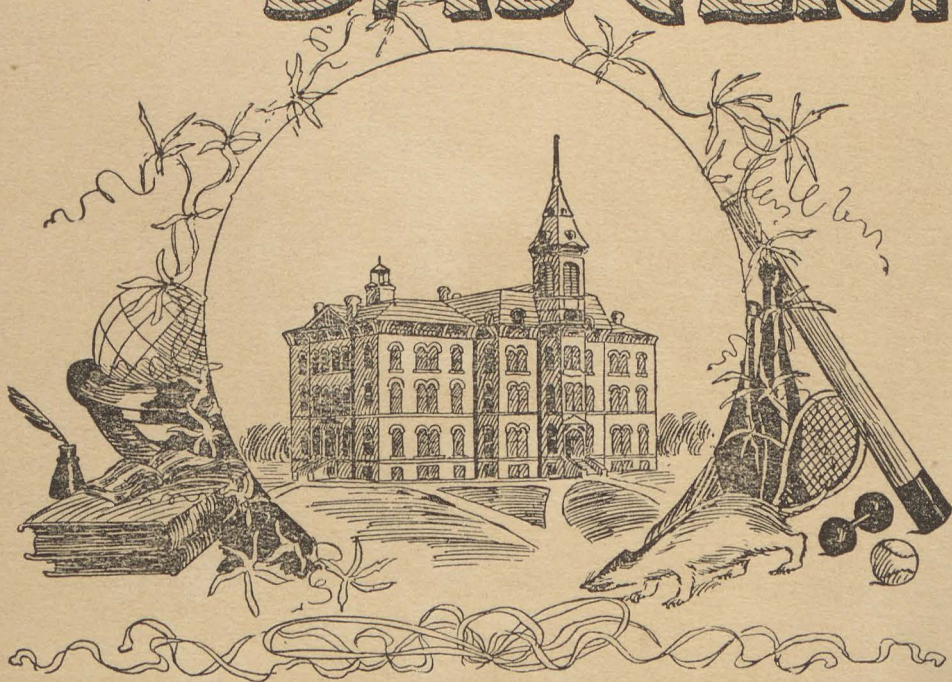




THE NORMAL BADGER.



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STAFF OF EDITORS:

Editor-in-chief,.....G. W. SWARTZ.
Literary,.....BELLE DEANS.
Locals,.....EMMA LEES.
Science,.....G. A. ROGERS.
Business Manager,.....CLAUDE BODMAN.

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✂ Editorial. ✂

A Tribute to Normal Schools.

Mary Hall Leonard, in an article entitled, "‘Confessions’ of a Normal School Teacher," in the March number of Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, makes the following fearless statements. Although the quotations are taken from all parts of the article, yet the argument remains intact. Every person interested in the normal schools will take pleasure in reading the article.

"In this age of frank subjective expression when we are taken into the confidence of so many interesting personalities, when authors write their 'reminiscences' or recall their 'literary passions,' when men of business recount the steps by which they climbed the ladder of success, and when even the public-school teachers

have found a welcome for their 'confessions' in the literary magazines, it seems good to me also, having been a normal-school teacher from the first (that is, having spent most of the years since, a girl in my teens, I graduated at the State normal school, in teaching in similar institutions of different sections of the country), to set forth in order a few of the things that are surely believed by the members of our craft.

It is currently reported that we normal-school people are not an erudite class; that there are many things in the philosophies of heaven and earth that are not included in the horizon of our mental vision. Indeed, we have heard this so many times that it begins to seem like a "chestnut" to our indurated ears. Brethren of the college and out of the college, when next you feel moved to characterize our mental status, please tell us something new.

As to the charge itself we have no desire to enter into controversy regarding it. We have a high respect for knowledge, especially of the *real* kind. We prefer this to the sort possessed by a certain fabled princess of one of Henry James's novels, who had been told all the facts in the universe, but had never in her life perceived anything. For this latter kind of "knowledge" we are not perhaps so greedy as some, while recognizing that "information" also has its value and uses.

Friend Critic, forgive us if we sometimes question whether you yourself have tasted of every "apple" that grows upon the tree of knowledge, unless by proxy as it were, after the manner of the fabled princess aforesaid.

We are inclined to the belief that native ability and persistent effort

have more to do with the acquisition of mental power than the question of what seat of learning one studies in. Much that a student thinks he learns while acquiring a so-called "education" is only "skin-deep," and has little appreciable effect upon the after-efforts of life.

The normal school taught me how to study and deepened the desire for study that I already possessed. Even if the school had done nothing else, it would have deserved my lasting gratitude.

But it did other things for me. It opened before me a definite line of work worthy of my best endeavors. It gave me a practical touch with some of the phases of school work and saved me from some of the crudities and mistakes that hamper a young teacher's efforts. It did not save me from all such mistakes. It has been truly said, "No matter what the training, every teacher needs experience." But I am sure that the normal school gave me some aids to my work as a teacher that I should not have been likely to receive in any other kind of school.

We are conscious of no acerbity or envious cravings on account of the academic degrees and honors of the universities. We appreciate that a real value attaches to such marks of recognized attainment when honestly bestowed, and held with no exaggerated sense of their importance. So also the titles of nobility, heraldic insignia, and military decorations of the Old World are of value, unless they have become divorced from the sentiments which gave them birth.

But, as self-respecting Americans, we do not wish to feel ourselves dependent upon such factitious means for success in life. Nor do we feel so. We call to mind that the greatest American of this half century was "graduated" from school life after a few months' study in a backwoods school. When he came to the highest position of responsibility ever held by a citizen of the United States, it was said by a distinguished college president, "Lincoln may have good sense, but he will need some one to write his

messages for him." Yet the two great classic prose utterances of the war period are Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and his Gettysburg address.

As we mingle freely and on equal terms with our friends and kinsfolk and acquaintance who are among the Ph. D.'s and LL. D.'s and D. D.'s of scholarly fame, and also with the younger sisterhood of educated women who are wearing recent college honors, we are sensible of no feeling of abashed inferiority, as though in the presence of things too high for us; nor do the attainments of these scholars, which we appreciate and greatly rejoice in, seem to dwarf in any degree the apparently equally valuable powers of many another friend whose mental acquirements have been gained in some widely different course of training in the great university of American life.

Is it, then, true that the high school is the only part of our public-school system in which the teacher does not need to be a student of pedagogical science, to be in sympathetic and intelligent touch with modern school methods, and to have gained a degree of tried skill through supervised schoolroom experience before being placed in full charge of schoolroom work? This would indeed be passing strange. One would suppose that the high-school teacher must need for his equipment an intelligent understanding of the methods and plans of the lower schools from the kindergarten up, with some added study of the special needs of high schools—a more comprehensive rather than a shorter course of professional training. If not, then will some one tell us why?

The question is not whether the high-school teacher should have a broad and thorough scholarship. That "goes without saying." But, give all that scholarship, all that native ability can do, the idea that high-school teachers have less need than primary teachers to professionalize their work is a baseless assumption which is certain to be undermined sooner or later by the tide of educational progress. It is not hard

to predict that the near future will require of the would-be high-school teacher as much of scholarship as the college gives, and as much professional equipment as is given by the normal schools in their best and longest courses.

Will the professional training be included in the college curriculum? Has any college yet provided for it? I mean, not simply by a course of lectures on Herbartian Philosophy, but also by a close and vital study of all the conditions of public-school work. It is a healthy sign of the times that the colleges are addressing themselves to the pedagogical questions. The combined efforts of all the institutions of learning will be none too effective for the work of public education. But all real aid to public schools must be given in the spirit of those who would build up rather than pull down, who can distinguish in the work of others a right ideal in the midst of the crowding obstacles that prevent the full realization of that ideal, and who do not hold themselves aloof from personal labor as mutual helpers and learners with other earnest and open-minded thinkers who are already carrying the burdens of the work.

Can the normal schools give this double preparation for high-school work, providing the requisite scholarship as well as the practical and professional training?

While the lower schools belong to the masses of the people, the high school is supposed to be intended primarily as a feeder for the colleges, so that to introduce any other than a collegiate element into its teaching force suggests a "poaching upon the college preserves." There is more than a suspicion abroad that the high schools do stand in just this position of uncertainty, whether their work is chiefly that of a college preparatory school, or whether they are also the head and crown of the school system in which the child of the people finds his best school preparation for whatever career his future may hold. To sustain this double responsibility is more than the high school can do, un-

less perchance the colleges and the elementary schools can be so brought into harmony—by the modification of one or the other or both—that fitting for college and for general American citizenship shall become one and the same thing.

That the high school course ought to lead to the door of the college was the unanimous verdict of the able committee whose Report on Secondary Schools has become so famous. But if this be interpreted as meaning that the colleges alone can set the pace for high school instruction, or if the influence of that report should be to separate the high school from the lower schools, both in its aim and the *personnel* of its teaching force, then, indeed, it is certain that time must bring a reaction. There can be no fundamental reason for an explicit change of policy in the public-school work at the end of the ninth grade.

Since the high schools must sustain such intimate relations with colleges and lower schools, with public and private institutions, it would seem to be the necessary policy of their managers to keep them in fullest touch with both of the leading schools of current educational thought. And here we come face to face with what is perhaps the bottom fact in the situation. It must be confessed that in the educational world there are two types of thinking and thinkers, neither of them confined in its affiliations to the college or to the elementary schools, yet each having its own peculiar relations both with the one and with the other. The one type represents time-honored ideals, it may be of scholarship and culture, or it may be of practical forms and methods—ideals which experience has wrought out, and which are therefore held to be worthy of acceptance. The other type seeks to build up an improved system of education according to principles that are held to be fundamental; and, believing that "new wine must be put into new bottles," it does not scruple to turn aside, if occasion arises, from the standards of the past.

There is a time-honored maxim of

the universities that educational influences proceed from the top downward. But, like all epigrams, it is a brilliant half-truth. There is no "top" to education, or if there be it is higher than all human standards, reaching into the very heavens. And this is a ladder over which the angels must pass both ways, ascending and descending upon it. The way must be kept open, and the touch must be free all along the line. There must be no dividing gap where either type of thought can say to the other, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Especially in the high school should there be the largest welcome to good influences from either side. Then the one that can show the largest sympathy and most intelligent understanding of the whole problem will have the greatest influence in the final shaping of affairs."

The fourth lecture in our course was delivered in the normal chapel on March 10th, by Prof. French, of the Chicago Art Institute. Mr. French, by his graphic illustrations, as well as by his wit and wisdom, held his audience spell-bound.

His theme, "A Parallel between Art and Literature," was sustained throughout.

The rapidity and ease with which he drew were truly remarkable, showing most accurate knowledge of the principles involved, as well as great skill in the use of the pencil; such skill as only comes in any line of work through accurate knowledge and much practice; such ease as only comes through a thorough acquaintance with the subject in hand.

This lecture was particularly interesting to those of our students who have studied drawing, both in showing what may be done by

study and practice, and in the illustration of principles that govern the art.

His skilful handling of the pencil and the close parallel drawn with literary work could not fail to interest every one.

The time is not far distant when the third-grade-certificate-teacher will be legislated out of the teaching ranks after a period of two or three years, and this removal will be permanent unless such teacher advances to a higher grade. The spirit of the times demands more thorough scholarship upon the part of village and city teachers, and there can be no reasonable excuse for "bolstering" up teachers year after year and allowing them to teach and enter into salary competition with the more thoroughly educated and progressive members of the profession.

Occasionally a teacher may continue to do good work for a number of years, and hold nothing higher than the "lowest license to teach," but the spirit of all just laws should be the greatest good to the greatest number.

The high schools owe their present high standard of excellence wholly to the demand made by the State for qualified principals and assistant principals. If the rural schools are to keep a proportionate rate of progress with the high schools, the demand must be for more thorough scholarship upon the parts of all rural teachers whether they have taught one year or twenty.

Look elsewhere for H. A. Hagestad & Co's "ad."



LITERARY

ALEPH

DUO FOR TRUMPET AND LUTE

(By permission of the author, Robert J. Burdette)

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."
—LONGFELLOW.

At an early period of my infancy, born was I, if I understand anything of the mysteries connected with my birth, which I do not, with two well defined and clearly apparent conditions of intelligent human existence—a physical sensation and a faculty, hunger and a love of music. Perhaps it might be more correct to place first the love of music. Without the score, and conducting the rehearsal myself, I sang the "Song Without Words" in the perfect exaltation of the true musician—unconscious of my audience, carried away by the spirit of my own performance. So accurately did I render the very inner meaning of the "Song," so vividly did I interpret the feeling which the music sought to convey, that the entire audience knew that I was hungry—or disappointed—or frightened—or cross—or just "hateful"—or sleepy—or that I wanted to be rocked or "walked with"—or that I desired that my garment might be pinned to my belt rather than to my back—or, simply, that I didn't know what I did want; and in this fashion has all music been translated by the audience from the time when

"Music, heavenly maid, was young," even down to these latter days, when she is—well, older than she was, but "made-up" to deceive even her grandchildren into believing that she was born after they began to sing. This, also, is vanity. People interpret music as they read books and letters,—not as the singer, or even the player

who cometh after her, desires it should be interpreted, but even according to the temperament, the mood, the fancy of the listener. True it is that played or sung before two audiences, equally intelligent, cultured, musical and patriotic, the "Watch on the Rhine" will excite tumultuous applause and encores in the one, and a storm of furious hisses in the other. The band-master who selects "Croppies Lie Down" for the parade on March 17th, and "St. Patrick's Day" for July 12th, is doomed to sup with bitter meditations and blighting disappointment.

Reasoning from the analogies of my own observation, I am confident that my singing in the days—not to mention the nights—when my conversational powers were more limited and my voice vastly stronger than at present—affected my auditors in strangely diverse ways. Some of them shook me; it is possible that one or two, at different times, but under similar circumstances, "slapped" me. Some of them, it is more than probable, "reprimanded" me. One of them, I know wrapped her arms about me so softly and tenderly that whatever was the character of the song it was changed; she drew my head down into a nestling place in "that blessed hollow of the shoulder" that was made for a baby pillow, and then she sang to me. Such a song, and such a voice, low and sweet, no brooding dove ever cooed one half so tenderly; the mur-

mur of a brook, hidden away in rocks and mosses and ferns, the trilling song of a bird, rippling down through the maple leaves in a little silvery cascade of melody, the hushing hum of bees in the old-fashioned flowers that bordered the long walk in your grandmother's garden, the whisper of a summer breeze, softly creeping across a dimpling field of wheat to rustle the startled blades of the tasseled corn—all following one another, then blending together, and softly breaking apart again, at last coming into unison in a strain so sweet and soothing that the baby eyes, trying to keep awake to the beauty of the loving face bending down closer as the lullaby was whispered more softly, closed as a flower closes, and the baby, asleep in the mother's arms, was nearer heaven than he would be again for—oh, twenty-five—forty, sixty—maybe, if he lived his full time—seventy years. My mother's song! I'll tell you where you heard one like it, then you'll know. Hers was just such a song as your mother's. Everybody's mother sings in just that way. God pity the man who forgets that song or that singing! And God love—just a little bit more than he loves other children—the boy or girl whose mother went away to join the choir of the angels while the baby was still listening to her song. Because the baby has lost so much in this world.

The mother-song was not taken away from me, and I grew up loving music, especially my mother's singing. One April day, while she was singing some old-fashioned song of Home and Love and Peace, a cannon was fired away down in Charleston harbor, and the echoing detonation came rolling and booming across the land like sullen thunder dropping from an angry cloud. Instantly a bugle thrilled a great war-cry that had not been heard in the Republic in a score of years. Startled men sprang to their feet with nerves at the tension of harp-strings. Shrilling and rattling down the street came a fife and drum. I ran out of the house, away from my mother's sweet old song about Home and Love and Peace—the Lute, and the Bower,

and the Rose; I hurried into place in the column of other boys and men, "caught step," and down the street out of the town I went, keeping step to the "flam, flam, flam" of the drum, until it led me "away down south in Dixie." But, in the three long years when that was my only music, on the march sometimes I could hear the sob, sob, sob, that broke from her heart and mingled with the "flam, flam," as I marched away. And other times, when the bugle sang high and clear above the roar of fire-breathing cannon and screaming shell, sounding the "charge" with such a sudden thrill of glory, and love of country, and devotion to the loveliest flag the sun and winds ever kissed, that a man's heart fairly leaped out of his breast to lead him faster and farther, tearing through the abattis, across the ditch, into the embrasure and over the parapet—even then I would hear her softly singing. When the battle lulled a little, as at times it does, there would come stealing into the wreathing clouds of powder-smoke, and the scattering musket-shots of the skirmishers, the panting breath of the tired soldiers, and the noisy chatter of congratulation and encouragement and cheers, sweet strains of beautiful music, fragments of lines about Home, Love, and Peace; and the Lute, and the Rose, and the Carrier Dove. And I knew the window at which she sat when she sewed and sung in the afternoon. I knew the song and just the time in which she would sing. I could see how gently she rocked, and hear how soft was her voice. I knew that her heart and thought and song had followed me all the way from Peoria to Vicksburg; and I knew, though not so well as I know it now, that a boy can never get so far away from his mother that her thought and her heart and her song will not follow him. There is only one love that can, and will, follow him farther; that has greater wisdom more surely to find him, and is mightier to save him and bring him back to Home and Love, and Peace. What a love that must be, that will endure more and suffer more, and do more than hers! What a love, that will remember, if her's should forget! What a love!



Shall We Teach Language?

(C. J. Caldwell, English Department River Falls Normal.)

"Man", says the epigrammatist, "is the animal that laughs." With equal point might it be said, "Man is the animal that talks," and whose "talk," crystalized into a language and handed down through the generations, serves, in its increasing fullness of content, to mark successive stages of intellectual development in the race as in the individual.

The question at the head of this column measures an ebb-tide in that wave of popular demand for language teaching which, a few years ago, flooded the school-book market with "Language Lessons" of all sorts, adapted to all grades; manuals without number to teach "how to talk" and "how to write" with equal skill and fluency. Like many another specific these failed to satisfy unduly raised expectations, even when they were not lamentable failures. Hence the disappointed extremists who go as far on other sides.

"We will have none of it", say these. "You can't teach language. Children talk freely enough when they have something to talk about. Teach them THINGS; then they will talk because they have something to say."

In this we have at least solid footing in the recognition of a fundamental fact of language. That the idea should antedate the work, however imperceptible the interval, and that this must have been the order in the beginning, will not only be willingly admitted but must be the basis of all intelligent consideration of language teaching. Once fitted to the idea and adopted into the family, each word becomes an integral part of the great body of language which is the inalienable heritage of every

child of the community; a heritage not to be altered nor impaired at the will of any individual. For though new words or new meanings applied to old words may enjoy a temporary popularity, none win a permanent place except those that meet a widely-felt need of expression for a new idea, or a new relation of old ideas.

But experience seems to show another equally fundamental fact of language. It is that thoughts not put into words are almost sure to be fleeting and unrelated, and are likely to be vague and incomplete until embodied in verbal expression; that *things* are not learned effectually or effectively until the name, whether of object, act or quality has been associated with the thing and retained in the memory ready to call up the image of the first-perceived reality.

Because of this fact nations have changed their speech for that of another race by a process of adoption no less certain than unintentional, taking into their own imperfect language the tongue that spoke the fuller, richer meanings of a higher civilization, and finally effacing much of their earlier, ruder vocabulary. Thus it came about that Grecian and Roman speech handed over to the barbarian the treasures of Grecian and Roman thought. To learn language under such conditions was to stir the imagination; to waken the soul; to stimulate the mind to perceive, to compare, to judge; and to record its judgments in words that should make a foundation for future comparisons and judgments.

He who says language—an inseparable body of ideas and words—cannot be taught ignores the fact that lan-

guage is the one branch that has been taught and is taught everywhere on the habitable earth. While the school teachers wonder and hesitate and discuss whether or no they shall teach language, millions of children not yet grown into their jurisdiction are being taught it. Shall this work of helping the learner to that equipment of language by which alone he may make his disembodied idea palpable to his neighbor, and range his thought alongside the thoughts of his fellows, measuring the one by the other—shall this work stop at the threshold of the school-room? Nay, can it stop there, whether we will or not? Is not every lesson a language lesson, more or less successful in the degree that the words of the teacher call out, or fail to call out, responsive thought and word from the pupil? Moreover, insistence on clear statement of the fact as the learner's mind apprehends it, can hardly fail to be the most valuable of language lessons. For language, being more than the vehicle of thought, being the audible thought itself, must follow the law of thought. Let the thought be vague and confused and the words that express it will be weak and uncertain; sentence slovenly and faltering. On the other hand, clear, incisive statement, even though taught and learned merely as a formula, may react toward a wonderful clearing of cloudy thinking.

"But," say the objectors, "we do not mean that; we find fault with the language lesson pure and simple; the period set apart for talking; the marshaling of children to learn words and no meanings." If the conditions indicated exist, the most ardent advocates of language teaching will be the first to protest against them. The teacher who would have a child learn words, parrot-like, without the informing intelligence that will make them living forces in his service, should by all means be enjoined from the language lesson on behalf of the innocent victims of such incompetency.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss how the teacher who de-

cides that he can and should "teach language," should proceed toward his end. Remembering that thought and word must be held inseparable, his first care will be to seize the innumerable occasions that offer him the chance to rouse interest and the desire for expression. Apart from this, the arbitrary forms that may be called the conventions of speech, are to be carefully looked after. The agreement of subject and verb, of pronoun and antecedent; the forms to be observed in letter writing, the approved wording of social notes, are all artificial and arbitrary and therefore should be taught as arbitrarily as are the columns of the multiplication table.

For that higher work of language-teaching which shall stimulate the creative faculty of thought seeking its body of expression, the wise director recognizes his own best means. For him "that hath eyes to see and ears to hear" the very air pulsates with fullness of resources. The cloud-masses piled on the horizon, or flocking together in the summer sky, beckon him to bid his eager learners study their changing forms and colors, and learn of their structure. The tender springing of violet and daisy; the return of robin and bluebird; the rippling of running water; the sunlight chasing the wind over the swaying meadow-grass, whisper each its own secret and beg him to teach these little ones to divine it and give it speech. And as man is greater than all these his ministers, so the records of what man has achieved, his noble deeds, set down in noble words, whether called myth or epic or history—shall not these serve, for him who can wisely use them, the best and highest purpose of language teaching?

Miss Carrie J. Smith visited the West Superior Normal from March 15th to 17th inclusive. She expresses herself as pleased with the school. The enthusiasm over the debate is great. Miss Smith says the West Superior debaters are preparing in every way honorable to defeat our boys. Beware!! !!!

GENERAL NEWS

Prof. J. F. Sims leaves, Friday, for Eau Claire to attend the N. W. T. A., and from there he goes to Monroe county to do institute work for one week.

John Thompson, principal of Spring Valley school, is back to the normal for two weeks during his vacation period. Mr. Thompson gets the diploma in June.

Supt. Bixby held teachers' examination in the normal music room, the first week of March. Supt. Shaw held a similar examination March 22d and 23d in the same place.

Will F. Lusk is home from his school in Knapp for a week or so. High water has struck Knapp town, and school will not re-open until the water "goes down"—to the Gulf.

Pres. Parker speaks as follows concerning Dr. Edwin Ellis, of Ashland, whom he has chosen to sit in judgment at the West Superior debate, April 2: "The Doctor is a member of the school board; is president of First National Bank, and will be a just discriminating judge in behalf of meritorious work."

A. B. Kent and E. J. Scott made a business trip to River Falls, Wednesday. We had the pleasure of hearing Prof. French, of Chicago, lecture at the normal chapel on "Art." It was the finest lecture we ever heard, and the students of the normal are fortunate in being able to hear such excellent lectures. We noticed a number of New Richmond pupils in the chapel.

—*New Richmond Voice.*

The banquet given by the N. A. C. Friday evening, March 12, was a success in every way. The careful preparations that had been made by the committees prevented any break in the evening's program. Seldom, indeed, is it possible to keep a company of nearly two hundred in such excel-

lent spirits during a period of nearly eight hours. It seemed as though everybody had put on his garb of gayety and good-will. The toasts given by Messrs. Ewing, Enright, Reed and Gallagher, Miss Smith and Mrs. Truesdell were all ingeniously rendered. Mr. Frank Sloniker, as toast master, is to be complimented on the performance of his part. The solo by Mrs. Thatcher, and the quartette by the Misses White, Chidester, Lien and Snodgrass contributed not a little to the pleasures of the evening. The hop which followed the banquet was pronounced "just right" by those who participated. The young ladies who worked so faithfully in behalf of the banquet deserve much credit, as to them was largely due an evening without a discord. In behalf of the Club, the BADGER wishes to thank Mr. Edwin T. Reed for his excellent *resume* of the affair in the River Falls Journal.

A curious example of the diversity of modern application of electricity under one roof is afforded by the plant recently installed in the Central Indiana Hospital for the Insane. It is described as follows by the New York Evening Post: Apparatus of 450 horse power furnishes current for light, heat and power. There are now fewer than 3000 incandescent and twenty arc lights, but the most interesting part of the plant lies in the laundry. A twenty-five horse power motor runs twelve washing machines, two sterilizing machines, one tumbling machine a large mangle, skirt ironers and other appliances. But this is by no means all that the current does. It is led by flexible standards and wires to tables at which twelve operators work with electric sad irons. The ironing boards are arranged so that the women are free to move around in their work without in any way dis-

turbing the wires or interfering with each other. As each sad iron is constantly kept at an even heat by the current, there is no delay in changing. Only half as many operators are found necessary as when the irons were heated in the old laundry by natural gas.

The public school teachers took advantage of their vacation week and visited the normal. Come again.

A good delegation of the Faculty will be at the Eau Claire meeting, March 26th and 27th. Pres. Parker, Profs. Brier, Clark and Shultes have numbers on the program.

The field day has not been definitely fixed yet, but it will probably be some time in May. Are you training for the various sports of the day? If not, fall in line and imitate the Old Hellenic method of conquest.

Pres. Draper, of the Illinois university, expelled nine students from the school because they were directly connected with a hazing affair. Pres. Draper's stand is worthy of emulation by the Wisconsin university. Hazing in our "U" is becoming a regular part of the students' "duties."

The teachers' association held in the high school building of this place March 13th was characterized by the union of all forces that make instructive and inspiring teachers' gatherings. Prof. Wilson, of the high school, was chairman of the association. Space does not permit of a detailed write-up but it can be safely stated that the meeting disappointed none.

The faculty are having the various rooms of the normal building together with the students in their respective classes photographed for the purpose of insertion in the new catalogues. The library and the assembly room will also be photographed for the same purpose. This no doubt will make a decided improvement in the new catalogues. Prof. Brier has the matter in charge.

And it came to pass, as "Andy" betook himself from the stage at lyceum not long since that he loitered by the way-side, exchanging opinions with a pretty damsel, and casting sly glances

of approval at her, until a slight poke in the back restored him to things of earth, and once more betaking himself to his *own* lady he resumed his earthly smile, and amid the cheers of the audience he rose to explain that it was all caused by stage fright. Was it that, or did the set features of his opponent, Geo. Works, cause the calamity?

The lecture course will be concluded by Rev. Hensen, of Chicago, his theme being "Fools." This is one of Mr. Hensen's great lectures, and it no doubt will be parallel with the others of the course. Mr. Wendling could not make a date with us during this term of school, and as a number of students will not be back next term, it was thought best to have the lecture as heretofore planned. The time for this concluding lecture is March 29. Everybody come!

Will some of our mathematicians send in answers to these problems?

1. Given a circle, a square and an isosceles triangle. The altitude of the triangle equals the diameter of the circle and also one side of the square. Cut a block that will exactly fit each of the three figures.

2. In a right-angled triangle the hypotenuse equals 35 feet, and the side of the inscribed square is 12 feet. Find the other two sides of the triangle.

The Eve of the Banquet,

By Bill Snipes.

There was a sound of dainty rustling gowns,
And gallant Normalites had gathered there
Their beauty and their chivalry; no frowns,
But merry faces mingled everywhere.

A hundred hearts beat happily; and when
The feast was o'er, with its luxuriant spread,
There came a time for clever toasts, and then
Sweet music pealed till every heart was fed.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
bugle call!

Did ye not hear it? Yea—'twas just the band.
"A grand march first," and all are on their feet.
To those who dance, let joy be in demand;
No sleep till morn; let wistful faces meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

But, ah! Not all desire to deck the floor,
And now with steps serene they do retreat;
And gayer, lighter, happier than before,
The dance goes on, and dancers, too, galore.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
C. H. MCINTOSH, PASTOR.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
W. M. BALCH, PASTOR.

Regular services as follows:
SUNDAYS—10:00 A. M., Class Meeting.
10:30 " Preaching Service.
12:00 M. Sunday School.
3:00 P. M., Junior League.
6:30 " Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
7:30 " Preaching Service.
WEDNESDAY—7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Permit me to announce that
I have opened a

DENTAL OFFICE

over Ap Roberts' store.

H. W. RADCLIFF, D. D. S.

R. S. FREEMAN,

..DRUGGIST..

SCHOOL - SUPPLIES

AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Tubbs' Elixir for Coughs and Colds.

NEW
CHINA



HAVELAND & CO.



...CALL AND SEE THEM...

JUST IN.

M. NORSENG.

ALL CLOTHING

Bearing the trade-mark of H. S. & M. is guaranteed to be sewed throughout with silk and made by experienced workmen. Should any H. S. & M. garment prove unsatisfactory and not as represented, return it and your money will be refunded.



Comparison will prove a saving of not less
than 10 to 15 per cent.

On Ladies' and Children's Jackets.



Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back at
THE BOSTON STORE.

T. H. DANIELS.

To Members of School Board:

I am very much in hopes that you will see fit to order a "Standard." I have had it in school and know it is far superior to the "International."

Yours respectfully,

Frank Soule,
Prin. at Spencer, Wis.

I think the "Standard" is far ahead of "Webster's Dictionary."

D. M. Hanson,
Director at Spencer.

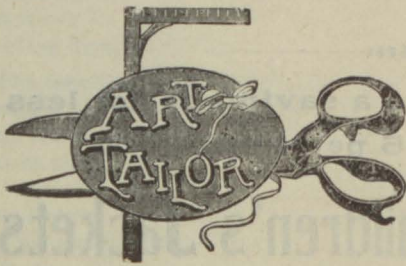
**We have added to our
furnishing goods**

A 10-cent Line of Collars.

They are here in the latest style, and—characteristic of our stock—are good value.

H. A. HAGESTAD & CO.,
One-price Cash Clothiers.

O. D. Pettet,



**C. F. HEINRICH,
RIGHT PRICE GROCER.**

River Falls, Wis.

W. P. CARR, President,
HON. N. P. HAUGEN, Vice Pres.
N. B. BAILEY, Cashier.

Farmers

And...

Merchants

■ **State Bank.**

RIVER FALLS, WIS.

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Authorized Capital, \$100,000.

Paid up, \$25,000.

Telephone 17. ...

W. F. Kellogg, ...

♦♦ First-class Photographs.

Special Discount to

NORMAL STUDENTS.

O. H. BANG,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Cleaning and Repairing a
Specialty.

H. W. Thomson,

Practical Horse-shoer.

River Falls, Wis.

GEO. TH. SMITH,

Dealer in

..Fresh and Salt Meats..

Cash paid for Hides.

Telephone Central,

THAYER'S Fruit Store,

CONFECTIONERY.

CIGARS.

Leave your LAUNDRY at

The White Front Barber Shop.

First-class Work only.

CURTIS & LAGERSTEDT.

A. T. CARROLL,

Dealer in all kinds of

**FIRST-CLASS FARM MACHINERY AND
IMPLEMENTS.**

Wagons, Buggies, Sleighs, Gangs, Sulkies,
Walking Plows, Sewing Machines, Bicycles.
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

N. H. Wiger & Son,

Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

A. E. GENDRON, M.D.C.M.

Office and Residence
next to Gladstone Hotel.

OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 A.M.
2 to 4 P.M.
7 to 8 "

White Front Bakery,

N. C. Nelson, Prop'r,

Restaurant and Lunch Counter,
Fruits and Confectionery.

W. S. ENSIGN,

Dealer in

Lumber, Shingles, Mouldings,
Lath, Doors,

Sash, Blinds, Frames.

- Also -

**Lime, Cement, Brick, Hair
and COAL.**

Don't Experiment!

Get The BEST Warranted.

Always

Satisfactory



CENTURY FOUNTAIN PEN.

Commended by Normal Users.

NEW STYLE FOR LADIES.

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS, 25 per cent

Mrs. F. B. WEBSTER,

Agent for Normal School.

CENTURY FOUNTAIN PEN CO

Whitewater, Wis.

J. P. CARROLL,



**Groceries, Fruit,
Provisions. ...**

Lime, Cement and Hair.

B. M. F. for the Blood.

T. W. ASHLEY,

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Office in Boxrud Block.

Residence corner 4th and Elm streets

Office Hours, 9 to 11 A.M. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P.M.

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ICE

of Coley Krauth.

Leave orders at the Meat Markets.

F. G. PETERSON,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

River Falls, Wis

All kinds of work neatly executed and all work
warranted.

FINE WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.

...Wilful Waste makes Woeful Want...

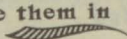
There need be no woeful want of

OUR NEW UNDERSKIRTS FOR LADIES

For the price is so low that

EVERY LADY CAN HAVE ONE.

We have them in

 Rustling Tafetta,

Moreen,

Surah Tafetta, Plain and Striped.

ALL the New Things in Ready Made Skirts.



F. J. BURHYTE.

Ho! Ye that hunger and
Ye that have delicate
palates!

Come! Taste our Wares!

Choice
Candies



Charming
Cakes

Crisp
Cookies

Capital
Coffee

And viands such as Solomon
himself never enjoyed (poor land-
lubber,—he never sipped an oyster
stew.)

Our Bread is like the sun; it
....sets every night and rises fresh
....every morning. Besides our
....bread is too well bred to loaf
....around the counter long.

At our Lunch Counter we will
....serve you a good turn---or a
....mince turn-over. We will also
....serve you right.

MODEL BAKERY & LUNCH HOUSE

Mrs. L. A. Downer, Prop.

DEATH TO SPOTS!

O. D.'s Putz-Pomade,

For Cleaning Clothes.

10 and 15 cents per bottle.

For sale by

O. D. PETTET, The Tailor.

C. F. WINTER,

The Leading Jeweler.

Dealer in

LENSES OF ALL KINDS,

Watches, Clocks & Jewelry,

PARKER FOUNTAIN PENS,

... Special Discount
... To Normal Students.



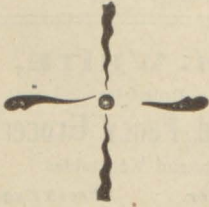
.. Repairing a Specialty ..



Sign of Golden Star.

R. N. JENSON,

Dealer in

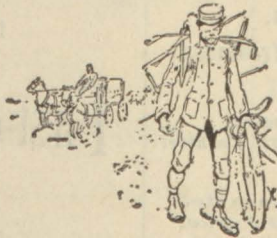


*Dry Goods, Groceries,
Clothing, Notions,
Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.*

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... REPAIR SHOP.

A. W. LUND,

Manufacturer
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Dealer in

Wagons, Carriages, Sleighs,

Harness, Robes, Horse-clothing.

◆ ◆ ◆ Bicycles a Specialty. . .

Express and Baggage LINE.

Special attention given to collecting
baggage from and delivering
to all parts of
the city.

Leave orders Chapman Bros.' Drug Store.
Charges Moderate.

F. A. HOWE, Proprietor.

Established 1874.

Bank of River Falls,

River Falls, Wis.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

*R. S. BURHYTE, President,
R. N. JENSON, Vice President,
JOSEPH M. SMITH, Cashier.*

DIRECTORS.

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issued on principal cities of America and
Europe.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS, to and from Europe on
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FIRE INSURANCE.—Six of the leading com-
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Offers ———
Special Facilities
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Preparation of
Teachers.

Instruction Free

In all regular courses for residents
of Wisconsin who declare their in-
tention of teaching.

Address the President,
W. D. Parker.

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The place to get ———

A-1 MEATS of all kinds

And Don't You Forget It

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O. M. WHITE,

Dealer in

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Fruits and Vegetables.

Good Butter.

Fresh Eggs.

Pratt & Son, — —

Headquarters for

First-class Meats.

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H. E. Follansbee,

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Graduate of  

CHICAGO DENTAL COLLEGE.

Office over Postoffice,

River Falls, Wis.

Toby & Parker,

 **Physicians
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Surgeons,**

Can be found at

Their New Office on North
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With all Modern Appliances
and Conveniences.



NIGHT CALLS:

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C. C. GLASS.

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GLASS BROS.' LIVERY.

River Falls, Wis.

Have you seen the new

Round Oak Range?

If you haven't, call at

Dodge's Hardware Store.

It's worth looking at.

E. E. & H. L. Levings,



Books,

Stationery,

School Supplies,

Wall Paper,

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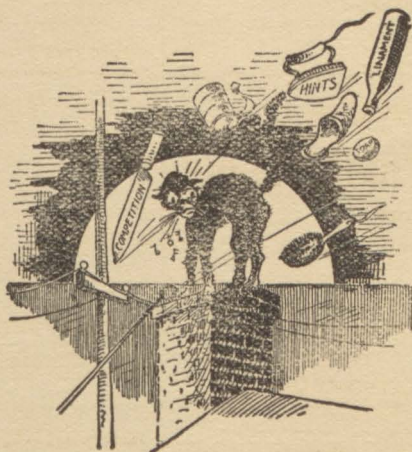
Goods as Good as the Best

— AND —

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

CHAPMAN BROS.,

READY
FOR
BUSINESS
DAY
AND
NIGHT.



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SUPPLIES
IN
LARGE
QUANTITIES

LEADING DRUGGISTS.

Girls, it makes you feel good.

Boys, it makes you look pretty.

FOR
All Chaps Use Camphorated Cream
THE GREAT SKIN BEAUTIFIER.

It cures Rough Skin, Sore Lips, Tan, Sunburn, Freckles and
CHAPPED HANDS,
and removes Pimples and Eruptions.

""It Makes the Skin White and Soft...

Manufactured and for sale (25c. per bottle) only at
TAGGART'S DRUG STORE.

.. FURNITURE ..
LARGE STOCK, Good Goods, LOW PRICES.

.. CARPETS ..
A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW SAMPLES.

UNDERTAKING Given Special Attention.
O. W. NEWCOMB & C.



**Turkey is up to its neck
in Greece,**

x x x but I am not

**On the contrary, I am going to be up to my neck in
NEW SHOES. Some are here already,**

**I will have the latest styles and colors, Call and I
WILL MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE,**

I also do all kinds of repairing,

J. S. Wadsworth.
