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Edgerton, Wisconsin: Students of Edgerton High School, February, 1912

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1912

The Crimson



Advertisers' Catalogue

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Scenic Theater

Banks

First National
Tobacco Exchange

Book Store

Frank Ash

Bakery

City Bakery

Barber Shop

A. W. Shumway

Clothing Stores

C. H. Babcock
Shelley, Anderson & Farman

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George Stricker
H. R. Houfe
Bon Ton Restaurant
Edgerton Gigar Co.

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W. G. Atwell
H. D. Stappenbeck

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Pringle Bros. & Keller

Garage and Machine Shop

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J. W. Conn
Ratzlaff Bros.
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Livery

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Agent for the Imperial Auto

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**Gent's Open Faced
Watches**

**\$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00
and up**

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You young fellows that have
your clothes made to order, we
are exclusive agents for

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**Made to Order Suits
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**Prices from \$18.00 high as
you want to go**

Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed

**All Linings Warranted
for one year**

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Surplus \$30,000

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Let Nature furnish Spring
and we'll furnish the Shoes

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First National Bank
Edgerton ————— *Wisconsin*

THE CRIMSON

Volume Two

FEBRUARY, 1912

Number Five

This paper is published by the students of Edgerton High School, Edgerton, Wisconsin.

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CRIMSON STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	Max Henderson
Assistant Editor-in-Chief.....	Nettie Armit
Business Manager.....	James Boutelle
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ALMOST A TRAGEDY

Tom Ryan was a rich ranchman and owned a large ranch in western Texas. His only child was a boy, fourteen years of age. The ranchman's wife was dead and the only person he cared for was his son.

One day about the last of May, Mr. Ryan received a letter, which stated that he must deposite ten thousand dollars in a certain place within ten days or he would suffer for disobeying. Instead of paying the required sum, as many would have done, the sturdy ranchman thrust the threatening letter in the stove and thought no more about it.

The ten days soon passed and nothing unusual happened and June and the first two weeks in July, also passed as usual. On the sixteenth of July, Ryan's son went out riding the same as usual. He did not return at noon and his father became very anxious, because the boy was always home for dinner. At once the ranchman thought of the threatening letter he had received and now understood its meaning. Instantly he ordered the cowboys to seek some clue, which would lead to the discovery of his son.

The ranchman started down a path which led to a near gully. A short distance from the gully was a small piece a paper which was found and read by the excited father. The letter read as follows: "We have your son in our hands and unless you place the amount of money named in the former letter and in the place signified therein, we will burn your

ranch within two days. By placing the money in the place named, you can save your property, but do not ever expect to see your son returned alive."

Ryan quickly returned to the ranch and called the other cowboys to him. After reading the letter to them, he told the cowboys that he would rescue his son or die in the attempt, but would never give the required sum of money simply to save his property.

Early the next morning, the ranchman and sixteen cowboys started in pursuit of the kidnappers. This was not a very hard task because the kidnappers left a plain trail in the deep grass. The pursuers traveled all day and well into the night. At last they noticed a small curl of smoke rising out of a gulch, about forty rods ahead. Now the pursuers were confident that they had discovered the criminals. Instantly each man dismounted. Two men were left in charge of the horses, while the ranchman and fourteen cowboys quickly crept toward the gulch.

When the cowboys reached the edge of the gulch, they saw eight men sitting around a fire and talking in very low tones. Only a few feet away, Ryan saw his son securely tied to a small tree. The cowboys had decided to capture the criminals, so they started creeping down the sides of the gulch. They were about half way down the slope and about ten rods away from the boy, when one of the kidnappers jumped up and started towards him. The shadowers stopped to see what the ruffian was going to do.

The man walked up in front of the boy, drew his revolver and said

in a loud, cruel voice, "We have decided to shoot you."

The boy never answered but only stared at the man in front of him. The latter raised his revolver aimed at the boy's heart and pulled the trigger. There was a metallic click and it was soon evident that the revolver's hammer had failed to strike the cartridge in the proper place. With a curse the man quickly placed a new cartridge in his revolver and was aiming at the captive.

By this time the ranchman realized what was happening. Before the ruffian had time to fire a second time, the ranchman raised his rifle and shot the revolver out of the criminal's hand. The cowboys and ranchmen then ran down the sides of the gulch and captured the kidnappers as well as rescuing the boy.

RAY MCCANN.

PATRON'S MEETING

Plans are now under way for holding on Arbor Day a meeting of the patrons of the school, when there will be held an exhibit of the work done in the public schools during the past year. The plan is to arrange for programs in all the grades to which the patrons will be invited, to dismiss the children after the program is completed and place on exhibit the work of the pupils that may be of interest to the parents in demonstrating the plan of work and the nature of the work as it is being outlined and accomplished. It is felt that this meeting can be conducted in such manner as to present to the parents a concrete view of the curriculum and secure a hearty co-operation in the work attempted. There is a feeling on the part of the teaching force that much inspiration will come from the day which in the final analysis will be of greatest benefit to the pupils enrolled.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY

It was a hot, sultry afternoon in July, and nearly every one at the Buckley cottage was either taking a nap, or had gone automobile riding—Helen had done her utmost to persuade her older brother, Keith, to take her riding in his new car, but he was obstinate, saying that as he was just learning to run it he wanted no bothering girls to ask questions and distract his attention from the machine. So he had driven off alone and, feeling very much abused and lonesome.

Helen had gone down thru the woods toward the Lake. Seating herself on the bank, she tried to put her thots on the new book that all her friends were so enthusiastic about, but she could not keep from thinking of Keith and the new automobile. As she looked toward the road, which she could see between the trees, she wondered if he would have any accidents today. The first day he had run the machine alone he had become lost in the country, and finally, when something went wrong with the motor he had telephoned from a farm-house for a mechanician to come and get him.

Helen looked out across the lake and was almost blinded by the hot glare of the sun shining on the still water. Not a boat was in sight. She turned back to her book and was really becoming quite interested in the vivid description of an automobile race, when she was startled by the shriek of an automobile whistle followed by the "honk—honk" of Keith's own car. She recognized the sound immediately and looked up in time to see a big green car go by in a whirl of dust (on the road.) It was closely followed by a red car,

in a second cloud of dust, Keith's was the only red car in the neighborhood and she surely recognized the sound of that horn. Suddenly Helen realized what was happening. Keith was racing with Tony Carter!

Tony Carter lived about a mile from the Buckley cottage and ever since they began spending their summers at Katoma Lake he had always been nearby to spoil their fun. When Helen and Keith were children of seven and nine. Tony, then a boy of thirteen, had often enjoyed dressing and painting himself as an Indian to frighten them as they went thru the woods and he had several times gotten Keith into trouble by trying to teach him to steal, now, thot Helen, here he is again, tho a young man old enough to know better, doing his best to injure Keith.

Tony had run an automobile for three years while Keith was just learning. Yet Helen understood her brother well enough that he would not take a dare from Tony Carter, who had probably watched for this very chance. Filled with fear for Keith's safety, Helen jumped up and ran down the shore and up a path to the top of a knoll from which she could see the road for a long way. Down there, where it was almost out of sight, it curved sharply, swung around back by the lake, and up over a rather high road closer to the water—Helen watched in agonizing fear as Tony, who was still in the lead, slowed down a little and swung around the curve, immediately putting on high speed again and coming at a terrific pace over the road. She was not thinking of him, however, but was straining her eyes to see thru the dust

which rose behind his car.

Keith did not know his machine well enough to act quickly, and saw, too late, the damage of the sharp turn. Still running at high speed the huge car skidded part way around the curve but instead of going on, it turned almost completely over, throwing Keith face downward on a heap of stones, left there after repairing the road, and the car fell over on top of him. Helen could not see distinctly all that happened but her imagination supplied the rest. Her head seemed to be whirling as fast and wildly as those still madly whirling wheels as she gazed, fascinated, toward that curve in the road over which the dust still still hung like a fog.

Helen remembered running and stumbling down the hill toward the spot where her brother lay, unconscious, and perhaps dead, under the overturned car. She must have fallen in the dusty road for when she awoke she found herself lying on the grass at the foot of a big hill near the lake. She sat up, looked around with rather a dazed expression, and wiped her eyes for she had been crying hard.

Hearing a laugh, Helen looked around. Seated on a log, watching her was Keith.

"O, Keith!" she exclaimed, "are you really alive? You can't imagine! I've had the most awful dream! I dreamed you were automobile racing with Tony Carter and just as you went around that sharp curve at the end of the road, you were thrown out on that pile of stones and the car came over on top of you! I hadn't found out yet, whether you were alive or not. Are you?"

Keith began to laugh at her excited face and somewhat confused account of her dream as he responded, "Hope so. I guess I'm good for a few years yet." Then he added, "That is, if I steer clear of Tony Carter."

Having recovered his usual good-nature toward his sister, and thinking, that, after all, it was rather lonely for her at the cottage, he had returned to give her a ride. It was still early and Helen suggested that they drive to town and call on some friends, whom they had not seen for some time. So talking and laughing like the good chums they had always been, they started down the lakeshore road for town.

BEULAH POMEROY '13.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

With much shouting and laughter, the sleigh-load started. They had spent a jolly evening at the home of one of their country friends and were now starting home. The road, by which they were to return, was a long one with a woods on either side of it. The only house upon the road was a dilapidated old building, surrounded by dark and gloomey pines thru which the wind whistled and moaned. It had been long vacated and was known by the city as the Haunted House.

The horses, refreshed by their rest, started off on a gallop and it was hard for Robert, one of the party, to hold them in.

"I didn't know it had drifted so," said he, "I am afraid we will have a hard time to get thru here."

"Oh well, it will be all the more fun if we have a tip-over," answered one of the girls.

They had by this time neared the Haunted House and all were looking

in that direction. The horses frightened at something reared and plunged forward. There was a crash and over went the bob, plunging the party head-first into a great snow-drift. They arose laughing, but soon stopped when they found the bob had in some way been broken.

"We will have to go to the nearest farm-house for aid," said Frank, when the bob had been examined.

"Why that is not less than a mile and the road is so drifted it will take at least an hour," spoke up another.

"Nevertheless, that's the only thing to be done. But you girls cannot go. What shall we do?"

Oh, I say, why can't a couple of you fellows go to the farmhouse, while the rest of us go up to the Haunted House? I have some matches and if we can find anything to burn, we will soon have a fire."

There was a murmur of protest at this, but no one wished to admit he was afraid, so the matter was settled. The two boys started off and the others made their way thru the drifted snow to the house. The door opened with a squeak of rusty hinges and the party entered. A lantern, which had been brought, was lighted and showed in one end of the room a large fire-place, while in the other was a pile of empty boxes.

After every one was thoroughly warm some one suggested exploring the house for ghosts. They all agreed and started off, Harry in the lead carrying the lantern.

It was a queer old house with many winding corridors. Running the length of the house was a passage with a small door at it's end.

When the party reached the door they did not at first notice it. They halted and were about to turn back, when it was discovered and opened. Just beyond it was a flight of stairs. Down these the party cautiously made it's way, the stairs creaking at every step. Half way down Harry stopped in amazement and the others hurried to see what the matter was. When they saw, they too stared.

The room was filled with various machines, while on the table was a large pile of bills.

"The counterfeiters," said some one at last in a whisper.

"We will have to go to the city and let them know what we have discovered, at once. Come on, these men may return any time."

The counterfeiters were a gang of men, who for the last two years had been passing off innumerable counterfeit bills. They had always managed to evade the grasp of the law, but now at last their hiding place was discovered.

When the living room was reached a shout was heard and the girls and boys ran out to the bob. The news of their discovery was soon told and the others agreed they must get to town as soon as possible. A shout was heard outside announcing the arrival of a new bob. They were very silent on the way home, each thinking of the discovery which had just been made.

"There's a big reward offered for their capture. I have forgotten the amount."

"Five hundred dollars," said some one.

A few days later the leaders of the gang were in the county jail, awaiting trial and reward was divided up among the members of the sleighing party.

BERNADINE GIRARD '15.



The Local Editor is sick. "Sie hat wehe augen."

Leon Ellingson, in behalf of the Sophomore class, has presented a beautiful picture "The Moose Hunter" to the High School recently. It was painted by Clayton Williams, the artistic member of that class.

Miss Johannes (in German IV) "Why is a potatoe called an 'Erdapfel'?"

Al. N. "Comes from Irish apple."

On Tuesday, Feb. 13, the Senior class was highly entertained at the home of Florence Hurd. We started in one hay rack about seven o'clock but woe behold, we had no more than crossed the first track when we got stalled. After considerable pushing and shoving which failed to move the load off of the track the boys went back after another hay rack. We were then off for Indian Ford in a few minutes with Leon E. driving one hay rack, and Mr. Coon driving the other.

We had nearly reached our journey's end when load drove into the wrong gate-way, and did that load tip over?

Some of the occupants didn't want

to (even then) ride in the other bob, but we were all finally persuaded to do so and Mr. Holt told us to jump. We jumped and landed in snow so high it actually went over Mary B's head and up to Mrs. Holt's neck.

The evening's entertainment began with the crowd forming into groups of four and writing a receipt for "A Broken Heart." With this the fun began and game after game was played with St. Valentine. Each of us drew our fate from a Valentine box and then a dainty Valentine, which usually suited the person—at least Mr. Coon liked the one which he drew.

About twelve o'clock a bounteous four course dinner was served and all too soon we had to make our departure, carrying with us the feeling that the class of 1912 would look back with fond remembrance to this Valentine day spent with Florence Hurd.

The Girls' Athletic Association gave a Leap Year dance, Friday, Feb. 16, in Academy Hall. The Home Talent Union Club Orchestra furnished the music. About sixty couple attended and the surplus receipts were donated to the Boy's Athletic Association.

H. M. "Do you know why we didn't have a January thaw?"

A. M. "No. Why?"

H. M. "It was postponed on account of the weather.

The High School took an important part in the program on Tuesday evening at the Farmers' Institute. The first number was rendered by the Girl's Treble Clef Club, followed by the reading given by Lucile Earle. The High School Orchestra next played several selections which were followed by a talk on "farming" by Mr. Stiles. After Kathleen Culton rendered a violin solo, Mr. Holt, "who can always hold his own," gave a very interesting talk on "Education." For the closing number the orchestra again played.

Miss Ann Leitch, Sun Prairie, visited High School with Mary Barrett on Wednesday, Feb. 21.

On account of a death in the family, Miss Johannes was call to her home in Milwaukee and was unable to attend to her school duties for two days.

Miss Lucile Earle from the Evansville Seminary visited High School, Wednesday.

NOTICE!

We wish to announce that we are going to open a Gum Chewing and Candy Eating Room on Rubber Alley. Some time when you go by bounce in. A FEW SENIOR GIRLS.

EIGHTH GRADE NOTES

The eighth grade is going to study "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" in Reading class. The life of Shakespeare will be studied in connection with it.

The record for attendance and tardiness is excellent this year. So far

we have had a half holiday each month.

The "A" class is studying the geography of Wisconsin in place of the Civics which was finished last semester. A salt and flour map has been made.

The "Woodburn and Moran" History has been introduced in place of the "Mace" History formerly used. The subject matter of the new book seems more practical and better adapted to the pupils.

Basket ball games between the Eighth Graders and the Midgets seem to be an item of interest lately. Though we have been beaten, we are doing better and won't always have the low score.

The "Clang of the Forge" is being taken up in Music. The boys have a splendid chance to exercise their vocal organs in this selection and are using the opportunity.

LOVES YOUNG DREAM

"It is a beautiful song," he said, as the flute-like tones of her voice and the tum tum of piano accompaniment died away in the frescoes of the ceiling, "but I am not partial to secular music, I love the grand old hymns best."

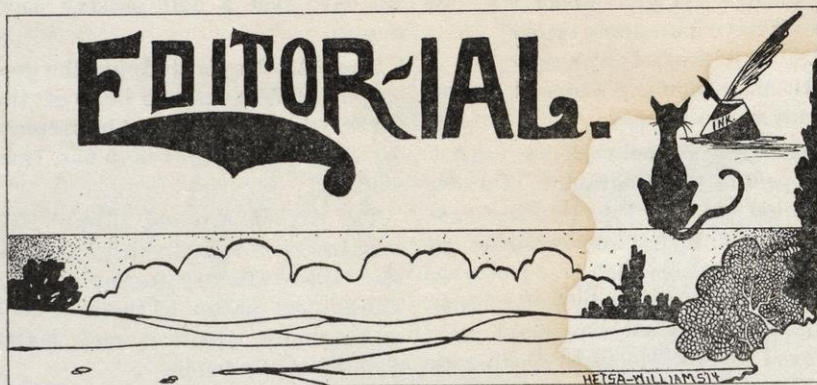
"Indeed!" she said, as she ran her fairy fingers up and down the seven octaves.

"Yes," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "the grand old hymns for me."

"Well," she murmured, as a rosy blush stole over her damask cheeks and the long silken lashes shaded the bright beautiful eyes, and a sigh of perfumed zephyr that rustled the leaves in the unbrageous grove at eve, when the diamond dew drops tremble on the petals of the modest rose, slightly stirred her bosom.

"Well, I don't know that I blame you for I am fond of certain hims myself.

Then a season of osculation ensued over which we regretfully drop the curtain.



School spirit is certainly coming more and more into evidence as several recent occurrences plainly demonstrate. For instance, after the boys Athletic Association, with a debt of about sixty dollars on its hands, had almost given up hope of getting out of the hole, the girls took up the matter and soon the treasury was only forty to the bad. It was all done very simply, too. They gave a Leap Year dance to which every one went and enjoyed themselves so that at the same time both the Athletic and the social sides of school life got a much needed boost.

Then look at the beautiful picture by Clayton Williams which the Sophomores recently presented the school. It's now filling a long vacant place over the piano in the main room and it is certainly in excellent accord with the other beautiful furnishings of our building. We all wish to express our gratitude to the class of 1914 in general and Mr. Williams in particular for the splendid gift.

Another example of the trend of the school may be found in the unequalled instance of Monday, the

19th, a. m. On this immemorial occasion the school passed thru an entire morning without a single name being taken down for whispering. Still one hardly knows whether this was due to the heavenly trend of the school or the sleepiness of the Faculty.

Worse yet, the Athletic editor, Mr. Whitford better known as Oray, handed in his material on time. It was such a shock to the editor that the *Crimson* very nearly was a week late.

Perhaps the most touching thing we have to relate, tho, is Mr. Dawe's love for our Flagg. We certainly ought to be a model school before long!

NOTICE!

The High School Orchestra will give a concert on March 22nd, 1912. Fifty per cent of the proceeds are to go to the Athletic Association so it is the duty of every person interested in this school to get busy and boost. The program will be interspersed with outside numbers and the Orchestra promises all who attend a good program.

MORE ABOUT THE CONTESTS

All the classes have now elected their representatives for the annual inter-class contests and the contestants are now training for that event. These contests are perhaps the greatest chance to show school and class spirit which comes to the school and this year let's make it a record breaker.

There is nothing which so enlivens school life as friendly class rivalry. One may truly say of it, that it is a godsend for arousing interest and keeping everyone awake to the fact that they are attending a real, live school and are members of real live classes. In this school, feeling ought to exist much as it did among the old scots; each man a member of a big family (the class) and the whole bound together to form a great clan (the school). Get together and think of some class songs and yells, for what is a contest without rooting?

Last year there was rooting in spots, this year let's everybody root! No candidate for oratorical or declamatory honors can do his or her best when supporters are few and weak lunged. If you want your contestants to win and bring honor to your class, let them know that you do and that the whole class is backing them to the last man.

The contestants are as follows:

Seniors—Mary Barrett,
James Bontelle.

Juniors—Lulu Scholl,
Jay Campbell.

Sophomores—Margaret Chamberlain,
Roger Mooney.

Freshmen—Hazel Farman,
Francis Curran.

There are in reality two contests, the oratorical contest between the boys and the declamatory or girl's

contest. The winner in each division this year will go to Brodhead as a representative of the school where he will compete against representatives of Stoughton, Brodhead and Whitewater. All the speakers in both divisions of the inter-class contests for this year are excellent, many of them having competed before, so a close and exciting race for the championship may be expected.

THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE

The Farmers' Institute which was held Tuesday and Wednesday, while primarily intended for the education of the neighboring farmers, was at the same time largely attended by our High School. It was given by the State Farmers' Institute, but the business men of the city furnished the halls and the material necessary. The agricultural class which was recently organized here attended all sessions, en masse, except the cooking school from which all boys were excluded. The Institute was quite a success and will probably prove to have been of considerable benefit to those who take agriculture.

A children's hour of story telling is soon to be started again for the benefit of the little people of the grades. The plan has been tried in previous years with considerable success and a great deal of enjoyment to the younger people.

WORDS TO HIGH SCHOOL SONG

I. FRAT

Here's to our good old school, boys,
Here's to our high school days,
Cheer for our good old team, boys,
Cheer them to victory:
Here's to our good old Prof., boys,
Patient and kind always,
Here's to our good old school, boys,
Here's to our high school days.

BASE BALL

Now that the basket ball season is practically over our thoughts naturally turn to base ball and our prospects for a winning team. Last year was our first attempt to have a team for a long time and it proved that in this school there is plenty of material for an excellent one. Last year the team was weak from lack of practice. This will not be said of it this year if the fellows will keep up the spirit which has been shown in foot ball and basket ball. We have nearly all of last year's team to work with and we certainly ought to develop something worth while. Now fellows it's up to us. Lay plans now to try out and there is no question whether the results will be satisfactory, or not. T. FLARITY, '12

At last the subject for the triangular debates is decided upon. In has long been known that it was to be on some phrase of the immigration question and the literary society has had the majority of its talks and debates upon some phrase of this problem until now the members are pretty familiar with all its phases. The question is the advisability of excluding all immigrants over eighteen years of age and unable to read or write some language, provided that such a law does not debar dependants upon qualified immigrants or citizens of the United States. The debates will be held simultaneously in Stoughton, Whitewater and Edgerton on the evening of May 22.

An inspector was visiting a small country school. Thinking to test the observance of the pupils he asked a number of them to give him some compound figures to write on the board, but every number they gave he wrote down backwards. That is,

when he was given the number 67 by a pupil he wrote it down 76, etc. Finally, after this had been going on for quite a time and none of the pupils had noticed the change, a small boy over in the corner who had been hitherto seemingly indifferent, raised his hand.

"Well, Johnny, said the inspector.

"Theyenty-theven," piped up the indifferent one, "change that you old thon-of-gun!"

Rev. McInnes has half consented to give a lecture on his trip to the Orient, with lantern slides of the various places he visited and turn the proceeds over to the athletic association. If he can be persuaded to do so it will then be up to the members of the school to get busy and see that such a crowd turns out as will partially reward his kindness and pay off the association's long standing debt. Use your influence and boost this project.

OUR JANITOR MAN

"Tell me, who is it we should miss

More than 'most any one,

If he should go upon a strike

And leave us all alone

To such cold comfort as we'd find,

In unswept hall and room.

We don't care if the faculty

Decide to go away;

And we can stand it when some team

Goes off somewhere to play;

We can even lose our principal

For one month and a day.

But if this man should run away,

We'd not laugh as he ran;

We've been here quite a little while

And since life here began

We've found he's indispensable—

Jim—our Janitor Man."

—ANNONYMOUS.

QUIPS

Why is Bill Mc's seat so valuable?
Because you can always find Nichols
around there.

Leon Ellingson thought he could-
n't dance, but we notice that after
he went to that Lear Year dance he
certainly seems to be able to Barrett
a great deal easier.

Does anybody want to buy a knife?
—apply to M. E. W.

Three naughty little Senior boys
Went up in the attic one day,
And were suddenly struck with an
idea

That ran somewhat this way:—

Why not drop Frankie Gokey,
Disguised as an angel bright
Enraptured in a good long nightshirt
Thru a hole in the first sky-light.
They went right down, saw Mr. Holt
And asked if their plan would do,
“Why sure” the principal murmur-
ed low,

“Just so it satisfies you.”

Frank Gokey soon consented,
Miss Buck was quickly fixed,
And Jim, the janitor helped them
Get the apparatus fixed.
So Monday morn at singing,
To “the Herald Angels sing”
F. Gokey dropped thru the skylight
From Ellingson's hay rope to swing
The rope kept getting tighter
‘Round his tummy-tum-tum
Frank's face it wore a ‘hoited” look
For an angel quite, quite bum.

They hauled him up ‘midst great ap-
plause
And took his nightie off,
And this ended the first and only
time,
An angel visited our roof.

O. SLUSH.

If anyone has any contributions to
make to this column at any time
please hand them in to the editor.

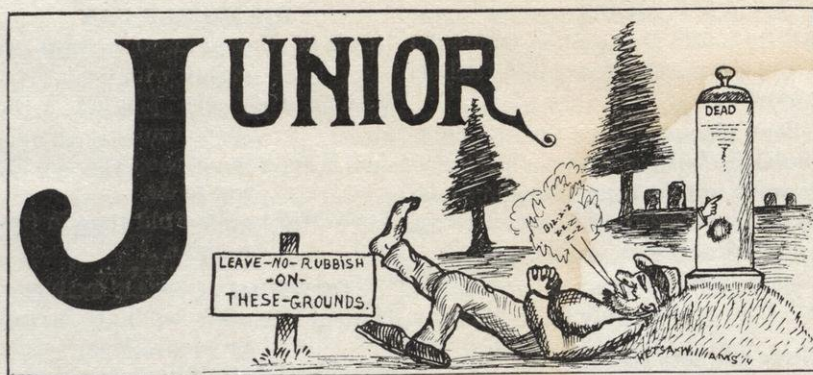
ON MOBILE BAY

Down in the gym, our team will
surely win,
Because they are playing a fast
game tonight
And if we win, as the boys are try-
ing to do,
There will be a hot old time in town
tonight.

DOWN IN JUNGLE TOWN

Here in Edgerton, we have a team
of won renown,
There is Oray and Scog and Dick;
There is Tuffy and Euker and Mick.
Captain Billy is there and so is Mope
with eyes so fair,
They will have to play a good game
When they beat our team.

On the morning of Friday, Feb.
23d, the school had the pleasure of
listening to an address by Rev. Cog-
gins of Fulton on the subject of,
“Play the Game.” Rev. Coggins em-
phasized the points that to win, one
must be a dreamer and an idealizer,
but he must also be willing to get
right down to work. It is not the
fellow who waits for something to
turn up that does the great things,
but the fellow who rolls up his shirt
sleeves and makes something turn
up. Money does not necessarily
measure success, neither does it by
any means aid one in becoming a
success in the true sense of the word
for true success depends not on what
one has done for oneself, but on
what he has done of the betterment
of the world in general. Most of
our great men are such, simply be-
cause they were obliged to rise above
their surroundings and in so doing
became so strong that nothing could
down them. Rev. Coggins talk was
so instructive and interesting that
anytime he will consent to again
appear before the school, he may be
sure of a hearty welcome.



In explaining a rule in German III to one of the pupils, Miss Johannes said "when we use the article Mari-an Doty it makes it weak.

Mr. Coon (In Agriculture) Glenn why is it when it rains that it does not keep on going down? Glenn P. Because it strikes the earth. Mr. Coon: How far would it have to go before it would strike anything that was not earth? Ha! Ha!

Susie (In German) Der gute liebt das gute, meaning (The good loves the good.) Susie translating (The good man loves the good woman.)

Ray (In German III) Er hat nichts neues, meaning (He has nothing new.) Ray translating (He has no news.)

The word alte (an old man) was written on the board in a sentence. Miss J. asked E. C. to explain the sentence. E. C.: But how do you know whether it is a man or woman?

A young man was asked by a friend what he was going to do for a living. He replied, "Oh, I'm going in for Journalism." "Is that so," said the friend, "What column will you write?" "I'm going to write the Birth, Marriage and Death column and head it, "Hatched, Match-

ed. Snatched."

Miss J. (In English III) Ida, who was Poussin? I. A. Why I looked him up but I couldn't find him.

M. B. translating, Die blume steht auf dem bache und weint. (The flower stands on the roof and weeps.

What makes Harold Dawe so extremely patriotic? Because he loves our flag.

Miss J. (In German III) Remember this--the personal possessive pronoun "meiner" is a substitute for my hat."

IMPROVEMENT NEEDED

"What you want, I suppose, is to vote, just like the men do.

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Barrington. "If we couldn't do any better than that there would be no use of our voting."

"Can a cowhide in a boot store?" No! but a calfskin.

WASTED

Physics Prof. (after long winded proof) "and now gentlemen we get X equals O."

(Sleepy voice from rear of room) "Gee, all that work for nothing."

Jones called his dog Hickory because he has a rough bark.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Man never knows the extent of his bravery or cowardice until he has spent the night wandering through a forest. Things which before had seemed insignificant, loom up giants of warfare as he flounders through the deep darkness like a drowning man floundering in the water.

He goes into the forest in the early evening, afraid of nothing and laughing at the antics of the squirrels and birds; he comes out the next morning a nervous wreck, timid of his own shadow. Death is quick and merciful and comes with a rush carrying its victim off with a flashy power. Night comes slowly, steadily and silently winding its ever reaching arms around the world with a sickening stillness that seems to speak of unseen power. Then as the last ray of the sun's light vanishes from sight it holds the world in its arms with a quick and hopeless grasp. To a lost man in a forest, there is nothing more agonizing, more awful and still more wonderful than that last feeble flight of day which leaves him in the grasp of darkness.

At first he hears nothing but the low moaning of the wind which a short time before had sounded like the song of angels but now is the moan of sorrow. Next he hears a night bird lift up its voice and slowly and surely as the night comes, he hears a wonderfully sweet song, full of joy and happiness underneath which there is a tone of sorrow that stops him and makes him listen in wonder. And while listening thus he hears footsteps behind him coming with so steady a tread that he is helpless to move; he never

learns what it is, for suddenly it stops and when he looks he sees nothing but a stump and for the first time realizes that his imagination is working to the limit. Every thing is slow and silent, broken only by the calls of the owls and even they are in harmony with the rest of the world. He plods slowly on and suddenly starts back with fear. This time it is a rabbit running across his path to find its nest. It is the only object that he has seen and is entirely out of place as it hurrys home.

His imagination begins to work again and horrible visions float before his eyes until his nerves are at such a tension that every little movement of the leaves and branches startles him. All night long he roams around hoping against hope that daylight will soon come and as he hopes the awfulness of his situation begins to creep into his mind. As he looks up at the death-like darkness overhead a picture of the great beyond gradually passes before his eyes.

He is awakened from his dream by a combination of sounds that hold him as spell-bound as did the first grasp of night. After the first fear has past he tries to determine the cause, but mysterious night is jealous of her songs and try though he does, he gets no glimmer of the origin. With nerves taut, he starts on his seemingly endless walk. Little by little the sounds become less mournful, voices unlike that of the night, begin to spring up out of the earth and trees, and quickly the day replaces night. The man comes out of the forest at day break unable to tell of his experience and with nothing but a hazy idea of what had passed.

JAMES BOUTELLE '12.



Miss Johannes (Ancient History): "Servius Tullius was the daughter of a poor slave girl."

One morning Miss Gregory (Eng. II) started to call the roll by calling C. Mc's name. C. Mc.—Yes, ma!

Miss Johannes (An. His.): Clara left off by saying that the enemy was fleeing; now, C. Mc. tell us what they did next?

C. Mc.—Well, they fled.

One day in Ancient History G. G. forgot to stand up when reciting and Miss Johannes said to him: "Why Glen, get up and talk like a man."

Miss Brunner (Commercial Geography): "Why is Edgerton larger than Fulton."

C. W.—"Ah, they're too slow down in that little burg."

C. W. (English II):—What are the lower animals?

Miss Gregory:—Why, the lower animals are cats, dogs, rats, monkeys, etc.

C. W.—Well, what are the big ones?

Miss Johannes (Ancient History):—But I don't understand about the five fleets. It is true about the first two fleets but how many threes of

them went down.

The "Big Beautiful Doll" must like the Sophomores as it has been entertained by them for the past week.

On Feb. 9th, Leon Ellingson, our class president, presented to the high school the handsome picture, called "The Moose Hunter," painted by our famous classmate Clayton Williams. We, the Sophomores, wish to heartily thank Clayton for the splendid thought and school spirit he displayed.

Miss Brunner (Commercial Geography):—Do we know how the Chinese pack tea?

C. Mc.—Yes, they pack it with their feet.

SNUBBY

City Chap—"Aw, that butter milk was very nice, what payment do you expect for it?" Farmers daughter—"Nothing sir, we always feed it to the pigs."

There was a young fellow named Fitch

A maid caused his heart-strings to twitch

He sat by her side and fondly cried "I love every hair in your switch."

LITERARY NOTES

The fifth meeting of the Literary Society was held Feb. 6, 1912. The first thing on the program for the evening, was a mock trial. Mr. Whitford was charged with gaining his office of President of the society illegally. Mr. Hubbell acted as attorney for the defense of Mr. Whitford, while Mr. McCarthy acted as attorney for the prosecution. The witnesses for the defense were Eugene Flarity, Max Henderson, Richard Brown and Tom Flarity. The witnesses for the prosecution were George Ogden, Roger Mooney, Edward McDonough and Glen Gardiner. Mr. Whitford defended his case very well. Then the two attorneys entered into a lengthy discussion, followed by the verdict of the jury, which was, "Guilty." Mr. Whitford was sentenced to serve one term as President of the Society.

Due to the absence of Mr. Gettle, whom the program committee had hoped to have address the Society, Prof. Holt gave us a very interesting talk on, "The Benefits of Oratorical Work in the School."

Following this the Society adjourned to the Botany Laboratory where they partook of a delicious feast of sandwiches, cake, saurkraut and weiners.

The sixth meeting of the Literary Society was held Feb. 21, 1912. The Society opened with a song by the members. Carlton McCarthy gave us a talk on, "Problems of Immigration." This was followed by a debate on the question: "Should any Foreigner be denied admission to this country unless he brings a permit issued to him by the American Consul nearest his former home? Granted that a sufficient

bar to the issuance of such a permit is contagious disease, and poverty, coupled with physical disability." The Affirmative was upheld by Glenn Gardiner and Earl Whitford; and the Negative by Clayton Hubbell and Max Henderson. The decision of the judges was, two for the Negative and three for the Affirmative.

The next number was another debate. The question was; "Resolved, that the United States ought to prohibit the immigration of persons over 18 years of age, not members of families already here, who are unable to read and write an European language." The Affirmative was upheld by Andrew Thoreson and Lowell Whittet; the Negative by Tom Flarity and Roger Mooney. The decision of the judges was two for the Negative and three for the Affirmative.

Following the report of the critic the Society adjourned. A. THORESON.

NOTES FROM THE GRADES

The attendance thus far throughout the grades has been excellent. We hope it may continue so through the year.

Several of the grades had either quarter or half a holiday last month because of the high percent of attendance and punctuality of the children.

Some of the grade teachers have been visiting schools in other towns the past month, the purpose being to gain some new ideas, which will aid in getting better results from our own work.

Miss Buck, holding up a shield before a class in the second grade said: "Children how many know what this is?" The answer came from one little boy, thus: "I know, it's a bib."



HETSA WILLIAMS '14

WAUKESHA 21—EDGERTON 18

Edgerton lost the first game on the local floor this season by a close score of 21 to 18. The score is also indicative of the game for the play was fast and hard. At the end of the first half Waukesha led by a score of 4 to 9, but Edgerton came back strong the second half and pushed the visitors hard until the end of the game. Several times the score was tied and the large crowd of spectators that witnessed the game showed their enthusiasm by much cheering and a large amount of plain noise.

Sutton was the star for Edgerton scoring 16 of the 18 points and W. Mann of Waukesha 13 of the 21 points.

Edgerton		Waukesha	
Brown	rf	E. Mann	
Sutton	lf	W. Mann	
McIntosh	c	Thurwachter	
Weitjord	rg	Welch	
Boutelle and	lg	Smith	
McCarthy			
Johnson	sub	Schneider	
		Howard	

Field goals—Sutton 4, Brown 1, E. Mann 1, W. Mann 6, Thurwachter 2.

Free throws—Sutton 8, W. Mann

1, Thurwachter 2.

Score—First half E. H. S. 9. W. H. S. 14; second half E. H. S. 9. W. H. S. 7.

Referee—Jensen.

Scorer—Coon.

SUN PRAIRIE 16—EDGERTON 15

Edgerton lost an exciting game at Sun Prairie after the score was tied. The score at the end of the first half was more like that of a football or baseball game, being 6 to 3 in favor of Sun Prairie. At the beginning of the second half Edgerton evened up the score and from then on until the end of the game it was a close run for first honors. At the end of the second half each team had a total of 13 points and the captains agreed to play five minutes over time. McIntosh of Edgerton shot the first field throw raising Edgerton's score to 15, then Neuby of Sun Prairie made a free throw and later with but a few seconds to play he shot a field goal making the score 15-16.

Edgerton		Sun Prairie	
Brown	rf	Neuby	
Sutton	lf	Bell	
McIntosh	c	Emerson	
Whitford	rg	Rueth	
McCarthy	lf	Meister	

Boutelle subs. Kendall
 Johnson " Drescher
 Field goals—Brown 1, Sutton 2,
 McIntosh 3, Neuby 4, Emerson 2.
 Free throws—Sutton 3, Neuby 4.
 Referee—Holt.
 Umpire—Beers.

EDGERTON 17—BRODHEAD 15

The E. H. S. Basket Ball Team redeemed itself for the defeat suffered at Sun Prairie, by winning in a close contest with Brodhead. Three times in the previous history of our High School, Brodhead has carried off the honors in the basket ball contests but for once at least Edgerton has come out on the top. There were no special distinguishing features to the game except the hard and fast playing on both sides. At the end of the first half Edgerton led 11-9 and retained the lead of two points until the end of the game.

Edgerton Brodhead
 Brown rf. Broderick
 Sutton lf. Mooney
 McIntosh c. Warn
 Whitford rg. Atkinson
 Boutelle lg. Searles
 McCarthy subs. Hunder
 Johnson

Field goals—Sutton 3, McIntosh 3,
 Boutelle 2, Broderick 2, Mooney 2,
 Warn 1.

Free throws—Sutton 1, Broderick
 4, Mooney 1.

Referee—Simmons.

Umpire—Jensen.

EDGERTON 34—ALBANY 22

The Edgerton Basket Ball Team proved too strong for Albany and easily won the contest 34 to 22. The game was rather slow in comparison with the other games played on the local floor this season. At the end of the first half Edgerton led 20-11.

Albany played a little better the second half but Edgerton always remained in the lead and the game was never in doubt.

Edgerton Albany
 Brown rf. Croake
 Sutton lf. Atkinson
 McIntosh c. Smiley
 Whitford rg. Rucklow
 McCarthy subs. Knapp
 Boutelle

Field goals—Sutton 8, Brown 1,
 McIntosh 5, Whitford 1, Boutelle 1,
 Smiley 4, Atkinson 2, Croake 2.

Free throws—Sutton 1, McIntosh
 1, Smiley 6.

Referee—Jensen.

Scorer—Coon.

EDGERTON 27—MIL. COL. II 30

Edgerton lost in a close and exciting game with the Milton College Second team by a score of 27-30. The visitors were somewhat hampered by the fact that they had been accustomed to play under inter-collegiate rules but they also proved capable of playing a good inter-scholastic game.

Edgerton Mil. Col. II.
 Brown rf. Langworthy
 Sutton lf. White
 McIntosh c. Kelly
 Whitford rg. Thorngate
 McCarthy lg. Burdick
 Boutelle subs. Sorenson

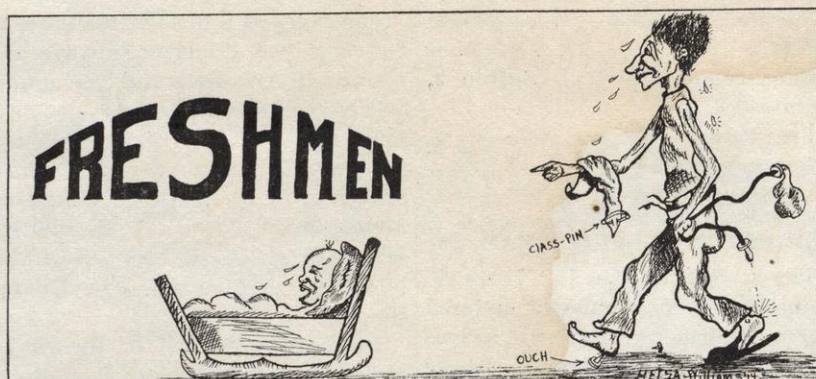
Field goals—Sutton 2, Brown 4,
 McIntosh 2, Whitford 1, McCarthy
 1, White 4, Langworthy 3, Kelly 3,
 Burdick 3.

Free throws—Sutton 7, White 2,
 Burdick 2.

Referee—Holt.

Scorer—Ogden.

If you find any rats that are looking for something to eat, bring them to the Botany class.



V. T. (In English): "Please go home before you get there."

Mr. C. (In Physiology I): "What is your trachea fastened to?" T. "To your backbone."

Miss G. (In English): "What did the Greeks sail away in?" N. B. "They sailed away in grease (Grecian) ships."

In Physiology class we were talking about weighing your food, when you got it on your plate to see how much you ate. R. E. said: "Why not weigh yourself before a meal and then after it."

V. T. (In English): "The man died of poor lungs."

The afternoon Physiology class is promised a box of candy if it will break Mr. C. from saying "ain't."

Miss Buck is now organizing a glee club among the girls of the seventh and eighth grades.

MEANING OF TRUE EDUCATION

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he would consider them educated in the best sense of the word, when they could say "yes" to every one of these questions:

Has education given you sympa-

thy with all good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you public spirited?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and how to keep them?

Do you know what it is to be a friend to yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meanest drudgeries of life?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high-thinking as piano playing or basket ball?

Can you be happy alone?

Can you look on the world and see anything but dollars and cents?

Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see the clear sky?

Can you see anything in the puddle beside the mud?

Can you look into the sky at night and look beyond the stars?

Students of Edgerton High School—think on these questions—can you answer—"yes?"

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
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A pupil at a school near Chatham Square, New York City, gave this definition of the word 'spine.'

"A spine is a long limber bone; your head sets on one end and you set on the other.

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