The rural school declamatory contest which was announced at the Central Teachers' Meeting should be taken up and prepared for at once so as not to crowd the work later on. Briefly the plan is as follows: The county will be divided into nine districts giving each district about twelve schools. Each school will have a contest of its own to select the best representative from that school. This representative will go to the district contest to compete with the representatives from the schools of that district. The winner of each district contest will go to the central contest at Ellsworth. Gold medals will be given to the winners of the districts and a larger medal will be given to the winner of Pierce County.

All schools are expected to take part unless excused by the County Superintendent. Teachers can make this a success or a failure, so let us all take hold and make it what it ought to be.

LOCALS

Meta Hanson is teaching in Hudson.
 Lucy Thomas is teaching in Hudson.
 Mary Curran is teaching in Eau Claire.
 Kate Snodgrass is teaching in Spokane.
 Ira Schoonover is teaching in Hersey.
 Harry Bowers is principal at Turtle Lake.
 Jennie Ryan is staying at home this year.
 Agnes Stapleton is teaching at Rice Lake.
 Nell DeYoung is teaching at Rice Lake.
 Ottelia Olin is teaching in Eugene, Oregon.
 Lois White is teaching in Sand Point, Idaho.
 Alice B. Early is attending college in St. Paul.

Esther Tingvall is staying at home in River Falls.

Rolla McMahon is attending the La Crosse Normal.

Lloyd Tombleson is ranching at Bennett, Colorado.

Frank and Pearl Miller are teaching in Deer Park.

Robert O'Connell is principal of the Woodville school.

John Hammer is principal of Grantsburg High School.

Earl Whitcomb is teaching manual training at Rhinelander.

Mrs. Vernon Briggs (Neva Lovell) lives in Eugene, Oregon.

ArMeda Howe is teaching her second year at Oconomowoc.

Raymond Chinnock is principal of the school at Roberts.

Orin Stiehl visited the Normal one day last week and gave us a talk.

Lucy Corey and Mina Brown are teaching in Cumberland.

Bessie Clark and Vivian Hallett are teaching in River Falls.

Simon Norstrom is principal of the Hammond High School.

Raymond Ensign is a member of the faculty of Pratt Institute.

Sylvia Leonard is teaching in the High School in Galesville.

Helen Parkhurst and Kate Thomas are teaching in Tacoma.

Alice Clark is teaching History in the High School at Ellsworth.

Ina Williams is teaching Fifth grade in Lancaster, Wisconsin.

Gwen Ap Roberts is teaching her third year at Menomonie, Wisconsin.

Florence Tallmadge and Christine Jensen are teaching at Washburn.

Agnes Carney is teaching the primary grade at Black River Falls.

Mildred Hawkins is teaching Seventh and Eighth grades in Elk Mound.

Elsie Meigs spent her summer in Wisconsin. She is teaching in Seattle.

Fred Lamson, Lillian Cudd and Ellen Peterson are teaching in Independence.

Hazel Lindman is teaching Latin and German in Spring Valley High School.

Guy Owen, John Gunning, Belle Thompson, and Florence Lyford, who already hold the elementary certificate, are back in school for the full course.

Hannah Houg, Gusta Houg, Marie Hermenson and Svea Grendahl are teaching in Pepin.

The girls of the Normal are organizing a literary society. A preliminary meeting was held November 19.

Sophy Shultes, Bertha Jenson, Alice Hutchinson and Jennie Johnson, all of the Class of 1909, are teaching in Wausaw.

Lloyd Merrihew spent six weeks at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. He is principal at Clear Lake this year.

Mae Deneen, Ruth Scott, Agnes Baker, Margaret Kavanagh, Agnes Hagan and Kathryn Ryan are teaching in New Richmond.

Miss Belle Deans conducted a Grammar Grade Round Table at the Minnesota State Teachers' Association at Minneapolis October 29th.

Anna Saby, who received her M. A. degree from Wisconsin University in June, is teaching Spanish and Latin in the State Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.

The following alumni are attending Wisconsin University: Eva White, Ed Green, Helen Truesdell, John Dahl, Oscar Weberg, Warren Clark, Edith Webster, Martin Anderson, Glenn Junkman, Esther Mangan, Lucile Haddow, Winfred Haddow and Silas Corey.

The following Alumni are County Superintendents: H. A. Aune, St. Croix Co.; Mabel Ahlstrom, Burnett Co.; D. E. Cameron, Fort Morgan, Colorado; Wm. N. Mackin, Rusk Co.; Oscar Shern, Kootenai Co., Idaho; Oren Stiehl, Jackson Co.

A Normal school bulletin will be published each quarter of the year, the first number of which will be off the press in a few days. It will contain a paper by Prof. L. H. Clark on, "Why the Product of Our Rural Schools is not Entirely Satisfactory."

Professor L. H. Clark's intimate acquaintance with the natural beauties of Madeline Island, where he has spent several summers,

made him wish that a poem would sometime be written about the island. The verses printed in this issue were composed by Alice H. Shultes in response to that wish and dedicated to Professor Clark.

River Falls Alumni who Teach Teachers

As an evidence of the esteem in which graduates of the River Falls Normal are held not only in this but in other states, we wish to call attention to the number who are now on the faculties of various Normal Schools.

Andy Deneen was this year elected to the position of Instructor in Manual Training at Superior. His sister, Lottie Deneen, is Critic Teacher for the Primary Grades at La Crosse.

Other states have claimed Belle Deans, '97 who is Supervisor of Practice at the Moorhead, Minn., Normal, and Nellie Farnsworth, who teaches Domestic Science in the State Normal at Valley City, N. D.

Mrs. Truesdell Resigns

Mrs. Julia Lorraine Truesdell has given her resignation to the Normal Regents and announced her intention to leave the work of teaching. For thirteen years she has been the teacher of Reading in the Normal, where her ability and devotion have made her department a notable feature in this institution. She has graciously complied with frequent requests to appear on programs in the school and the community, and her readings have given delight to a great many people.

Mrs. Truesdell will end her work here at the holiday season and will go to Pitford, a charming suburb of Rochester, New York, where she will preside in the home of an invalid cousin. The prospect of comfort and happiness, with wealth and attractive surroundings, is delightful to contemplate, and our regret that Mrs. Truesdell is to leave here is mingled with rejoicing that the future is so full of promise.

New Faculty Members

Ruth Rodman

Miss Rodman, Critic Teacher for the Intermediate Grades is a graduate of the Central State Normal School at Edmond, Oklahoma. This school showed its appreciation of her worth by electing her to a position in its model school shortly after her graduation. Miss Rodman held this position for four years and then took a post graduate course at the Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Bernice Sanford

Miss Sanford who takes the newly created position of teacher of the Sub-Normal or Preparatory Classes is a native of Michigan. After finishing the regular course of the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti, she took a post graduate course and obtained the degree of B. Pd. She was principal of the high schools at Northville and Marlette, Michigan, and just prior to coming to River Falls, was critic teacher in the Sanilac County Normal at Croswell, Mich.

J. H. Ames

Mr. J. H. Ames who, takes up the work in History and Civics is a Wisconsin product. He is a graduate of the Stevens Point Normal School and of the University of Wisconsin. At the University he made a specialty of History and Economics and he has taught those subjects successfully in his high school work for some years. Mr. Ames had been in charge of the schools at Cumberland, Ellsworth and Stanley before being elected to his present position.

Aside from his ability as a teacher of History, Mr. Ames brings other talents which are appreciated by the institution. For three years he represented his school on the inter-Normal debating team bringing success and honor to the school. His assistance in conducting our literary and debating society will be of much value. As coach of the football team this fall he has demonstrated his ability

to take a group of boys who did not know the names of the positions on an eleven, and in two months form them into a team of whose playing any school might be proud.

Edna Zinn

Miss Zinn the new Latin and German teacher is a Wisconsin girl. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin, where she took Latin as her major and German as her minor subject, she did post graduate work at the University of Marburg, Germany. Her education was extended by travel in various parts of Europe. Miss Zinn's teaching experience has been obtained in the schools of Oconomowoc and Menomonie where she has been very successful.

Robert R. Reed

Mr. Reed of the English Department is peculiarly interesting to most of our readers as he is not only a Wisconsin man but a River Falls man as well. Mr. Reed received his early training entirely in our city schools. He entered the local high school when Mr. Wilson was principal of that institution and graduated there from under Mr. J. W. T. Ames. After finishing the high school Mr. Reed took his degree at the University of Minnesota specializing in English. He did post graduate work in English at Harvard.

Mr. Reed was superintendent of schools at Battle Lake and Stephen, Minnesota and principal of the high school in Winona.

Aside from his excellent ability as a teacher of English, Mr. Reed has other talents which make him a valuable addition to our faculty. Under his leadership the Normal Orchestra shows promise of developing into a valuable feature of our school activities.

Local people will also recall the fact that Rob Reed represented this district in the High School Declamatory Contest at Madison, and his ability and experience in that line can not fail to be of benefit to our boys.

Class Affairs

FRESHMEN

The Freshmen organized by electing the following officers: Everett Burdick, President; Mary Fitzsimmons, Vice-President; Celestine Frey, Secretary; Ruth Demulling, Treasurer; Clinton VanNortwick, Sergeant at Arms.

Mr. Burdick quit school at the end of the first quarter and Miss Fitzsimmons became president.

The Freshman class is the largest in the school and have testified to their school spirit "in deed and in truth." When real work is to be done the Freshmen are to be counted on first. Remember their part in pushing the N. A. C. concert.

SOPHOMORES

The Sophomore Class was the first class to organize this year. Officers were elected and colors and motto chosen two weeks after school opened.

The officers are:

President, Harvey Fletcher;
Vice-President, Edmund Ward;
Secretary-Treasurer, Anna Thompson;
Sergeant-at-Arms, Ferris Robey.

The colors of last year, scarlet and silver gray, were selected again by unanimous vote.

The motto chosen is "Volens et potens."

At about eight o'clock Oct. 14th the Sophomores assembled in the music room for fun and frolic. What they lacked in numbers, for the Sophomore class is the smallest class in the school, they made up in gaiety.

The same old games were not played, for once, and we had a novel luncheon.

The members of the faculty who were there said that the Sophomores were a jolly bunch and know how to have a good time.

THE JUNIORS

A meeting of the Junior class was called September twenty-first with Daniel Early as chairman and the following officers were elected:

President, Oscar Thompson;
Vice-President, Karl Rudow;
Secretary, Mona Lovell;
Treasurer, Ruth Warner;
Sergeants-at-Arms, William O'Connell and Levi Williams.

On the eighth of October the Juniors forded the river under the guidance of Miss Campbell and had a mammoth feast. The menu was as follows: potatoes roasted in the shell, frankfurters, fried sandwiches, baked apples, and smoked marshmallows, all cooked in a brush pile. After being entertained by various members of their company they wended their way homeward without mishap.

There are no hopes for the Senior girls; they have three married men in their class.

The Juniors will be good this year as the Seniors have all the Whips.

SENIORS

The first social event of the Senior class this year was a camp-fire on the mound, where nearly all the members of the class enjoyed a good time. After roasting frankfurters and marshmallows around the fire, stories were told.

Class Officers

President, Guy Owen;
Vice-President, Kelly Clark;
Secretary, Margaret Spencer;
Treasurer, John Gunning.

THE NORMAL BADGER

The Misses Elaine Williams and Mira Currier have shown their appreciation of the Senior Class by joining as honorary members.

On the second Friday evening after the opening of the Normal School, the faculties and students of the Normal and High schools were entertained in the Congregational Church parlors by the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor Societies. The rooms were decorated in red and white, and yellow and white, the colors of the two schools. Light refreshments were served and a pleasing entertainment was provided which helped to make the strangers acquainted with one another.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra, which was organized a few weeks ago under the able leadership of Professor Reed, is making rapid progress. There appears to be no reason why the orchestra this year should not develop into one of the most successful the school has ever had. The instrumentation is as follows:

Violins
Guy Owen
Marie Righter
Minnie Carlson
Ray Junkman
Oscar Hall
Edgar Bliss
Clinton Van Nortwick
Mrs. J. H. Ames.

Mandolins
Gladys Wilson
Clara Roycroft.

Flute
Professor Reed.

Cornets
Paul Spencer
Harry Fuller.

Trombone
Karl Rudow

Piano
Mira Currier

Cello
Ethel Houston

Snare Drum and Traps
Elmer Young

Bass Drum
Margaret Currier.

ATHLETICS

According to the constitution, the N. A. C. met on the second Tuesday of the first term.

Oscar Thompson was re-elected president and Fred Short secretary. The new officers were: Ray Junkman, Vice President; Tom Riley, Financial Secretary; Tom Bergh, Treasurer.

The question of football was taken up and with the encouragement of President Wilson and the boys being favorable, it was decided to organize a team. Tom Hennessey was elected manager of the prospective team and the Renaissance of football at the River Falls Normal was accomplished. Under the guidance of Coach J. H. Ames the new team has given a good account of itself. In

the next issue we will give a review of the season of 1909.

Basketball practice is on in full swing with every prospect of a winning team. Jean Manion is back and beginning to throw baskets as of old. Earl Thurston, who was a member of the crack Ellsworth team two years ago, will be in the Normal team this year. Jay McCann, a new Junior from Spring Valley, shows promise of being another valuable addition to the team.

Oscar Thompson is manager of the basketball team. He still has open dates on the schedule and would like to correspond with teams wishing games.

THE NORMAL BADGER

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Under the auspices of the N. A. C. a concert was given Nov. 12 in the Methodist Church. The program was as follows:

PROGRAM

1. Selection Apple Blossoms Roberts
Normal Orchestra
2. Vocal Solo My Lady's Bower Temple
Fred Ramer
3. Introduction and Polonaise Chas. Allen
John E. Howard, Violin
Archie Shepard, Piano
4. Reading The Strength of Gideon
Mrs. Truesdell
5. Vocal Solo Angus McDonald E. L. Roeckel
Mrs. J. H. Ames
6. Violin Solo Chant d'Amour Henselt
John E. Howard
7. Vocal Solo Spring Carol Watson
Miss Mira Currier
(Flute obligato by Mr. Reed)
8. Reading The Run that Turned the Game
Mrs. Truesdell
9. Vocal Solo Grass and Roses J. C. Bartlett
Jay Truesdell
(Violin obligato by John E. Howard)
10. Grand Fantasia on Auld Lang Syne and the Mocking Bird
John E. Howard, Violin
Archie Shepard, Piano

All the numbers were well received and were enthusiastically encored. The N. A. C. wishes to express its thanks to performers and patrons.



LITERARY

To Madeline Island

Madeline, fair isle reposing
On the mighty inland sea,
Bride of noble Gitche Gumee
Whose strong waves embraceth thee,
Madeline, what sweet enchantment
Broods upon thy winding shore,
Throwing magic spells around us,
Bathing us in mystic lore?

E'en the throbbing inland waters
Seek thy side with soft caress,
Telling to thee wondrous stories,
Moving thee with tenderness.
Oft the bright and shimmering surface
That encircles thee, fair isle,
Radiates with sunset glories
Like some rare angelic smile.

From thy green and mossy bosom
Dainty flowerets lift their face,
Fringing every path and byway
With their forms of loveliness.
And thy pinetrees, fragrance laden,
How they lure to forest crest,
Whispering softly woodland fancies,
Singing lullabies of rest.

On thy lap we cast our burdens,
On thy bosom find sweet rest ;
Like a fond and loving mother
Dost thou hold us to thy breast.
'Tis the charm of untamed nature
That we feel, fair Madeline,
Making us thy willing subjects,
Devotees at thy fair shrine.

Alice H. Shultes.

For some years R. F. N. has had a boys' literary society. Under various names the society has waxed and waned. Last year under the high sounding title of Areopagus it flickered into "innocuous desuetude" about the middle of the year.

The new impetus which this year is making itself felt all through the school has shown itself in renewed activity along this

line also. Early in the school year on the suggestion of Professors Karges and Ames a meeting was held to consider doing something to encourage debating and public speaking among the boys of the school. It was thought best to break away from the old organization and start an entirely new society. A constitutional committee was appointed with instructions to report as soon as the football

activities were out of the way. Accordingly on November 13th a meeting of the boys was called and Chairman Williams of the constitution committee read a constitution which was adopted with few changes. The following officers were elected:

Paul Bowen, President
J. S. Pitts, Vice President
Tom Bergh, Secretary
Charles Thompson, Treasurer
Thos. O'Connell, Sergt. at Arms.

After the election of officers the society listened to a debate on the question: Resolved that the evidence so far produced shows that Peary is entitled to rank as discoverer of the North Pole. Tom Riley and Fred Stort supported the affirmative, Wallace Gustafson and Levi Williams, the negative. The decision was for the negative.

The new society has not yet been named, a committee consisting of Paul Bowen, Charles Thompson and Prof. Karges having the selection of a name in charge.

A STUDENT'S GHOST STORY

By Winmona Taylor.

One bleak November night I was sitting alone by the kitchen stove. The fire snapped and crackled as if in defiance of the outside world. The teakettle sang in a drowsy undertone. The cat purred sleepily at my feet, while the clock on the wall completed the harmony with its monotonous tick-tock, tick-tock. The quiet, drowsy atmosphere of the room was stealing over me, when the door opened and some one silently beckoned me to come. We stole out into the darkness, neither speaking a word.

The night was cold and dark. Heavy clouds scurried across the sky; now hiding the moon, now letting the cold rays shine through, while the wind whistled among the bare branches of the trees. We crossed a ploughed field, broken here and there with patches of snow.

On the edge of the field was a low log house, back of which loomed two tall pine trees. On one side of the house stood a large gaunt maple, and on the other was a weed-grown garden. A gate swung weakly on its hinges, and as we walked up the path the gate creaked slowly shut behind us. We mounted the broken door-step and entered the door, which sagged so that it could not be shut. There were evidently only two rooms in the house, and in the farther one my companion left me with this parting injunction: "Wait here until twelve."

Wait in that place alone? But without staying for an answer he was gone. Again I heard the gate creak sadly shut.

The moon shone through a rift in the clouds and cast faint wavering shadows across the dusty floor. A rat scurried across the boards, and overhead a bat clumsily beat about among the rafters and cobwebs. The wind sighed lonesomely in the branches of the maples, and catching the leaves in its gusts, pelted them against the windows. The seeds rattled weirdly in their pods, as the wind shook the stalks of the weeds in the garden to and fro.

From far away there came the slow tolling of a bell—one, two, three, four, a gust of wind blew a blind shut—nine, ten, eleven—was it twelve? Twelve!

Again I heard the gate creak. I heard the swish, swish of garments in the outer room, and the boards in the floor creaked as if some one was walking across them. The door opened and a line of white-clad figures filed in. I huddled closer into the corner in the hope that they would not discover me. But on they came, gliding nearer and nearer, and nearer with every gust of the wind. Then the first one spoke in weird, uncouth tones, "I am the ghost of the Chemistry Experiment that you haven't worked." Another spoke, and as it did so its teeth rattled in their sockets, "I am the Theme you didn't hand in." Another drew near me and pointed a long

bony finger toward me, and said, "I am the ghost of the Rhetorical Subject you didn't hand in." The last, a tall figure, came so near me it almost touched me, and began speaking in a low hollow tone as it swayed backward and forward, "I am the Interview you should have had with your Practice Supervisor this afternoon, and you didn't go!" With one accord they swayed toward me, and shrieked above the wild tumult of the wind, "Didn't go!"

With a scream they caught at me with their bony hands, and with a wild cry I started up, and awoke just as the cat bounded into my lap; for she had become lonesome with only the song of the teakettle, the snapping and crackling of the fire, and the ticking of the clock for company.

THE ROBINS' QUARREL

by Emma Kinney

Mrs. Robin Redbreast, known to her friends and relatives as Fluffy, sat disconsolate on the edge of her empty nest. Everything looked gloomy to her that morning. Gray clouds covered the sky, and at intervals a misty rain fell. The air was warm and oppressive, with no indication of a refreshing breeze. Yesterday the care of her family would have occupied her mind, but today the fourth little nestling had flown triumphantly away, and the mother bird was very lonely. The little ones she had cherished so long had no doubt forgotten her in the joy of freedom. Her friends were busy seeking food for themselves and their families. Robin, her husband, was probably far away chattering with some friend. The more she dwelt on her solitude the more depressed she became. She started to pick the bits of eggshell out of her nest, but her interest in home had departed with her brood. Besides, she felt very weary since the strain of her family cares was relaxed.

As her gaze wandered over the rainsoaked grove she noticed a nice, fat worm wriggling across the path. Absently she hopped down to seize it when with a flurry of wings, another bird swooped down before her and seized the morsel before she had time to collect her thoughts. What was her surprise upon discovering that the greedy bird was Robin, her husband!

"Well, Robin," she remarked, in a ladylike tone, "I did not know that you had become so extremely selfish."

"Pardon me, Fluffy, I did not know that you wanted that worm. It seems to me that you are becoming lazy, you move so slowly." He stretched his wings idly and smoothed a ruffled feather or two on his pretty red breast.

"Lazy? I?" cried his wife in resentment. "Do you mean to say you consider me lazy, when I have raised four big robins this summer? Well, that just shows how much a father knows about the care and worry of a family."

"Now don't get cross, Fluffy, I didn't really mean it. I do hope you are not developing nerves. Wouldn't you like to take a fly to the top of that tall oak tree with me to see if the western sky is clearing? It might divert your mind," and Mr. Robin hopped restlessly from bough to bough.

"Divert my mind, indeed. You speak, Robin Redbreast, as if I were a birdling of two weeks. I'd like to know who is more nervous than you, fluttering about in that fidgety manner. Besides, I should think you could stay at home for one afternoon instead of flying here and there, and leaving me alone to do all the work," snapped Fluffy, flirting her tail angrily.

"Well, I'd like to know, Mrs. Redbreast, what pleasure you think I can find in staying at home with a scolding bird for a companion. And didn't I help you build this nest? Didn't I help you carry bugs and worms by the billful with which to feed our

nestlings? What more do you expect me to do?" asked Robin, his bright little eyes snapping with indignation.

"What do I expect you to do? Well, I'll tell you, Robin Redbreast, just exactly what I expect you to do. I expect you to stay at home and help me clean out this nest. I expect you to bring me now and then, as a present, a nice berry or a worm. I expect you to stay around and sing to me instead of going off and leaving me alone the very day after my last little bird leaves me. But since I have grown so disagreeable that you no longer care to stay at home with me, I will leave you and go South with Mr. and Mrs. Cock Robin, who fly tomorrow. So I will bid you goodbye," and she flew away before he could answer.

Swiftly he followed her. In and out among the trees they went, over housetops, across the river, and thru the groves, and always he kept calling, "Fluffy, wait for me. I didn't mean a word of it. Don't leave me, Fluffy. Wait for me, and we will go home together." At last he found her hidden among the thick leaves of a maple tree, twittering to herself a sad little song which touched his heart.

"Fluffy," he said softly, "Won't you come home with me? Our little nest will be the happiest place an earth if you will come back and share it with me again."

And a bright ray of sunlight shot out between the clouds as two little birds sailed away among the trees to the little nest in the grove.

Thanksgiving, in Verse

By Oscar Hall.

My friendly cousin, John Henry Brown
Drove up with ample pride;
With dappled gray and fancy sleigh,
He offered me a ride.

I scrambled in my overcoat,
And pulled my fur cap on,
Without a word I got on board,
And soon we two were gone.

Across the frozen snow we went
And across the meadow bridge;
We followed up the winding road
And soon were on the ridge.

O, there the air so sharp and chill
It turned our noses red;
But our dappled gray, he knew the way,
And down the hill we sped.

We sped along and soon we reached
Our Grandpa's jolly farm.
The tinkling bells and merry yells,
Served as our glad alarm.

Our dappled gray we soon unhitched,
And to the barn we led him,
Where feed and hay in plenty lay
From which at noon we fed him.

We passed by sheds and barns and coops
Of every size and form;
In fact a village, to protect the stock
Against the winter's storm.

At last in Grandpa's house we came
To spend Thanksgiving Day,
And how much turkey, goose, and pie we ate
We would not care to say.

VISITS TO GRANDMA'S

By Winnona Taylor.

A long lane, shaded on either side by a row of stately maples, leads up to grandmother's house—you know the kind—the kind that grandmothers and grandfathers always live in. Around the house is the orchard, with gnarled apple-trees just made to climb, plum trees whose thorny branches always seem to be overloaded with juicy fruit, and between the trees are rows of currant bushes into whose centers your hand stole to grasp the tempting fruit.

As grandmother's was just across the field from your home you often went to see her. She was busy when you came; she had an old box of treasures looking them over. You asked her what she was doing, and she replied, "Just tidying up a wee bit." She handled the treasures as if they were living things; and they were, for were they not alive with living recollections? Her eyes grew dim and her throats were far away. You asked her what was in that paper. She tenderly unfolded it and held up a shimmering lock of hair that curled clingingly around her finger. "That is a lock of your father's baby brother's hair. We buried him back in York State."

She wrapped the curl tenderly and carefully up again. A big lump came right up in your throat, and you almost wish you had not asked her. Grandmother was silent for a moment, her hands folded in her lap. She was thinking of the little green mound way back in New York.

In the meantime your eyes wandered hungrily towards the cookie jar. Grandma saw your look and placed the box back on the shelf. She knew how little girls feel about that time of day, especially when they are at Grandma's. "I baked some fresh cookies today, wouldn't you like to have one?"

Eagerly you took the proffered cookie with a "Thank you," which, tho you meant it with

all your little heart, was rather hastily spoken, for you were anxious to sink your teeth into that soft brown cookie, that had crinkles all around the edge and a fat, juicy raisin in the middle. Oh, how good it was! Do anyone's cookies ever taste quite like grandma's? Finally the last morsel was swallowed, and you wondered why the last bite always tastes the best.

You got up and went to the stairway, and pulled a mammoth (to your eyes) picture-book out of the cupboard and took it to grandma, and for the fiftieth time she told you about each picture.

The afternoon sun was sending its long slanting rays in at the western windows when you took your sunbonnet and went home across the field.

At another time, on your birthday, mother said you could go to see grandma and stay to supper. Excitedly you went up the lane, ran up on to the porch, and as you burst into the room you cried, "Oh grandma, it's my birthday, and I can stay to supper, and I'm so happy." Grandma seemed as delighted as you were, and told you stories about when she was a little girl and went to her grandma's to supper. At last it was supper time. Grandma helped you up to the table. And when you lifted your plate you found a little package, and when you opened it you gave a cry of ecstasy, for there was a penny for every year you were old.

But oh, the supper! Everything did taste so good off those pretty dishes. Grandmother gave you a mug that your father used to drink out of; and it was with childlike reverence that you drank the cool, creamy milk from that mug. The food tasted so good, and grandmother was so afraid you would not get enough to eat that you were inclined to be piggish. After supper you helped grandma wash those precious dishes, and as you wiped them she told a story about each one.

That night when you were in bed, and the

light was out, things became a confusion of enormous pieces of pie, bright pennies, pretty plates, cambric tea, silver mugs, and birth-days, and finally they all turned into one dear little grandmother, who kept watch over you during the night.

But now when you go up the long lane everything is silent. The yellow and brown leaves fall gently to the ground. The old rose bush bows uncared for, so that the red-seed-berries touch the ground, for now there is no one to make red necklaces out of the berries. You wander silently around the house; there the morning glories run riot over

the windows, and it seems as if you never see their blossoms open any more. Is it possible that they miss grandma too? That they miss her careful touch as she gently wound them around the strings over the window, just as you miss her soft touch when she tenderly rubbed the bumped head, and kissed away the tears?

Grandma has gone to rest now, and when she went away you could not understand why you might not keep her always. But now you know, and are content with the dear memories of the many, many happy hours spent at Grandma's.

H U M O R

Who is it that loses himself in the halls,
Who asks, "What that means" when the class
bell calls,
Who with ignorant answers his teacher ap-
palls?
The Freshie.

Who is it whose dignified manner implies
He considers himself most surpassingly wise,
But whose standings in tests bring sad tears
to our eyes?
The Sophomore.

Who watches the Senior with most jealous
eye,
And with him in each undertaking will vie,
With lofty ideals and standard set high?
The Junior.

Who is the being with manner so stately,
Who speaks and who acts so very sedately,
Whom mischievous "practice kids" all fear
so greatly?
The Senior.

HEARD IN SENIOR CLASSES

In Psychology,—
"If a child has a high temper do away with
it."

In Chemistry,—
"Sparking is a way of combining."

In music,—
"Did Wagner write America?"

BY WAY OF INQUIRY

Why did Mabel Dodge?
Was Dan Early?
Is Elmer Young?
Will Myrtle Woodburn?
Whom did Phoebe Whipp?
Why is Fred Short?
Who all is Guy Owen?
Is John Gunning?
Would you call Erma Bliss?

THE NORMAL BADGER

At a recent teachers' examination one of the candidates for a certificate was discussing methods of discipline in the school room. Moral suasion, keeping-after-school, and other of the milder forms of discipline were given their proper values, and then the examiner was startled by the following announcement:

"When other methods fail *capital* punishment should be employed, as there are some children who can be cured by no other means." Some of us almost agree with her.

CHROMATIC ABERRATION

Professor (in the Physics Class) What causes the image to have a violet color?

Senior. I think it is the aromatic apparition.

A teacher was developing the definition of a unit. She had come to the conclusion that her class thoroughly understood what a unit is. By way of drill she picked up several objects, one at a time, and presented them to the class, and when she asked what each was, the pupils responded "A unit." Finally she held up an apple and asked "What is it?" They all answered "A Unit." She did the same with a knife and received the same reply. She carefully peeled the apple so that the skin was in one piece. She held it up and again asked "What is it?" Silence! Finally Johnny's face brightened and he confidently shouted "The skin of a unit."

The teacher stood before her reading class. When, in the course of her reading, she came

across the word "orphan" and asked its meaning, every little face looked blank. Thinking to help them she said, "Well children, I am an orphan. Now what is an orphan"? Quick as a flash a bright little boy replied, "I know teacher. It's a girl that wants to get married and can't." And they wondered why the teacher blushed.

The "Virgil" class was translating "The Aeneid" and had reached that part of the story in which Virgil tells of Aeneas' flight from Troy, the discovery of his wife's absence, and his return to the city in search of her. A member of the class had just translated the sentences in which Aeneas told of meeting his wife's ghost. The teacher excused her and asked one of the boys to continue the translation. He yawned, looked for the place, and on finding it, rose to his feet slowly, hesitated a moment, and began, "Three times I essayed to kiss her, three times I failed, *and I couldn't get any farther.*"

There was a young lady named Kolb
Who went sliding down hill on a bolb;
With a plunge and a pitch
It ran into a ditch,
Which caused her to weep and to solb.

A school-mate of ours called Miss Shepard,
Once encountered a very fierce lepard,
Before he could run
She loaded her gun,
And the poor beast with bird shot she pepard.

Pupil, reading theme: "The fall scenery invites to pleasant walks and rosy cheeks."

Teacher in criticism. "You should be careful how you "invite to rosy cheeks."



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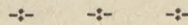


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