

THE NORMAL BADGER.

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VOL. 5.

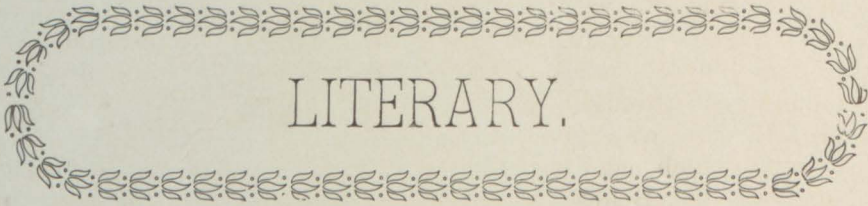
RIVER FALLS, WIS., OCT., 1899.

No. 2.

"Let not him boast that putteth on the armor." We have no wish to do so; we feel our insufficiency for the work of making a paper that shall ably represent our beloved River Falls Normal. But we wish to assure our patrons that we mean to do all that we can in their interest and that of the school. Former readers will notice that we have abolished two departments—science and kindergarten—hoping to substitute therefor matter which will be of greater interest to the general reader. We aim to make a live paper,—to keep up the pace set by those who have preceded us in wearing the editorial crown of thorns, and if possible to accelerate it. To that end we invite the suggestions and criticisms of our friends and enemies, not to others, but to the editorial US, that we may "see oursel's as ithers see us." We also invite you to offer up the children of your brain as a sacrifice to the printer's devil. *Auf wiedersehen!*

Pres. Brier, in recent morning talks, has been giving us a view of the means and methods of rail-

way travel and transportation in Great Britain, which leads us to think that the subjects of the "widow of Windsor" must take off their coats and hustle if they are going to keep in sight of the vanguard of the twentieth century procession. Pres. Brier's students assemble for morning exercises with a feeling of pleasurable expectancy. In the work presented at this time, are exemplified those principles which must guide everyone who would be educated in all that education implies: to keep in touch with the living present, to prepare to meet men in the varied conditions of life, to cultivate the spirit of investigation, to reach out after things broader and higher than the confines of the text-book,—in short, to attain to the largest possible manhood or womanhood; this is the work of education, which is the leading out of what is within to meet what is without. Let our watchword be EXPANSION—expansion of mind and soul in preparation for the large opportunities of the twentieth century.



LITERARY.

River Falls, from "The Mound."

Engirt with hazy, purpled hills
 Spreads the city far and fair;
 Tree-clad streets and wooded lanes
 Stretch out in emerald beauty there.
 Church-spires point our upward way,
 From earthly green to heavenly blue;
 Schools that rise on that fair plain
 Give Wisdom's goddess honor due.
 With this bright scene spread out
 before,
 'Twere fit to spend in dreams a
 day,—
 Dreams of fame and love and all
 That lifts man's thought from earth
 away.
 Loved scene, though never more we
 gaze
 Upon the beauty of thy face,
 We ne'er shall lose thy mem'ry dear,
 Thou city blessed by Nature's grace.
 For thou to us more lovely art
 Than other spots our feet have trod,
 And dear to us that place shall be
 Where upward turns thy face to God.

WALTER A. SCOTT.

A Day on the Rhine.

W. J. Brier.

(CONTINUED.)

Above Coblenz noted places
 come into view in rapid suc-
 cession and are too numerous for
 even passing mention in this
 article. Among the more con-
 spicuous we observe Stern-
 berg and Leibenstern, two

castles in close proximity and
 frequently called The Brothers.
 They are involved in the legend
 of Conrad, Heinrich and Hilde-
 gard. Next is Rheinfels, a
 strongly fortified castle which
 has been for centuries a shuttle
 thrown back and forth by French
 and Germans in making the fab-
 ric of history; then the Lorelei,
 calling to mind Heine's poem of
 that name, one of the first tastes
 the writer ever had of German
 literature; and then, as we near
 Bingen, the old Mouse tower on
 its rock in the middle of the
 stream, an old watch tower, per-
 haps, and not the place at all, I
 fear, where the wicked old Arch-
 bishop was nibbled to death by
 the mice.

At six in the afternoon we stop
 at the wharf of "Fair Bingen on
 the Rhine," with the feeling that
 much of this charming and never-
 to-be-forgotten day has been
 spent in fairy-land.

The Rhine begins in the lofti-
 est Alps, its source being sup-
 plied by more than a hundred
 glaciers. It drops to
 within 800 feet of sea
 level where it enters Germany
 at Bale, then passes through a

broad valley to Bingen, after which it finds its way through a wide range of lofty hills for nearly a hundred miles. These mountains through which it crowds its way give it the beauties which make it a Mecca for tourists. Below Cologne it is sluggish and uninteresting. It is a narrow stream from Bingen to Cologne, the average width being about a quarter of a mile.

Longfellow, in his prose poem, *Hyperion*, makes the river stand as the type of human life. "Down from the distant Alps,—out into the wide world, it bursts away like a youth from the house of his fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavors, like manhood, it makes itself a way through those difficult mountain passes. And at length in its old age, it stops, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and, through its grave, passes into the great ocean, which is eternity."

Perhaps I cannot better close this paper than by quoting Victor Hugo's comparisons as nearly as I am able to translate them from the French, a language with which I am almost unacquainted.

"The Rhine unites all conditions. It is as rapid as the Rhone, as broad as the Loire, as high-banked as the Meuse, as tortuous as the Seine, as clear and verdant as the Somme, as historical as the Tiber, as kingly as the Danube, as mysterious as

the Nile, as spangled with gold as a river in America, as obscured by fables and phantoms as a river in Asia."

Pres. McKinley and the 13th.

The double pleasure of helping to welcome home a returning regiment, and of seeing and shaking hands with the greatest man of eighty million people, is not one enjoyed twice in a life-time. Those of our student body who had this pleasure the twelfth day of October, I am confident, would not exchange the experience and the impressions gained for several times the trifling sum which it cost.

It was evident to one standing in the depots or on the streets, on the morning of that day, that thousands besides ourselves had recognized the opportunity and had taken advantage of it. The stations and the car-lines were in a congested condition, while Nicollet Avenue, which was to be the line of parade, was a surging mass of humanity. One could not help being inspired with a feeling of awe for the man whose position in life is so high and for the soldiers who have so firm a hold on the affections of the people of Minnesota as to call together this immense and cosmopolitan crowd. Cosmopolitan it certainly was, for those who showed all the indications of wealth and social position, crowded and jostled with the lowliest to obtain a position where the

President of the United States of America might be seen. The policemen's efforts to keep them back were fruitless and nothing but the closed ranks of the mounted police and the soldiers could force a way. The view down the avenue was an inspiring vista of gay hats, tri-colored bunting and thousands of the flags of our land.

At ten o'clock in the morning we took our position very close to the reviewing stand where the President was to be, although we knew that the parade was not scheduled to pass until one in the afternoon. There were four of us and locking our arms, we fought with men and quarreled with ladies and bootblacks for three long hours, determined to maintain our vantage ground. It seemed to me that for minutes at a time my feet scarcely touched the pavement, so tightly were we wedged in.

All this time the crowd was becoming more and more dense, till movement back and forth was impossible, and the best the police could do was to let it surge into the street. At one o'clock a roar was heard up the avenue, which seemed to be approaching us; this heralded the coming of William McKinley, recipient of the greatest honor and trust the American people have in their power to bestow. If dignity and gentleness of expression could be regarded as safe criterions, a glance at his worn but kindly

face would reveal the fact that the honor and trust had not been misplaced.

When he alighted from his carriage the excitement was intense. Men and women alike, forgetting all else, climbed on each other's shoulders in their attempts to see him. He received this wild ovation as his due, and with the nonchalance of a prince of the royal line. His bows were profuse and gracious, but his whole bearing showed that such demonstrations had palled upon him, and I suspected that he would much prefer being in the quiet of his own home.

Following him came thousands of men and horses, marching to the music of a score of the best bands the state could produce. He recognized alike the G. A. R., the State Militia and the secret organizations which passed in review before him, but showed his first and only enthusiasm when the gallant Thirteenth, Minnesota's pride, appeared. They were easily recognized by the crowd because of their martial bearing and their bronzed faces. Then, taking off his hat, he waved it and his handkerchief and bowed until the soldiers had passed. He realized, in all probability, that these were the men to whom he was indebted for his successful term of office, for had the military operations of the past year and a half gone wrong, he would have been the first to receive public condemnation.

After the passing of the Thirteenth, the President was hurried away to appear elsewhere and the principal feature of the day was done.—P. H. P.

Experiences of an Allopathist.

An allopathist, tiring of arduous studies of allopathy, algebra, and nature, and not caring to be auxiliary to an attorney, resolved to abandon his allies, who had accompanied him on a visit to the Appalachians and had been with him on alternate voyages to the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, and in company with a blithe young blackguard, wearing an old apron stained with acetic acid and a bonnet dyed with cochineal, to cross the great area of the East Indian Archipelago in a barouche and bivouac with his antipodes on the arid plateau of Asia.

While preparing for this tedious journey, the allopathist—who was of the Caucasian race and an architect by trade—was wont to pass the beautiful summer days in his buoy reading to the dishonest cockswain—who often seemed to be interested—an article translated from the columns of a Danish paper, or some choice literature, being particularly interested in the biography of an aeronaut who met his decease because of the explosion of a bomb.

To the allopathist this alien land which he was to visit was a picture of wonderful verdure,

abounding in the fruit of the almond, the apricot, and the banana, where children cleanly arrayed, wearing brooches, and carrying bouquets of anemones and arbutus, were ever ready to welcome the stranger with courtesy, where even the brigands seldom formed a conspiracy, and never placed cartridges in their carbines unless to provide their caldrons with the flesh of the camelopard.

As the hour for his departure drew near, he bade his friends transfer his necessary provisions from the cellar to the depot, and gave his wife a severe chastisement because she warned him to clean his ties, handkerchiefs, etc., with berzine and to bathe at least once a month and oftener if occasion offered.

Once on his way his troubles commenced in earnest. He was soon attacked by the disease called bronchitis and supposed it to be the effect of too much cayenne at dessert. Having used blasphemous language on board ship, his goods were confiscated at Calcutta by a coadjutor.

The country could not be considered at all comparable to the one he had left, but on the contrary was very adverse. His food consisted chiefly of albumen and chocolate. He traveled at first in a brougham, but finding his assets were hardly sufficient to purchase a bellows he wandered abjectly about by means of a dromedary.

His troubles kept aggrandizing and finally he was forced to ally himself to an Arab whom he found near a cemetery, sitting on a barrel of alabaster trying to locate the accented syllable in the word aggrandizement.

WALTER BEST.

Paris in the Iliad.

The Iliad presents to us a variety of characters. We have the type of warrior in Achilles, Hector, Diomed and Menelaus. As examples of size and strength Ajax and Agamemnon rank first. In wisdom Nestor and Ulysses take the lead. But where shall we place Paris? Hidden behind some powerful warrior, or in his chamber all sleeked up, there we find the coward, the coxcomb.

There is nothing in the history of Paris' life that points him out as a brave man; even before he was born he was destined to become the ruin of his country; and it is a pity that he was not killed when he was given to a shepherd soon after his birth to be left on Mt. Ida to perish.

Although nursed by a bear, none of the bear's disposition was in him. The shepherds who named him Alexander (which means man-protector) undoubtedly were still greater cowards than Paris himself.

The only thing in which he seems to have excelled is in being a ladies' man,—as Hector calls him, a "woman follower and seducer." He married, but soon grew tired of his wife. When acting as judge, he decided in favor of the one who promised him the fairest woman in the world. He succeeded in persuading Helen to elope with him. In every way he resembles our modern dude.

He was handsome, nobly formed and strong to such an extent that he once won the first prize in a Trojan contest,

defeating even his brother Hector, but this does not make him brave. Throughout the Trojan war we find him in a safe place, away from all danger and harm, excepting once when he was engaged in a duel with Menelaus, and even then he took a sneak when it was getting a little warm.

The best character with which we can compare Paris is Lawyer Marks in Uncle Tom's Cabin. In the Iliad we find that when he saw Menelaus coming towards him "his heart was troubled and he turned and passed among his fellow-warriors." After he had met Menelaus he sneaked away in a cloud of dust and went to his chamber, "where the room was sweet with perfume, and where he could lie safely on his couch."

Even his wife, Helen, speaks to him in an ironical way when she says, "And yet I counsel thee to stand aloof, lest perchance he smite thee with his spear and thou be slain." That all the Trojans hated him is shown by these words, "And had they known his lurking place, they would not for his sake have kept him hid, for like black death they hated him." He wounded Diomed, but how did he do it? "Leaning against the pillars by the tomb.....he bent his bow against the monarch Diomed, who at that moment knelt to strip the slain." Lastly, his father, Priam, speaking to his nine sons, including Paris, says, "Make haste, ye idle fellows, my disgrace! Would ye had all been slain beside the fleet instead of Hector." Thus we have found Paris a model dude and a model coward.

❧ ❧ SOCIETIES. ❧ ❧

NORMAL ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Interscholastic Games.

At the present writing it is uncertain as to which team holds the first place in the Interscholastic League. Since last writing Hudson and the River Falls High School have played, the result being a great score for the River Falls High School. Also the Normal at New Richmond and Hammond at River Falls High School.

Standing of the league:

		Games played.
Hammond	1000	2
River Falls High	1000	2
Normal	500	2
New Richmond	500	2
Hudson	0000	2

Normal vs. New Richmond.

At 7 o'clock sharp Saturday morning, Oct. 14, the Normal team left River Falls for New Richmond. Disappointment was shown everywhere, for the regular team had not all been able to go, but beneath all the outward expression was shown a calm and confident assurance of victory. When the team reached the field that afternoon and saw the opposing team, great was their surprise. Men of brawn and bone were they and well trained, but our boys went into it with a will and soon proved themselves the equals if not the superiors of the enemy; by repeated centre smashes and tackle plays the pigskin was pushed towards the goal until before the first half was up the Normal had scored the only touchdown of the game. The training of Coach Knowles was shown, as there was a marked improvement over the

team work of the week before.

In the twilight they started for home, singing:

"Just one team, only just one team.

There are others we know,

But they're only a dream,

Sun or rain they can play the same,

They'll be ever victorious, our Football Team."

J. E. Downer fractured an ankle bone while playing football. He is now able to resume his school work (limpingly).

Y. M. C. A.

Nov. 7: Union meeting with Y. W. C. A.

John Hale—Making the Most of Life.

Nov. 15: W. A. Scott—Temperance in All Things.

Nov. 22: Frank Peabody—Coworkers with God.

Nov. 29: J. C. Cuthbert—Christian Manhood.

By mistake, our weekly devotional meetings were announced last month as being held on Thursday; this should have read, Wednesday.

We wish that a greater number of the young men might attend our meetings. Come and see what we are doing.

Friendship with everyone; fellowship with those who will strengthen the spiritual life.

Y. W. C. A.

Nov. 7: Union meeting with
Y. M. C. A.

John Hale—Making
the Most of Life.

Nov. 14: Verna Whitcomb—
Faithfulness in Little
Things.

Nov. 21: Ellen Hellesen—
Brotherly Love.

Nov. 28: Burgie Worthington
—Joys of a Christian
Life.

Remember the noon-day
prayer meetings.

Prayer is fellowship with
Christ.

The proposed amendment to
the constitution of the literary
society, whereby the oratorical
society was to be given each al-
ternate Friday evening, was
lost by a large majority. The
literary society is in a thriving
condition and some of its mem-
bers fear that an interruption of
that kind would be a detriment.

A society was organized re-
cently for the purpose of conver-
sation and reading in the German
language. Officers: Pres., Walter
A. Scott; Vice Pres., Christina
Botzet; Sec., Catherine Snod-
grass.

I never meet a ragged boy of
the street without feeling that I
owe him a salute, for I know not
what possibilities may be
buttoned up under his shabby
coat.—James A. Garfield.

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Locals,.....	{ Ella Getchell.
	{ James C. Cuthbert.
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EXCHANGES.

This year an Exchange column
has been added to the BADGER.
This is not for the purpose of
affording opportunity for scanda-
lous comments upon our ex-
changes, but to make our paper
more interesting to its readers,
to better keep in touch with our
school papers, and by criticism
or compliment to help our
friends.

The Wisconsin Times is one of the very interesting school papers which reach our table. It represents the School for the Deaf, at Delavan, and is interesting to anyone who appreciates the work our state is doing in its charitable institutions.

When the Trigonometry class were surveying last week they were obliged to take a certain angle three times with the transit before getting it correct. The magnetic needle was once deflected by the iron constitution of one of the Seniors and again by the rings of laughter among the lady members of the class. We are told that iron-grey hair never was known to have any attraction.—Ex.

Companion,—“What are you limping for, Rusher, do you play football?”

Rusher,—“I went in swimming in hard water and hurt my knee.”—Ex.

□ Brown,—“When were electric lights first made?”

Town,—“When Noah chased all the animals out of the ark.”

Brown,—“What do you mean?”

Town,—“Didn’t he make the ark light?”—Ex.

Teacher,—“Name six animals of the Torrid Zone.”

Johnny,—“Four lions and two tigers.”—Ex.

“Now do you understand?” shouted the infuriated professor as he hurled the ink bottle at an exasperating student.

“I think I have an inkling,” the bespattered student replied.”
—Ex.

Unmarried aunt (reading history),—“The old Anglo-Saxons thought little of love.”

Six-year-old Edith,—“Auntie, what a memory you must have!”
—Ex.

Dartmouth college has the distinction of having issued the first college paper in the United States, and the greatest honor in having Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.—Ex.

ALUMNI.

Communications to this column should reach the editor not later than the 10th of each month.

Whitehall, Wis., Oct. 22, 1899.

Dear Readers of the BADGER:

In opening the Alumni column of the BADGER permit me to say that my appointment as editor of this column was made in a way that permitted me only to say, “This is so sudden.” So sudden was it, indeed, that the second number of the BADGER is ready to be issued before I have had time to appeal to the Alumni for news. Consequently I must fill the column myself, this month, but I promise you not to do it again. I would have refused the position, point blank, had I not once seen Aunt Margaret glare through her spectacles at a boy who refused to do as she requested and that boy so completely wilted beneath her gaze that he never grew another inch.

Next month I hope to fill this space with news from other Normalites of whom not a few are situated in this county. In Whitehall, besides myself, there are C. F. Huleatt and wife, formerly Miss Shane, and Miss Iva Cliff; at

Osseo are Edwin Bratberg, principal, and Miss Byrde Ames, who is filling one of the grade positions. O. L. Fuller is principal at Blair, and H. B. Wentz at Galesville. D. W. Maloney is principal at Ftrick. Other Normal Schools are represented in this county, but the River Falls teachers are in the majority and their number seems to be constantly increasing. Arcadia hires none but Normal teachers in its grades, a step which the other towns, without doubt, will ultimately take.

Before closing I wish to commend ye Editors for the neat, clean appearance of the first number of the BADGER. You may be sure I read every word, even the advertisements. The local column was especially interesting. It is the part of the paper which we who have gone out from the school particularly appreciate.

I wish also, before closing, to invite the Alumni to contribute news items or short articles of from 150 to 250 words to this column, sending them to me at Whitehall.

Hoping that the BADGER will continue as successfully as it has begun,

I am yours truly,

CHAS. J. WENTZ.

A Breeze from the Pacific.

Redlands, Cal., Oct. 19, 1899.

A few Autumn leaves from the Normal BADGER were blown over the Rockies to my desk, announcing the change of management in the paper and the larger plans for the future. An old teacher of the "old school" from the orange groves and cactus plants of Southern California sends greeting and a prophecy of success. For the same high ideals and right good will of the olden time are with you still. And may the old adage in the copy book,—“The pen is mightier than the sword,” be speedily verified everywhere.

Adieu,

LUCY E. FOOTE.

LOCAL.

Miss Eleanor Burnett has resumed work in school.

Miss Grace Scott lately visited her mother at Burkhart.

Prof. Adrian did institute work at Rice Lake the 27th and 28th inst.

Miss Alma Anderson has withdrawn from the Preparatory department.

Miss Myra Hatfield was called home, the first of the month, by the death of her father.

Prof. Ewing lately received quite an addition to the collection of cabinet specimens.

Many new students entered as Preparatories and Freshmen at the beginning of the last half term.

E. E. Hanyen, a student of '98, and at present a telegrapher at Lake Elmo, visited us the 12th and 13th.

We are gratified to learn that there is on foot, a plan to secure a course of lectures for the winter months.

The River Falls Normal is noted for its rare musical talent. Some of the students can sing “like sixty.”

The many friends of Eleanor Burnett are grieved to learn of the death of her mother. The BADGER extends sincere sympathy.

A few of our students attended the reception and ball given at Stillwater in honor of the returned soldiers of Co. K, Thirteenth Minnesota.

We are anticipating a rare musical treat in the lecture-recital of Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, to be given in this city Nov. 7th.

J. Q. Emery and Sec. Rockwood, the examining committee of the Board of Regents of Normal Schools, paid us an official visit Oct. 18 to 20. Each honored the school with a fine address.

Prof. Sims recently gave the History class a lesson on bunnies. He of course referred to goats fed upon buns, but some of the class imagined that he was trying to say something else.

Who says that River Falls is in a bleak, cold, uninhabitable section of the state? The apple blossoms on Miss Currier's desk, picked from her own trees the first of October, testify to the contrary.

Oct. 12th was a memorable day to about twenty-five of our students. The fact that they have shaken hands with Pres. McKinley has added preceptibly to the mental and physical stature of each.

The school has greatly appreciated the exhibit of pictures gratuitously offered us by the Beard Art Company of Minne-

apolis. Some of the students embraced the opportunity to procure good pictures at small prices.

Debates on classic characters are an interesting feature of Prof. Adrian's work in Literature. The class has discussed Agamemnon, Paris, Ulysses, Clytemnestra, Antigone and others with the warmth and enthusiasm of a political convention.

A little Intermediate boy went to see the picture exhibit, provided with note-book and pencil, in imitation of his older schoolmates. His enthusiasm over one of the pictures is shown by the fact that his art notes consisted of the one word—"Pups."

Among our visitors the past month we note: Ex-Congressman Haugen, Clarence Dodge, Miss Katie Ryan, Mrs. Roy White, E. Waite, a graduate of this school and now teaching in New Richmond, Earl Burnett, of Toledo, Ohio, Miss Edina Tozer, of Spooner, and Mr. Berry, agent for Silver, Burdett & Co.

First Trig. student: "Say, the Baptist church steeple leans."

Second Trig. student: "Oh, you know when we had geometry we leaned the hypotenuse of a right triangle against it."

Football contests are scheduled to take place on the Normal campus: Oct. 28, Hendson H. S. and Normal Featherweights; Oct. 30, River Falls H. S. and Normal.



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