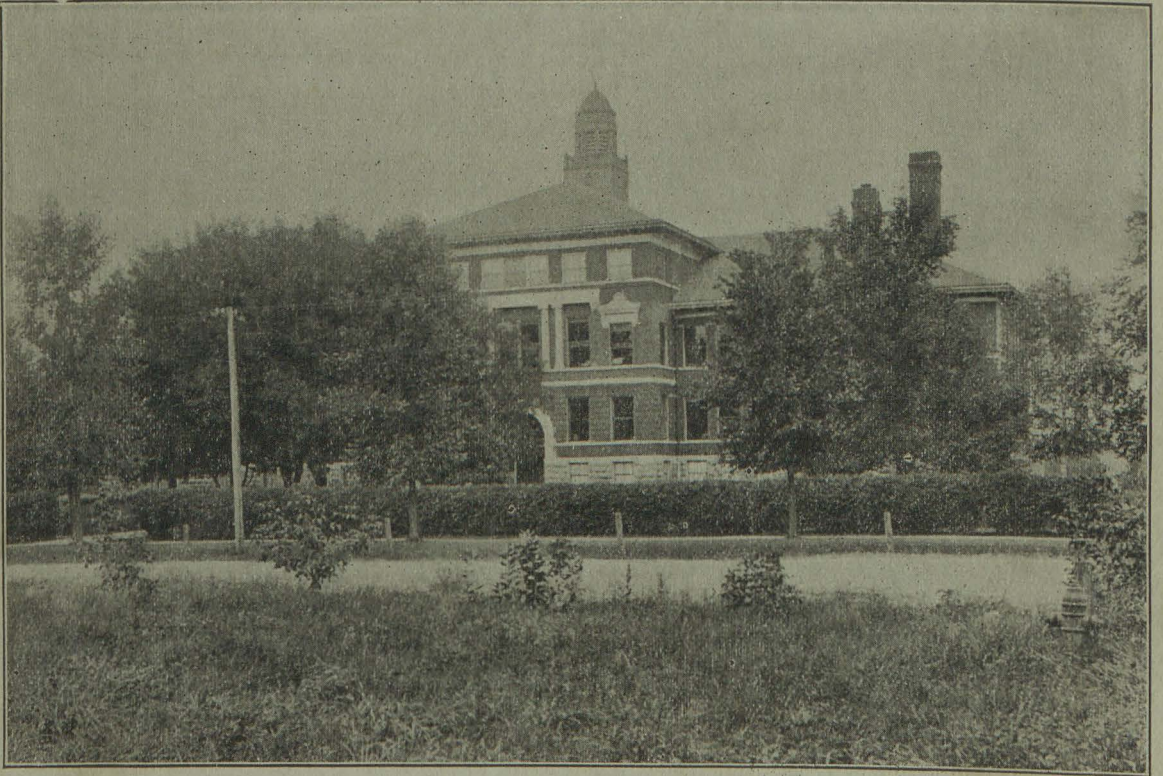




The Normal Badger



River Falls, Wisconsin

April, 1908



Journal Job Print, River Falls, Wis.

It's mighty hard

to try to tell the average man what style of clothes to wear, but it's mighty easy for the young man to tell what kind he won't wear.

He's been using his eyes, knows what's what, and smooth talk can't change his mind.

We don't believe in trying to talk anyone into buying what we want to sell, but make it our business to have what they want to wear. Probably this accounts for the fact that we dress more young men than all the other stores combined. We've been told that it's a pleasure to trade here.

H. A. Hagestad & Co.



ALLARD-STEWART Co.

THE CLOAK STORE

Newest Styles in Fall and Winter
CLOAKS

Remember we can show you a larger line of cloaks than you will find in most towns twenty times the size of River Falls.

DEPENDABLE STYLES HERE.
LADIES' FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Suits and Overcoats
and Walk-Over Shoes for men.

YEP KEE

First-Class Laundry Work

River Falls State Normal School

Offers Exceptional Advantages to Those Who Are Preparing to Teach.

A Course of Four Years, English and Science.

A Course of Four Years, with Latin.

A Course of Four Years, with German.

A Course of Two Years for High School Graduates, each leading to the Diploma which on counter signature of the State Superintendent becomes a Life State Certificate in Wisconsin.

A Course of Two Years, English Subjects, leading to the Elementary Certificate, which becomes a State Certificate for Five Years.

Graduates of High Schools and Graduates of Graded Schools of the First Class, approved by the State Inspectors; and holders of First and Second Grade County Certificates are admitted without examination, and in some cases given advanced standings.

Students may enter school at any time, and need not wait for the beginnings of terms.

SECOND QUARTER begins - November 4, 1907.

THIRD QUARTER begins - January 27, 1908.

FOURTH QUARTER begins - April 13, 1908.

For further particulars address,

W. J. BRIER, President.

HOWE'S 'BUS AND DRAY LINE

Special attention paid to looking after Students' Baggage and
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Both Phones at Residence, or  Leave Orders at Parker House

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For Books, Stationery, Peri-
odicals and School Supplies.

Baker, the Drayman

Students'

Baggage

a Specialty.

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STUDENTS, ATTENTION!!!

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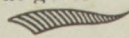
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JOHNSON'S TEN ENT STORE

A fine line of Toys
CROCKERY
and Notions.....

For a Clean Shave and a Neat Hair

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DR. E. C. ROBERTS

Optometrist

Home Address, - Red Wing, Minn.

MAKES REGULAR VISITS TO RIVER FALLS.

 DELAY IS TERRIBLY DANGEROUS when the eyes need
attention. Every day that eyes which need glasses are
forced to work without them, is making them just so much
worse.

If headaches or anything else lead you to think that you
may need glasses, I earnestly urge you not to wait any longer.
but consult me at once.

WATCH CITY PAPERS FOR DATES

The Normal Badger

VOLUME ~~X~~7

APRIL 1908

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By the students of the Wisconsin State Normal School.

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Editorial

THIS YEAR'S BADGER.

Last year the Senior class edited a school paper, called "The Normal Badger."

When school opened last fall the question before the class of 1908 was, "Shall we continue to issue the Badger?" At a meeting of that class, it was decided to have a paper, bearing the old name, but issued twice instead of once each term. Instead of a class paper it was made a school paper, every class being represented by two reporters.

The assistant business manager was elected from the junior class. This was done so that next year's manager might profit by the experience gained this year. The assistant manager this year is to be made manager next year.

It is our hope that from now on, long as there is a River Falls Normal School, there will be a "Normal Badger." Many of the Alumni like to keep in touch with the old school; and a good school paper enables them to do this. At present four issues of the "Badger" are out. The cost of these four issues was \$119.20. There will be four more issues that will cost at least \$100.00. At present there is not enough money in the treasury to meet this expense. If you haven't paid your subscription please do so at once.

An entertainment is planned to raise money for the "Badger." Turn out and help. Come and bring your friends. It is your paper; help to make it a success.

Literary

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN BROWN.

Friends, you cannot have forgotten that sacred hour, when hand in hand, we pledged ourselves by the God above us, that come victory or come defeat, come life or come death, we would stand side by side in the struggle to crush from our fair land this blighting curse of slavery.

It is time, high time, to act. Our oath stands recorded on the pages of Heaven, and the dastardly attempts of the slave power to insinuate itself upon free soil, challenge us to its execution. Five years ago the gates of Kansas were thrown wide open, and an irresistible flood of degradation and despair swept over its broad plains. Brothers, you and I, in the name of humanity, left our New England homes to battle in the cause of freedom. We had fair sons and brave brothers. Where are they? Cut down in their prime by a band of border ruffians. The blood of those sons and brothers cries unavenged to us from the earth, and shall it cry in vain? Shall not the deeds we have done there, the losses we have there sustained, inspire us to greater efforts? Is not the victory there a prophecy of victory in the future? Men of New England, if you fear to die, go back to your peaceful homes, but if the blood of those old Revolutionary heroes still flows in your veins, if the spirit of Adams and of Hancock and a score of others still thrills in you, then in the name of justice, strike. Here are slaves in our little band. Listen, if you would hear the baying of the hounds upon your track, if you would feel the stinging lash upon your cheek, then lie in idleness, but if those longings for freedom still pulsate in your being, then fight for your wives and children.

There in your very midst, with her weeping children clinging about her and gazing for the last time into her fond face, kneels a poor slave mother. Only yesterday, I saw her cruel master, with fiendish fury, strike down her youngest born, because perchance, she pressed it over fondly to her breast; and as, with a mother's agony of grief, she knelt over that mangled, bleeding corpse, crying to the God in heaven for vengeance, her master spurned her trembling form, and ordered her to be lashed, lashed like

a cur, till he red blood ran in torrents. Here she kneels, begging for mercy. She has escaped to us, and if we aid her not, those helpless ones will be torn from her grasp, and sold into a life-long bondage; that frail form, racked and tortured as it is, will be chained and manacled, to labor like a brute in the scorching sun, beneath the lash of a heartless fiend. Brothers, can you stand idly by, with cold indifference? Does not the hot blood of revenge tingle in your veins?

Friends, you must choose one course or the other. Will you call down upon your heads the curse of Heaven, will you stain your hands with the blood of the innocent? Will you chase the fleeing fugitive to his hiding place in the tangled thicket, and, crushing from his heart the last ray of hope, return him to his doom; or will you with sympathy and tenderness bind up his wounds and help him on his way?

If we strike, and strike now, the eyes of the North will rest with approbation upon us. A thousand hearts that cringe and recoil at each new horror, will thrill with the spirit of liberty. More and more do they realize the crisis we are facing, and more and more are their leaders, their Lincolns and their Garrisons, coming to deprecate this evil.

I tell you, this dark blot will never be erased till it is washed out in the best blood of North and South. Already I can see the furious conflict raging. From "Bleeding Kansas" the first red drops have been freely poured. The mighty throes of civil war shall soon rend our fair land asunder. But beyond the darkness of the gathering storm, I see the sun of liberty rising in an unclouded Heaven, and casting his pure rays alike on Black and White.

Listen to the history of the past. Three-quarters of a century ago our fathers issued that famous declaration, which has come to be the charter of our liberties. To it, they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. It was solemnly dedicated to their posterity, and consecrated in the hearts' blood of their glorious martyrs. That declaration, which we almost worship, teaches us that all men are created

free and equal. Have we forgotten its teachings? Do the words of that revered document mean naught to us? Look around you! In this land, which is dedicated to freedom, there dwells a race of slaves. Where, I ask, is your much-vaunted liberty? It is gone. The labor of our fathers has been in vain. That glorious cause for which they shed their blood has been trampled in the dust. Tyranny, shame, and disgrace dwell in the temples of freedom. My Countrymen, in the name of all that is just and holy, in the name of your allegiance to a Higher Power, in the name of God, I say, be men; be true to the foundation principles of our government, to the sacred rights of humanity, and strike for liberty as did those heroes of the Revolution.

Pass undefiled to your posterity that rich legacy which was bequeathed to you through blood, and your children's children shall call you heroes. Future generations, yet unborn, shall gaze back upon this glorious hour, and add their benediction.

But words are fruitless, the time has come when we must fight. Shoulder to shoulder, guided by the hand of God, we must go forward. Do we want a cause? We have the cause of a fair land, once the throne of liberty, lying in shame, disgraced by the darkest blot that ever stained the pages of history. We have the cause of murdered sons and brothers, whose blood cries un-avenged to us from the earth. We have the cause of a race of slaves, doomed to an everlasting servitude. We have the cause of helpless fathers and mothers; of tender babes, suffering daily torture, the horrors of which can scarce be equalled by the inquisition.

And do we want a victim on which to wreak our vengeance? We have the despoilers of our land, the murderers of our sons, the tyrants beneath whose heavy hand a people crouch in abject terror.

Brothers, shall we suffer these wrongs to go on, shall we too bow our heads beneath the yoke? Why our very watchword is freedom! When we prattled at our mother's knee she taught it to us, when our fathers went to war for "sailors' rights" they clasped us in their arms and consecrated us to its holy cause, and now, when we are in the midst of peril, we must not forsake it.

Tomorrow, ere the morning sun has tipped yon mountain, we must capture the arsenal, arm the slaves, and strike down the oppressors. Again, I swear by the Eternal God, that come victory or come defeat, come life or come death, this struggle shall not cease till every

slave is free.

Friends, tonight the bright stars smile in beauty over our heads, yon mountain brook glides unstained at our feet; but what tomorrow may bring forth, we cannot know. In a few short hours we may lie cold and dead under a clouded heaven, that peaceful brook red with our life's blood. But death in this sacred cause of liberty is glorious martyrdom. We may die, but a million slaves shall gain eternal freedom.

Laurence Dake.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

I sit in the stream of the firelight's gleam,

As it trembles athwart the wall,
And list to the wail of the morning gale
As the voices of winter call.

The note of the breeze through the naked trees,

And the howl of the furious blast,
That shrieks and shrills o'er the vales
and hills,
Are lost in the dreams of the past.

I see in the bed of the gleaming red,
Where the embers and ashes lie,
The flickering gleam of a fading dream,
And the days that are long gone by.

The faces of yore may be seen once more,

In the depth of the fire's bright blaze;
The gray of the gloom, and the firelight's bloom
Paint pictures of bygone days.

They flicker and fall on the whitewashed wall

These pictures of olden times;
They tremble and start, and they fill my heart
With the music of long-gone chimes.

They fade in the gloom of the darkening room,

With the embers, they die away,
'Till naught can be seen of their tender sheen
In the sullen old fire place gray.

I list to the wail of the moaning gale,
As it whistles and surges by;

The picture has fled from the embers dead
Where the cold gray ashes lie.

—Laurence Dake.

LOCALS

Prof.—“Which way is right?”
A.—“The other way.”

Prof. W. in Economics.—“Personal service is anything our fellows do for us.”

Senior Boy—“Did they make coquettes or croquets in Domestic Science this morning?”

Prof. W. to a Senior Boy—“You are choosable, Mr.—”
Girls, it's leap year!

Prof.—“When you come to this Normal 200 days in a week—”
My! how time does drag!

It was noticed that there was a revival of interest in rhetoric among the Seniors the last week of February.

Prof. in Brit. Lit.—“Hamlet told Ophelia to go to a nunnery. Where did she go?”

P.—“I don't know where she went, but she died.”

GRAMMAR ROOM.

The “weather man” seems to disprove of base-ball.

“My baby will be a great surgeon,” said the doctor. “When I handed him a dictionary he removed the appendix.”
—Ex.

Miss Minnie Coggeshall has taken charge of the Grammar Room.

(Heard in a Ninth Grade Geometry recitation.)

Teacher—“What is a polygon?”

Pupil—“A dead parrot.”

Quite a number of the Grammar Room pupils took part in a play conducted by Miss Fannie Mayers and Miss Sylvia Leonard. The name of the play is “The Trial of February.”

MANUAL TRAINING.

The exhibits from the manual training department are well worth seeing. The work in wood is progressing wonderfully. Plant stands and center tables which would be an artistic decoration to any parlor are on exhibition. One remarkably good piece of work in the shape of a sled has been constructed by a sixth grade boy. Mr. Farley has made a beautiful hatrack. Besides these things there are bread boards, hangers, and almost perfectly formed raffia baskets.

The manual training work is becoming so popular among the students of the normal department that it is found necessary to enlarge the workroom. A plan is being laid for enlarging this room by taking out the partition between the boys' coat room and the present workroom for next year's classes.

The library has two 1908 editions of Webster's International Dictionary. The old ones have been laid to rest after long and faithful service.

Stewart & Grimm
A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE



P. C. 189

BOTH PHONES

N. W. 56

MANUAL TRAINING.

The work in the Manual Training department for this term as shown by the projects on exhibit, surpasses, in amount, workmanship and variety that of either of the first two terms. There are now about fifty students from the Normal department doing work in manual training.

The department has obtained from Stillwater, Minn., some excellent quarter-sawed oak for making tabourettes, tables and pedestals.

The most sanguine projects undertaken in this department are two Morris chairs now being constructed of oak.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The 9's are giving breakfasts. Two girls prepare and serve breakfast to the remainder of the class and Miss Henderson every Friday.

There are—lacking one—as many Normal students taking the work this term as in the two preceding terms combined.

The 4's and 5's are hemstitching towels and the 6's are making aprons for different members of their families.

INTERMEDIATE NEWS.

The sixth grade geography class has been taking a trip from River Falls to Boston and thence to other places of interest in the state of Massachusetts. Several members of the class—Ronald Pritchett, Dorothy Fletcher, Florence Jack and Olive McIntyre—have written very interesting accounts of their journey. Anyone who can get the permission of the writers may have the privilege of reading those pleasing little stories.

INTERMEDIATE ROOM.

The pupils of the Intermediate Room had a sleigh ride March 6.

The Intermediates are following the American fleet with a great deal of interest.

The 5's are making relief maps of Asia.

The 6th grade geography class is studying Philadelphia.

Seen on a blackboard on the second floor: "It is also used to make black boards."

Prof. J.—"I wish I might see the faces that handled it."

Is "Domestic Science" asleep? Well, I guess not. The ninth grade girls recently entertained the Grammar Room practice teachers, critic teachers and supervisors of practice, and the guests are inclined to believe that if these girls continue in Domestic Science throughout their Normal School course and gain as rapidly as they have in this short course, their chances for permanent domestic science by 1912 (1908 plus 4 equals 1912) will outrival that of their less fortunate friends. Each guest had an individual table and was served with the most delicious coffee imaginable, the cookies were also made by the girls and were pronounced by all—"just as good as mother used to make." Domestic Science is no "fad" but one of the subjects which can be made practical use of and which, in our school, at least, is making rapid strides toward a high place in the school curriculum. It takes patience to learn to do things in just the right way, but the ninth grade girls are evidently not satisfied with anything but "the right way" as was shown by their little banquet. A Guest.

* * *

FRESHMEN NOTES.

St. Patrick's day was well observed by most of the Freshmen.

Our secretary expects to quit school at the close of this quarter to teach this spring. We can all say "good bye" expecting her back next year.

The committee appointed to make a list of the fifteen most important cities of the United States, the last one being River Falls. I wonder why(??) Ask the committee.

(Copied from notices on the board in assembly room).

All members of the Second Year please meet in room 21.

Juniors meet in Room 21 for a few "minutes" after school tonight.

About thirty members of the Freshman class attended the party at the home of ? ? ? ? ? last Friday evening. Misses Steinfert and Campbell accompanied the class to the party. The evening was spent in singing songs and playing games. Supper was served at ten o'clock. A very enjoyable time was spent at the party to say nothing of the time that was spent on the road to and from the party.

"AT GUGGISBERG'S."

The two rigs on the country road
Were taking home the German load;
In one rig there was just one boy
Others there are—but not **our joy**.
The other rig—well, never mind—
Was in the distance, far behind.
They cared not to get home so soon
They wanted lots more time to—oh
nothing!

Where had they been—and whither
bound?

And why their voices' merry sound?
The German club had spent the eve
At Guggisberg's, I do believe.
And they had had the biggest treat
With such delicious things to eat!
They'd eaten all they could, 'twould
seem

When now behold! Here comes the
cream!

And that's the reason, I presume
That going home there wasn't room
For the same folks that all came out,
Some for a seat, did go "without."
To Guggisberg's loud praises be—
And good strong cheers, now—one, two,
three!

A member of "Deutsche Gesellschaft."

When in the course of Normal events
it was the privilege of the Deutsche
Gesellschaft to accept an invitation from
Mr. Guggisberg to spend a social even-
ing at his home, the joy was great. At
about 5:25 on Friday afternoon on good
St. Valentine's day were seen the
Deutscher wending their way in furry
robes to assemble at the Fount of
Learning. It was indeed an imposing
spectacle to see this host of Germanias'
devotees drawn by four steeds in the
largest carry-all in the city and following
them another conveyance but slightly
inferior in spaciousness. Thirty, almost
the entire Gesellschaft bent on the time
of their lives! The Fates seem to have
conspired to make it so. The moon was
at its best. The air had just enough
frost in it to make the songs ring loud
and clear. And sing they certainly did.
Every farm-house was serenaded and
where there was any sign of life along
the way, Die Wacht am Rhein rolled
majestically on the still air so that no
one might be in doubt as to the identity
of the merry throng.

The moment the pretty hillside home
was reached, true German hospitality,
personified in Mr. and Mrs. Guggisberg,
beamed on the guests at every turn.
Even the most reticent, if such there
had been, became genial and those usual-
ly hilarious spirits, like our friend Dutch
for instance, became simply unquench-
able. It is told that the Zupfen, Hotzel-
brot, Baslerlakerle, etc., etc., endured the
most dignified(?) member with the fleet-

ness of Mercury, so she won in the race
with Teutonic Thor. To be Anglo-
Saxon: The abundant lusciousness of the
refreshments were beyond words. The
Hotzelbrot, Zupfen, Lebkuchen, Honig-
kuchen and Baslerleckerli together with
the Schokoladenkuchen and Rahmkuchen
took even the dutschest Deutscher by
surprise. Loud were the praises of the
Conditoren, who learned her art in the
good old Vaterland. Many a fair mem-
ber secretly tucked this or that recipe
away to surprise her lord ten years
hence with a Schokoladenkuchen a la
Guggisberg.

The company was certainly at its best.
There was hardly a member who did
not have some hidden talent revealed.
The taciturn Sr. Pres. became eloquent,
the cornetist made a speech, Dutch per-
formed the Sir Walter Raleigh act. Mrs.
Guggisberg consented to yodle and she
with her son gave us some excellent
Swiss yodeling. It was only too soon
that the clock's hands were speeding to
the zenith figures and the merry com-
pany was loath to part.

The tale is not half told of that memor-
able night in February in 1908, but this
must suffice. It is only for the initiated
to know of the thrilling experiences on
the homeward journey. Just let a little
bird tell you who are in quest of happi-
ness—join the Deutsche Gesellschaft and
get an invitation for a social evening at
Guggisberg's. One of the Members.

AN INCIDENT.

"Well, I wish that meat would hurry
up and cook," muttered Frank with im-
patience. I elevated my feet a notch
more on the chair in front of me, leaned
back, and yawned lazily.

"Fretting won't do any good," I said;
"take it easy."

"That's all right for you to say," he
snapped out. I went on reading.

"I say," broke in Frank, as he once
more took the cover off the frying pan,
"it's burnt so hard you can't cut it with
an ax."

"What's burnt?" I asked carelessly.

"The meat." This savagely, as he
threw it into the slop pail.

"Oh, well, we've got bread and butter
for dinner, anyway," I replied.

"Yes, look at the bread." This still
more savagely, as he pointed to the
bread box. In it were two mice. "This
comes of trying to batch it," he contin-
ued.

"Oh, never mind," I answered, "we've
got lots of butter left, and it seems to
be nice and firm."

"Yes, quite firm, but not very sub-
stantial," and he slammed the door
angrily, as he went out.

Laurence Dake.

Sure, our John's in the thick 'o the fray,
 Wid the spache he rit;
 Ither Normals hev nothin' to say,
 Fer he'll first place git;
 Thin lit us be havin' good cheer, lads,
 And sind him upon his way;
 He's a loikely young lad
 And a spaker, be-dad,
 Who will win the day.

Tune: Molly Malone—

He-orates in a manner O. K.
 Wid his voice in trim
 And he surely has something to say,

Which he says wid vim.

Then John for the first place of all, lads,

He'll git it, now don't ye fret.

Then a cheer and a smile

For the Emerald Isle

And for John, ye bet.

—O. K.

JUNIOR NOTES.

Now it came to pass, that in the year of our Lord 1908, on the fifteenth day of the month of March, that lo all the mighty Juniors of the school, which is called River Falls State Normal, were assembled together in a vast gymnasium of the said school.

And it came to pass, that each noble, promptly at the appointed hour, arrived clad in garments appropriately rustic, and lo, each acquitted himself in a manner most seemly.

Among the most honored guests were Lord McQueengray, Lady McQueengray and their youngest maiden, Honeybunch. They were arrayed in garments most costly.

Lo, after the bugle had called them together, the guests from afar, Welles and Lady, revealed to them various arts of merrymaking and behold there was a magic cane in their midst. A kerchief was pursued with untiring zeal, and they were led in a stately grand march.

And it came to pass that the most respected teacher of the natural sciences, having become over zealous in the amusements of the evening, after placing a chair in our midst performed the difficult and dangerous task of balancing his entire weight upon his head.

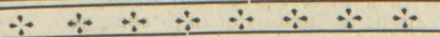
And it came to pass that at another blast of the bugle the guests were summoned to the banquet hall where they were to partake of the sumptuous repast.

And lo, each one rejoiced and was exceedingly glad when the little flaxen haired handy maid, Otto Winters, garbed in a blue and white checked apron, bore unto him a tray laden with a cup of steaming beverage, a dainty morsel of hard tack and a rye bread sandwich.

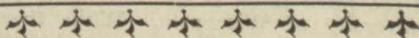
And it came to pass that a third blast of the bugle sounded, foretelling the hour for departure and then it was that each distinguished Junior betook himself unto his place of abode, pronouncing the festival to be one of the most enjoyable.

Miss Dore's Fuller visited with Miss Alta Newcumb during the latter part of February.

February twenty-first, Wilburt Mahoney, H. C. Olson, were the guests of Miss Ethel Mahoney.



Order your extra copies
 of the June Number now.
 It will be the largest and
 best number of the year.



ALUMNI

ALMA MATER.

I.

Alma Mater, cherished mother,
Ties of friendship bind to thee
All thy children in one spirit
Of fraternal unity.
White and scarlet are the colors
That thy sons and daughters wear;
Badge of purity and courage,
Bidding us to BE and DARE.

II.

Alma Mater, thou hast blessed us
With a thirst for learning's store;
Stirred within us love of duty,
Love for truth ne'er felt before.
For life's work thou dost prepare us
And our pride shall ever be,
To wear thy colors, white and scarlet,
With devoted loyalty.

III.

Alma Mater, thou hast led us
With a firm, tho' loving hand;
Taught us lessons of high courage,
Inspired us to bravely stand,
For the right wher'er we find it,
For the truth that maketh free,
And bear aloft thy white and scarlet
With devoted loyalty.

IV.

Alma Mater, home of learning,
In thy name we proudly stand;
In thy cause we pledge our service,
Consecrate both heart and hand.
May our young life's wealth of power
Prove an honor unto thee
As we wear thy white and scarlet
With devoted loyalty.

Miss Lucile Haddow visited at her home in this city a few weeks ago.

In this issue we are very glad to print articles sent us by members of the alumni.

Miss Eva White from Baldwin and Miss Helen Parkhurst of Hudson visited in this city recently, coming down to attend the local oratorical contest.

Laurence Dake, who received the diploma from this school at beginning of the third term, is now attending the University of Wisconsin. While there he acts as assistant librarian.

ALUMNI ITEMS.

School Songs.

In wisdom's ways we love to stray,
Our Normal school is all O. K.,
We learn our lessons every day,
And try at pedagogy.
We go to school at eight o'clock.
And buckle down to weary work,
And much we trust to our good luck,
In learning pedagogy.
Cho.—First 4 lines.

Our teachers teach with wondrous skill,
And try their best our minds to fill,
And boost us up the difficult hill,
Of pedagogic learning.
In recitations we never flunk,
We're trained to exercise our spunk,
And with the "fixtures" never munk,
But strictly tend to business.

Cho.

Rethoricals are our delight,
For them we work with all our might.
They sharpen up our wits so bright,
And help our pedagogy.
But when it comes to practice work,
We never, never try to shirk,
But write our plans with cheerful smirk
And lay them on the table.

Cho.

Athletic sports have won us fame,
Sometimes we chance to win a game,
And then our pride is all aflame,
With blandishments of glory.
But fame is fickle and so we turn
To honest work, our bread to win.
Exams we meet with courage firm,
And stick to pedagogy.

Cho.

The lads and lasses of our school
Were never known to break a rule.
They are as stubborn as a mule,
In keeping study hours.
If to the postoffice they go,
They hurry home with footsteps slow
In company with—well, you know who,
And strictly tend to business.

Cho.

The following is a letter from a member of class of '07.

Pepin, Wis., Jan. 24, 1908.

To Alumni Editor:

The article in the last Badger with the suggestive picture above it has so worked upon my imagination that I feel I must send in an item or two to the Badger without delay. So here goes:

You undoubtedly remember that the little town of Pepin, on the lake by the same name, has a full complement of River Falls graduates in its public schools. There are five of us in all, all but one of the class of 1907, and all full course graduates. It goes without saying that we get on famously together.

There is a spirit of co-operation that is beautiful to see. The grade teachers give observation lessons to the "Theory and Art" class in the high school, and the principal tells stories to the children and even—leads in the singing when he visits the grades. Thereby hangs a tale, but you will have to ask the other teachers for particulars. I refuse to divulge anything further.

Pepin is a progressive little town, and takes a great deal of pride in its schools. There are few towns of the size that make as much of an effort to keep its schools adequate and up-to-date. That, of course, makes us all the more anxious to keep the reputation of River Falls good in this place.

Another thing that strikes me favorably about Pepin is the interest taken in athletics by the patrons. The way they turn out to a basket ball game would put even the Normalites to shame. We have a very good team, too, if I do say it myself who shouldn't. If you don't believe it, give us a game on your floor and see.

Classmates, let us hear from you.

Sincerely yours,

Oscar Klang.

Don't fits and spasms mean pretty nearly the same thing? Poe says: "Legrand was in one of his fits of enthusiasm, how else shall I term them?"

One pupil said: "Legrand was having another one of his spasms.

One boy knew what wood was, but knew nothing about spinning. He substituted "corded wood" for "carded wool" in the following:

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves

"Looked soft as carded wool."

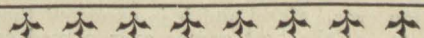
Did the small boy who handed in the following have an idea back of his words? "Disease germs are kind of trees or plants that float in the air. There is a kind of soil in people's stomachs that they grow good in. The best way to avoid contagious diseases is to get facinated."

"To the Badger:—We are neither dead nor asleep. We are busy. I speak for the class of 1906," are the words of one member. This person sends us the following articles:

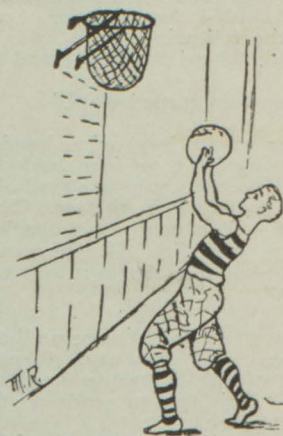
Did the pupil who wrote the following lack sentiment, was he impressed with the fitness of things or did he merely misspell a word?—"As they were speaking, they saw a light, and found that Grand Pre was burning. Then they looked at Benedict and saw that he was dead. They said 'Let us bury him here, and at some other time carry his scared (sacred) dust to the church yard.'"



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ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC NOTES.

Base Ball.

Since the Normal basket ball team dissolved there has been considerable stir toward getting things in readiness for the base ball season. At a meeting of the Normal Athletic Club Dan Taylor was elected manager of the base ball team for this year. March 6th the boys of the school gave a concert in the M. E. church, the program consisting of solos, duets and numbers rendered by the ladies' and gentlemen's Glee Clubs of the Normal. This concert was a decided success and netted the Base Ball Club about seventy dollars. It was voted at a meeting of the N. A. C. to use this money to secure games and to wear the suits which were purchased two years ago.

The base ball material which will be needed by the team this year has been purchased and many of the men are already signifying their intention of trying for the team. The chances are good that Normal will have a strong team this year, but as we are not in the league we shall have to arrange games with high schools or normals which are not in the league and who are not afraid of losing championship honors.

Some of the men who expect to try for the team are: Merrihue, Taylor, Mortimer, McMahon, Brown, O'Brien, Rudow, Race, Spencer, Sakrison and Miller. Winn is also expected back for the spring term so he will probably play his old position in the field.

The base ball diamond will be fixed up so that it will be in better condition than ever before, and it is expected that some of the best games ever played on Normal grounds will be seen here this season.

The N. A. C. has also begun to prepare for a County fair or field meet to take place in the gymnasium soon. The proceeds from this will go into the N. A. C. base ball fund.

The members of the Base Ball Club wish to thank the members of the Faculty and the Girls' Glee Club for their great help in making the concert such a decided success.

The schedule of games that will be played this season is not yet ready, but it is expected that it will be out soon.

It is to be hoped that the Base Ball Club will have the support of all the ball-fans in school. Get out and root for the team and they are sure to win, and also, don't forget to buy your ticket for all the games.

Every student and member of the Faculty should have a vital interest in the success of the base ball team as it is a school organization and speaks for the athletic end of our education. If you can't boost, don't knock!

Tennis Notes.

The tennis court is not yet in operation, but it will be soon. It is thought that at least two new courts will be fixed up this spring so that there will be considerable chance for all to have a chance to learn the "president's" game.

Tennis is one of the finest games that any young man or woman, who has but very limited time to devote to physical culture can learn, and it is a strange thing that more young men and women here at our Normal do not play the game.

There are several good tennis players in school and it is hoped that the tournament which was planned for last fall may come off some time during the spring term.

The Normal Tennis Club will soon organize again this season and all of the members in school who have any inclination whatsoever to learn the game should join the society and help make everything lively on the courts. Last year it was voted by the Tennis Club to charge no dues whatever, but that each person who desired to play should purchase a racquet and necessary balls, and as the net and marking necessities are furnished by the school there would be no need of dues. It is supposed that this plan will be carried thru this year also, as the club racquets were most usually unsatisfactory by reason of the varied usage which they received.

Just a word to those who have never played the game of tennis. If you play it once you will be an enthusiast and if you are an enthusiast you will surely get the exercise which is necessary to your well-being. Hence, the moral: Learn the game.

The Normal Badger

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