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# THE ECHO

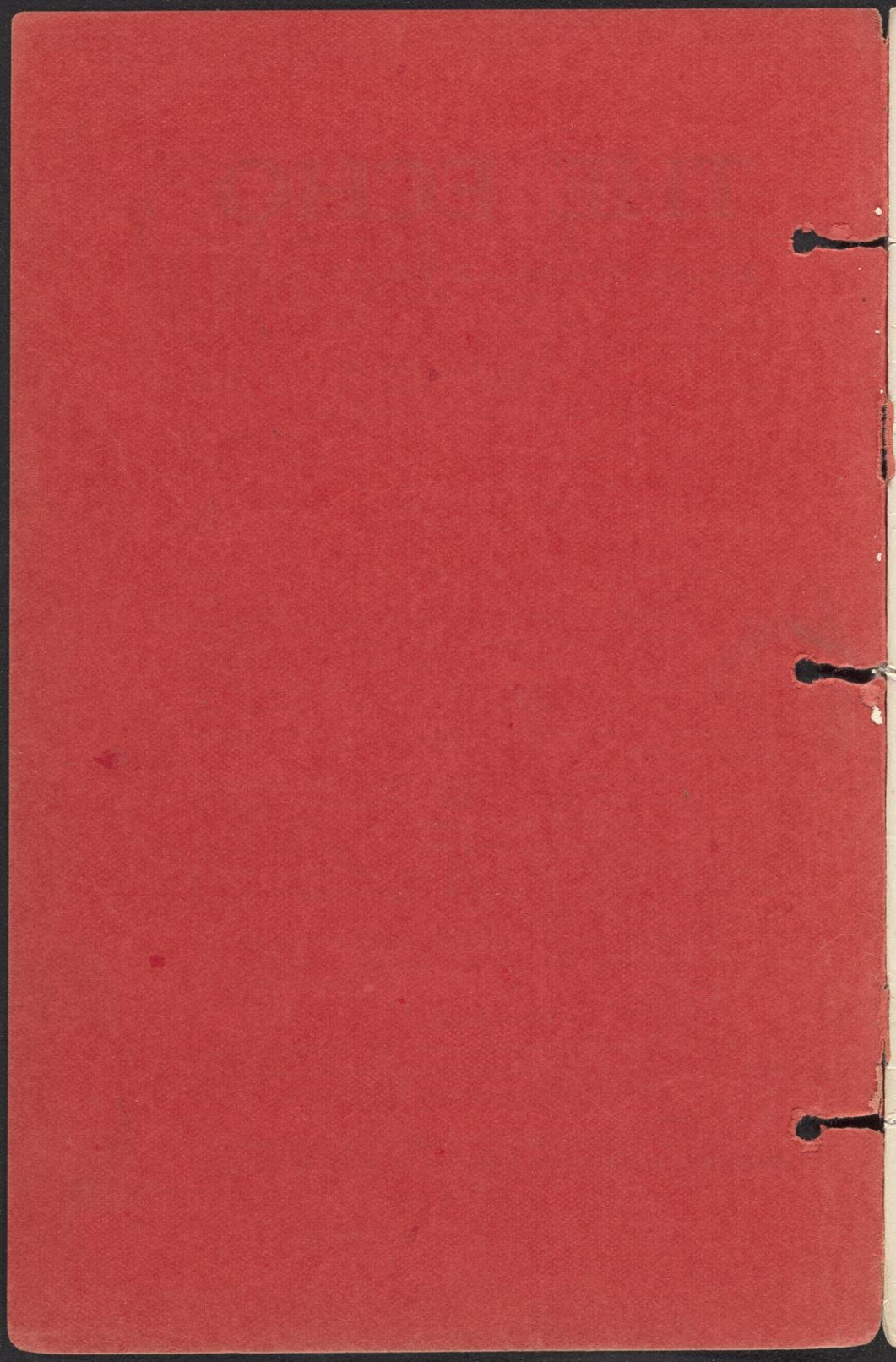


**Eighth Grade Literary Society**



**Edgerton Public School**

1914



# THE ECHO

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## How I Feel When Waiting My Turn at the Dentist's.

It usually takes a great deal of persuading and urging to make me go to the dentist's. Offers of money always take a prominent part and finally win. But as I know I have to go I hold out as long as I can because each time the money figured I knew it would rise and so I waited for the highest figures before deciding.

Every night before the day came I would dream of claw hammers, monstrous files, saws and a driller that went so fast it made your head buzz.

That fatal afternoon finally came and I went to the dentist's office at the appointed time, only to have to wait until my turn.

I tried to get interested in some books and magazines he had there, but cartoons of how dentists pull teeth and how much pain always figures in, constantly filled my mind. I tried to muster up courage to take it like a man, but despite my resolutions, when a man came out of the dreaded office room, where the dentist attended to his cases, all my courage fled and left me with a pair of wobbling knees on which I had to make a final rush for the dentist's chair.

The dentist must have realized what it was, especially when it was your first visit, and tried awfully hard to cheer me up, telling stories at which you had to laugh (to be polite), but if he only knew it he was prolonging the anguish of having to wait for the final pulling. It wasn't so bad as I thought it would be, and anyway I got an afternoon off from school.

By summing up my feelings it wasn't so bad, but I'll bet Dad's feelings, when he saw the bill, weren't so awfully good.

Norman Ullrich.

## News Items.

Surprise parties were the order of the day Friday, Oct. 31, the sixth and seventh grade teachers being the victims. Miss Simmerling's pupils presented her with a silver spoon.

The eighth grade boys entertained the girls and the departmental teachers at a Halloween party in the gym-

nasium, Friday evening, Oct. 31. Strange and unusual costumes were in evidence. Games were played and refreshments were served. We believe everyone had a good time, and "nearly" everyone helped to make the occasion one to be pleasantly remembered.

There will be no school in the upper grades Thursday and Friday, November 6 and 7. The teachers plan to attend the Wisconsin teachers' convention at Milwaukee.

### WANT ADS.

1. Time for Clara to snooze.
2. Miss Stafford wants to get the pattern from Lily Nelson's dress (in which Lily appeared at the party Oct. 31).
3. Hilda wants an organ like the grade has.
4. Miss Hargraves wants a "job" turning off the high school lights.
6. Will some one undertake to find the halo which circles George Brown's head?
6. What frightened "Little" Rollin in spelling class this morning?
7. Wanted—Someone to knock the crepe off Agnes Linnevold's nose.
8. Let's get Hazel a megaphone so she can make herself heard when making an oral composition.
9. Buy George Brown a Morris chair so he may be comfortable in school.
10. Buy Frederick a smiling mask so that he may present a smiling face to his friends even when too busy to attend to it himself.

### Electric Power From Dams.

The coal in the United States as estimated by scientists will be exhausted in from fifty to one hundred years. They also say that the coal fields now in the earth should be saved for heating purposes. The supply of wood fuel is becoming very scarce and it is already so high in price that it cannot be used for developing power. All over this country, however, there exists splendid water powers that could furnish the energy to drive the millions of wheels of industry and transportation. Nearly every steam railroad in the country is looking forward to the time, sure to come, when the expensive steam power now used by the railroads to propel the massive engines and

big trains must be replaced by some other power. The great cities that are now made black and filthy by dense smoke from soft coal belching from the railroad engines are especially anxious to get rid of this annoyance and nuisance.

Electricity seems for many reasons to be the best substitute for steam power.

In recent years the use of re-enforced concrete has grown to such an extent that dams can be built much more cheaply and securely than formerly. Year after year the swift and mighty waters are being harnessed to man's work. For some year the Niagara Falls, one of the mightiest water powers in the world, has been used to generate electric current which is being distributed over an area of a hundred miles. There is never any power furnished, especially in the mountainous and hilly portions of our country; there are streams with little water but it is very swift and constant. The amount of fall, as well as the amount of water, determines the horsepower that can be developed. The newly devised forms of turbine makes it possible to save nearly all the power in the fall of the water.

When a great dam is completed for the purpose of furnishing electric current it is usually equipped with a number of the best turbines. The motion and force of these turbines is conveyed through shafts to a power house. In this power house there are one or more great dynamos that are made to go thousands of revolutions a minute. The little copper brushes collect the electricity and through various devices it is transformed into a single powerful current and sent out on the wires on its mission of usefulness to humanity. The water wheels have governors to control the speed in which they can go and there are several automatic controllers of the current, which is everlastingly changing, for it is very important that the current for light and power should be as steady as possible. In other words, there should be no variation in the voltage. A current for lighting small bulbs is from 110 to 120 volts. When a current travels a long distance the wires usually carry from 2,300 to 13,000 volts. This high current has to be changed by transformers which you may have seen in the form of big iron boxes on the electric light poles.

Some of the biggest dams in the state are the Hatfield

dam, in the Chippewa valley; the big Kilbourn dam at Kilbourn, Wis., and the new dam at Prairie du Sac, in Sauk county. From all these dams go out great currents of electricity that will light the streets of cities and villages, will operate electric motors, elevators, sewing machines, flatirons, as well as the big machinery in the large factories, and will send the street cars through the city streets and the interurbans speeding from city to city. While I know but very little about the wonderful things of electricity, I have visited the power houses at Indian Ford and Fulton and the men in charge told us a great many interesting things about how the water wheels and electric machinery worked. I think electricity is a very interesting thing to write about.

Rollin Gettle, Eighth Grade Literary Society, for Nov. 6, 1913.

### Limericks.

Our Hurley he laughs very loud  
Whenever a joke is allowed;  
But when a teacher does speak  
He becomes very meek,  
And is suddenly lost in the crowd.

—M. Cunningham.

What happened to Helen's sleigh-load?  
She feared we'd get stuck in the road;  
She waited so long  
That the snow was all gone,  
Then her father said, "Nix on the load."

—F. Carrier.

The name of the lad it is "Rough,"  
But still he is not a bit tough.  
He's always at school  
And keeps every rule,  
And of them there sure are enough.

—F. Ellingson.

Norman has some pompadour;  
If you ruffle it up he gets sore.  
The poor little lad,  
He gets so mad  
We say we will do it no more.

—J. Clatworthy.

Our school room clock goes so slow  
That it hardly seems to go,  
So we worry and fret  
Till we start to sweat;  
Great drops of that come out in a row.

—F. Ellingson.

Geo. Brown always find the door  
Of a certain small candy store,  
And he's always quite handy  
When you have the candy,  
And if you aren't generous he's sore.

—F. Ellingson.

Edith Gardiner is not very thin;  
It's a pity, for she ought to have been.  
With her pretty blue eyes,  
The hue of the skies—  
She is sure as attractive as sin.

—N. Ullrich.

Florence Kellogg has a sore throat,  
So she's wearing an extra coat.  
I she gets her feet wet  
It's a ten to one bet—  
She will be in a pretty bad boat.

—N. Ullrich.

Hixons a very tall boy,  
But he still likes to play with a toy,  
And his long legs and feet  
Are always under the next seat;  
But when a teacher's around he's a nice boy.

—Roy Barton.

George Sommerfeldt is very small.  
It's a wonder he wouldn't grow tall;  
He slides down in his seat,  
All you can see is his feet—  
And over these passersby often fall.

—N. Ullrich.



Lillie Nelson had a wonderful smile  
Which beamed around her most of the while;  
    Till Miss Stafford got wise,  
    When it decreased in size,  
And now it is quite out of style.

—N. Ullrich.

George Brown has hair that is sandy  
Because he eats so much candy;  
    His favorite's marshmellow,  
    But he ne'er treats a fellow,  
And that makes it very unhandy.

—N. Ullrich.

Our teachers are the best to be had,  
Though sometimes they look very sad.  
    We feel very sorry  
    That they should worry;  
Why don't they cheer up and be glad?

—E. Bruhn.

My feet are big enough for men,  
But what if they are number ten?  
    They keep myself down  
    So I'm on solid ground.  
Why don't you all get number tens?

—J. Curran.

Frederick's a wonderful lad,  
He's jolly and usually glad;  
    He can't stop a-smiling  
    And so keeps a-riling  
The teachers and making them mad.

—B. Litney.

There's one of the eighth grade crowd  
Whose laugh is quite hearty and loud.  
    He sits in a back seat  
    And the candy he eats  
Would make a very sick crowd.

—B. Litney.

Miss Stafford, so the people say,  
Works very hard every day.  
    And though she works so hard  
    And hasn't a pard,  
No attention to this does she pay.

—P. Anderson.

### Christmas in Other Lands.

Christmas, the greatest day in the year, it being the birth of our Savior, is observed in every land and by both rich and poor. This day is set apart for every one to be merry and feasting.

The habit of giving gifts to the children in the olden times to make the day happy has been overdone by the people of today, and in so doing they lose sight of the thought that should fill their hearts.

In Germany and Holland the children put wooden shoes by the fireside instead of their stockings as we do. They keep Christmas for twelve days and at the end of the twelfth day they hold another celebration which they call "Little Christmas."

In Norway and Sweden they fix a Christmas tree for the birds and also stick grains out of the chimneys for them. They give their stock an extra supply of food.

The English have always been proud of the festivals and holiday which are kept during the Christmas seasons. Even the poorest cottage welcomes this season. At this time they open their doors to any stranger. The women folks cook up for days and all have any amount of people around their board for a Christmas dinner.

Florence Kellogg.

### Sparks.

1. James Curran (in Music)—How do you remember that thing?

2. Miss Simmerling (in Music)—When we get this song learned better we'll let the boys be the organ.

3. Miss Stafford (in Reading)—The games of peek-a-boo that are going on in that corner had better be postponed till some other time.

4. James was reciting in Grammar. Miss Stafford, as a suggestion, said, "What does it limit?" James: "Ain't no limits to it."

5. Frederick E. (in Physiology)—Does red hair turn gray?

6. Miss Stafford (in Grammar)—Wellington, take the next sentence.

Wellington—Which one is it?

Miss Stafford—Is it possible you don't know?

Wellington's eyes had been wandering around the room.

7. Substitutes insist on calling Florence Fred or Frederick.

8. Chester P. (in reading)—“What does this mean? ‘The women stood by the graves and hung on the headstones’ (there being more to the sentence).”

9. Seen in a seventh grade Physiology test paper—“Mineral food is what keeps us here.”

10. Miss Stafford told the kiddies in the 7th grade when asked what kind of a nose she had, said it was a “pug.”

11. My how fast time flies. Miss Simmerling told her youngsters she was fifty.

#### News Items.

Saturday, March 7, the Stoughton Clippers met defeat when they tried to win from the eighth grade team. Those making scores were: Eddie, 4 points; Wellington, 2; Chester, 10, and Norman, 11, making the score 27 to 22.

Bert Litney and Rollin Gettle, two of the eighth grade pupils, have moved from town and are going to other schools. They will be missed by all.

Mrs. Titus taught the last week in Miss Hargrave's place.

#### Jokes.

Mrs. Ratslaff, who is teaching the sixth grade in certain studies, saw Miss Simmerling's pitch pipe and asked “Whose mouth organ is that?”

Miss Hargraves says that when we look at the minutes of a council meeting you see all the eyes (I) and noses (no's).

Herbert says he got the answers wrong. Something unusual, but it seems to happen to most of us.

Miss Stafford—Hurley, what have you in your mouth? Hurley (in loud tones)—Rubber.

Chester, in Grammer (when told to write a descrip-

tion paragraph)—Can we tell about an auto? Miss Stafford—No, I don't think so, Chester. Chester—Well, I wasn't going to write on it anyhow.

Miss Simmerling (in Drawing)—When you get through talking you may stop.

### When I Wuz a Lad.

When I wuz a lad if I sassed my pap  
I'd feel for a wek the marks of a strap.  
But now it's "aw go on with you, dad."  
Times sartinly was different when I wuz a lad.  
What I'd spend i a year for plain clothes and food,  
"Chollie" now spends to dress lik a dude.  
Two suits a year wuz all I ever had,  
But then, times wuz different when I was a lad.  
When we uster go courtin' we allas ud look  
For the gal that was held to be the best cook.  
But things as they uster be sartinly aint,  
Fur now it's the gal that wears the most paint.

Kathryn Ellingson was playing marbles the other day in school.

The other night one of the Eighth Grade pupils accidentally ran up against Sylvester assisting Miss Patterson up the hill on roller skates.

Helen's eyes often wander toward Frederick and Frances. Have you ever noticed her?

Apply to Helen Dickinson for big words. She is well acquainted with Webster.

Gordon had better drink skimmed milk to reduce his fat.

Just think, Kathryn Ellingson is going to walk to Milton.

If you want to hear the latest news ask Kathryn E.

### Want Ads.

Wanted—The latest way to fix up my hair—Hazel  
Something to take the sawdust out of my hair—George Brown.  
Something to make Melvin blush. Some stilts for Hixon.

Wanted—Some powder—Elizabeth. A pencil—George Wileman. Something to curl Ruth's hair.

Wanted—Some chalkdust—Agnes Linnevold.

For Sale—Salt beads of every description. Apply to the eighth grade girls.

## **Editorials.**

I. The program at the last Literary society meeting, rendered by Margaret, James, Perry, Chester, Gerhart, Norman, Florence, Beatrice, Helen Flarity and Helen Dickinson was very different from the usual kind, and we are all hoping for some different one from other people.

II. The Girls' club met in the Kindergarten Tuesday. Alma, Lillie and Clara entertained. Games were played and refreshments served.

III. The boys have organized an eighth grade baseball team and have been practicing lately. They played the seventh grade, but it was a tie, so they played the next afternoon and defeated them.

IV. We missed Chester until yesterday this week for he was acting his part as a jolly good fellow and helping get ready for the big function this week.

V. We have listened to two very interesting talks from the high school boys during the week and hope to hear more, and we hope to do just as well when we enter high school.

VI. The eighth grade baseball team won a series of two out of three games when they defeated the sixth and seventh grades, the other being a tie.

## **News Items.**

The eighth grade pupils have had the privilege of receiving several lessons in library methods from Mrs. Farman during the past few weeks.

A parents' meeting was held in the grammar room Wednesday, Jan. 28.

Some of the sixth, seventh and eighth grade boys have organized a club called the Junior Sportsmen. This is to be under the leadership of Mr. Lamoreaux.

Thursday, Feb. 10, was moving day in the eighth grade room. We wonder why.

## **New Year's Resolutions.**

The two Katherines resolved to get thin.

Frederick resolves to get stronger so that he can walk around the room more.

George Summerfeldt resolves to grow.

Sylvester Burdick resolves to quit fussing.

Hixon resolves not to visit Miss Simmerling's room not more than ten times a week.

Lily resolves not to smile at her neighbors hereafter. The teachers resolve not to change seats not more than once a week.

### Jokes.

A few boys in the eighth grade believe in having clean hands.

Some of the boys also asked what we made in Domestic Science today. On being told aprons, they asked if we were not going to cook any more. We guess they are getting hungry for some of our delicious cookies.

Gerhart is going to rent a double seat. We wonder why.

One certainly hears odd nicknames. George Summerfeldt was once the baby of the class but suddenly he grew into a "Cat Choker" and a "Weasel Eater."

Melvin almost disappeared the other day by fading away in his seat.

George Brown's book was badly used the other day when it suddenly landed on his head, destroying it almost entirely.

An interesting question from Hazel: "Myrtle, will you go down to see if I have and mail from grassy?"

Wanted—A larger seat for the girls in the back seat in Music period.

A timid question heard from Gerhard quite often: "Myrtle, may I take you home?"

Clara wants a pillow so she can sleep better in her seat.

Chester knows a machine that will make hay.

Miss Stafford laughing told us that Margaret was a widow of James.

Chester became a young man Easter; he wore long trousers and the latest style hat.

James Clatworthy has become George Wileman's assistant in finding the history lessons.

Miss Stafford had better be a baseball batter; she is quite handy with the bat.

### How I Have Enjoyed Literary Society.

As a means of getting us more interested in our Reading and Grammar, it was proposed that we start an eighth grade literary society. Some people did not like the idea very well for, I think, they thought it would mean too much work on their part. However, after the first few

meetings they became more interested and showed their ability when asked to take part. The editorials were very interesting and instructive. Most of the girls were especially interested in the one Gerhard wrote on football. The debates and the paper will help those who had part in them in their high school work. We have had different kinds of meeting so as to keep up the interest. The practice of having officers helped to keep order, while we surely never could have kept it up without the "general manager."

Helen Dickinson.

### **How I Have Enjoyed the Literary Society.**

The literary society which was started this year was a new idea for the grades. It broke up the monotony of regular work. I enjoyed it because it was amusing and interesting and at the same time instructive. The jokes and anecdotes made us all laugh. The debates were so close that we almost held our breaths while the decision was being made. It gave us a good deal of practice in public speaking, so we won't be so terribly frightened when we get to high school and have to appear before the school. But still, on the day of Lit. the pupils who have to take part don't look quite so sunny as those who have to listen.

Margaret Cunningham.

### **Why I Have Enjoyed the Literary Society.**

During the past eight months we have had for the first time in the history of the grades an Eighth Grade Literary Society, and it has been successful. It gave us a change from our regular work. By their work in the society the pupils have gained ability in debating and public speaking. Most of the pupils have done all they could to make all the programs as good as possible. Although a few were bashful and did not contribute much, they are not to be blamed because it is hard for them to get up and talk to so many people. Most of the editorials, limericks, debates, speeches, quotations, stories, etc., were interesting and worth hearing. Not only the pupils have helped, but the teachers too did all in their power to make our society a success, while each and every session was kept in order by our worthy president.

James Curran.

### **Why I Have Enjoyed the Literary Society.**

I have enjoyed the Literary Society a great deal in

every way. By putting a few members on the program each time it gave everybody a chance to give something for the benefit of the school. It is also of great benefit to the pupils individually. One could not refuse to take part if asked to do so. In Grammar a great many pupils would prefer a zero to giving a current event. If they are put on the literary program, however, and are not prepared, they feel embarrassed, and also get the bad will of the class. I do not think anyone has ever refused to help make the society a success. There have been good debates and talks. This work will benefit us a great deal when we get into high school, and will make us want to join a literary society there. On the whole, there could be nothing in school work from which one could get more real good than from a literary society.

George Brown.

### News Items.

The Girls' club was entertained by Myrtle, Laura, Margaret, Helen and Hilda at a weiner and marshmellow roast at the bluffs, Miss Lucke acting as chaperone.

All the grades of the school are preparing a Memorial day program to be given Friday p. m., May 29.

We enjoyed a half holiday Arbor day, May 1. In the morning all assisted in the spring yard cleaning except two or three who felt above it. Gerhard kindly loaned his rake to one of the girls.

During the last month Nellie Bradley, Marie Cunningham and Frances Curran have talked to the pupils of the departmental grades on different current topics.

A few of the girls attended the class play at Albion last night.

### Jokes.

Guess who the cutest little fellow in our room is. Why, Hixon, of course.

We are going to hear wonderful things during music period. The famous operas are being read to us by Miss Simmerling.

I guess we will have to borrow a kindergarten chair, so George Brown may sit next to Miss Hargrave's desk.

Hazel is very sad since the absence of Lillie. She misses her sweet smile.

Miss Stafford and Frederick had a real interesting debate on Women's Suffrage last Wednesday.



Melvin has a new reading book.

Miss Stafford thinks George W. is quite a sketcher.

Clara had a queer sensation at Gardiner's.

Miss Simmerling has very weak muscleless.

Just listen to the eighth grade sing "On Wisconsin."

Why did the room smile when Miss Stafford came all toggged up to school last Friday.

Miss Simmerling thinks we don't need to fall down stairs to get curvature of the spine.

Miss Simmerling hopes the eighth grade will some day get all talked out.

"Yours Truly" marks the papers. Whoever that is.

Miss Patterson must have come in to hear Sylvester sing.

We certainly have a funny crowd in our rom—Rough Necks, Toughys, Shylocks, Weasly Eaters, Gum Chewers, Cat Chokers, Milk Sops, Mush Rats, Joes, Si's, Rinks, Kates, Lizzies and Flossies.

The stores must have gathered quite a few pennies from James.

Ruth Barty was out walking with Oscar when some of her girl friends came along and decided to chaperone them, but were politely told to "beat it" by Oscar. They obeyed the orders.

Norman has an awfully gruff voice.

Frederick wants some more newspapers.

We wonder if Miss Stafford has ever cooked soup? She informed Agnes to make it with soup bones.

### Dippy Dopes.

If Kathryn doesn't like to walk will Frances Carrier?

If Agnes likes to plant, does Edith Gardener?

If Clara sleeps, does Hixon Knapp?

If Melvin's Brush—name of a car—will not run, will Hurley's Ford?

If Agnes' hair is red, is George's Brown?

If President Wilson's daughter was married, was Dickins-son?

If Myrtle receives a lady doll for a birthday present, will Laura's be a Dallman?

If Florence offers a prize of 25 cents for a Broom of Elizabeth's, what will Zyda's Price be?

If Norman's cap is made of winter felt, is George's made of Summerfelt?

If Frederick threw a stone, would James Cur-run?

If Miss Simmerling was about to slay Norman, would Miss Pat-ter-son?

If Norman was put in a giant's bag, would Chester be put in Herbert's Sack?

If Eddie passed a law saying every lady should be poor, would Norman pass a law providing we should be All-Rich?

If stones were put in all the graves, would they be Hard-graves?

Hixon received "Excellent" for his mark in Grammar this morning.

Miss Hargraves in Arith.—Feet times feet won't make square feet.

Miss Hargraves in Arith.—What do you multiply that by? Frederick (in loud tones)—Just plain feet.

Someone was heard to say, "Kathryn seems to be getting thinner."

Poor Frederick is unable to find a comfortable seat during spelling class.

Kathryn is so disgusted with herself, because she is unable to stop herself from blushing.

George Brown is also unable to control his temper during Miss Hargrave's presence.

Frederick thinks the negro has a harder pull than he has.

Frederick enjoys helping others talk, but is never thanked for his kind assistance.

Miss Stafford doesn't know the "Bohemian Girl." Too bad she hasn't been introduced.

Hixon tried to sing a solo to his neighbors this morning, and they all are suffering from an ear ache now.

### Hot. Dog

One day last summer it was scorching hot. I guess it was about the hottest day of all the season. In the morning I was over to Nelson's and they were working as hard as they could to get their work done before afternoon. Mrs. Nelson was making doughnuts and the perspiration was dripping off her face. She looked overheated and I guess I felt like it. After dinner I was trying to do the dishes and every minute I would run to the door to get some fresh air. In the afternoon my friend came over, and as she was quite fat she didn't want to do anything only sit around. All our neighbors were out

under their shadiest trees; their faces were red and they looked as though they would like to jump into the river. My friends and I went down in our cellar where it was cool, but mamma wouldn't let us stay there because she said we would catch cold. I guess we couldn't catch cold on such a day as this. We went down town to get a sundae and just by looking at the people you could tell it was hot. Ladies went by waving fans and with sun shades over them. I even saw a man take off his hat to fan himself. Autos were going to and fro in numbers but even the passengers looked about all done up. Wherever you went you would hear "Isn't it just awful today?" There wasn't a breath of air, thus making it unusually hot. It seemed as though I would swelter, and I don't believe there was ever such a long day in the whole year.

Grace Kellogg.

### Class Roll.

- 1 Perry Anderson—  
"One could see he was wise the moment one looked in his face."
- 2 Ruth Bartz—  
"I am so happy and free—life is all a joke to me."
- 3 Roy Barton—  
"A steady, sober sort of fellow."
- 4 Melvin Berg—  
"For I must have been a-dreaming."
- 5 Nora Biessman—  
"Be good and you'll be happy."
- 6 George Brown—  
"Obstinacy dwells in this man."
- 7 Elizabeth Bruhn—  
"Forgive me if I seem to blush."
- 8 Sylvester Burdick—  
"A Chesterfield in dress and manners."
- 9 Frances Carrier—  
"A winning way, a pleasant smile."
- 10 Graydon Clark—  
Up, up, my friend! Quit your books or you will grow double."
- 11 James Clatworthy—  
"Work! Where did I ever hear that name before?"
- 12 Margaret Cunningham—  
"A true girl; admired by all."

- 13 James Curran—  
 "I am in earnest; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard.
- 14 Laura Dallman—  
 "A face demure, but oh, those eyes!"
- 15 Helen Dickinson—  
 "The highest wisdom is continued cheerfulness."
- 16 Hazel Ehlenfeldt—  
 "A still, small voice."
- 17 Myrtle Ehlenfeldt—  
 "Don't worry about your work—get what you can and let the rest go."
- 18 Frederick Ellingson—  
 "Mischief, thou art afoot! There's mischief in this man!"
- 19 Helen Flarity—  
 "An Irish colleen, with native wit."
- 20 Hurley Ford—  
 "A voice resounds like thunder peal."
21. Wellington Fredendall—  
 "An every day young man."
- 22 Edith Gardiner—  
 "Happy am I; content am I. Why aren't they all like me?"
- 23 Rollin Gettle—  
 "He was a youth of rare, undoubted might."
- 24 Beatrice Holtan—  
 "The best goods are in small packages."
- 25 Kathryn Hubbell—  
 "I am resolved to grow fat and look young till I'm forty."
- 26 Gerhard Jenson—  
 "Business before pleasure."
- 27 Florence Kellogg—  
 "Content to do her duty, and find out in duty done her full reward."
- 28 Hixon Knapp—  
 "Yon fellow hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much (?). Such men are dangerous."
- 29 Agnes Linnevold—  
 "When people tell me she's a saint, I'm almsot certain that she—ain't!"
- 30 Bert Litney—  
 "A moral, sensible and well bred man."

Esther Nelson—

“If to her share some errors fall, look to her face  
and you’ll forget them all.”

32 Chester Peters—

“By plain speech, he shall win renown.”

33 Zyda Price—

“For when she won’t, she won’t, and there’s an  
end on’t.”

34 Alma Ratzlaff—

“To be grave, exceeds all power of her face.”

35 Clara Saunders—

“She sleeps—my lady sleeps.”

36 Hilda Schmeling—

“Her eyes might shame a night of starlight  
gleams—they are so bright.”

37 Eddie Thompson—

“Full of quaint drolleries is this lad.”

38 Alma Hoffman—

“Evidently modest and retiring.”

39 Herbert Sack—

“A quiet youth, withal.”

40 Walter Sack—

“Smile—this advice is worth a pile.”

41 Norman Ullrich—

“For thinking is an idle waste of thought.”

42 Gordon Page—

“Beware the fury of a patient man.”

43 Agnes Nagle—

“I profess not talking.”

44 George Sommerfeldt—

“Pigmies placed on the shoulders of giants see  
more than the giants themselves.”

#### **Eighth Grade Alphabet.**

- 1 A is for Anderson, our history shark,  
Who they say is never out after dark.
- 2 B stands for Bert with freckles—behold!  
He is going to leave us, we have been told.
- 3 C is for Curran, the man of great knowledge,  
Who will some day be at the head of a college.
- 4 D is for Dickinson, our Helen so jolly,  
Altho she is cheerful, she ne’er stoops to folly.
- 5 E is for Elizabeth, our fair German maid,  
It’s easy to make her blush every shade.
- 6 F stands for Flarity, the Irish debater,

There is no one on this side of the globe who can beat her.

- 7 G stands for the three Georges—troublesome lads,  
They often have made every teacher mad.
- 8 H is for Hixon, the tallest boy in the room,  
Who spends most of his time in Miss Simmerling's room.
- 9 I is for Idle, a word with much meaning,  
When applied by the teachers to folks who are dreaming.
- 10 J is for James Clatworthy, that artistic boy,  
Whose drawings often cause Miss Simmerling joy.
- 11 K stands for Katherine and Kellogg, too,  
Their friendship, you know, is surely true blue.
- 12 L is for Lillie, who once had a smile,  
But now it is vanished—gone out of style.
- 13 M stands for Margaret—a most winning lass,  
She has for her friend everyone in the class.
- 14 N is for Nagle, a maiden so quiet,  
She can calmly look on when the room's in a riot.
- 15 O stands for Organ, whose melodious strains  
Are drawn out by Hilda with all might and main.
- 16 P stands for Peters, with a funny nickname,  
But tho he's called "Butch," he's nice just the same.
- 17 Q is for all words which start with that letter,  
Quizzes and Quiet seem to go well together.
- 18 R is for Rollin, our statesman who's gone,  
He could talk on politics all the day long.
- 19 S stands for Sylvester, the Eighth Grade dude,  
Who has never (?) been known to do anything rude.
- 20 T is for Thompson, our Eddie so wise,  
He never acts silly, like some of the guys.
- 21 U is for Ullrich, the one who's called Norman,  
Tho he's pretty good, he needs many a sermon.
- 22 V is for Victory, for which all are working,  
Those who would reach it, can't do any shirking.
- 23 W stands for Walter, he's one of the Sacks,  
For sound information he never lacks.
- 24 X is for Xcelent the Eighth Graders mark,  
The earning of such they consider a lark.
- 25 Y is for Yelling—if we offered a prize,  
We think James could yell the loudest—considering his size.
- 26 Z stands for zero, so small (0) neat (0) and round

In our teacher's class books they never are found.

—Helen Flarity.

**“Class Poem!”**

- 1 Our 8th Grade's a jolly crowd,  
But some of them laugh out so loud  
It makes the rest smile many a smile,  
As all the teachers they do rile.
- 2 The boys went to Stoughton to play basketball,  
And they had to play in a miserable hall;  
Onlookers would say they played very loose,  
And 'twas not a game but a poor excuse.
- 3 Our Literary Society is a new thing,  
We've tried all stunts except to sing;  
The people who speak all quiver and shake,  
And when they try to debate their voices break.
- 4 We think our teachers are all right,  
For they very seldom fight;  
It is not very often they get sore  
And call us down with a loud roar.
- 5 Our studies this year number seven,  
We have to work as tho they were eleven;  
Most of them are hard for boys,  
But to the girls they're only joys.
- 6 On the whole, we're a jolly bunch,  
And if you should ever get a hunch  
About us raising general “rough house,”  
Say its a lie, or keep still as a mouse.

—F. Ellingson.

**Poetical (?) Descriptions.**

Tall as a bean pole, limber as an eel,  
Nothing short of the Presidency, will to him appeal.

—Hixon.

Neither short nor tall, but of medium size,  
At the girls he often casts “sheeps' eyes.”

—Norman.

With a smiling face and good-natured mien,  
We call her fat, she's surely not lean.

—Kathryn A.

She's tall and slim, with considerable vim,  
When it comes to debating, she's bound to win.

—Helen F.

Trotting up and down the aisles,  
Asking questions, causing smiles.

—Frederick E.

### Benefits of Literary Society.

The Literary Society is beneficial in numerous ways. One of the great benefits derived therefrom is the help in English work. Here the English used by the speaker is supposed to be as nearly correct as possible. Slovenly speech, indistinct articulation, inaccurate pronunciation, to say nothing of incorrect grammar and limited vocabulary, are defects which indicate usually a lack of culture and youth is the time when these mistakes should be corrected. The ability to have a perfect command of the English language is one of the greatest possessions a man can attain. As we listen to the literary program we note words that are new to us, and these words recur to our memory, they awaken a desire to know their meaning. We admire the speaker as much for his use of English as for the thought of his composition. In the Literary Society we hear things mentioned about which we know little or nothing. This creates a desire to read on these subjects and books are the greatest help toward acquiring a perfect use of the English language. As the speakers appear constantly before their classmates they gain confidence and self reliance. The boy who tries time after time to conquer his trembling knees when standing before his classmates, the boy who tries to look his classmates in the eye without faltering and express his deepest thoughts is the boy best fitted to face an employer with a request or to ask a school board for a position. Many public men of today lament the error of their youth. They failed to get control of their hands and feet or of their facial muscles and vocal apparatus. These faults must be corrected in youth before the habits are formed.

There is also a social benefit to be derived from this society. It gives a chance to become better acquainted and to appreciate more fully one another's abilities. Socially this society is a great success but its success in a literary sense is dependent upon the efforts of the members and the interest manifested.

Thus we see that some of the benefits of a literary society are:—help in English work; current topics; self reliance and confidence; a reasoning power; the power of thought and social advantages.

—Clara Saunder.



## Jokes.

Did anyone ever see Frederick when he looked like a walking dictionary?

Why don't all seats look alike to George Brown?

Wanted in the Grammar Room—some extra room for Hixon.

This remark is frequently heard at recess time, "May I go down to Harry's."

Wanted by the teacher—a microscope or magnifying glass with which to watch George Summerfelt.

Ask Melvin what m-i-e-n means.

Pupil—Can we write it in outline form?

Teacher—No you had better not for you are not full enough.

George wants a telescope so that he can see the arithmetic on the front board.

George Summerfelt is quite sure that he is older than Miss Stafford.

Sylvester is certainly odd, he is trying to catch Miss Stafford's eye.

Papa tell Hurley things about Civics.

The girls are wondering why they don't get a bid to the sleigh load.

Three eighth grade boys were going home and on passing George Brown's bicycle which was out in front of a store noticed that the tire was not very hard.

(First boy) This tire is soft, it needs a little more shorting.

(Second boy) Better put in some yeast and make it rise.

The eighth grade made a flying trip to California, according to one of the teachers. Tuesday they were all back in their seats. Wasn't it wonderful?

Miss Simmerling being a teacher of geography and music, wants a jews harp and the world.

Wanted by Miss Hargraves—an adding machine and some cough syrup.

Wanted by Miss Stafford—a set of tin dishes.

Wanted by the teachers—a phonograph to say "Let's have it quiet."

Wanted by George Summerfelt—something to make me grow.

Gerhard wants to know if there are six weeks in a month now.

Wanted by Frederick—more congenial neighbors.  
Gerhard in Physiology, "We have bottles at our house marked 30% alcohol.

A Sixth Grader asked permission to stay away from California, as she feared the trip would cost too much.

Ask Kathryn Hubbell what Popular Sovereignty means.

### **How I Feel To Get Up On a Frosty Morning.**

About seven o'clock on a frosty morning I was trying to keep warm when I heard a call come up the stairs. I answered, "In a minute." I did not think anything about it and fell back into a sleep. The minute and nearly fifteen minutes passed before there was anything said about getting up. But before I had thought much about it the second call came up and sounded a little angrier than the first one. I knew what was the best thing to do, so I thought I had better get up and I was going to do so, when a cold breeze came thru the room. I immediately covered up, for I did not care to freeze to death. I had no sooner thought of this than I heard an angry call that rattled the frosty hall, "I'll be up there in a minute." I again made an attempt to get up, but it seemed colder than ever, so I thought it would be warmer in a minute. I heard mother say to father, "Get that boy up!" and I jumped up out of bed and never noticed the cold one bit. I heard someone coming up the stairs but by the time he got there as angry as he was I was ready for breakfast.

—James Curran.

### **When I Am Waiting My Turn at the Dentist's.**

There is most always a large crowd where I have my dentistry work done, and while I am waiting I try to read magazines or books, but I cannot get my thoughts on the reading. I heard that everlasting buzz buzz of the dentist's machine and once in a while a woman will exclaim ouch, oh, but how that hurt and she takes such short breaths you'd think it was her last moment on earth.

The other women are talking about how the doctors hurt her so last time when he pulled a tooth and I wonder to myself if I will come out of that room alive.

I think of all the bad deeds I have committed in my past life which are very few. I find a story more interesting and try to walk around the room. I find my legs

so weak I can hardly walk. I look at the dentist, he seems a short man and I wonder if he ever tried to commit some murderous deed if I couldn't murder him first. But my turn comes to have my tooth "saved." The worst is yet to come and I feel shaky and nervous.

—Helen Flarity.

### **Waiting My Turn at the Dentist's.**

When I go to the dentists to get a tooth pulled out I have a very strange feeling. I feel like running away and then if I do I will be sorry for it for maybe tonight I will have a terrible toothache and then I will wish I had gone to the dentists. While I am waiting I look around the room and there are pictures and wax forms of teeth and that makes me feel all the worse. I look at magazines but they are all dentists papers and they have parts of teeth in them and they are telling about some disease of the teeth, then I feel as if I had some disease of the teeth. I look at the daily paper, but I am so full of the things about teeth that I cannot read. When my turn comes I shiver so I hardly know what to do. When my tooth is out I can tell you that I was not sorry and I didn't have any disease of the teeth either. After that I said that if I had to go to the dentists again, I would not go reading anything about this.

—Perry Anderson.

### **When I Am Having My Picture Taken.**

If some one is taking a camera picture I feel all the worse; for the sun must be in your eyes, it seems, and you never can get in the right place or position. My face feels all screwed up and my hair feels "awful." When the photographer says, "Look pleasant please," I get all out of position and have to get settled again and generally I feel so silly my face is one continued grin and of course it must be a little bit more sober. If there are several others in the picture I feel all the worse for they are uneasy and trying to get settled too. Finally he snaps the picture and then it is all over. I feel silly no longer.

—Helen Dickinson

### **How I Feel When Waiting My Turn at the Dentist's.**

When I am told that I will have to have a tooth pulled out, it frightens me greatly, but the tooth is paining me and has to come out. The next day I had to go up to the dentists. I was very frightened and was glad

to see so many before me, but when I saw a woman yell when her tooth came out I thought that my tooth would not ache any more so I started home, but as I got out the door it started to ache again so I had to go back. The other people had all gone so it was my turn. I was so frightened that I began to shake all over. He opened my mouth and looked in. He then went and got the biggest pinchers he had I believe. When they came to my mouth put them in my mouth and gave a quick jerk. I thought I was killed. He said "Didn't come out this time." I nearly left the seat for they were about a foot long. He nearly fainted. The shock from the first pull put all courage out of me. Then he pulled long and hard and my jaws hurt and bled, but at last he was rewarded by the tooth coming out and then there was a spitting of blood and I was greatly relieved.

### **Company at Dinner.**

When I am going to have company to dinner I have to get my best manners out and use them. All the while they are at the table I am worrying I will drop something on the table cloth or get too much of something so I won't be able to clean my plate up. Then I drop a little bit of gravy on the table cloth or something and look around quick to see if anyone is watching and if they are not hurry up and clean it up so it does not show or put my plate or something on top. All the while at the table I keep an eye on mother to see if she notices if I have made a mistake or something, but if she smiles then it is alright and makes me feel a little better. If the company are talking about something I don't understand I have to keep quiet and not ask many questions as I would if we were alone.

—Myrtle Ehlenfeldt.

### **When We Have Company for Dinner.**

At last the three guests have arrived and everyone of our family including father, are racking their brains trying to remember some of the instructions mother has been pumping into us for the last few days.

The instructions when we should always remember to say yes sir! or no ma'am! is over and the dinner or supper begins. Now we must remember not to be clumsy and knock over anything, not to be served more than twice to pie and if we didn't get any salad not to look

up as if we had lost something. These last two were the most important instructions.

After the introduction things went along pretty well, but sure enough (just as mother had said) father in serving spilled gravy on the table cloth while mother looked "daggers" at him and I tipped over the salt and pepper shakers while reaching for the bread. However, as the guests did not notice, or pretended not to, things went on swimmingly till time for the guests to go, but father and I were not to get out of it so easily as my brother did (who began eating before everyone was served). Dad said that the "blamed old" spoon handle was too short and that anyway the table cloth was an old one.

Mother said that she didn't care about the tablecloth, but the Smiths were such talkers that by tomorrow morning it would be all over town about his clumsiness. Dad says if it was, he'd get even with old Smithy telling of the time that Smith "skipped" church and went to see the ball game saying that he was called down to the office by the boss to look up the addresses of several firms.

But however strange (as mother said) it did not get around the neighborhood and we never heard another thing about it so both mother's surmises and father's threats went for nothing.

—Norman Ullrich.

### Wet.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, just time to get out of school. We just got started and it began to pour rain. The wind blew so we couldn't keep an umbrella up. Our dresses were as tho they came from a tub, and hair all sopping wet. Our shoes were bubbling with water and we felt like a hen when she falls in a creek. To make matters worse a boy ran into me and pushed me into one of the rivers, that were now quite naturally flowing everywhere. The water in the gutters run so fast that it roared and splashed upon us. I began to cry and got my handkerchief so wet that the more I soused it on my face the wetter it become. Slip sloop for every step we took forward we slid back two. My clothes were so soft and bubbly with the rain that they felt like water wings. When I got home I had to make baking powder biscuits for supper and got them so wet and sticky that mother threw them out doors where they felt

more at home with the rest of the slop. It happened to be election day and father came home and said the town went wet. That was the finish. I dropped the can of milk I had in my hand and my sister said "Oh Soup."

—Margaret Cunningham.



