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1917

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CRIMSON  
1917



Rena Zacharias  
Freshman

Edgerton,  
Wisconsin

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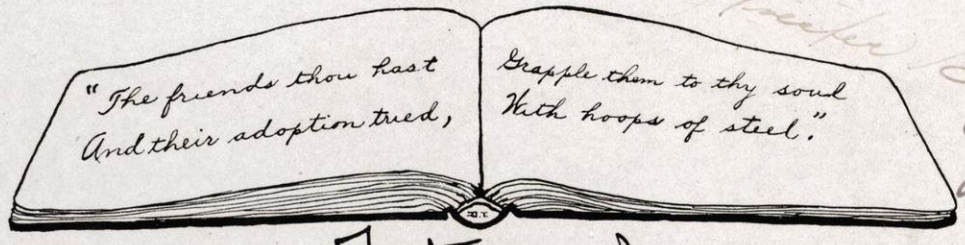


# THE CRIMSON

AN ACCOUNT OF CERTAIN  
HAPPENINGS IN AND  
ABOUT THE SCHOOL, AS  
COMPILED BY THE  
CLASS OF 1917 IN  
THEIR SENIOR YEAR

— AT —

THE CHILD HIGH  
SCHOOL OF  
EDGERTON WIS.



Autographs

*Handwritten initials/signature in the top left corner.*

*Marguerite Madden "Sally"*  
*A. J. Dyer*

- Lydia M. Gimmann "Captain Judy" "Keraleo"
- Ida Straess
- Eleanor Maltpress - Betty
- Helen Smith - Betty
- Eloise Rineburgh "Lurk"
- Lorraine Dukenison "Duke"
- Hearl Hutson "Puck"
- Genevieve Nichols "Jane"
- Regina Mohr "Gene"
- Lillian Brown "Lill"
- Bernice Hensen "Bernie"
- Josephine R. McDenty "Patsey"
- Effie Sarden "Sae"
- Margaret R. Marsden "Maggie"
- Marathy Babcock "Pat"
- Gertrude Nichols "Get"
- Edna L. Clarke "Eddy"
- Ruth E. Clarke "Rufus"
- Anna E. Hoer "Annie"
- Cether Nelson "C"
- Elsie Dattmann "Elsie"
- Helen Parks

*Dorothy Dalton "Ditch"*  
*Abner L. Hamlin "Bing"*  
*Byron Ross "Burr"*

*Marguerite Dickinson "Duchit"*  
*with M. C. Intosh "Mac"*  
*Ada Mohr*

## DEDICATION.

To Teachers and to Preachers :

To the pupil who works and to the man who doesn't :

To fussers and to buckers :

To athletes and debaters :

To the girls who are peaches and those who are not :

To the student who flunks and the fellow who bluffs :

To the Domestic Science Department which makes its enzymetic appeal to a popular portion of the human anatomy :

To the bulge browed student who receives nothing less than 95 :

To the dandy with tight breeches and the country lad with half-mast dittoes :

To the laundry man who launders our shirts :

To the janitor who scrubs our floors :

To the solemn Seniors ; the reverential Juniors ; the loquacious Sophomores and the verdant Freshmen :

To the philosophizing Toutons ; scientific Doerrs ; Miss Gulliford's piano pushers ; the cold calculating cusses in the Geometry Class :

To the citizens of Edgerton :

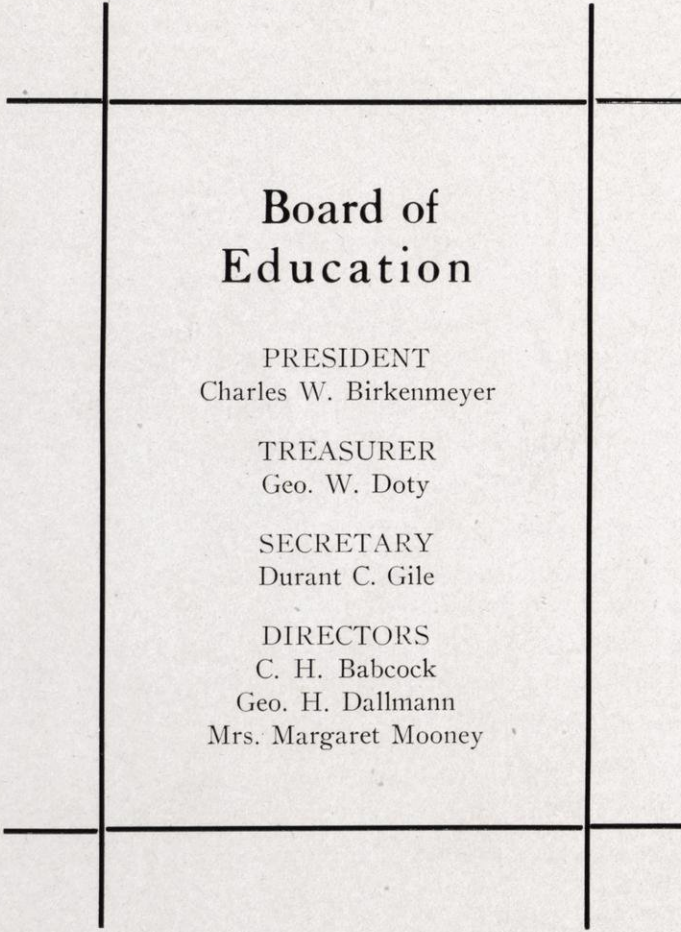
To the spirit of the town :

To the supporters of the school :

To the faculty who have worked so faithfully for the betterment of the student body :

To our enemies and friends ; to anyone that we have skipped ; in fact to everyone upon the earth except the German kaiser and individually **to you** ; to our much loved High School and to Edgerton, the biggest little town in the state of Wisconsin : This Crimson is respectfully and affectionately dedicated by the Class of 1917.





## Board of Education

PRESIDENT  
Charles W. Birkenmeyer

TREASURER  
Geo. W. Doty

SECRETARY  
Durant C. Gile

DIRECTORS  
C. H. Babcock  
Geo. H. Dallmann  
Mrs. Margaret Mooney

## EDGERTON SPIRIT.

To determine what a school stands for it is but necessary to find what spirit prevails in that school. This spirit is, of course, typical of the attitude of the student body. This spirit may be taken as the standard by which to judge the school. This spirit must be created by the co-operation of each individual member in the school and of course, it lies with these individual members as to whether it shall be good or bad. After the creation of the spirit it begins to control the attitude of mind of the individuals who created it. It, therefore behooves us to be sure that we are not doing anything to create a bad spirit in the attitude of our school. The spirit which obtains at Edgerton is as a whole a very splendid indication of the attitude of mind that prevails on the part of the student body. The fine spirit which thrives at Edgerton is evidenced by the support given to the athletic teams. It is a spirit which supports a team win or lose, and such a spirit is the only spirit worth while for any school to possess. However, we should not allow our desire to win become paramount to the extent that we wish to become victorious by fair means or foul, for then it reflects back upon the school to its disadvantage.

There is a very decided difference between the spirit of a sport and a sportsman. On the one hand we have an individual who does not care by what means the things he stands for reach the heights so long as they do reach them. The sport supports the team only when it is victorious, and during the time that it is victorious, he has nothing but boasts to offer for that which he pretends to support, but when something goes wrong and what he has heretofore supported is losing then he no longer boasts but knocks. Contrast this spirit to that of a true sportsman. A true sportsman is an individual who is always in back of that for which he stands. He never knocks but always boosts. He has no excuses to offer for defeat but will admit a fair and square defeat. It was this latter spirit which characterized the Edgerton High School's football and basket ball teams for the past season especially. Each member on either of these teams was a clean, fair, and square player, who never did a dirty trick intentionally to win a game. This spirit is the spirit which should characterize all schools.

The spirit which we find prevalent in all activities in Edgerton is the spirit of the sportsman. There is a sense of honor existing in the attitude of the members taking part and also the student body as a whole, which will not approve of a victory procured by unfair means. Each pupil so subordinates his own selfish desires in his work for the welfare of the team or school that this desire for the paramount welfare of the school has become prevalent in Edgerton. In so subordinating his own selfish desires the pupil is showing real loyalty to the school and loyalty after all only means that we must place the welfare of the group above the welfare of the individual.

This spirit is as a matter of course carried into whatever line of activity the pupils may engage. It prevails in the relation of pupil to pupil and if the proper spirit obtains we find pupils being loyal to each other as well as acting for the welfare of the school. This spirit is carried still farther and we find it evidenced in the relation of the teacher to pupil and the pupils co-operate in their efforts to better the school. The spirit, above described, characterizes the attitude of the Student Body at Edgerton and is a true sportsman spirit.





## THE STAFF

Hansen

Williams

Schoenfeld  
Boehm

Schmidt

Lynts

Flarity

Amundson

Ogden  
Gile

Birkenmeyer

Towne

McIntosh

Clarke





### THE FACULTY

Sup't. Holt  
 Miss Stafford  
 Miss Gulliford  
 Miss Farman  
 Miss Youngquist

Miss Foley  
 Mr. Lamoreaux  
 Miss Lucey  
 Mr. Lewis

Prof. Dexter  
 Miss Hoen  
 Miss Heidner  
 Miss Dixon  
 Miss McIntosh

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## The Faculty

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F. O. HOLT, Superintendent.

Milwaukee Normal '04; Ph. B. University of Wisconsin '07; Supt. Sun Prairie '07-'11;  
Supt. Edgerton '11-'17.

RUSSELL F. LEWIS, Mathematics and History.

Sun Prairie H. S. '11; Beloit College '11-'12; University of Wisconsin '15; Edgerton  
H. S. '15-'17.

EDITH B. HEIDNER, German and History.

West Bend H. S.; Milwaukee Downer College '10-'11; University of Wisconsin '13;  
Mazomanie H. S. '13-'14; Edgerton H. S. '14-'17.

EDISON S. LAMOREAUX, Manual Training.

Muskegon, Mich., H. S.; Hackley Manual Training School '13; Edgerton H. S. '13-'17.

ANNA HOEN, Domestic Science.

Edgerton H. S.; Whitewater Normal; University of Chicago; Edgerton H. S. '14-'17.

LORETTA LUCEY, Commercial Course.

Graduate Mazomanie H. S. '07; Whitewater Normal '15; Edgerton '15-'17.

ALBERT J. DEXTER, Science.

Sun Prairie H. S., '11; University of Wisconsin '15; Walworth '15-'16; Edgerton '16-'17.

EVA W. FOLEY, German and History.

Baraboo H. S.; University of Wisconsin.

GRACE STAFFORD, English I., Junior H. S. History and Reading, Senior Reviews.

Edgerton H. S.; Whitewater Normal.

TEKLA YOUNGQUIST, Grade Penmanship Supervisor, Mechanical Drawing Seventh and  
Eighth Grades, Spelling.

Graduate Florence High School; Oshkosh State Normal; Edgerton '14-'17.

CARRIE DIXON, Arithmetic and Geography.

Graduate Brodhead H. S. 1913; Whitewater Normal '16; Edgerton '16-'17.

NORA FARMAN, Junior H. S. Reading and Language.

Edgerton H. S. '11; Whitewater Normal '15; Edgerton H. S. '16-'17.

KATE GULLIFORD, Music.

Oshkosh H. S.; University of Wisconsin '10; Columbus, Wisconsin, '10-'15; Edgerton  
'15-'17.

MILDRED STARR, Ph. B., English.

Greeley, Colo., H. S. '12; Colorado State Teachers' College '13-'14; University of Wis-  
consin '15-'16; Edgerton H. S. '16-'17. Due to an error on the part of the engraver  
Miss Starr's photo has been omitted.



### CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Norman Clarke

VICE PRESIDENT—Geneva Schoenfeld

SECRETARY-TREASURER—Ruth Birkenmeyer

ASSISTANT TREASURER—Rolland Williams

ADVISOR—Mr. Holt.

## GLADYS ANDERSON:

Yes, Petie's a wonderful lass,  
 She's acquired a whole lot of class.  
 Her dandy complexion  
 Makes her some selection  
 For a guy who possesses the cash.

Girls' Athletic Association (1, 2); Glee Club (1, 3, 4); Laurean (1); Glee Club Operetta (4); Class Play; S. S. S. (4); Dramatic Society (4).

## RUTH BIRKENMEYER:

A dainty and sweet little miss,  
 Who lives in puddles of bliss,  
 When out with a gink  
 From over the 'drink'  
 That runs thru Edgerton, Wis.

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Laurean Society (3, 4); Treas. of Class (3, 4); Glee Club Operetta (4); Class Play; Athletic Association (1); S. S. S. (4); Crimson Staff (4).

## IRMA BOEHM:

I'm sure it is awfully rare,  
 To be blessed with such golden hair,  
 One should always be proud,  
 To be picked in a crowd,  
 For being excessively fair.

Laurean Society (4); Class Play; Girls' Athletic Association (1); S. S. S. (4); Crimson Staff (4); Dramatic Society (4).

## GENEVIEVE CHAMBERLAIN:

She is so exceedingly small,  
 You scarcely can see her at all,  
 If ever locked out  
 She is never in doubt.  
 She slides in thru a chink in the wall.

Glee Club (3, 4); Laurean Society (4); Girls' Athletic Association (1); Glee Club Operetta; S. S. S.; Class Play.







*Went Sept. 11, 1918.  
In France*

#### NORMAN CLARKE:

This lad of reliable mien,  
Though of form he's rather lean,  
Is just bound to succeed,  
'Cause it's always agreed  
That he has good stuff in his bean.

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Oratorical Contest (1, 2); Pres. Class (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Class Baseball (3,4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Play.

#### NAOMI CROFT:

Now what shall we say about you?  
There's nothing too good, that's true,—  
Calmly working away,  
At your post every day,  
You have earned the fine title "True Blue."

Athletic Association (1); Treas. Laurean (4); Laurean (4); Dramatic Society (4); Class Play.

#### LESTER DOERR:

Oh, lad with the sweet baby stare,  
I think that you'd better prepare  
To give up your life,  
Of labor and strife,  
And indulge in love's dream so fair.

Class Baseball (3); Original Oratorical (3); Literary Society (4); Class Play.

#### MILDRED DOTY:

She rushes from pillar to post,  
Her work; it is always the most;  
But she will stop to talk  
Or go for a walk,  
So a quizz makes her look like a ghost.

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4) Laurean (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatic Society (4); S. S. S. (4); Class Prophecy.

## HELEN FESSENDEN:

At dancing she has quite a "rep,"  
 We all like to watch this dame step;  
 She's always jolly,  
 So clever, by golly!  
 She never is lacking in "Pep."

Glee Club (1); Freshman Literary Society (1); Athletic Association (1, 2);  
 Laurean Society (4); Class Play.

## NYRIA GILE:

Oh, where is that noise leaking out,  
 That giggle, that clatter, that shout,  
 Oh, why don't she cease,  
 And give us some peace,  
 And yet she knows what she's talking about.

Entered as Sophomore from Watertown.  
 Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Laurean (4); Class  
 Play (4); S. S. S. (4); Dramatic Society  
 (4); Declamatory (2, 4); Orchestra  
 (4); Crimson Staff (4).

## ABNER HANSEN:

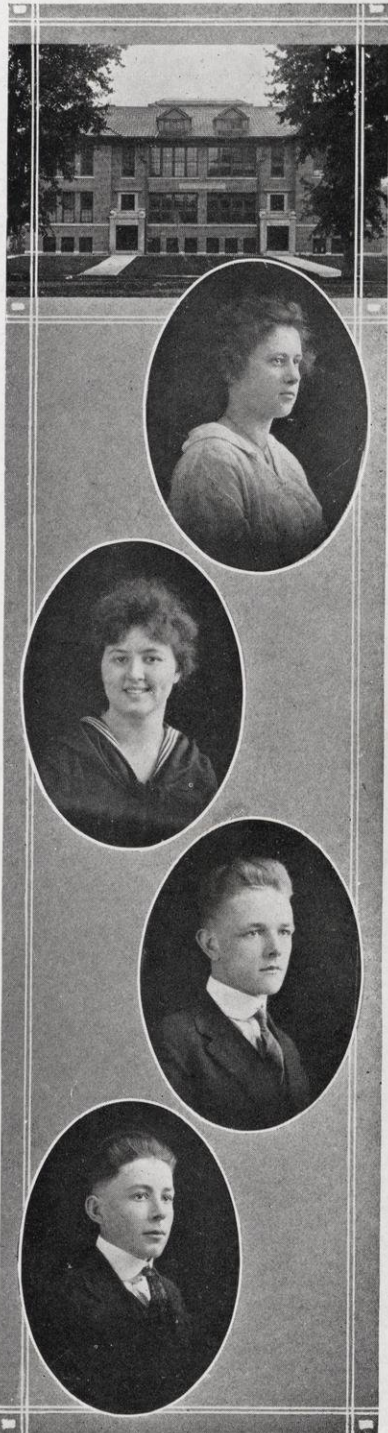
We think he will rival quite soon,  
 The cow that jumped over the moon.  
 But "Ruthie declares,  
 That nobody cares,  
 If he won't run away with the spoon.

Glee Club (1, 3, 4); Oratorical (1, 2, 3,  
 4); Debate (2, 3, 4); Original Oratorical  
 (3); Orphelian (1, 2, 3, 4); Extemporaneous  
 (2); Cheer Leader (4); Editor-in-chief  
 Crimson; Class Play.

## LESTER HARTZELL:

Just mind your own business, I say,  
 For I've found it a pretty good way,  
 When work is not done  
 There's no time for fun,  
 But afterwards—then let's be gay.

Class Baseball (3, 4); Baseball (4);  
 Class History.





## PERCY HUBBELL:

"Do some work"—did you say to this lad?  
 Now, really that's quite, quite too bad;  
 He simply hates work,  
 All tasks he will shirk,  
 Now isn't that terribly sad?

Football (1); Class Basketball (3, 4);  
 Class Baseball (3, 4); Orphelian (1, 2,  
 3, 4); Class Play.

## ROLLAND KELLOGG:

Oh, yes, we all admire the spunk,  
 Of this guy, who is known as "Lunk,"  
 He thinks lots of a dame,  
 Of literary fame,

And he was never known to flunk,

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball (4);  
 Orphelian (1, 2, 3, 4); Pres. Orphelian  
 (4); Oratorical Contest (1, 2, 3); Ori-  
 ginal Oratorical (3); Glee Club (1, 3);  
 Class Reporter (3); Debate (4); Class  
 Basketball (3, 4); Class Baseball (3, 4).

## NORA LIEN:

Her beauty may vanish from sight,  
 Her friends may abandon her quite,  
 But still she will say,  
 In the very same way,  
 "Let's go to the movies tonight."

Girls' Athletic Association (1); Laur-  
 ean (4); Dramatic Society (4); S. S. S.  
 (4); Class Prophecy.

## GEORGE LYNTS:

I know a young lad called "jigger,"  
 Who seems to cut quite a figger,  
 At fussin' the ladies  
 The Sals, Pegs and Sadies,  
 He shows quite unusual vigor.

Oratorical (1, 2, 3, 4); Debate (2, 3, 4);  
 Football (3); Basketball (4); Sec. &  
 Treas. Literary Society (3, 4); Glee  
 Club (1, 3); Class Baseball (4); Class  
 Basketball (3, 4); Class Play; Business  
 Manager Crimson.

## ETHEL MORRISON:

A lady with olive complexion,  
 With a natural bent for correction,  
 They say, she's a shark,  
 She can't keep it dark,  
 So she makes not the slightest objection.

Girls' Athletic Association (1); Glee Club (1, 3, 4); Librarian (3, 4); Laurean (4); Dramatic Club (4); Debating Team (3); Valedictorian (4); S. S. S. (4); Glee Club Operetta (4); Extemporaneous Contest (4).

## CLARENCE McINTOSH:

This guy plays basketball "just fine,"  
 At Whitewater he was known to shine,  
 But, just the same,  
 He's not so game,  
 When comin' to school way after nine.

Oratorical (1, 2); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Football (2, 3, 4); Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball (2, 3, 4); Class Play; Social Editor.

## MILDRED PALMITER:

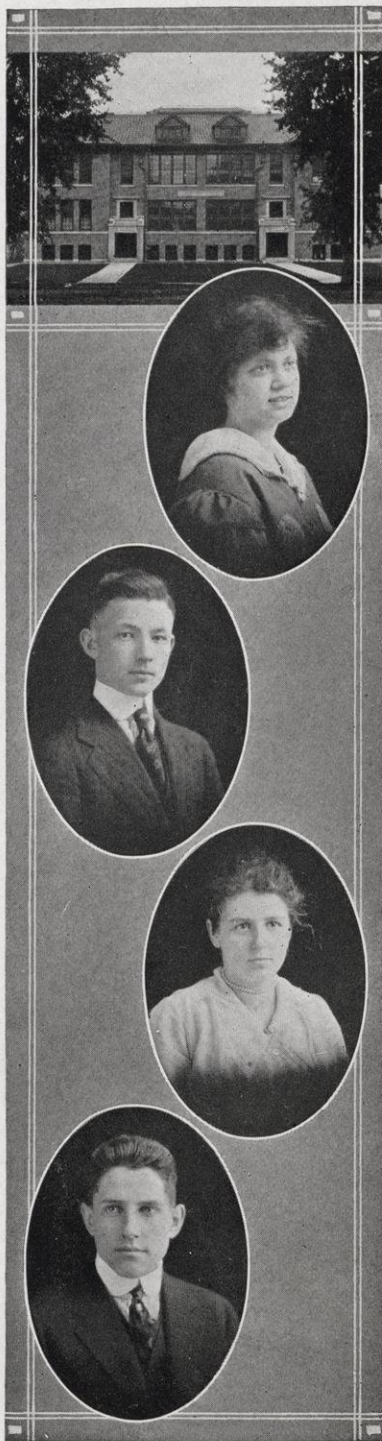
A maiden more modest and shy  
 I never was able to spy,  
 She believes in hard work,  
 And was ne'er known to shirk:  
 This maiden from Albion hard by.

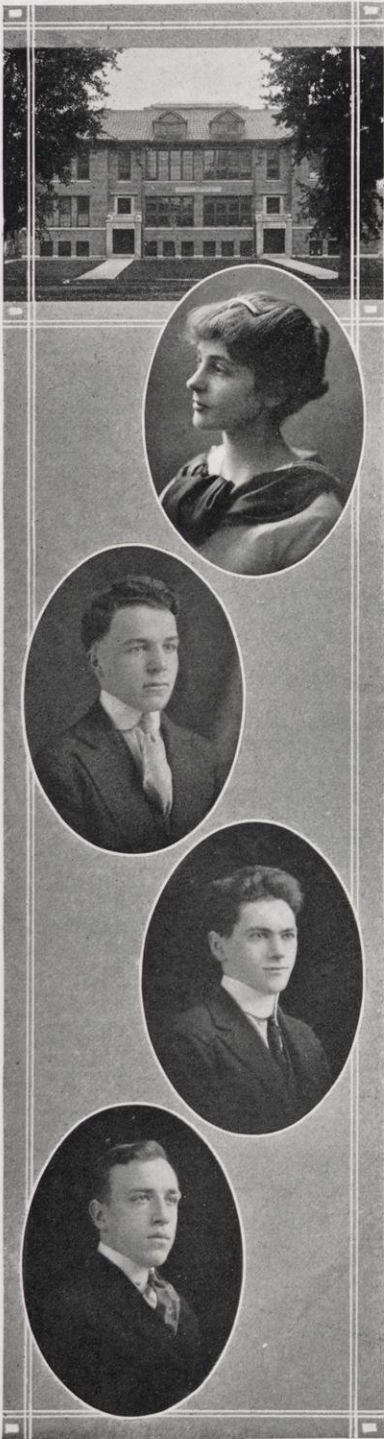
Athletic Association (1, 2); Class Play.

## MAHLON OGDEN:

Though sometimes a trifle effusive,  
 His manners were never abusive,  
 He oftentimes would speak,  
 All days in the week;  
 From Sunday to Sunday inclusive.

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Oratorical (1, 2, 3); Debate (4); Class Song.





## GENEVA SCHOENFELD:

She has a remarkable mind,  
As all of the faculty find.  
She is prompt and efficient,  
Is quite self-sufficient,  
And, moreover, in love never blind.

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Operetta (4);  
Laurean (2, 3, 4); Pres. of Laurean (4);  
Sec. Laurean (3); Vice Pres. Class (1-  
4); Girls' Athletic Association (1);  
Declamatory (1); Literary Editor Crim-  
son (4); Dramatic Club (4); S. S. S.  
(4); Ukulele Club (4); Class Play (4).

## WILLARD SCHMIDT:

He is never happy they say,  
Unless he goes fussing all day,  
His classes all suffer,  
He knows he's a bluffer,  
And yet he just can't keep away.

Football (3, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2,  
3, 4); Baseball (4); Class Play (4).

WILLARD SHEA: *Lied March 31, 1918*

Really, it is rather handy,  
To be fixed so fine and dandy,  
To wherever you are,  
On foot; in a car;  
To be able to eat lots of candy.

Literary Society (2, 3, 4); Debate (3,  
4); Class Baseball (3); Class Will.

## EDWARD SHORT:

It's as good as far as it goes,  
That Eddie is in the "Wild Rose,"  
But we can't help but feel,  
Before the final reel,  
That Eddie will fall for the Rose.

Football (2, 3, 4); Basketball (second  
team) (4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3,  
4); Class Baseball (3, 4); Class Play  
(4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3).

## JOHN STRASSBURG:

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Oh! Oh!  
 About you there is nothing slow.  
 Yet sometimes I wonder,  
 For just how in thunder,  
 The fair damsels can let you go!

Class Basketball (3, 4); Class Prophecy.

## RUSH TOUTON:

A very obstreperous lad,  
 Who at times can be very bad;  
 But he's learning to dance  
 For that gives him a chance,  
 To win some fair maiden, begad.

Orphelian (2, 3, 4); Class Baseball (3, 4); Original Oratorical (1, 3); Debate (4); Charge to the Under Classmen (4).

## ROLLAND WILLIAMS:

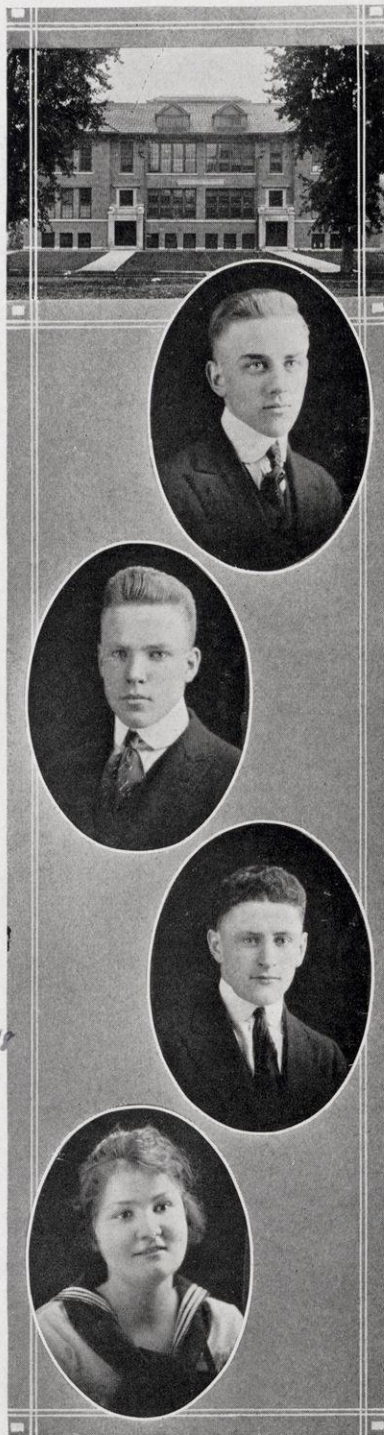
In athletics he's surely a star,  
 His fame, it has traveled afar,—  
 It's been always his aim  
 To play the "good game,"  
 On his record there's been ne'er a mar.

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Baseball (4); Class Play; Asst. Sec. Class; Athletic Editor Crimson; Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Orphelian (1, 2, 3, 4).

DOROTHY TOWNE: *Wied Jan 12, 1910*

There's a Towne who lives in this town,  
 Who some day will win wide renown;  
 All the work she is in  
 Just won't make her thin,—  
 This talented maiden—Miss Towne.

Girls' Athletic Association (1); Girls' Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Operetta (4); Laurean (3); Vice Pres. Laurean (4); Art Editor Crimson (4); Pres. Dramatic Society (4); S. S. S. (4); Ukulele Club (4); Class Poem (4); Winner Short Story Contest (3).



### HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1917

On a memorable day in the fall of 1913, a band of brilliant Freshmen began a high school career long to be remembered by the student body, and faculty of the Edgerton High School. Perhaps at first we looked rather green to our seemingly far superior upper classmen but they soon sat up and took notice of us when four of our members landed places on the regular football team. Our honors, however, did not cease at this point. In the public speaking contests of the spring of '14 we were represented by a talented group of speakers and secured honorable mention by defeating the Sophomores with ease in the preliminary contests.

When at last summer arrived and we found ourselves gazing back over the glorious days we had thus far spent in Edgerton High School we were proud of the fact that we had begun a career in such a way that it has never before nor since then been equalled.

In our Sophomore year we were better than ever in athletics, having seven of our members on the football team. We now entered into a somewhat new sport for the class, "Basketball." Our team nevertheless romped away with the championship, defeating all other classes with ease. Three members of our class team secured regular positions on the basketball team representing Edgerton High School, and demonstrated the high quality of athletic ability existing in the distinguished Class of '17. In literary work we were again prominent. Two of our classmates secured positions on the Debating Team. Our representative in the Declamatory Contest won first place, and we were well represented in the Oratorical Contests, although we were a little unfortunate in not securing the highest honors in that branch. Thus ended the second year of our high school career after obtaining as many honors in two years as most classes do in four.

We entered our Junior year with a firm determination to smash all previous honor records. We certainly did fulfill our determination. On the gridiron we were represented as loyally as ever. Again our class team won the Class Tournament and championship for the second consecutive time. Four of our members were on the high school basketball team that won the southern Wisconsin championship and so nearly captured the laurels of the entire state. After the excitement of the basketball season was over our class, as in all other lines of work, took the lead in literary fields, having three members on the debating team and securing high honors in oratory. To cap the climax of our Junior year we won the General Excellency cup which is awarded annually to the best all-around class, as determined by the vote of the faculty. We ended the third year in Edgerton High School with bright prospects for our fourth year, determined to capture the laurels which our high class ability would easily win.

In our Senior year we again acquitted ourselves with honor in all lines of activities we entered. The Edgerton High School Football Championship Team, eight members of which were Seniors, will long be remembered as being the best football team which ever represented any high school in the state. Our basketball team, which again won the Southern State Championship, was made

up in large part of Seniors, there being five of the seven members from the Class of 1917. Along the social line we are unexcelled. In November we gave one of the most successful parties ever held by High School students, however, we were not only successful along these lines but also in literary work. Six members of the debating teams were Seniors. In the oratorical and declamatory contests we again carried off high honors. During the past four years we have set an example for all other classes to follow. Our record is one of the best records ever made by any class in any High School in the State, and one which will be an incentive for all other classes to attempt to equal.





## CLASS PROPHECY.

It was one afternoon near the close of the school year of 1917 I sat in the main room with my senior classmates and watched the sunlight as it played on the shiny desk lids. A sweet spring breeze blew gently into the open window and lazily tossed a piece of paper to the floor. The big pendulum of the clock swung back and forth telling us to "hur-ry, hur-ry" while somewhere off in the distance a town clock boomed out the three-quarter hour. Just outside the window a cock crowed, a dog barked, then a fly came buzzing drowsily in one window and out the other; someone dropped a pencil; someone else giggled and all was silent once more.

Suddenly everything was changed! The friendly familiar faces disappeared and throngs of people went scurrying along a wide traffic-laden street. In place of the big clock stood a tall brick building with an electric sign swinging back and forth bearing the inscription, "Madame Anderson's Beauty Parlors. How to grow fat or slim, specialties." I gazed around dazedly and was startled by the clanging of a street car bell and a deep-thunder-voiced policeman, whom I recognized to be Edwin Short, shouted at me to move along quickly or I'd get run over. I walked along briskly for a few minutes and came to a movie house where I stopped to see the advertisement. The words that greeted my eyes were "Miss Ethel B. Morrison, the marvelous Scottish emotional actress and dancer, appears tonite in the thrilling three act drama, 'The Honolulu Maiden.' Scene shifter, Lester Hartzell." And farther down on the same street a large theatre advertised "Mr. George Lynts, the man of the magic voice, coming next week."

As I turned a corner leading from the busy thoroughfare into a quiet residence street I met a medium height lady in handsome clothing leading something very much taller and larger than she, by a long silver chain. I wondered vaguely who it might be, when the lady paused in her walk and remarked, "Oh Abner dear, do be careful that the poodle doesn't catch cold and for mercy sake take care how you handle my violin case and don't lose my purse or gloves or any of my music."

"No, Ruth dearest", came in muffled tones from the adoring "something" at the end of the silver chain.

I sighed a little at this and wondered how my other old friends were faring when the next person I met was Mr. Mahlon Ogden who had a troop of small fiddlers at his heels.

A short distance up the street I came to a stately looking house, at whose front door a gentleman with handsome brown eyes stood vigorously ringing the bell. The ring was answered by a white-capped maid and the gentleman of the brown eyes said shyly, "I should like to speak with Miss Boehm, please."

"Just a moment, Mr. Doerr," and the maid disappeared. A short time later she returned and said sweetly:

"Miss Boehm says she is not at home, sir." The gentleman of the brown eyes turned and walked sadly down the steps.

A block or two farther I came to a quiet church and decided I would go in and explore a bit. A man in priestly garments stood near the gate, whom I identified as Willard Shea, because at regular intervals the priestly hand dove into a pocket, a paper sack rattled, the hand went back to the priestly mouth and the lower jaw opened and closed for a few moments and then the process was repeated. I walked in the silent churchyard and at last came to a lot where four headstones were placed in a row. I read the following sad news: The first said "Nora Lien Touton, beloved wife of Rush Touton." The second said "Helen Fessenden Touton, beloved wife of Rush Touton." The third said "Mildred Palmiter Touton, beloved wife of Rush Touton." The fourth said,

"Genevieve Chamberlain Touton, beloved wife of Rush Touton." And then on the other side of the lot I found a small, insignificant slab bearing the following inscription, "Rush Touton, at rest." I judged that he earned it, poor man! As I sauntered along on my way out I was attracted by a headstone which said these words, "An Honest Lawyer." Wondering how that could possibly be I decided to find out who it was and upon examination found it to be no other than Willard Schmidt.

Upon leaving the churchyard I strolled down a shady street admiring the cozy homes, when suddenly I heard voices from an open window. I stood on my tiptoes to see the owners of the voices and discovered that it was Rolland Kellogg instructing the young Kelloggs against the danger of stair-way romances, while Mrs. Geneva threw in an emphaziser, occasionally.

At this moment I noticed that a large crowd was gathering on a corner a little distance off so I hastened to see the cause of excitement. To my amazement I found Mildred Doty talking excitedly on "Woman's Rights."

"I tell you all the great men of the day are on our side," she was telling them. "Our highly esteemed United States President, Mr. Percival J. Hubbell, (here the speaker was interrupted by an outburst of applause) says that our cause is just and must be forwarded. The World's Greatest Athlete, Mr. Rolland Williams, expresses his willingness to aid us in our cause. Ladies and gentlemen——"

At this point a tall, handsome man sauntered past. I nudged my nearest neighbor and asked her who the distinguished gentleman might be. "Surely you know of Clarence McIntosh, the marvelous dancer!" she exclaimed. "Why every time his picture appears in the paper my sister and I come to blows as to which one is to have it. Heavens I had no idea there was a girl in the country who didn't know him!" I murmured my thanks meekly and moved on.

By this time I had returned to the place where the large electric sign swung back and forth. A small boy dashed up to me and asked me to buy a paper of him. I did so and on opening it up found in large headlines, "'The Edgerton Daily Tattler,' Editor John Strassburg." I glanced over the articles and my eyes rested on the following notice: "A lecture on Temperance to be delivered tonight in the auditorium, by Congressman Norman G. Clarke. Mr. Clarke has traveled extensively and will quote statistics from what he has seen personally. Don't miss it!" I glanced on, hoping to find some other familiar names, when I was attracted by this announcement: "Mr. and Mrs. Croft announce the marriage of their daughter, Naomi, to Duke Rogers, of the English nobility. Miss Croft has been a Red Cross nurse in England and has thoroughly captivated the Duke's heart during the process of curing a war-damaged limb."

Bang!—Something crashed to the floor and I started up but—Heavens, was I dreaming? Where was the electric sign? Where were the tall buildings? True there was the crowd of people but it was only the laughing, happy bunch returning to the main room to be dismissed. I rubbed my eyes and looked again for the swinging sign but all I could see was the big pendulum of the clock going back and forth slowly and evenly.

At my feet lay the book that had slipped from my hand and crashing to the floor aroused me from a beautiful dream of my classmates of 1917.



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**HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1918**

PRESIDENT—JAS. CURRAN.

VICE-PRESIDENT—Alma Ratzlaff.

SECRETARY—Gerhard Jenson.

TREASURER—Kathryn Hubbell.

ADVISER—Miss Starr.



Upon a mild September day, as a group of happy Freshmen, we took our places on the right hand side of the assembly, and began a High School career which never will be equalled. The characteristic color of growing herbage promptly disappeared from our faces. Our upper classmen soon realized that the Class of '18 was composed of energetic workers who were bound to succeed and to uphold the distinguished school to which they belonged. Within a few weeks we became accustomed to our various duties and have worked earnestly and proficiently ever since.

As Freshmen we made great progress. Our boys entered into athletics with much enthusiasm. They worked eagerly and persistently and are now ring-leaders in the different sports. The first Freshman literary society was organized by the Class of '18 and was a huge success. In oratory and declamation those representing the Maroon and Gold were given high honors in the preliminary contest. Some of the members of the wonderful Class of '18 made remarkable discoveries in "fusserology" and were immediately recognized by the upper classmen.

In our Sophomore year we manifested great ability in oratory, declamation, debate, athletics and the classroom. As orators and debators, our classmates were among the best. Three of our fellows won the athletic "E". It was during our Sophomore year that our speaker won the interclass declamatory contest. Thus the renowned Class of '18 completed its second year, which was very successful and will long be remembered in Edgerton High School History.

And as Juniors, our leaders were brave and active; our class as a whole, determined. Three of our classmates were members of the State Championship Football Squad. Both the declamatory and oratorical contests were won by Juniors, as well as the first and second places in the short-story contest. The Class of 1918 won the T. B. Earle cup. We were represented on the debating teams by three speakers of great value. As for social events—the Junior Prom and Banquet were very successful. The class was among the leaders in everything it undertook; Forensic, Social and Athletic—all of the honors that mark a class of superior and lasting quality were laid at our feet. Ten of our members are wearers of the "E". Our Junior year has been one of the most brilliant on record and as the past has been exceedingly brilliant it is with high hopes that we look toward our last year in the Edgerton High School.



### JUNIORS

Top Row—Elizabeth Bruhn, Helen Flarity, James Curran, Gerhard Jensen, George Brown.

2nd Row—Nora Biessmann, Helen Dickinson.

3rd Row—Graydon Clarke, Perry Anderson, Eddie Thompson.

4th Row—Margaret Earle, Beatrice Holton.

Bottom Row—Sophie Stricker, Chester Peters, Roy Barton, Margaret Cunningham, Myrtle Ehlenfeldt.



### JUNIORS—(Continued)

Top Row — Hilma Larson, Clara Saunders, Gordon Page, Kathryn Hubbell, Kathryn Ellingson

2nd Row—Archie Saxby, Harry Devine, John Devine, Florence Kellogg, Hylda Schmaling

3rd Row—Frances Carrier, Edith Gardner, Esther Nelson, Frederick Ellingson, Sylvester Burdick

Bottom Row — Agnes Linnevold, Zyda Price, Alma Ratzlaff, James Livick

**HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1919.**

PRESIDENT—Kitchell Sayre.

VICE-PRESIDENT—Hurley Ford.

SECRETARY-TREASURER—Lowell Slagg

CLASS ADVISER—Mr. Lewis

We entered as Freshmen in the September of 1915 forty-six strong. We surpassed all other Freshmen in ability and successful social functions. We entered with enthusiasm the Declamatory and Oratorical Contests and even though we did not carry off all honors we showed perseverance by trying again this year.

In September, 1916, our class had decreased some in membership and only thirty-eight answered to roll call. We continued, however, under the supervision of our worthy adviser, to strengthen our good reputation of our first year. Two of our members helped to increase the honor of the class by aiding the football team in winning the State Championship.

In Debating we again displayed our class spirit. Several of the boys entered the try-outs and the fact that three of them were chosen proves that we are especially good at debating.

The girls have organized a Sophomore Girls' Literary Society or an Aristonian Society. They hold their meetings once every week, with Miss Lucey as adviser, while many of the boys have joined the Boys' Literary Society.

The Sophomore Girls' Domestic Science class has been very successful in assisting Miss Hoen in serving cafeteria luncheons to the pupils at noon, during the winter months. A good lunch may be obtained for a small cost and many have taken advantage of it. This is the first time in the history of the high school that anything of this sort was ever tried and it has been so successful that it will undoubtedly be carried on every winter.

Thus far we proved to have many talented members who will make the history of Edgerton High School famous for years to come.

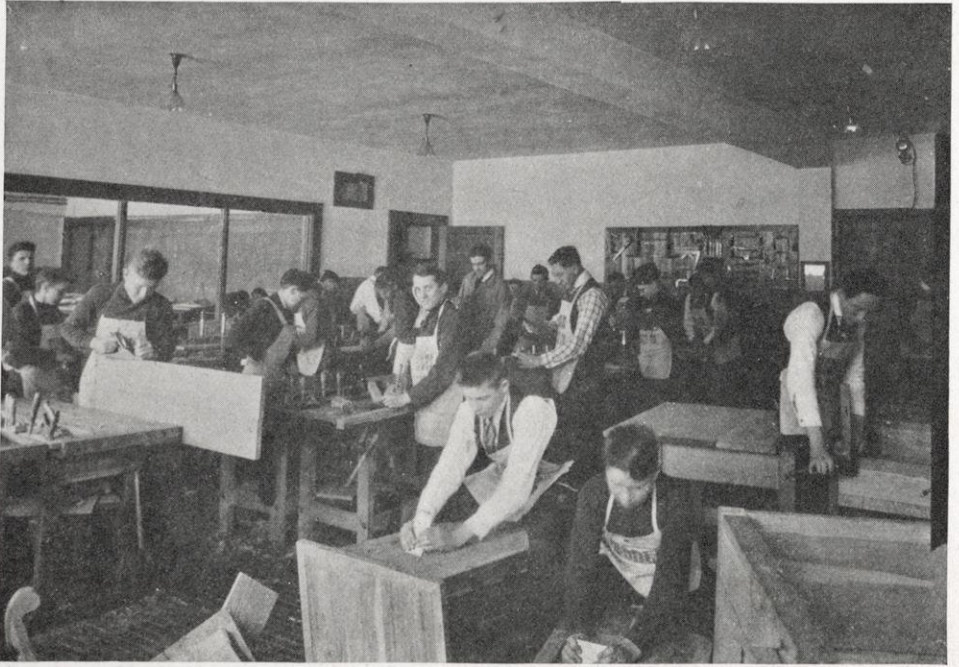




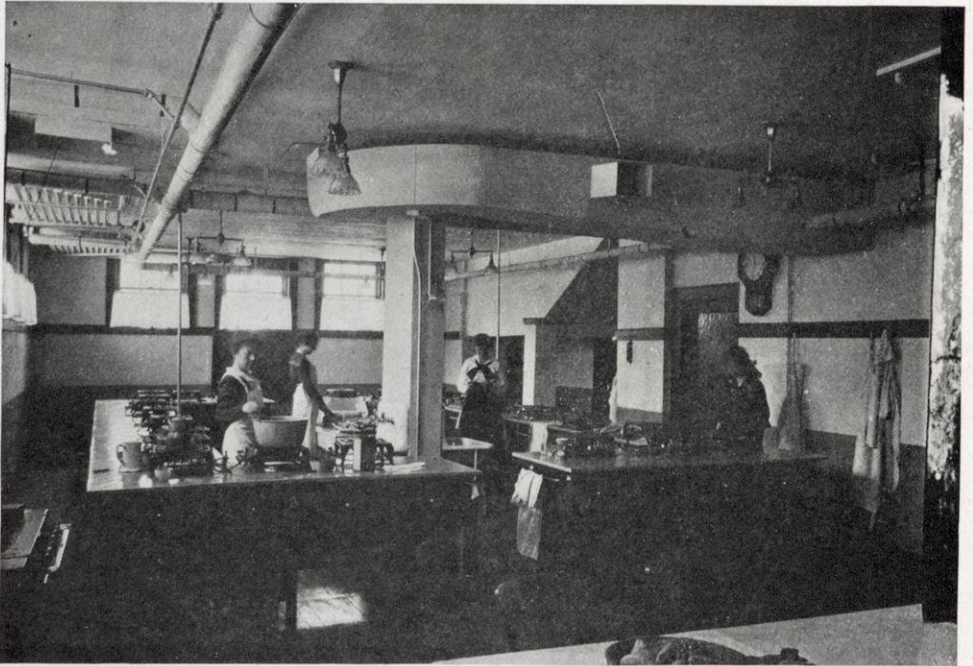
### SOPHOMORES

Top Row—Shaw, Sayre, Slagg, Sayre, Hall, Madden, Leary, Sommerfeldt, Murwin.  
 Second Row—Ford, Schoenfeld, Wileman, Head, Johnson, Park, Curran, Slagg, Thompson.  
 Third Row—Hanson, Hansen, Barness, Saunders, Dallman, Marsden, Crops, Schoenfeld, Dickinson.  
 Bottom Row—Hutson, Mohr, Flarity, Holland, Madden, Husen, Balke, Palmiter, Stillman.

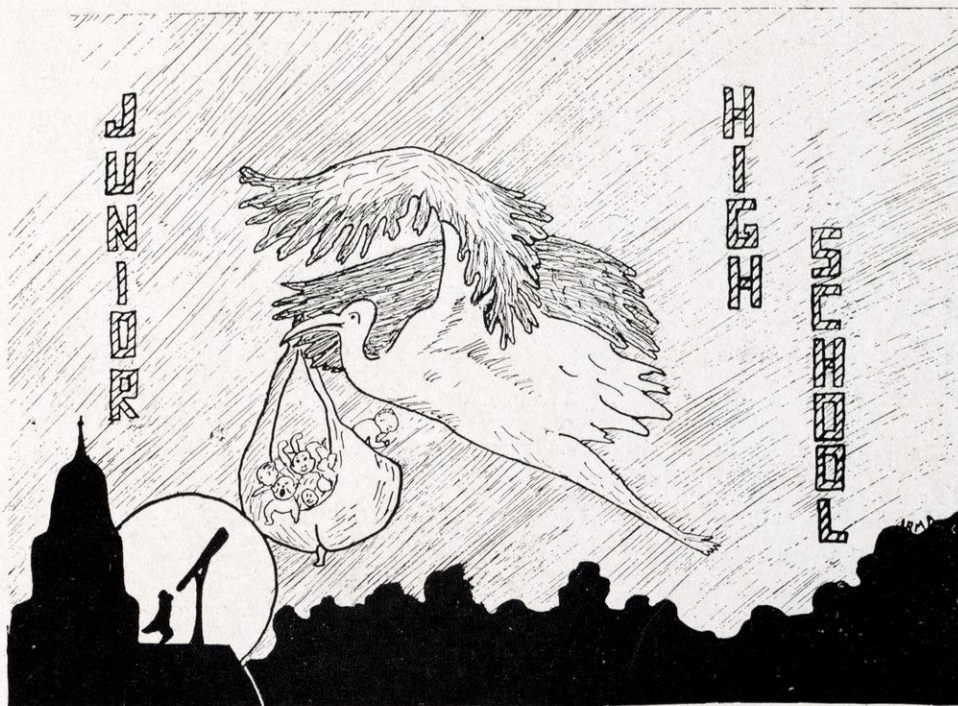




MANUAL TRAINING



DOMESTIC SCIENCE



**1920 OFFICERS**

PRESIDENT—John Carmichael

VICE PRESIDENT—Willie Ogden

SECRETARY-TREASURER—Lawrence O. Kepp

CLASS ADVISER—Mr. Dexter

**1921 OFFICERS**

PRESIDENT—George Schofield

CLASS ADVISER—Mr. Lamoreaux

**1922 OFFICERS**

PRESIDENT—Paul Curran

CLASS ADVISER—Miss Dixon



**JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL POEM.**  

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**J** is Junior High School joy.  
**U** is Union we'll never destroy.  
**N** is neatness, also noise.  
**I** is industry of our girls and boys.  
**O** is onward. We'll forge ahead.  
**R** is recess, but we work instead.

**H** is happy in work or play.  
**I** is improve a little each day.  
**G** is games and gym work too.  
**H** is honor, we're true blue.

**S** is school spirit. We have it strong.  
**C** is courage to choose right and not wrong.  
**H** is habits we're forming each day.  
**O** is opportunity to cast bad ones away.  
**O** is order. We know the rule.  
**L** is love for our Junior High School.

MISS NORA FARMAN.

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**HISTORY OF 1920.**

The Class of 1920 is a very promising class. Most of the members have been at one time members of the Junior High School. Therefore these Freshies are not as green as were most of the Freshmen classes preceding us. The present Freshmen members believe in having a class with a lot of pep in them. They have partaken impartially in all of the activities of the school. The boys won both the Basket Ball and Baseball Tournaments of the High School this year. The Boys and Girls who took part in the Oratorical Contest showed the effects of good, hard work. One of the boys representing the class being chosen to speak in the final High School Oratorical Contest. Nine of the girls, who seemed to have a large amount of energy went in for declamatory speaking. Although, due probably to lack of experience, they did not receive the first four places, they did however, receive, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth places. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again", this is the motto we believe in. So before the next three years are past, these girls will undoubtedly take all the places to be had.

The Agronomy Classes have organized a Garden Club, which shows that they have found a way to show their loyalty to our Country. Under the splendid leadership of Mr. Dexter, we have finally been led to the facts that to own a garden all your self is a thing to be proud of.

The Freshmen have given one large festival this year, a Mask Ball. At which Mr. Charley Chaplin and his twin brother made their appearance.





FRESHMEN CLASS



CLASS OF 1921



CLASS OF 1922



# LITERARY

## "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL."

### Prize Story.

"We'll give you one more chance, Evans. Settle down here in a white man's country and let us give you a good salary. You're too good a reporter, Evans to be spoiled by allowing you to hobnob around the 'live' places, as you call them, with your fire-eating fanatics and 'Cause' supporters."

There was a cadence in the Managing Editor's tones which brought the fighting blood to Evans' forehead. But the Managing Editor was the Managing Editor and better men than Evans had swallowed his sarcasm. So the fighting blood receded,—but the sting remained.

Was the Editor not right after all? For three years, he, Evans, had flitted from one corner of the world to another. And he had met with indifferent success. His reports had always been well written. He had received few complaints from his paper. But he had never been able to satisfy himself and his employer at the same time. Once it had been a Russian Revolution and he had written things as he saw them. He had soared. He had been mad, ecstatic. He had spent the days in the endless absorbing of all the passionate and unnatural scenes which are the self-expression of the mob. And he had written—with the influence of the mob upon him—a long and eloquent appeal for the "Cause", and when the uprising had been quelled, when the situation had lost its glamor—then Evans had resumed his habitual sanity and had torn up the work of months without so much as having given the publisher his chance at it. Again it had been a strike in San Francisco. The manuscript had returned with a word scrawled across its face—"onesided."

"Take our Society column, my boy," the Managing Editor had broken in upon his reverie, "take the Society column, settle down and make good. I'll give you the night to think it over. You've got it in you if you could only get down to good, hard rock bottom and stay there instead of soaring over the moon and then taking an awful drop."

That was the Editor's advice. There it was, Evans thought bitterly. It was always "get down to earth," they wanted him to plod, to become a steady, dispassionate thing of routine habits and fixed and dependable ideas, something akin to the office machinery which invariably printed what it was set to print. And it was not only the Managing Editor, he told himself. Only that morning Evans had received, through the mail, an engagement ring from the girl who had not renounced him through all his failures, with the information that she would



wear it again when he had settled down. "Settle down,"—that was it. That was what they wanted him to do—. Well, they might rest easily. They had accomplished their purpose. He has prepared to becoming a plodding machine. He—.

"Extra! Extra!" The city streets were filled with the cry. Evans bought a paper and scanned the headlines. "VILLA MEETS DEATH AT PARAL", and in smaller type, "Immediate Return of Troops From Border Is Expected."

Evans' eyes glanced to a column headed: "Villa Dies at Hand of Carranzista. Casas Grandes, Sept 13," it ran. "Word from Carranza headquarters was received here today that Francisco Villa, bandit, while entering the city of Parral after a long and victorious siege, was wounded fatally, it is supposed, by a fleeing Carranzista." Evans' eye ran down the column as he searched for possible confirmation of the report. Ah! there it was. At the bottom of the column a subhead ran: "Villa is Dead!—just before going to press, information was received from Casas Grandes to the effect that a dispatch from Carranza headquarters confirms the report of Villa's death. Francisco Villa dies as the result of a severe wound.—"

"Carranza headquarters," Evans mused, skeptically, "all from Carranza headquarters,—The First Chief is a sly bird!" he made the remark over his newspaper to the hurrying throng of busy shoppers that filled the street at this hour "a sly bird," he repeated absently. A sudden thought struck him. "Say! he said to the teeming streets, "why not!" and the clanging trolley car as it moved on at a sign from the traffic policeman echoed, "Why not! Why not!" Evans turned sharply, squared his shoulders and joined the hurrying throng. At the office of the Morning Sun he sought out the Managing Editor.

"Well, I'm back," he announced as that worthy looked up from his papers.

"Oh, it's you," the Managing Editor agreed, abstractedly.

"Sure, I didn't need the night to think it over." The Managing Editor was ready with congratulations, but Evans forestalled him.

"No," he continued, "I want my last chance,—but not on the Society Column." The Managing Editor caught the significance of his tone.

"Oh, now Evans," he expostulated, "you aren't such a deuced idiot that you think we are going to ship you to another 'live' place," his sarcasm was pronounced, but this time it was lost on Evans.

"Oh no! No live place this time," Evans ignored the sarcasm, "no, rather a dead place. Have you read the morning papers?"

"So that's where the wind lies?" Evidently he had. "However, I shouldn't call Mexico, in its present state of affairs, such a hopelessly dead place."

"Sure not," Evans agreed, "Not dead, just feinting."

The Managing Editor turned the matter over in his mind. In spite of himself the other's enthusiasm was communicated to him. At last, "We'll back you, Evans," he conceded grudgingly, "you'd do as you pleased anyhow," and as Evans wrung his hand and rushed for the door, "Confound it!" he said, "I'm shot if I don't want to do it myself."

One week after the Managing Editor's concession a young Mexican stepped from the train at Parral and engaged lodging at a nearby lodging house. It was but a few minutes afterwards that a ragged vagabond appeared from the door of the young Mexican gentleman's rooms and stole stealthily down the corridor. A flight of stairs led to a dirty alley, below. Through the alley door the vagabond disappeared, and none in the lodging house was the wiser.

An hour later the dirty vagrant mounted upon a deliberate and wilful burro, urged the animal to its best pace along the winding, narrow trail which hung suspended, half way up the mountain-side, high above the city. The burro was increasingly suspicious of the trail as it grew more and more obscure and it was

with difficulty that his rider kept him moving. Once well into the hills the vagabond succumbed to the burro's evident desire to halt and dismounting tipped back his sombrero with a chuckle of satisfaction.

"Worthy citizen of Mexico," he whimsically addressed the burro, "look upon your master, clever detective, successful reporter and—ne'er-do-well," he finished a little bitterly.

Three days Evans had spent on the road. Three days of absorbing interest. Days spent to the full in ceaseless observation. Nothing had escaped him. He had managed a conversational acquaintance with every Mexican gentleman of intelligent appearance, who had boarded the train. He had carefully avoided politics yet he had invariably learned, what he set out to learn, the worthy gentleman's views upon Mexican liberation. And he had engaged in conversation too, the peons as he found them assembled at the railway stations. But remembering Russia and San Francisco he was careful to see the matter very clearly from the point of view of those who held the fate of Mexico in their hands before he allowed himself a glimpse of Mexico's real problem. As Parral had drawn nearer and nearer a new element had entered into the conversation. As the villages on the outskirts of the city had been passed the element had become an obsession. It had come to monopolize the conversation. The Spirit of Revolution was there in full force. The disturbing element was known to the peon by three words with the mysterious significance all their own, "El Capitan Encantado," The Enchanted Captain; to the Senor scornfully as the Bandit Peon. When Evans had spoken among the peons of the death of the champion of the people he had often met with a mysterious smile and a baffling secrecy. But here and there he had caught a whisper of the Tadrhumar Indian villages. There were, of course, many curious rumors abroad but none more mysterious and yet none more frequently voiced, Evans decided, than that of the Tadrhumar Indians. In consequence it happened that Evans within two hours of his arrival in Parral was forcing his way over a little-used trail, which he had learned, led eventually, to the heart of the Madres, to the villages of the Tadrhumars.

The descent of night did not hinder Evans progress. The early moonlight showed him the trail a few yards ahead. What lay beyond did not interest him. He was sufficiently concerned with what lay immediately before him. That, perhaps, is why he did not notice when the burro cocked a suspicious eye skyward. Why, when the burro stopped abruptly, Evans looked up in amazement, sat motionless with hand poised in mid-air, as if for silence, and then leaped silently from the saddle and pulled the burro from the trail. Evans' first impulse was toward concealment. The boulder! His quick eye took in the surroundings—at his left a ledge which overhung the city like the rim of a great bowl,—at his back nothing better,—in front, the scented danger, at his right the boulder. The boulder it was! Evans has conceived the situation at a glance and now, as he took advantage of the all but inadequate shelter, he was to realize something more. As he had driven the burro into the shadowy protection of the boulder, he had unwittingly entered the black mouth of a cave. Screened from the trail by the boulder, the face of the cliff, to all appearance, might have risen, unbroken,—a sheer wall.

The unwilling burro was safely established in the dark recesses of the cave when Evans, watching from his hiding place, saw a strange trio emerge from the shadow of the trail into the moonlight. They were mounted on horses and two were heavily armed. The third sagged heavily in his saddle and continually eased a leg which gleamed white in the moonlight with what were obviously bandages. Their progress was slow, owing to the evident disinclination of the wounded man toward rapid traveling. The company advanced to a spot per-

haps ten yards, from the deceiving boulder when one of their number held up a hand for silence.

Distinctly upon the clear night the thud of horses hoofs upon the rocky trail found its way into the cave. "Caballos" he announced excitedly, and catching the bridle of the wounded man's mount, he started in the direction of the boulder, "The Cave," he vouchsafed, the other way of explanation. Evans drew softly back into the shadow. The three gained the shelter none too soon. A moment later a troop of Carranzista cavalry filed silently by and as each passed the oasis of moonlight a gleam of steel flashed from a rifle barrel and he was gone.

As the last trooper vanished into the darkness of the trail, Evans leaned forward eagerly to catch the words of an unaccustomed tongue. The wounded man was speaking.

"You have opened negotiations with the 'Empire?'" he addressed the pointed ears of his Mexican pony, but both companions listened attentively. Then one replied,

"We have, Excellency."

"And the munitions? When will they arrive?"

"A merchant marine will come into the 'Port' within the week, Excellency." The man with the bandaged leg seemed satisfied, but after a moment's thought he put another question.

"You speak doubtfully, my General, of my ability to summon my troops to me at once?" he spoke quizzically.

"Yes, yes Excellency," it was evident that the suggestion had greatly perturbed the man. He paused and his Excellency interrupted irritably.

"Well, will you answer?" The other started and hastened to comply.

"Excellency," he glanced nervously at his questioner, the peculiarly burning eyes and white bandages of whom were the only signs of his presence in the half-light of the cave. "Excellency, the Carranzistas! They have reported you to the people as being dead."

"What!" The burning eyes blazed fiercely, "They have told my people that I am gone from them? Now shall they never know peace again. Go you, Trevino, and whisper to them that I have risen. Tell them that their champion has returned. Tell them—" A twinge of pain from the wounded limb stopped him and after a moment he went on more calmly, "No, my General, the time is not come. Wait a little longer. Have patience and when I shall call them, my people will respond." The two listeners had drawn fearfully away and now watched their leader with a mixture of awe and admiration.

The dramatic pause was suddenly broken. The hidden burro, righteously indignant at his long confinement, had voiced his displeasure after the manner of his kind. Evans did not wait to indulge in the humor of the situation. Cautiously, silently, hugging the wall of the cave, he worked farther and farther into the blackness ahead. Behind him the startled intruders had discovered the immediate cause of the disturbance. A moment of silence ensued while the burro was led from its hiding place, a moment of suspicion as the saddle was found, then—an exclamation of dismay as the significance of the situation was borne in upon them and then,—silence broken only by the sounds of the inevitable pursuit. Evans, clinging to the wall as he sought each new foothold, was aware that the passage, for it had become little more, was slowly turning. The pursuers were still following cautiously but swiftly. It was evident that they were familiar with the cave. For some minutes complete silence prevailed unbroken, but, Evans, knew that he was not alone. Gradually, as he fled through the cave, a realization of the fact that the walls and the floor of the passage were taking form was borne in upon him. The significance of the change was

not at once apparent, but as the cave began to assume definite shape, he realized that the transformation was—light. In the faint illumination, Evans pressed forward with more confidence. At last, rounding a sharp turn, he found himself in a large room, into which a stream of moonlight poured through a large opening in the roof. Evans looked at the hole high above his head and immediately realized the futility of an attempt to escape through such a place, crossed the patch of moonlight to search along the walls for a passage. A moment later his hand groped uncertainly in the darkness. Something had brushed his face. A rope! It was undoubtedly a rope. Apparently the cave had been used for a purpose. Evans experienced a moment of suspense as he tested the rope, then followed a hand over hand climb and he stood at the top.

The office of the *Morning Sun*, figuratively speaking, looked up from its work and smiled a welcome, as the correspondent from Mexico passed through on his way to the City Editor's private office. Evans returned the greeting with such a show of confident superiority that the office shoved back its chair and laughed good humoredly. Even the City Editor lost some of his usual crustiness as he silently handed a paper to Evans. Inch high type across the front sheet read, "NOT DEAD: BUT FEINTING." Below a column was headed, "Here are the Facts." And another: "Identity of 'The Empire' still Unsolved Mystery." Evans looked up from his paper, "Looks rather well in print," he ventured. The City Editor barely glanced up from his writing.

"It'll do," he acknowledged reluctantly.

"By the way," Evans continued, undaunted, "the 'Twentieth Century Magazine' has accepted the brief of my Mexican liberation writeup. Something in the way of fiction, you know."

The City Editor turned round in his chair.

"See here, Evans," he said earnestly, "I'd like to see you leave that stuff alone."

"Oh, it's all right this time," Evans consoled, "I looked at the wrong side first and I know the goods is what it looks to be on the face." The City Editor was dubious.

"We'll give you two weeks for the writeup," he finally conceded, "but-er-there's a little volcanic eruption due from Russia in a week or two, you're to be there when the hot-stuff begins to fly—," he paused a moment—"come out to lunch with me and we'll talk it over."

"Sure," Evans agreed heartily, "but just now I've got a little business that demands immediate attention. The renewal of a bond. Concerns a diamond. I'll have a better appetite for lunch with the matter off my mind."

The City Editor smiled sardonically, "Break the bond long enough to come back for lunch," he admonished.



**"SEVENTEEN."**

Under-classmen! Listen well,  
To the tale that I will tell.  
It is the story of a class,  
Who are fighters to the last.

When as Freshmen first we came  
To these lofty halls of fame,  
Green we were beyond a doubt—  
No one ever found it out.

We worked with all our might,  
And were ever in the fight;  
At everything we tried our hand;  
Oh! but we were a lively band.

On athletic field and floor,  
You could see our boys galore;  
And added laurels to our name.  
In Forensic we won great fame

As Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, too,  
We've gained honors not a few;  
At everything we've done our best,  
And were never known to rest.

Now a word before "Farewell",  
One more thing I have to tell:  
Win or lose we've played clean,  
That's the boast of "Seventeen".

And now "Farewell", it's up to you,  
To show the world what you can do;  
If you can our record beat,  
Gladly will we own defeat.

So get into things and fight,  
Work and play with all your might,  
But in all things, be clean,  
And own the boast of "Seventeen".

C. W. S., '17.



**THE LAUREAN**

Top Row—Flarity, Nelson, Boehm, Dickinson, Gardner, Larson, Croft, Miss Stafford, Hubble, Earle,  
Schoenfeld, Fessenden, Morrison, Anderson, Gile, Linnevold  
Bottom Row—Cunningham, Stricker, Kellogg, Ehlenfeldt, Holton, Birkenmeyer, Price, Lien, Chamberlain,  
Schmeling, Doty

**THE ARISTONIAN**

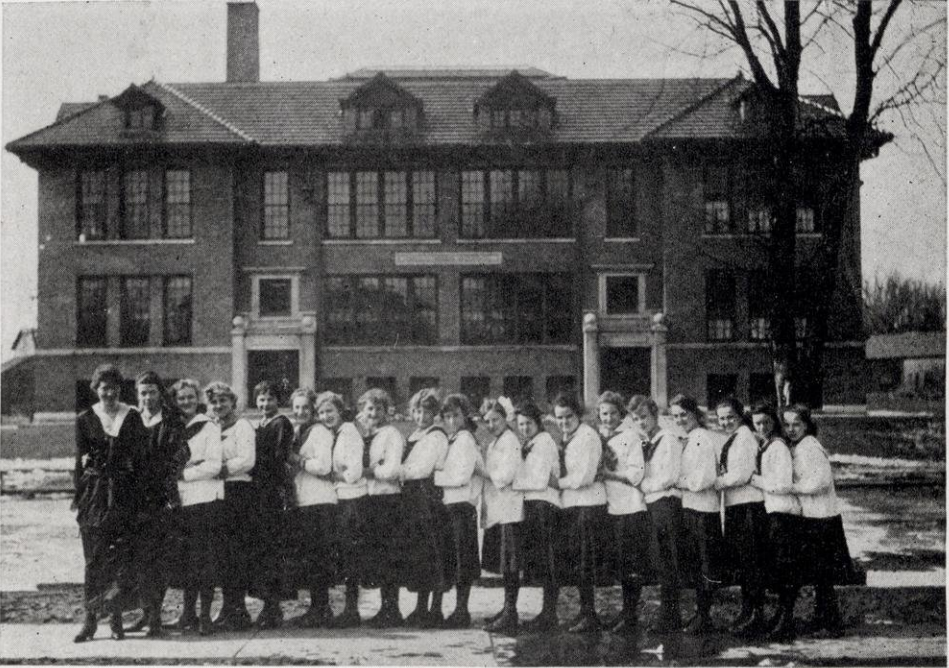
Top Row—Hanson, Schoenfeld, Barness, Dickinson, Saunders, Hutson  
Second Row—Flarity, Hansen, Mohr, Miss Lucey, McIntyre, Husen, Dallman  
Bottom Row—Croft, Clarke, Jacobson, Marsden, Balke





**THE ORPHELIAN**

Top Row—Ogden, Madden, Page, Slagg, Clarke, Clarke, Hansen, McIntosh, Touton, Curran, Slagg,  
Mr. Holt, Devine, Jenson, Doerr, Devine.  
Bottom Row—Thompson, Schoenfeld, Wileman, Shea, Kellogg, Hubbell, Lynts, Burdick, Anderson, Bar-  
ton, Shaw



HIKERS CLUB



CAMPFIRE GIRLS



Miss Lucy  
Ruth McIntosh  
Emma Langworthy  
Chlois Bardeen  
Philma Phillips  
Helen Smith  
Eleanor Maltpress  
Clara Amundson  
Gertrude Nichols  
Lillian Anderson

Miss Starr  
Esther Nelson  
Louise Rivenburg  
Myrle Stillman  
Genevieve Nichols  
Dorothy Babcock  
Inga Holland  
Lorraine Dickinson  
Charlotte Carrier





## GLEE CLUB MEMBERS

Leader, Miss Gulliford

Genevieve Chmberlain  
 Sophie Stricker  
 Margaret Cunningham  
 Hilma Larson  
 Helen Dickinson  
 Myrtle Ehlenfieldt  
 Margaret Earle  
 Marie Hanson  
 Ethel Morrison  
 Nora Biessmann  
 Nyria Gile  
 Mildred Doty  
 Agnes Linnevold

Zyda Price  
 Frances Carrier  
 Lenore Barnes  
 Edna Clarke  
 Lorraine Dickinson  
 Dorothy Babcock  
 Alma Ratzlaff  
 Luella Jacobson  
 Esther Nelson  
 Florence Kellogg  
 Kathryn Hubbell  
 Beatrice Holton  
 Ruth Birkenmeyer

Regina Mohr  
 Geneva Schoenfeld  
 Esther Nelson  
 Gladys Anderson  
 Hylda Schmeling  
 Cecelia Flarity  
 Kathlyn Saunders  
 Ferne Schoenfeld  
 Edna Hanson  
 Gertrude Nichols  
 Eleanor Maltpress  
 Genevieve Nichols





GLEE CLUB MEMBERS



#### HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Top Row, from left to right—Curran, Wileman, Leary, Clarke, Burdick, Brown.

Middle Row, from left to right—Schoenfeld, Dickinson.

Bottom Row, from left to right—Jones, Birkenmeyer, Gile, Miss Gulliford, Hanson, Nelson.



For the last few years some of the Junior and Senior girls have felt that something was lacking in their school routine—something that wasn't found at Laurean meetings, Glee Club, or anything else; they just felt that there wasn't something there that should have been. So they were all very glad, and very grateful to Miss Starr when she discovered definitely their need of a Dramatic Society. It was organized in February, 1917; only one officer was elected, a president, with Miss Starr as critic.

Perhaps some people thought that we accomplished nothing. With only a few busy months left in this school year we could not make rapid progress but we hope that next year the work will be carried on, under the able direction of Miss Starr, and perhaps one of our productions will be staged. We met once a week, on Thursdays, and studied *The Rivals*, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Acting was done by the volunteer system and, when some of the bashful ones were afraid to volunteer, Miss Starr took their parts for them, thereby illustrating to us, better than anything else could have done, the possibilities of dramatic study.

We were just beginning to learn how to sit, stand, and walk correctly; however, we got only as far as the lesson in "Sitting" when the course came to a close, so of course our technique is not complete. At any rate a great many of the girls considered the one lesson a valuable asset to their education socially.

Our scenery was truly Shakespearean: a chair here was labeled "Table;" a chair there was labeled "Fireplace;" another chair, "Door;" a window was called a building; and a crack in the floor was the street. This was decidedly useful. It helped us to get into the spirit of the early Shakespearean actors so that we did our best, and no one ever left Dramatic Society without having smiled—and aren't smiles worth something?

Upon several occasions Miss Starr gave us interesting lectures concerning various topics dealing with Dramatic Art, such as using the feet, and Taking your Work Seriously. These, of course, were highly intellectual and consequently appreciated.

So who dares say that we have gained nothing from our Dramatic Society? The girls who have profited so greatly from this course under so talented a teacher will be easily distinguished because of this training. Their names appear below:

President-----Dorothy Towne

Gladys Anderson  
Elizabeth Bruhn  
Mildred Doty  
Margaret Earle  
Nyria Gile  
Beatrice Holton  
Hilma Larson  
Agnes Linnevold

Esther Nelson  
Clara Saunders  
Hylda Schmeling  
Irma Boehm  
Margaret Cunningham  
Helen Dickinson  
Myrtle Ehlenfeldt

Kathryn Hubbell  
Florence Kellogg  
Nora Lien  
Ethel Morrison  
Zyda Price  
Geneva Schoenfeld  
Sophia Stricker

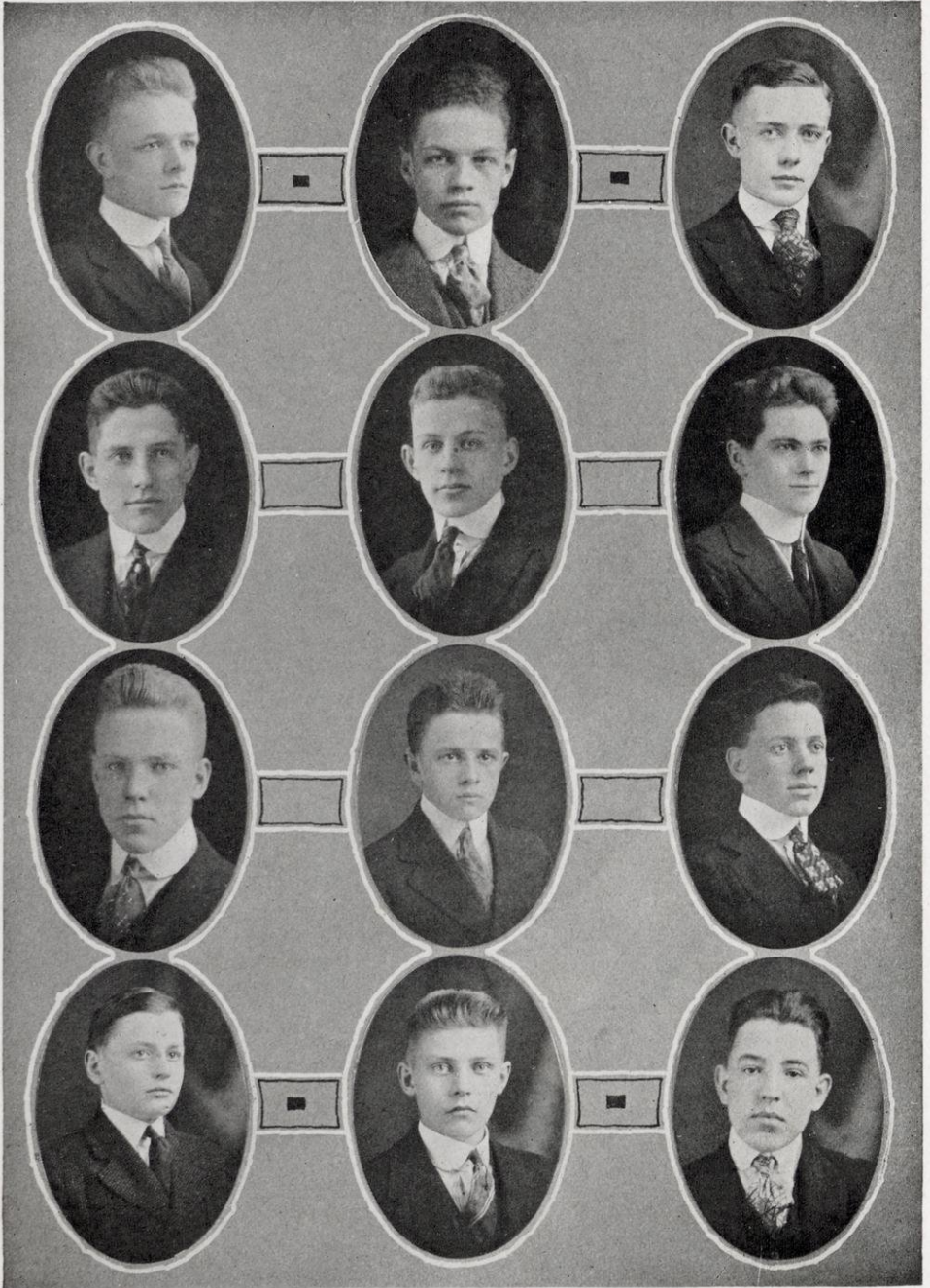
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## DEBATING TEAMS

Top Row — Hansen, leader, Burdick, Jenson	Edgerton vs Baraboo
2nd Row — Ogden, Lynts, leader, Shea	Edgerton vs. Madison
3rd Row — Touton, Curran, Kellogg, leader	Edgerton vs. Sun Prairie
Bottom Row — Sayre, Slagg, leader, Ellingson	Edgerton vs. Sun Prairie

**MEDAL CONTESTS.**

The contests of 1917 were probably the strongest contests which have been held as annual contests in public speaking work. The spirit for this type of work seems to grow stronger as the years go by, it is to be anticipated that each succeeding year will find this to be progressively true.

In the Oratorical Contest first place was won by Sylvester Burdick, who secured the medal given by the Tobacco Exchange Bank; Ethel Morrison won first place in the Extemporaneous Contest, securing in consequence the F. O. Holt Medal; the Florence Child Medal for Short Story was won by Clara Saunders, while the Medal given by Dr. F. C. Meyers for Excellence in Declamation was captured by Beatrice Holton.

The Class of 1918, by winning three medals secured the T. B. Earle Cup, given for the largest number of points secured by any class.

**PROGRAM.**

## ORATORICAL.

## Tobacco Exchange Bank Medal.

The Era of Conscience	- - - - -	George Lynts
Men of Destiny	- - - - -	Abner Hansen
Mercy That Condemns	- - - - -	Sylvester Burdick
Genius of Modern Patriotism	- - - - -	Willie Ogden

## EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

## F. O. Holt Medal.

The Immigration Problem	- - - - -	Lowell Slagg
The Eight Hour Day	- - - - -	Ethel Morrison
Disarmament of the Nations	- - - - -	Rolland Kellogg

## SHORT STORY.

## Florence Child Medal.

The Ne'er-do-well	- - - - -	Clara Saunders
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## DECLAMATION.

## Dr. F. C. Meyers Medal.

Two Homecomings	- - - - -	Sophia Stricker
A Telephone Romance	- - - - -	Beatrice Holton
Daddy Long Legs	- - - - -	Margaret Cunningham
The Piper	- - - - -	Nyria Gile



# SOCIAL LIFE



### THE JUNIOR PROM.

On Friday evening, April 27, 1917, took place an event long to be remembered in the minds of Edgerton High School pupils and in the minds of the guests entertained at the Annual Junior Prom. The Prom was held in Academy Hall, which was beautifully decorated with apple blossoms, in a manner marked for its simplicity but which was very wonderful in effect.

The Music which was furnished by Thompson's Orchestra from Madison, was rendered in a very efficient manner by these skilled artists in the musical line.

The Juniors had prepared everything which might be called essential to a successful party. Punch was served to all who felt the need of a refreshing drink.

It can be truthfully said that this prom was one of the most successful ever held in Edgerton. A good time was enjoyed by all who attended and it was not until the wee small hours of the morning that the party broke up and that another Prom had passed into the realms of History.

### THE JUNIOR BANQUET.

On Wednesday eve, May 9, 1917, the Junior class entertained the Senior class by giving the annual Junior Banquet. The Banquet was held in the High School Gymnasium which was appropriately decorated for the occasion. The color scheme was carried out in the colors of the Class of 1917; Green and White.

The dinner, which was prepared by the High School Domestic Science Pupils was very well prepared and served as well as being extremely tasty. The group of about eighty people, which attended the banquet were entertained with musical selections during the serving of the seven course dinner. Dancing was indulged in between courses by those who were so inclined.

After the last course was served the tables and decorations were cleared aside and dancing was taken part in for the remainder of the evening. A grand march, by the Seniors, was one of the stunts of the evening and while this was taking place bouquets of roses were handed to each member of the Class of 1917.

On the whole the affair was one of the most successful ever held in the High School Gymnasium.

### THE SENIOR PARTY.

On Hallowe'en Eve, Tuesday, October 31, the Senior class entertained the Juniors, Sophomores, and Faculty at a costume party in the High School gymnasium.

The gym was appropriately decorated for the occasion with pumpkins and corn-stalks, the predominant colors being orange and black.

The Seniors had prepared a program of games and other stunts such as fortune telling and contests of apple grabbing, etc., which were entered into with enthusiasm by the guests. A track meet was held which was won by the group representing Edgerton. The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing. When the party broke up at eleven o'clock, everybody united in declaring it to be one of the most successful parties ever held in the gymnasium.

**THE LAUREAN BANQUET.**

The Girls' Literary Society gave their annual banquet in the High School Gym on Monday evening, February 19, 1917.

The tables were prettily trimmed with flags and other decorations suitable for the occasion. Banners and pillows, ferns and other plants all added to the beauty of the scene.

It was decided to have no formal program this year so after a sumptuous banquet prepared by the Sophomore girls, under the efficient direction of Miss Hoen, a number of the girls of the Laurean Society presented a one act sketch, entitled "The Village Shakespeare Club." Then cards were handed out upon which were written ten topics for the purpose of progressive conversation about the important topics of the day. The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing, by the members of the Laurean and their gentleman friends.



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### THE AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT.

With the opening of school, September, 1916, there was introduced a new department in the local high school, known as the Agriculture Department. Mr. A. J. Dexter, of Madison, a Wisconsin graduate, was placed in charge of the work and from the beginning of the year things began to hum. In the fall corn judging contests were held between teams representing the high schools of Southern Wisconsin and Edgerton captured the banner for first place. "A Southern Wisconsin Corn and Tobacco Growers' Meet" was conducted at the high school. Two days of exhibits and programs were held. These meetings were organized as a joint effort on the part of the Edgerton Credit Association and the Agricultural Department of the High School. They met with exceptional success and will, in all probability, become of annual occurrence.

During the winter a stock judging contest between the high schools in the vicinity of Edgerton was conducted and again the local agric students acquitted themselves nobly in the fact that their team won second place.

In a triangular debate conducted as indicated elsewhere, the boys received splendid training and though they won but one of the two debates yet they gave definite evidence of the fact that agricultural questions were of equal importance with those arising in connection with questions touching other phases of human life.

The plan is to continue and extend the work of the agricultural course with the goal in view of having a strong four year "he" course in this very valuable branch of education. The work is to be conducted during the summer months and about two hundred and fifty school pupils have entered contests which require the production of food stuffs.

As the next few years come and go, it is strongly hoped that this, the agricultural line of educational activity, will be developed and that the realization of its accomplishments will correspond to what may logically be anticipated from the first year of effort.





**AGRIC DEBATERS**

**Egerton, Milton, Milton Junction, Janesville.**

Top Row—Sayre, Murwin, Barton, Saxby, Slagg, Schoenfeld, Sayre.

Bottom Row—Brown, Slagg, Mr. Dexter, Curran, Hall.

# ATHLETICS





### A CHAMPIONSHIP YEAR

The school year 1916-1917 was truly an exceptional athletic year. Successful from every conceivable point of view, it will be looked back to by future generations of High School pupils as an inspiring force which cannot help but elevate every line of activity which shall be entered into.

In football a clear state championship title was won, no team even succeeded in scoring upon the local high school except in one instance, when North Division, Milwaukee Champions, negotiated a successful forward pass which was caught behind the goal line.

Winning eleven games out of eleven played against some of the strongest teams in the state, defeating La Crosse in a state championship game on the La Crosse field and defeating Marquette Academy, champion academy team of the state, on that team's field, was, to put it mildly, an exceptional feat.

Probably no High School football team in Wisconsin ever developed such a strong defense and varied offense as did the Edgerton team of 1917. Being able to smoothly execute the formations, of every large Western University and using original formations, the product of the brains of coaches, Lamoreaux and Dexter, the local football machine was seemingly 100% efficient.

In basket ball an exceptional record was ours. Losing but one of twenty-two games played, winning the Whitewater Tournament and at the State Tournament at Menomonie securing first place among ten teams for conduct and appearance and the medals given for third place in ranking, Edgerton demonstrated that football alone was not its forte. Coach Lewis has good reason to feel that he had charge of the best basket ball five representing any high school in the state.

But the explanation of the splendid support accorded the high school teams by the citizens of Edgerton is not to be found so much in the victories won as in the type of sportsmanship exhibited by the players. Enough could not be said to evidence the exceptional spirit of the athletes representing the Edgerton High School. Suffice it to say that the city of Edgerton was advertised in such a manner by her athletes of last year that her reputation as a city of splendid ideals is established in every corner of Wisconsin.



ATHLETIC RECORD

FOOTBALL SCORES

North Milwaukee -----	6	Edgerton -----	13
Marquette Academy -----	0	Edgerton -----	6
Stoughton -----	0	Edgerton -----	6
Stoughton -----	0	Edgerton -----	34
La Crosse -----	0	Edgerton -----	7
Monroe -----	0	Edgerton -----	28
Janesville -----	0	Edgerton -----	99
Ft. Atkinson -----	0	Edgerton -----	78
Watertown -----	0	Edgerton -----	2
Milton College -----	0	Edgerton -----	48

BASKET BALL SCORES

Edgerton -----	31	Albion Academy -----	9
Edgerton -----	23	University Highs -----	13
Edgerton -----	59	Alumni -----	27
Edgerton -----	65	Sun Prairie -----	24
Edgerton -----	34	Ft. Atkinson -----	20
Edgerton -----	49	Stoughton -----	26
Edgerton -----	47	Baraboo -----	24
Edgerton -----	37	Brodhead -----	36
Edgerton -----	38	Janesville -----	10
Edgerton -----	60	Waukesha -----	26
Edgerton -----	32	Northwestern Military Acad. -----	15
Edgerton -----	54	Stoughton -----	24
Edgerton -----	43	Columbus -----	19
Edgerton -----	25	University Highs -----	19
Edgerton -----	23	Janesville -----	12

WHITEWATER TOURNAMENT

Edgerton -----	21	Delavan -----	12
Edgerton -----	29	Evansville -----	4
Edgerton -----	14	Madison -----	12

MENOMONIE STATE TOURNAMENT

Edgerton -----	16	Waukesha -----	17
Edgerton -----	25	Ellsworth -----	9
Edgerton -----	12	Oshkosh -----	7
Edgerton -----	7	Galesville -----	3
Edgerton -----	2	Menomonie (Forfeited) -----	0

\* \* \* \* \*

Total Points, Edgerton -----	746	Opponents -----	368
Number Games Played -----	23	Won 22. Lost -----	1

## INDIVIDUAL SCORES

	F. G.	F. T.	T. P.	P. F.	T. F.
Clarence McIntosh, L. F.	112	64	288	13	3
Rollie Williams, R. G.	80	0	160	6	5
Norman Clarke, C.	62	0	124	25	3
George Lynts, K. F.	34	0	68	14	3
Lawrence Kepp, L. G.	10	1	21	13	3
Bjarne Rossebo, F. and G.	29	0	58	6	1





ATHLETIC SNAPSHOTS



### PROFESSOR LAMOREAUX

Prof Lamoreaux is an athletic star from Muskegon, Michigan. As coach of the football team he this year produced a team which was the best team in the state. He not only developed a team, which knocked the "L" out of LaCrosse in a championship game, but one composed of true sportsmen. Enough praise cannot be bestowed upon him for the excellent work he has accomplished.

### PROFESSOR LEWIS

A former Sun Prairie High School star in athletics is deserving of unlimited praise for his conscientious efforts to produce an excellent basket ball team. And his efforts did not go in vain for Mr. Lewis produced a basket ball team composed of the best basket ball players and sportsmen in the state.



### PROFESSOR DEXTER

A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, is looked upon by the football team and the student body as a whole as the fighting coach. Mr. Dexter's valuable assistance was a great aid to Mr. Lamoreaux in turning out a team which captured the State Championship; Mr. Dexter's fighting spirit was a constant inspiration to the members of the team and he will long be remembered in Edgerton as one of the men who developed a team capable of defeating any in the State.





ROLLAND WILLIAMS, Capt.

Right Halfback. Rollie is the best high school football player in the State of Wisconsin. For four years, he has starred on Edgerton's team, playing backfield positions. He is a sensational player, of the kind that is born and not made. Rollie is of University calibre. His loss is a heavy one to Edgerton for he's in a class by himself. We'll hear from him later from the University. 'ye Rollie; here's to you!

NORMAN CLARKE

Left Halfback. Normie is a heady, reliable player in A1 class. He played the game for all that was in him. Never a hole he couldn't get through, and never a man he couldn't stop. His place will be hard to fill. We expect that he, too, will make things hum at the University. We're with you, Normie.



MAHLON OGDEN

Fullback, and the "best what is." Oh, how he hit that line! He could be depended on to advance the ball every time he touched it. Mahlon's a terror on defense—to the other side. He will be ripping holes in the line of Wisconsin's opponents in the next few years. 'Atta boy, Malie.

## ROLLAND KELLOGG

Center, and one of the best in the State. He's a stone wall on defense, and on offense he could make a hole big enough for the whole back field to get through at once. And just leave it to Rolland to get anything coming through the center. Rolland graduates this year and we surely regret to lose him.



## CLARENCE McINTOSH

Right End. A pass to Mac was as good as cinched from anywhere on the field. He had the habit of stopping anything that came around his end. Mac used his noodle not only to stop his man, but also to win ground for his team. He graduates, and Edgerton passes one of the best ends in her history on to the U. of W. where he's sure to be a credit to himself. Go to it, Mac.

## WILLARD SCHMIDT

Left Tackle. Fine on offense as well as defense and a sure tackle. With Dewey in front, the backfield could feel sure of a hole to get through. Always there with the goods. He graduates this year too, and we hate to lose him.





GORDON PAGE

Right Guard, and one of the best ever turned out by this school. He is equally good at opening holes for the backfield, and at getting a man on the other side. We'll welcome him back next year, and predict there'll be nothing in the State can stop him.

JAMES CURRAN

Quarterback. Jim surely was a sensation, as nervy as they make them, and a sod buster for gains. Not much for size, but all there. He was a brainy player, proof positive that small packages are valuable. His playing was a joy forever to hearts of Edgerton's fans. He'll be back next year to led us to victory.



LAWRENCE KEPP

Right Tackle, the Edgerton bear on offense and defense. Ike could get through any line and the more men there were for him to get, the better he liked it. This was his first year and he comes back again next year. He's sure to be an all-state man next year.





## BJARNE ROSSEBO

Left End. Another yearling who proved a "find" and a good running mate for Mac. Bjarne was in his glory spoiling passes on the other side, and was their downfall in receiving passes. After the first few trials the other fellows gave up trying to get around him. With such a record this year, he ought to help a lot to win another championship for the old school.



## GEORGE BROWN

Left Guard, the one who put the "ham" in "Champs." This was George's first year on the team and he made good. He was there on defense. George's smile as he came up from under the scrimmage pile, convinced us it was lots of fun. George will help clean up the State again next year.

## EDWARD SHORT

Backfield Sub. He was there with the goods when called on. Played the game for all that was in him and did his bit WELL. We regret that he loses his chance on next year's team by graduating.





HURLEY FORD

Substitute Line-man. His playing made us regret there wasn't one more position on the line, so Hurley could play it. We predict a brilliant future for him in his next two years on the team.

RUSH TOUTON

Substitute Line-man. Always using his head. We'll never forget what he did at La Crosse and neither will they. "Nuf sed." Next year's team is the loser by his graduation.



CHESTER PETERS

Substitute End, and one of the grittiest players going. He can be sure of a regular berth next year, and will be a big help in keeping our slate clean.





GEORGE LYNTS

Right Forward. "Jigger" was not slow in proving his value to the team. Although a Senior it was his first year on the squad but even at that what he lacked in experience he more than made up for in speed and willingness to work. Jigger's greatest contribution was at the Whitewater Tournament when he won the Madison game by a sensational shot when there were just three seconds left to play.



LAWRENCE KEPP

Left Guard. "Ike" turned out to be a great defensive player. When he was told to guard a certain man that player had his hands full to get away from him. With three more years of high school competition before him Ike is sure to be a wonder.



BJARNE ROSSEBO

General Utility Man. Few teams are ever so fortunate as to have on their roster a player who is a star in every position. During the season "Bottle" was called upon to play all three positions and made good each time. With three more years of basketball ahead of him Bjarne is bound to make a name for himself.

ROLLAND KELLOGG

Substitute Guard. "Lunk" might better be called "Old Faithful." From the first night of practice to the end of the last game Rolland was always on hand ready to do all that he could for the team.



## NORMAN CLARKE

Center. Normie completed his last season of High School basketball by playing the best games of his career. He was especially valuable because of his steadiness and his fighting spirit. Norman outscored his opponents by over forty points during the season.



## CLARENCE McINTOSH

Left Forward: It was "Fat's" sure eye and heady floorwork that won many a game for us and made him high scorer with a total of 288 points. At the Menomonie tournament Mac was chosen as forward on the honorary all-state team.

## ROLLAND WILLIAMS

Right Guard. Although playing a guard position Rollie ran up 55 more points than the forwards who were pitted against him. Rollie proved to be an adept at dribbling and worked it with great success. At the Menomonie State Tournament he was chosen as guard on the all-state team.



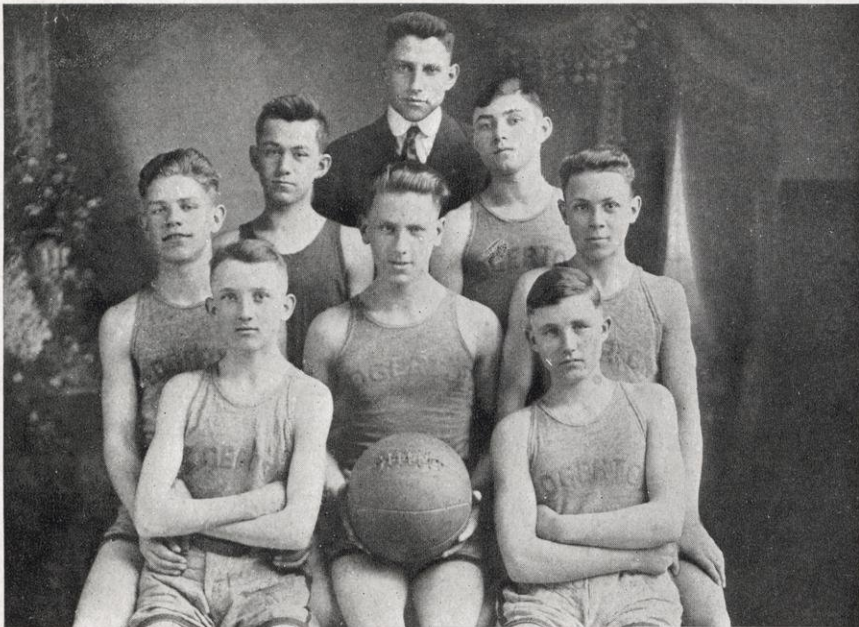
**SECOND TEAM—FOOTBALL**

Top—Cunningham, Leary, Saxby, Ellingson, Shaw, Gunness  
Second Row—Murwin, Jones, Porath, Curran  
First Row—Schoenfeld, Rousch, Head, Thompson, Anderson



**SECOND TEAM—BASKET BALL**

	Ford	Guinness	
Burdick	Curran	Jones	Short
Tallard			



**JUNIOR H. S. TEAM**

M. Ogden, Coach		
Heller		Jones
Gunness	Leary	Tallard
Porath		Curran

**BASEBALL TEAM**

Top Row—Gunness, Hartzell, Coach, Dexter, Short, Schmidt.  
Bottom Row—Livick, Kepp, McIntosh, Williams, Rossebo, Jones.



OUR ASSEMBLY

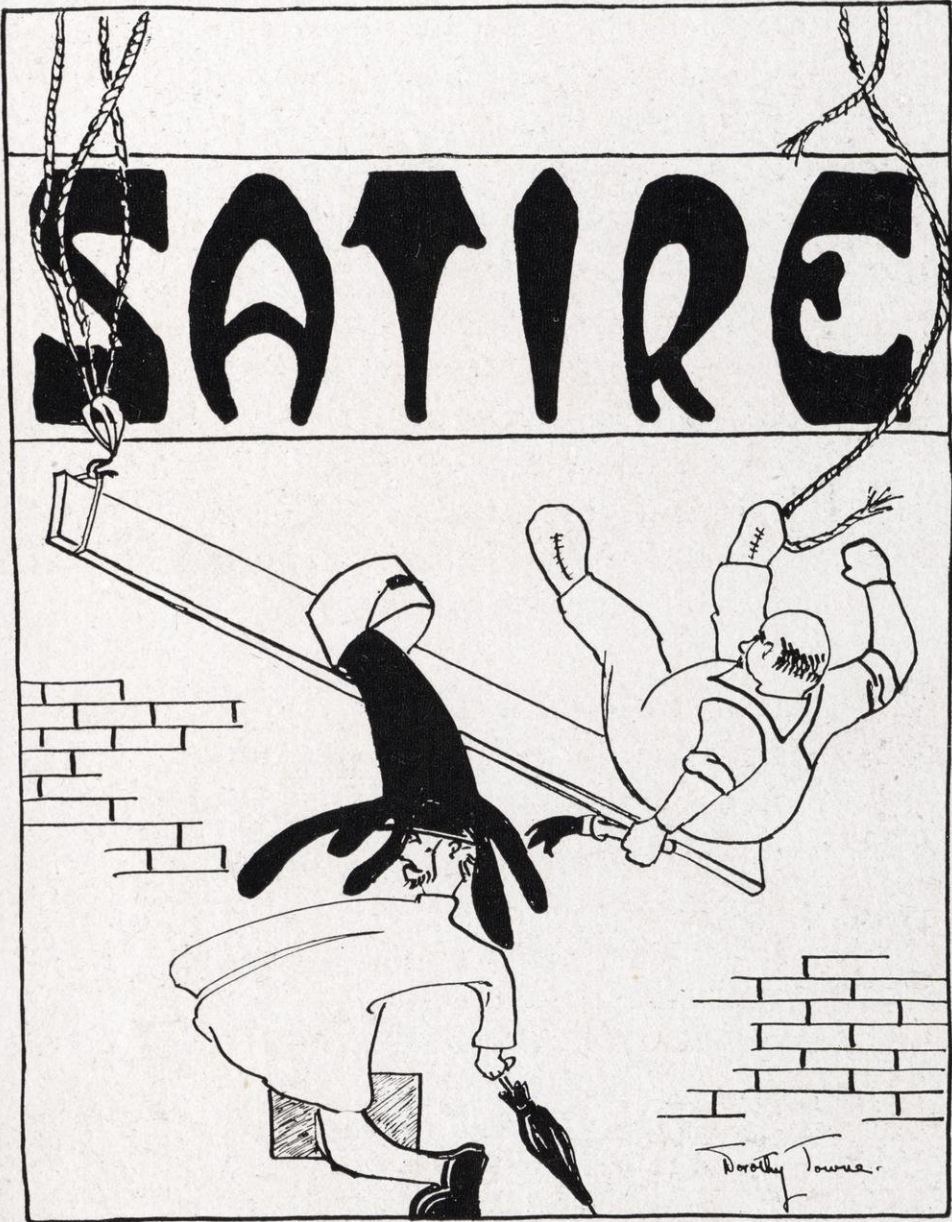




MECHANICAL DRAWING



COMMERCIAL



**THE EDGERTON HIGH SCHOOL FICTION DEPARTMENT**

- Confessions of an Opium Eater—Raymond Madden.  
Why Girls leave Home—Clarence McIntosh.  
The Gentle Boy—John Devine.  
The Six-Cylinder Courtship—Mildred Doty.  
The Tale of Two Cities—John Strasburg.  
The Girls—Laurence Kepp.  
My Father was a Farmer—Howard Richardson.  
Indian Life—Walter Hadden.  
Fair and Warmer—Rolland Williams.  
Our State Capitol—Dorothy Holland.  
Making Love—Gladys Anderson.  
A Broken Engagement—Rolland Kellogg.  
Dexter's Unabridged Physics—Prof. Dexter.  
Buffalo Bill—Clifford Shaw.  
Sink or Swim—Willard Shea.  
Robinson Cruso—Ralph Wileman.  
My Mining Experience—Percy Hubbell.  
Cows and Dairy—George Brown.  
Peggy from Paris—Margaret Earle.  
Natural History—R. F. Lewis.  
The Cash Boy—Herbert Murwin  
Another Version of Hamlet—Mahlon Ogden.



**Why?**

A man likes to add a few years on it so he will be good looking for his age. But a woman isn't built that way.

Donator—F. Ellingson.

\* \* \*

**Senior Notes**

S—Sensible.

E—Energetic.

N—Neat.

I—Intelligent.

O—Observing.

R—Remarkable.

S—Second to none.

Donator F. O. HOLT

\* \* \*

**Their Lives**

Lives of Seniors oft remind us,

That they strive to do their best;

And departing, leave behind them,

Notebooks that will help the rest.

Donator—The School.

\* \* \*

**Man**

Some men are so dependent on their wives that when they both die and go to heaven, he'll expect her to help him on with his wings every morning.

Donator—Mrs. Holt.

\* \* \*

Miss Lucey—"Explain the meaning of Juvenile Court."

Student—"Juvenile means a young person. Court means love. Therefor Juvenile Court means to love a young person.

\* \* \*

A Fresh went walking down the street,

With two such large, gigantic feet;

Whenever some one he did meet,

That someone had to cross the street,

In order to get past those feet.

Mr. Dexter—"What's the matter with this match, it won't light?"

Harold T.—"That's funny, it lit a few minutes ago."

\* \* \*

**We Understand**

Ah, hear those Juniors weep and moan!

They're studying hard, as you can see.

Ah yes, but why that haunting groan?

They're writing a quiz in geometry!

Donator—Seniors.

\* \* \*

Our Janitor we pity him,

As all good people must,

For every morn the poor, goodman,  
Again returns to dust.—Ex.

\* \* \*

**Girls**

Girls, it is not far from the engagement ring to the napkin ring, if you manage him right.

\* \* \*

**His Favorite Game**

Football is the game for 'leven,

Baseball is a game for nine,

Hockey is a game for seven,

But fussin is a game for mine.

—R. Kellogg.

Donator—One who knows.

\* \* \*

Teacher—"How dare you swear before me?"

Student—"How in thunder did I know you wanted to swear first."

\* \* \*

Shea (In History)—"Yes, and the whiskey they sold then would make a Chinaman fight."

\* \* \*

Miss Heidner—"What was the chief occupation of the settlers in Louisiana?"

S. S.—"Raising Cane."

Mr. Lewis—"If the President and all the members of his cabinet should die, who would officiate?"

Pupil—"The undertaker."

\* \* \*

Many are called but few recite.  
Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

\* \* \*

Fat—"She's got a nice Waist."  
Lunk—"Oh, you can't get around that."

\* \* \*

I stole a kiss the other night,  
My conscience hurts, alack!  
I think I'll go again tonight  
And put the blame thing back.

—By Hobar.

\* \* \*

Miss Foley—"Rush, conjugate, 'I pass.'"

Rush—"I pass."

Hub—"Coming out of a doze.) "I make it spades."

\* \* \*

Professor—"D'ye make a living writing?"

Student—"Yep, writing father."

\* \* \*

Miss Starr—"Who is absent today? Raise your hands please!"

\* \* \*

Miss Lucey—"Sunday I want all of you to go to church and write a theme on the sermon."

Yes, but there is a limit even to assignments.

\* \* \*

Miss Starr—"Fictions are made up. What other fictions have we, Rollie?"

Rollie—"Girls."

\* \* \*

Miss Starr—"Why did Shakespeare write most of his plays in five acts?"

Hilda—"Because he couldn't get it all in four."

### Not Very Far

Soph (to Freshie)—"What's your name, little boy?"

Freshie—"It's Willie."

Soph—"How old are you?"

Freshie—"As old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth."

Soph—"You're not far from a fool, sonny."

Freshie—"No, not more than five feet."

\* \* \*

### Popular New Yells!

Nix on Harvard!

Nix on Yale!

Gain your knowledge through the mail.

International Corres. School! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sea Foam!

\* \* \*

He put his arm around her,  
The color left her cheek;  
But it showed upon his overcoat,  
For just about a week.

—By Shea.

\* \* \*

Miss Hiedner—"What happened to Charlemagne, after his death?"

Curran—"Why, he was buried."

\* \* \*

Grandmother used to make her own dresses, but grand-daughter doesn't even make her own bed.

—Leary.

\* \* \*

### THOUGHTS DONATED

#### Gifts.

This little gift accept from us,  
And when at games you're  
In a Rush;

Put on these, they'll Hold  
Up your stockings,  
And then everybody wont' think  
You are so shocking.

Donator—G. Schonefeld.

Mr. Dexter—"I will hang in the room at six o'clock."

And the class was disappointed at that time when they expected to have their expectations filled.

\* \* \*

Soph—"I saw something last night I couldn't get over."

Freshie—"What was it?"

Soph—"The Moon."

\* \* \*

Prof. Holt—"How many sides has a circle?"

Fred E.—"Two."

Prof.—"What are they?"

Fred E.—"Inside and Outside."

\* \* \*

Teacher—"Why do we say George Washington was born on such and such a date as A. D.?"

Bright Pupil—"Well, I don't know unless it means after dark."

\* \* \*

Fat Mc—"Why do you carry your umbrella on a beautiful day like this, Hub?"

Hub—"Because it can't walk."

Hub (In Physics)—"A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box."

\* \* \*

#### Faculty Notice!

Theorem—A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.

Proof 1.—Nothing is better than a good lesson.

Proof 2.—A poor lesson is better than nothing.

Conclusion—A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.

Donator—F. O. Holt.

\* \* \*

Miss Starr—"Why didn't he kill the peasants, instead of the nobles?"

Fritz—"He wanted high class stuff."

A school paper is a great invention,  
The staff gets all the fame,  
The printer gets all the money;  
The editor gets all the blame.

\* \* \*

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Possible Manner  
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At

HIGH SCHOOL GYM

Ethel B. Morrison

Hours 6.00 A. M.—P. M.

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I Lesson \$1.00

II Lessons \$2.00

Mr. I. Kepp, Sr.

\* \* \*

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Physical Culture Institute

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I will make you big

And strong, like I am

\* \* \*

OGDEN'S

WANTS ENGAGEMENTS

Touton's

One Piece Orchestra

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LESSONS

See McIntosh

Hours 9—12; 3—6.

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 Sheriff—R. F. Lewis.  
 Deputy—E. S. Lamoreaux.  
 Warden of Girls—Miss Starr.  
 Warden of Boys—Prof. Dexter.  
 Judge—Miss Lucey.  
 Detective—Mr. Gifford.  
 Motto—Efficiency.

**PRISON DIET**

Breakfast—Geometry; Eng. IV.; History.  
 Dinner—Main Course, German, Algebra; Desert, Physics  
 Supper—Woodwork, Shorthand, Drew Drafts.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not—he is a Freshman, shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not—he is a Sophomore, pity him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows—he is a Junior, honor him.

He who knows and knows that he knows—he is a SENIOR—REVERENCE HIM.—Ex.

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,  
     Laugh again and you laugh alone;  
                     The first's the teacher's joke,  
                                     The second is your own.

**OUR HEART AND HOME SECTION. DIGEST CAREFULLY.**

Perry A.—Is it proper for a young man to kiss his young lady friend good-night, while her mother is looking?

Answer—First see what the mother has in her hands, and then judge by past experiences.

\* \* \* \* \*

Willard Shea.—I am in love with a young lady in our class and I have a hated rival. What is the best method of annihilating him?

Answer.—I think that the best method for you to use is sweet smiles, more candy, and more notes like the one we found in her desk the other day. This will work out very effectively if followed carefully.

Ike K.—I am heartbroken. I dearly love a young lady but I am very bashful and every time I start to tell her of my love I blush painfully. Could you tell me a way out of my difficulty?

Answer.—As you grow older you will get over being bashful, and when you go out walking with her wait until the moon goes under a cloud and then she cannot see you blush.

\* \* \* \* \*

George B.—I am sixteen years old and have fallen in love with a young lady in the Sophomore class. She is a farmer and as I like the farm I would like to see her oftener. She objects to my white hair. What could you suggest to help me out of my difficulty?

Answer.—Go to the Manual Training room when Mr. Lameraux is not there and get a little of his furniture stain, and apply every morning for two weeks. I think this will help you out wonderfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ralph W.—I am a very classy little fellow in the Soph class. Please advise me what to do with my pompadour, it stands up too straight and Fern doesn't like it.

Answer.—Use Le Pages each morning before breakfast and I think this will help your hair, and I do hope Fern will like you now.

\* \* \* \* \*

Clarence Mc.—I am in love with a girl from Milton Jct., but I don't think she likes me, and I can't sleep nights because I think of her and wonder why she doesn't like me. Please tell me how I can win her love?

Answer.—Take your mandolin and go to her home and play for her and then if she doesn't like you I don't know what is the matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Holt.—I am a constant reader of your page and I would like you to tell me how I can get more boys out for debates?

Answer.—Fewer names on the conduct list and have the boys debate the girls from other towns and I think you would have no further trouble with them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Answer.—In answer to Rush Touton's letter, if he will enclose a two-cent stamp we will tell him what he wants to know.

\* \* \* \* \*

Harold T.—One night when I was out with a girl I tried to kiss her and she slapped my face, now I don't see why she should do this and I don't see any harm in kissing.

Answer.—Quit eating onions.



**Can You Guess Who In School:**

Wears the biggest shoes?  
 Talks the most?  
 Flirts more than any six?  
 Needs most material for a dress?  
 Tries to make us think he owns the school?  
 Is the worst knocker?  
 Has the most school spirit?  
 Sports the loudest ties?  
 Finds pleasure in studying?  
 Has the brightest smile?

If not, get eyes like Katherine, a dimple like S. Slagg's, a smile like Ruth's, a walk like Ethel's and a giggle like Nyria's. There you have it!

\* \* \* \* \*

As a Freshman says it:

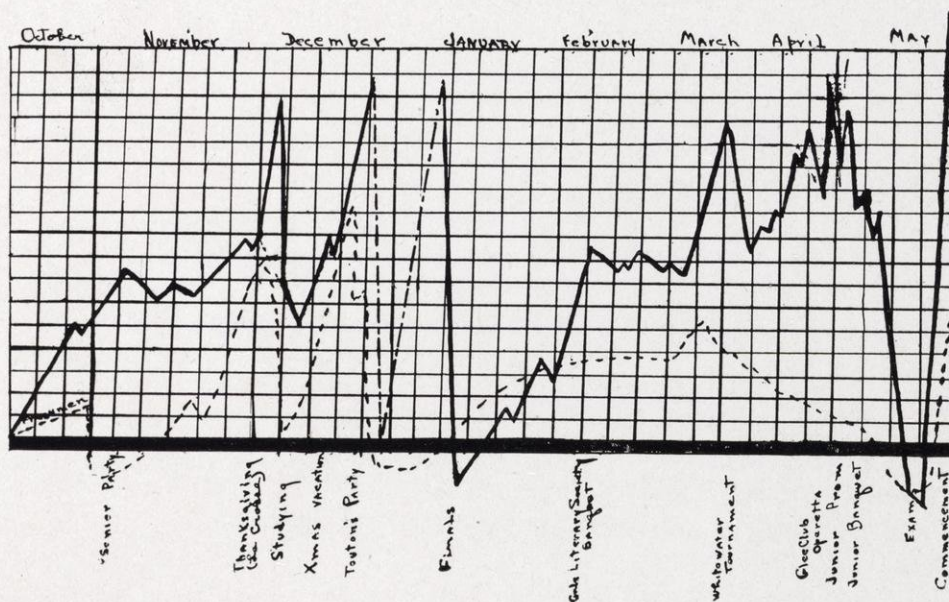
Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
 How I wonder what you are!  
 Up above the world so high,  
 Like a diamond in the sky.

As the Senior says it:

Scintillate, scintillate luminous constellation,  
 Interrogatively I question your constituent elements!  
 In your prodigious altitude above the terrestrial sphere,  
 Similar to a carbonaceous isniotic suspended in the celestial  
 firmament.—Ex.



# Edgerton H. S. Fussing Class



## A LINE ON E. H. S. FUSSING.

The **heavy line** indicates the trend of E. H. S. fussers during this school year.

The **dot and dash break** in the **heavy line** denotes an unusual condition of the fussing market during the Xmas vacation. The **heavy line** should have risen but it had to wait for Lunk K. and Geneva S. to make up; in other words, the **dot and dash** stands for L. K. and G. S.

The **dotted line** represents the status of Freshman fussing during this same period of time. The line, unlike the Freshmen, speaks for itself. There were many attempts on the part of the youngsters, to out-do their elders—this record shows how futile were the attempts, as they were bound to be. As we go to press we are pained to report that the spring f. is getting the goats of a goodly number of the yearlings.

## RESULTS OF VOTE OF H. S. STUDENTS.

Biggest Bluffer—Ethel Morrison.  
 Most Childish Boy—Graydon Clarke  
 Naughtiest Fellow—Stanley Slagg.  
 Loudest Talker—James Curran.  
 Worst Knocker—Rush Touton.  
 Worst Loafer—Clifford Shaw.  
 Dullest Boy—Mahlon Ogden.  
 Worst Grind—Rolland Kellogg.  
 Most Musical—Clarence McIntosh.  
 Most Popular—Rolland Williams.  
 Most Handsome—Lester Doerr.  
 Best All-around—George Lynts.  
 Best Fusser—Ralph Wileman.  
 Best Athlete—Raymond Madden.  
 Most Quiet—Laurence Curran.  
 Smallest Boy—Norman Clark  
 Poorest Singer—Hilda Schmeling.  
 Bookworm—Margaret Earle.  
 Most Gentle—Laurence Kepp.  
 Quietest Girl—Myrtle Ehlenfelt.  
 Fresh Air Boy—Russell Schoenfeldt.  
 Greatest Dude—Gerhard Jensen.  
 Biggest Fusser Girl—Hilma Larsen  
 Cutest Girl—Ethel Morrison.

## Girls

Don't kiss a man in the public highway. It's awful to see a woman doing a man's work.

Don't study too hard. Folks might think you are preparing to earn your own living.

Don't be a freak. The squirrels have enough nuts to attend to now.

Don't show your dislike to your hated instructor. Give her some of those Domestic Science Fudges.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof.—“A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer.”

Student.—“Yes, that's why I flunked in my last exam in Geometry.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Dexter—“How was iron first discovered?”

Stanley S.—“They smelt it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Starr—“What is the plural for safety?”

Rolland K.—“Safety pins.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Lewis—“What is a luxury?”

Gladys A.—“Face powder.”

**Class Stones**

Freshman—Emerald.  
 Sophomore—Grindstone.  
 Junior—Blarney.  
 Senior—Tomb.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Dexter—"Why do the leaves of this book stay together?"  
 Bright Student—"Oh, they're bound to do it."

\* \* \* \* \*

**Bright Remarks**

Mr. Dexter—"Where is the center of gravity in this building?"  
 Clarke—"In Mr. Holt's office."

\* \* \* \* \*

Teacher—"For what is Switzerland noted?"  
 Student—"Why—er—Swiss cheese."  
 Teacher—"Oh, something grander, more tremendous, more impressive."  
 Student—"Limburger cheese!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Holt. (R. K. at the board trying to demonstrate umbra and penumbra).  
 —"See Rolland's shadow illustrates those features wonderfully."

Rush—"Yes, density."

\* \* \* \* \*

Reading in English—"And Front De Boef pressed his suit so hard that Rowena burst into tears."

\* \* \* \* \*

Junior Eng., (extemporaneous topics given to each pupil by some other pupil. Pupil may refuse to talk on topic if he considers it too personal.)

Perry (giving topic to Myrtle)—"Talk about the biggest fusser in school."

Myrtle—"Oh, no, that would be too personal."

\* \* \* \* \*

**German IV. Translation**

Schirme und Stocke müssen hier abgelegt werden.

A. H.—"Shoes and stockings must be left here."

\* \* \* \* \*

**New Dances By Students**

The Toe Dance—Hilma L.

Cake Walk—Sylvester.

One Step—McIntosh.

The Tango—Graydon C.

The Turkey Trot—Raymond M.

Dog Walk—James L.

Hesitation—Fred E.

Fish Walk—Clifford S.

Snake Glide—Ed. Leary.

**To The Freshmen**

A Freshman was lost on the African coast. Where a cannibal king held sway. And they served up that Freshman on slices of toast, on the eve of that very day. But the vengence of heaven followed swift on the act, and ere the next moon was seen, by Cholera Morbus the tribe attacked, for the Freshman was terribly green.—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A Senior's Dream**

Twinkle, twinkle, ninety-five,  
Why! to soar so high  
Would make one dead alive.  
Up above my mark so far,  
How I wonder what you are.—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

F—ierce lessons.  
L—ate hours.  
U—nexpected company.  
N—ot prepared.  
K—icked out.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Geometry Class**

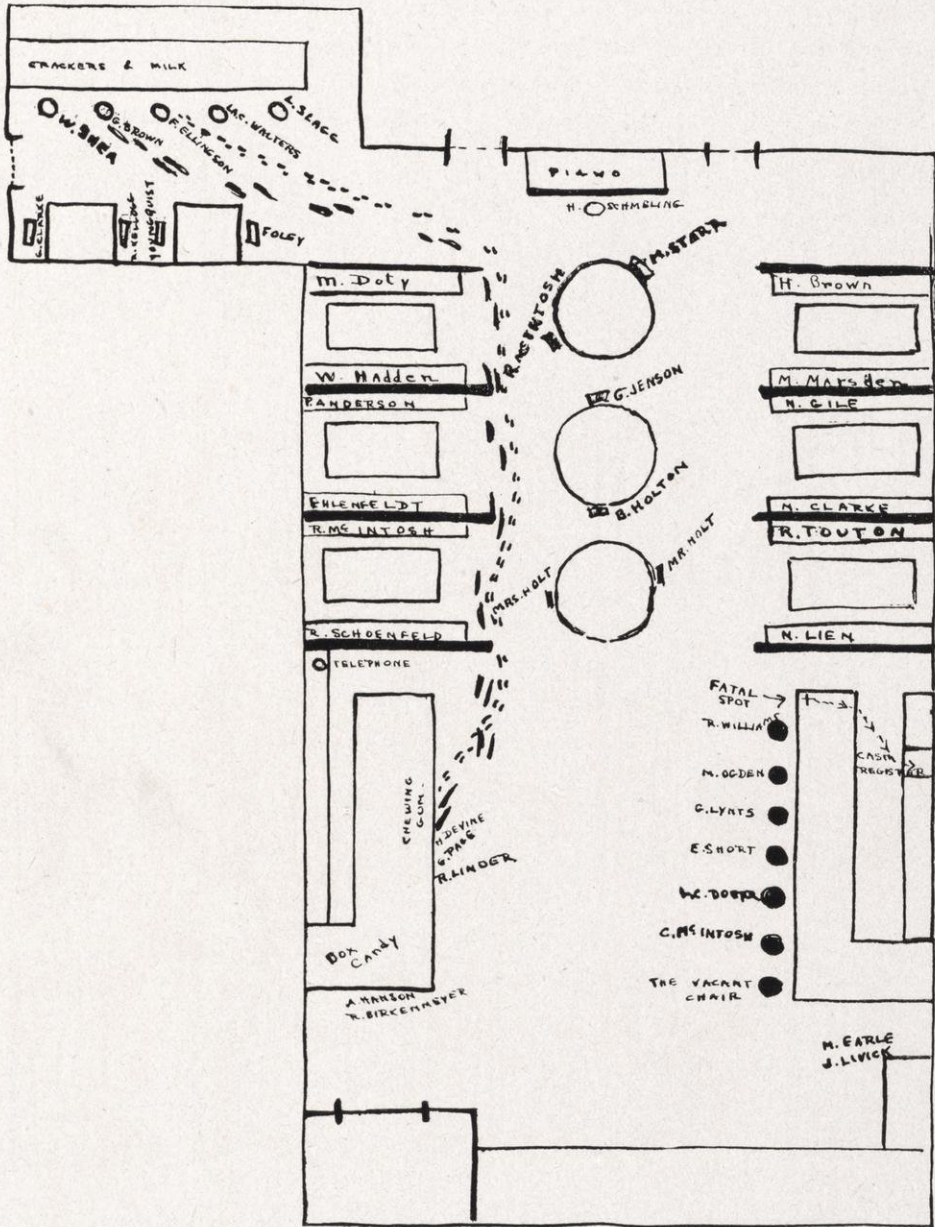
A line has no breath  
Equals equal equals.  
Area of a circle equals pie times its squared radiator.

\* \* \* \* \*

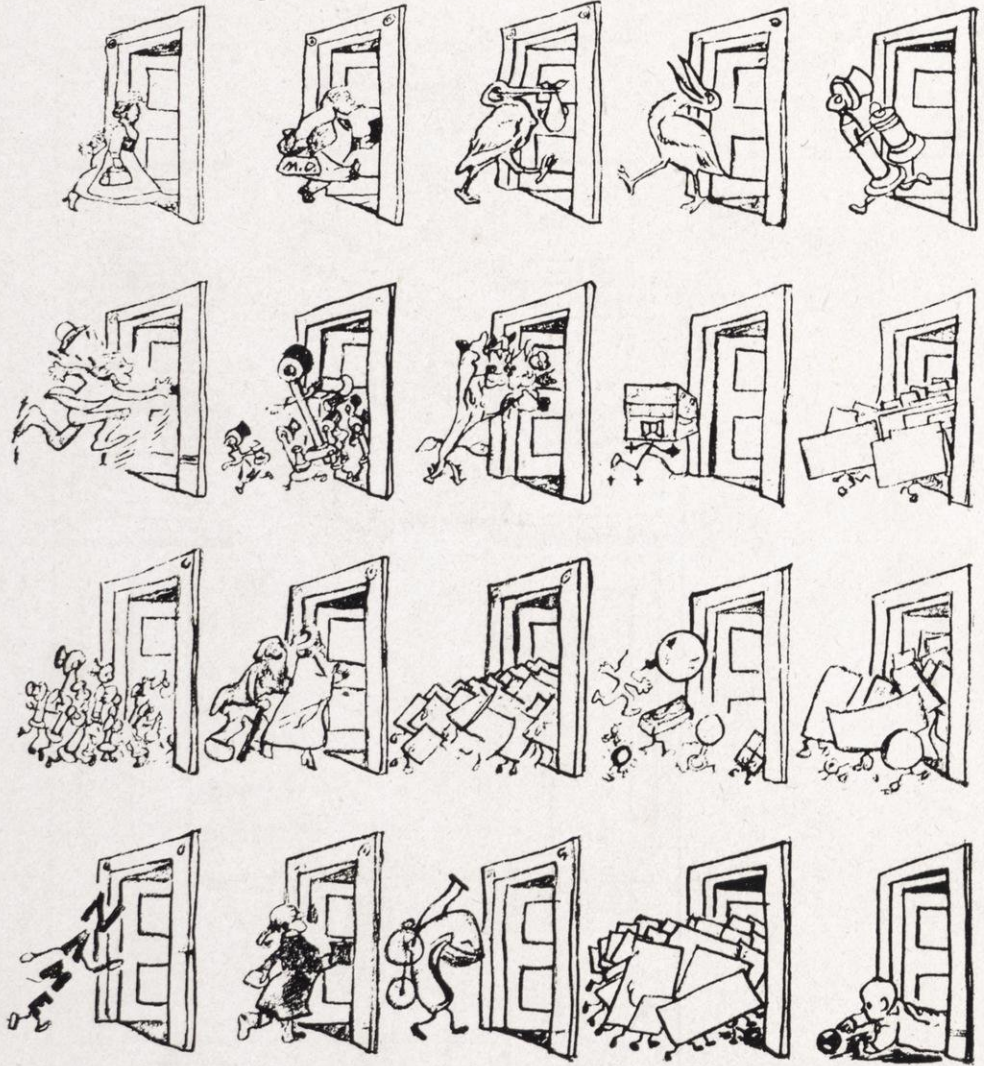
The meanness of a junior when he's mean, and the learnness of the Senior when he is lean; but the meanness of the meanness and the leanness of the leanest are not in it with greenness of a Freshman when he's green.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aspiration; anticipation; expectation; realization; mystification; hard occupation; conditionalization; exasperation; examination; short vacation; passification; gratification; four years' duration of this vocation; but at last salvation in sweet graduation.



FEBRUARY - 1917  
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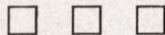
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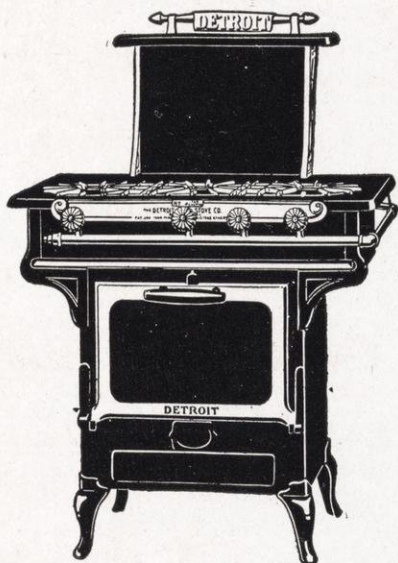
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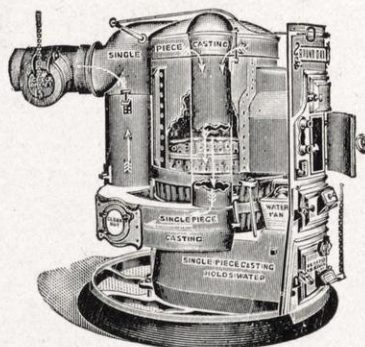
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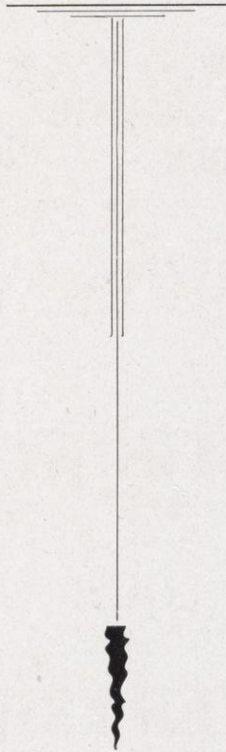
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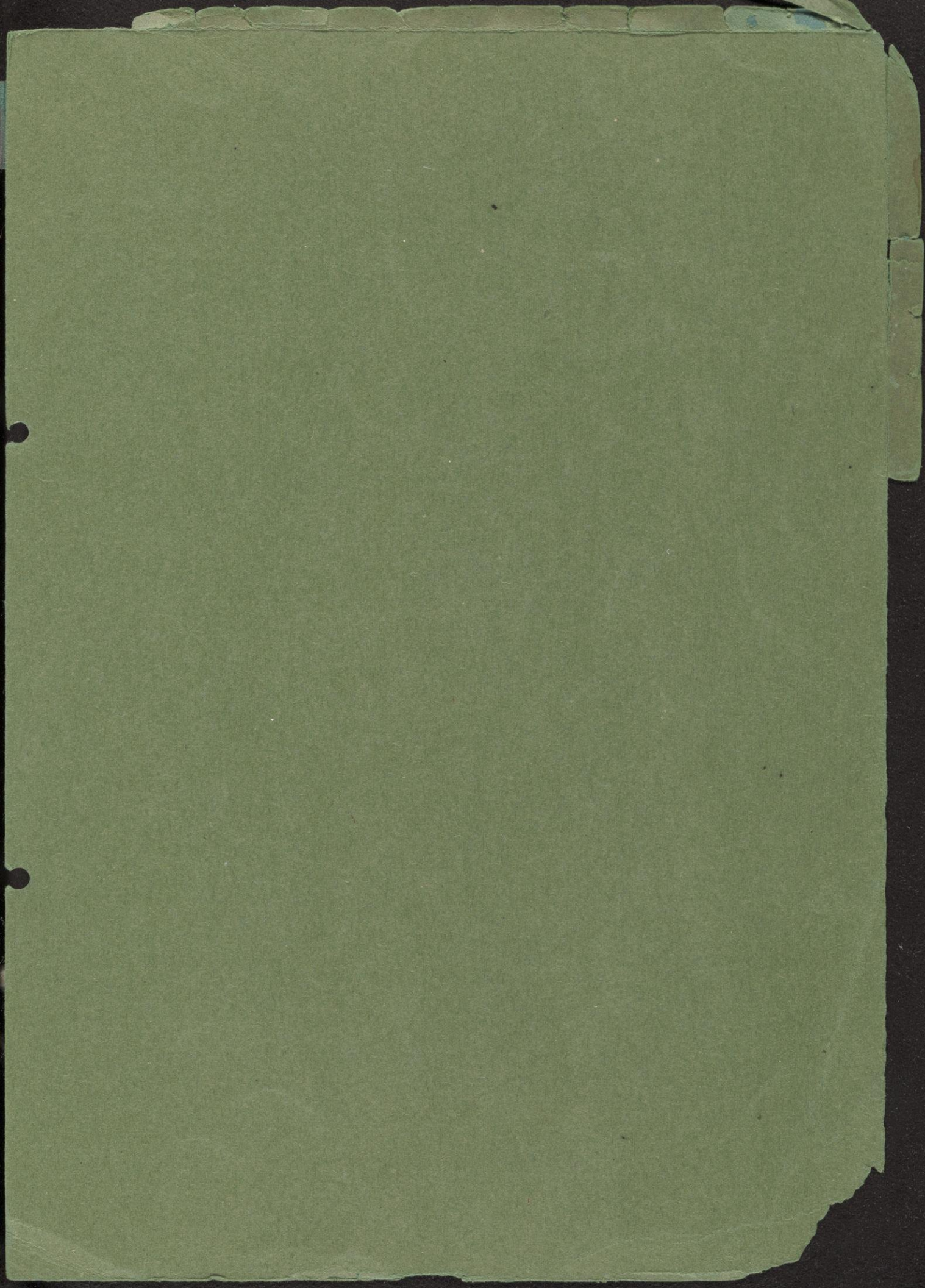
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