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THE CRIMSON



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THE CRIMSON

Volume One.

APRIL, 1911.

Number Four.

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

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A YEAR OF MUSIC

On a bright, warm afternoon in May, a group of girls sat upon the lawn before a neat, white house. A sudden quiet had fallen over them as they watched the glories of the setting sun. The whole western sky was lighted up into a vast panorama of splendor, shading in color from the deepest red to the palest pink and casting a faint glow over the whole earth. The beauty and grandeur of it all seemed to shed a seriousness on the little company and as they gazed into the distance, visions of the future danced before their eyes. At last silence was broken by a clear, girlish voice.

"In just a few weeks girls, we will leave the dear old High School forever. What are you all going to do this next year?"

The answers came from all sides until everyone except the hostess had told their expectation for the

near future.

"And you, Grace, what are you going to do?" was asked.

The girl hesitated slightly and then with a smile said: "Oh, I think I shall have a year of music."

Congratulations were heartily exchanged and soon the little party broke up and the guests went happily away, leaving Grace Alliston with a firm determination that she would study music the coming year.

The weeks sped swiftly by and graduation was soon long past. Grace was confidently planning for a successful year and was anxious to begin her study. Then came the surprise. She was told that she must work for herself. Her father had toiled nobly that she might have an education and now his health had given out and the doctor ordered complete rest. They expected her to teach—to teach while all the other girls of her class

were away at school. From that time, much that was beautiful and good, seemed to die out of the girl's life. September found her in a tiny country schoolhouse. How she hated this life, she found no pleasure and looked for none. The pupils all disliked her, she despised them and her patience was long since worn out.

But the day of awakening arrived. She had been particularly cross that day, and had kept a little girl two hours after school, because she was not bright and could not learn. As she was walking home afterward, she heard someone sobbing by the road, and listening, heard a childish voice saying: "Miss Alliston was so cross and I couldn't learn it and she scolded me all the time. Mother says God's creatures are all good, but I don't think she is."

Tears came into the listener's eyes and she hurried home, and going to her room, threw herself on the bed in an agony of remorse. Her mother came, listened, and went silently away.

A few hours later she arose and went to the window and stood looking out into the night. A soft breeze caressed her face, the moon shed a silvery radiance over the quiet world, bringing peace to the aching heart. She could hear subdued voices, borne in by the late autumn winds.

In that hour she was completely changed and from that time won the hearts of everyone and the little girl's belief in her mother's words was restored.

Sweet Grace Alliston had learned music, although she did not realize it. It was not the kind she expected, but the music of the soul. There

was no discord in her life, only perfect harmony. She had learned to live and the music of her beautiful life, cast a spell around her, even as the strains of Orpheu's lyre had done.

E. S. '11

WINTER

This is the season of winter. The bleak and cold winds from the northland,

Whistle and roar in the treetops,
and chill the disconsolate traveler.
Snow flakes like feathers are falling,
and icicles hang from the branches,

Dropping their transparent jewels on
the heads of unfortunate passers.

Rivers and lakes are all ice bound,
inviting the frolicsome skaters.

Mountains and valleys are snow-clad,
all wrapped in their spotless
white blankets.

Under them woodbine and violet
sleep till awakened in springtime.

Spring with its sunshine and flowers,
and autumn all golden with harvests,

These are most glorious seasons, but,
welcome to sturdy old winter.

B. S. '11

The base ball season is at hand and it is up to you boys to have a good team this year. Every boy who can toss a ball or swing a bat should get out and try for the team. Competition is what we need to get a good team and after having such a successful basket ball season we will have to work some to equal it in base ball.

Each night after school the boys go to the Driving Park where they are now practicing and working out material for a good team.



School spirit is greatly to be desired in a school. It tends to unite the pupils and cause them to work together in anything that will benefit the school. At the athletic contests between schools, the spirit is most prominent, but it generally goes no farther than a little noise and rooting for the teams. But sometimes in a close game the crowd is likely to become excited and forget that gentlemanly conduct is the rule at all times. Bad feelings are likely to be made between the rooters of both sides and the whole school, in a mistaken idea of school spirit, becomes extremely antagonistic to the opponents. As a result the schools are liable to sever their relations with one another and all on account of a mistaken idea of school spirit. If athletics lead to such results, it is better to have none, than to make enemies of the neighboring schools and gain a bad reputation among them. We do not want to lose athletics from the school, so it behooves us to be careful to what extreme school spirit carries us.

Edgerton has joined a new declaratory league and from the showing made at our local contest we feel quite confident of winning in the new league. We have held the banner in the old league for the last two years and we do not want to

relinquish the first honors as yet. The reason we have been so successful is perhaps the great interest taken by the pupils. Each class is always careful to select the best speakers in the class and the local contest has always been closely contested. It is not the upper classes that take the greatest interest either, for the Freshmen go into it as eagerly as the Seniors. We have a number of good speakers in the lower classes and we have hopes for the future as well as the present.

The basket ball season has closed for this year and since this is only the second year we have played, we have a right to feel proud of our record this year. Nine out of thirteen games played were won. Beloit, Evansville, Stoughton, Milton Junction, Milton and Albion Academy were defeated by our boys and Brodhead beat them twice, while Stoughton and Madison won one game each from them. The success of the team is due largely to the hard and persistent work of the players and tireless efforts of the coach in training them. Not a little credit is due the players of the second team who came out night after night to give the first team practice.

A bright blush crept over her cheeks. It crept because if it had run it would have raised a dust.—Ex.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

"Will teachers never learn that the week of basket ball games and other entertainments is not the week for quizzes?" pouted pretty Alice Freeman, as she threw herself into chair with a long sigh of discomfort. "One after another has been piling them upon us in a manner which is perfectly diabolical."

"Please, Alice, have a little pity on me then and don't keep me at the dictionary looking up your long words. Goodness knows I've plenty to do as it is" exclaimed her roommate.

"Something will certainly have to be done," continued Alice. "Oh, say, I have it." she said, as a bright idea came to her. "Why not have a brigade and all go to the teachers and tell them we simply cannot have quizzes this week. They'd most likely give in. We can call it The Charge of the Light Brigade."

"Well teachers aren't in the habit of doing so but it wont hurt to try. Then too we might unexpectedly win," agreed her companion. "Lets get the rest of the girls."

There followed a general march from one room to another, two or three members being added at each invasion, until, when they reached the last one, there was an army of fourteen girls all eager to carry out the plan.

Since there was a teacher's meeting that night it was decided upon to be the best chance to interview the whole faculty at one time thus saving many precious moments. No one thought of the fact that it would be better to beard the lions in their dens one at a time, than to face seven, all practically agreeing

on the subject that girls of eighteen summers were devoid of any sound judgment or logical reasoning power. However they realized their mistake when Alice made known their errand for teachers to right of them, teachers to left of them and teachers in front of them upbraided them soundly. There seemed nothing to do but to turn and flee. But this was also impossible for when they turned to the door there were teachers behind them.

After each teacher had his turn of giving a fifteen minute lecture, the girls were allowed to return to their rooms. They did not look as hilarious as they had before their "charge," but each wore a look of deep dejection on her countenance for besides being defeated in their enterprise, it was much too late for them to go to a very interesting basket ball game. I. B. '11

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGES

The exchanges received the past month are The Increscent, Beloit; The Courier, Milton Junction; The Giwadin, Rhinlander, Wis., The Student, Kentucky State Normal; The Messenger, Wichita, Kan.; The Blue and Gold, Findlay, Ohio; The Spike, West Salem, Wis.

Increscent—Your paper is very good. The stories and jokes are especially interesting.

The Student—You have a good paper, but why don't you put in a few criticisms on the exchanges?

Messenger—Your stories are very interesting and your cover design for March is very appropriate.

Giwadin — A few more stories would make your paper better.

Blue and Gold—Your paper is very good and we have no criticism to make on it.



Senior girls! Have you your harmon skirts made yet? If not get busy and begin to get ready to start to prepare to have them made for you want to keep up with the fashions and commencement week is a good chance to show them off.

James Flarity '07 and Earle Shaw a former member of '12 who have been attending Marquette College at Milwaukee, visited at E. H. S. Friday, April 14th.

The request granted—One of two young men sitting behind an exceedingly large hat at the Lyric, was heard, by the young lady beneath it to remark, "I wish the lady in front would remove her hat." She courteously leaned forward and whispered to the lady in front of her, (who was wearing a very small hat) "Will you kindly remove your hat?"

The little ones certainly are interested in our contest although they hardly know the name to call it. One of the teachers was accosted on the street one day by three little girls, with the question. "Say Miss —, what kind of a contest is it going to be to-night? Isn't it an inflammatory contest?" "No it isn't," broke in another, "It's an exclamationary contest, isn't it?"

Whereupon the third little girl spoke up, "It's a declamatory contest." She knew.

As the Seniors do not have to write essays the last semester and because of the essay contest, the rhetorical programs have been rather short. Gretta Devine gave an interesting essay on "Education" the 24th. Not alone school, but life with its travel and its ups and downs, educates, she said. Mattie Maltpress also gave an interesting one on "Washington." We still have two more programs which will finish up this semester's rhetoricals.

When D C's hands were cold, E. Mc. kindly offered to warm them with his red hair.

As a result of the essay contest on "Alcohol and the Laborer," Clayton Williams received first prize \$3, Nettie Armit second prize \$2, Florence Flagg third prize \$1.

What is the purpose of the common 'tater used on a dynamo?

A number of Seniors took the teacher's exams at Janesville. Those who attended from here were Edna Strasburg, Nora Farman, Edith Cooper, Hazel Stone, Shirley Shumway and Earl Mac Innis.

L. E. '14 certainly beats anything you ever saw at field throws, especially for a room. One day in Physiology class while gazing calmly around the room, with a small paper wad, which she had been chewing, balanced carefully on the extremity of her third finger; she suddenly lost control of it and the result was that Mr. C. the instructor, was surprised to discover himself eating paper wads — —. Yet that same gentleman has threatened to expel certain members of the Physics class for eating candy!

(Heard in German IV)—Unserer bei den Katzenhauser, (the city of Katzenburg.)

Translated—Our affair at the cat's house.

The Seniors have decided to get a foot-stool for R. Mc. for they were extremely astonished one day to see him throw his feet in the waste basket.

Miss L.—(Eng. Hist. III) "Give the names of Henry VIII's wives."

P. C.—"You don't want them all this morning do you?"

Miss Goldsmith's Latin classes found a small bunch of wild flowers at each place on April 17th. As they were some of the first of the season they were certainly appreciated.

I. B.—"We had sandwiches in English class the other day."

E. S.—"What were they?"

I. B.—"Literary sandwiches, prose and poetry with drama between."

The U. S. was so far away from England that government could not be enforced and the feeling of liberty was increased in the colonies. Miss G. wished to know what general principal would hold when she had to watch M. H. and W. C. in the

back seat more than the people sitting in the front seats. L. M., failing to catch the drift of her question, informed her that it was because there was no strong central government.

Clarence Harried, formerly a pupil of E. H. S., but now attending Stoughton High School, was a visitor at our school April 14th. Other Stoughton students took advantage of their vacation to visit E. H. S.

St. Patrick's day was a green letter day at High. Others besides Freshmen were verdant that day.

Mr. C. almost decided to get class of '11 some soothing syrup one morning a few weeks ago, for during the second period in the morning, that class developed especially hard coughs.

A man may fall once, but can work up again; a second time, still has a chance to rise; the third fall he may drown, but he can at least try for a chance to live. A narrow, weak and helpless life will be yours if you drift with the tide, always following the line of least resistance. The father and mother have much to do in making their children weak or strong. If they try to shield the child from temptations and hard struggles, the boy or girl will become weak or helpless.

The Seniors have selected their class play. It is entitled "At the End of the Rainbow." The members of the class had their parts assigned by Mr. Roethe. Miss Levedahl will have charge of the play and will train the pupils.

B. M. after spending the second period in the front seat for a month has now returned to her own seat among the Seniors.



In English History while discussing the different plots against Elizabeth and how Elizabeth captured and imprisoned Mary. One pupil, when called upon to tell about a certain plot, got up and said: "Elizabeth wanted to hold Mary for a little while."

Mattie Maltpress missed two days of school on account of the measles visiting her home. This is the first that Mattie has had to stay out since school commenced and she does not like it very well.

Our jolly companion and classmate, Oscar Hanson, has decided that school life is too easy for him, so packed up his books and announced his departure. Now everyone knows that we will all miss Oscar very much, as he in days gone by often furnished us with amusement, though the teacher in charge of the room could not see it. We always counted on having Oscar play a prominent part as a senior graduate next year and sincerely hope he will find out that he has made a mistake and will resume his studies again.

The topic one day for English III was the cause, cures and preventatives of contagious diseases. It was

not an uncommon thing that forenoon to hear a conversation similar to the following between two Juniors:

"Oh, what have you got?"

"I've got the measles, or I mean the chicken-pox."

It's a wonder those people wouldn't stay at home.

In English History a pupil was reciting on the life of a certain man. At the end of her recitation she said that he died. Immediately the teacher spoke up and said: "No, he didn't die, he was killed."

We are sorry to know that the measles have not left town. They recently made a call upon our classmate, Helen Merrill, and kept her from school the first week after vacation.

The contest night was an exciting one for us Juniors. We were interrupted in our patriotic yelling once in a while by the Freshmen who tried their best to out-yell us. To say that we were glad when our class representative, James Boutelle, won first honors in the boys' contest would be putting it tame. We have great hopes of the honors which we will carry home with us April 28th.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT

Ytawawa was a splendid figure as he stood on the eastern bank of the mighty "Father of Waters" and surveyed the boiling flood which the proud river hurled at the majestic bluffs. He was an Indian and with the blue blood of many generations of chiefs coursing through his young body, and was standing erect and haughty as though he addressed a multitude.

As the swiftest runner and most trustworthy of the Chippewas, he had been sent by the Council of the Great Chiefs to Saint Louis to sue for peace from the white men who were waging war on their tribes and gradually exterminating them in spite of their most valiant efforts. The war had been carried ceaselessly for over two years and the Chippewas, continually on the march, had had no time for hunting, consequently by this time their reserve supplies were entirely consumed and the redskins were dying by thousands.

Ytawawa knew how urgent was the need of his haste and had come with all possible speed through the trackless wilderness of northern Wisconsin to the Mississippi and now stood on the bank of that river about fifty miles above the present site of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

However, he did not remain long inactive, but began a swift and thorough search through the underbush which here lined the shore. Presently he emerged from the bushes carrying a sixteen foot birch bark canoe. He stalked down to the water and quietly launched the frail craft, stepped in and with a mighty sweep of the paddle, drove it out into the current.

He paddled steadily all the long

afternoon and about sun set reached the Falls of St. Anthony. With the river in its usual peaceful mood it would not have been much of a trick for a skilled canoeman such as Ytawawa to shoot these falls, but the river was in no such mood; instead it tumbled over the slight drop in its bed with a roar that could be heard a mile distant and formed and whirled about the black rocks below like a vertiable monster. To make a portage around these falls meant a detour of twenty miles through the almost impentable forest and the consequent loss of time. To attempt the falls was to risk his own life and therefore the loss of his tribe but nevertheless Ytawawa determined to do it rather than lose two precious days on the portage.

As he neared the falls he sat erect in the stern of the canoe and guided the craft into the deepest channel. When he reached the top of the falls the current carried him with a mighty rush over the brink and down, down, into the seething maelstrom. But the danger was not yet over. It was in the whirlpool that the test must come which meant life or death to his beloved people and as he thought of their indescribable sufferings, his muscles grew taut and he fought the current with phenomenal energy.

Would he succeed? It hardly seemed possible that flesh and blood could so triumph over the mighty river god. With skillful strokes of his paddle he dodged in and out among the black rocks or was caught in an irresistible whirlpool in which he would spin for a time until he was able to slowly fight his way out. Sometimes the frail canoe would strike a boulder and nearly capsize in spite of his efforts. For what seemed a century he fought thus, back and forth, turning, twisting, dodging, to emerge at last, triumphant on the heaving bosom of the stream.

He had conquered and the way to St. Louis stretched out, unobstructed before him!

M. H. '12.



Found on a Physiology quiz paper: The small intestine is a tube six inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter.

Mr. Coon in Physiology II: What large bone of a skeleton, in particular should be kept straight?

M. B. (quickly): Oh, the spinal cord.

A. N. in Physiology II: Mr. Coon, how much does a potato weigh?

Miss L. in Ancient History Class: What is a triumph?

A. W.: It's a procession of the achievements of a hero.

W. Mc. is an authority on Milton egg sandwiches. Apply to him for all information regarding them.

Miss L. in Ancient History Class: What became of the followers of Spartacus?

A. M.: They all fled (fled) to the mountains.

L. E. in Physiology II: Why are those two upper teeth called the eye teeth?

D. L. (quickly): Because they are right below your eyes.

Adele Wentworth was absent from school a number of days with the measles.

Miss L. in Ancient History: What

can you tell about Pompeii?

A. M.: Oh, he died.

If any second handed gum is wanted, look under the window opposite H. D's. seat in class room number two, where he is frequently forced to throw it.

The members of the Sophomore Class are seen with smiling countenances for in the girls' declamatory contest, it was one of their classmates who carried off the second place.

L. S., having become interested in reading Julius Caesar, turned to one of her friends sitting near her and said, "Oh, Caesar, may I take your pen and ink?"

Harold Dawe is absent from school with the measles.

B. O. was reading in Bookkeeping class, and he came across the word minimum, which he was unable to pronounce. Mr. R. wrote it upon the board syllabifying it thus: min - i - mum. B. O. pronounced it, and Mr. R. said laughing: "But Minnie isn't always mum."

Mr. Coon in Geometry II: Now what else is necessary in constructing that figure?

S. B.: The radiuses have to be equal.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

On Friday evening, March 31, our annual local Declamatory Contest was held in the High School. Mary Ellen Wesendonk rendered a very charming little vocal solo selection as the first number of the program.

The girls who took part in the contest were Margaret Chamberlain '14, Lulu Scholl '13, Doris Clarke '12 and Lila Gifford '11. The task of the judges was greatly simplified by the uniformity of the selections, as the subjects centered in general around child life. Lulu by her natural and sympathetic rendition of "The Promise" easily captivated her audience and won second place for the Sophomores. But the class of 1911 was indeed proud when it sustained its record of last year by carrying off first honors. In the presentation of "The Adopted" the Seniors feel certain that Lila greatly profited by Lord Hamlet's instructions to the players, for she "suited the action to the word, the word to the action and truly held the mirror up to nature."

Following a piano solo by Hazel Sweeney came the Boys' Contest. Roger Mooney '14, Clayton Hubbell '13 and James Boutelle '12 were the worthy champions for the boys. The oration, "The Plea for Ireland," given by Roger received second place, because of the earnestness and sincerity with which it was delivered. First place was awarded to James, who gave the oration "Independence." The excellent quality of his voice and the forceful manner in which he presented his selection, were especially commendable.

Mr. Vlymen, of Janesville, before

reading the decision of the judges, remarked that it was a pleasure to judge at a contest where so much interest was shown by the contestants and where younger as well as the older members of the school participated. We, too, think that our contest was one of which we should be proud and it will be the aim each year to make it a still greater credit to the school.

Mr. Roethe informed the High School the other day that he would not be with us next year. He has spent six years here, but does not expect to return. This causes a feeling of regret among his pupils for we realize that he has been an excellent instructor and it will be difficult to find a principal who will do as efficient work as Mr. Roethe. He has striven to raise the morals of the school and has tried to act fairly in his judgment of the pupils. Even though we Seniors will not be here we would like to have him return, for the under classmen would find him an excellent teacher, as we have. All through our course he has been our friend as well as instructor and for the school's sake as well as Mr. Roethe's, we wish that he might return to E. H. S.

Describing a ruined cottage a pupil first described a portion of the interior, then the outside, and then again described some more of the inside. When she had finished reading her theme Miss G. said: "You mustn't jump back into the house again, so quick."

Ask James and Leon about the courtesy of the Milton girls!

Translated in German IV.

H. S. — "Then I am right already yet."



WHERE OUR MEMBERS ARE

CLASS OF 1897

Thomas Biggar, living in Walkerville, Ontario.

Minerva Coon (McIntyre), living in Oak Park, Ill.

Katie Coon (Carrier), living in Edgerton.

Clarence Doty, deceased.

Myrtle Hutson, deceased.

Clara Hargraves (Hopkins), living at Steuben, Wis.

Inger Hoen (Emery), living near Albion, Wis.

Roy Hopkins, farmer at Steuben, Wis.

Oscar Jenson, engaged in tobacco business, Edgerton.

Elizabeth Lund, living in Chicago.

Nellie Pease (Spike), living in Edgerton.

Emma Silverwood (Naset), living near Sumner, Wis.

Frank Touton, teaching in Kansas City, Nebraska.

CLASS OF 1898

Charles Bowen, engaged in tobacco business, Edgerton.

Charles Lindas, living at Kenosha, Wis.

Frank Pearson, farmer near Fulton, Wis.

Roy Hutson, real estate dealer at

Seattle, Wash.

Fred Knoble, government surveyor in Northern Canada.

Dean Swift, druggist in Edgerton.

Clara Toynton (Swift) living at Edgerton.

Dora Fuller (Matheson) living at Canal Dover, Ohio.

Mary Kaufman (Gullickson) living at Stoughton, Wis.

Grace Perry (Cotting) living at Chicago.

Sarah Mawhinney (Gorham) living at Geneseo, Ill.

Rose Morrissey, bookkeeper at Janesville.

Lulu Lund (Hackbert) living at Appleton, Wis.

Ella Pope (Litney) living near Edgerton.

Louise Jessup, employed in the Edgerton post office.

Leah Westlake, bookkeeper in Janesville.

Alma Livick, living near Edgerton.

Lena Clark, deceased.

CLASS OF 1910

Sadie Hall is attending the Stout Training school.

Gertrude Tallard, Grace Devine and Jennie Oberg are teaching country schools.

Josephine Burns and Ethelyn Walker are attending Whitewater normal.

Luella Post, Henry Morrissey and John Scofield are attending Wisconsin University.

Lamont Girard is attending Beloit College.

Roscoe McIntosh '09, is attending Beloit College.

Bessie Keller and Carolyn Biederman '07 graduate this spring at Lawrence College.

Eleanor Hitchcock '08 is attending Lawrence College.

Amanda Pederson '07 is teaching near Janesville.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The English class have finished the "Odyssey" and are now taking "The Merchant of Venice."

Some of the girls are interested in Physiology, especially the five senses. Ask Gretchen about it.

The Freshman class are now getting on better in Algebra because they are studying harder.

The Freshman class will be well represented at the contest at Stoughton as a large majority of them are planning to go.

The Freshmen are certainly patriotic. Nearly every member was decorated with ribbons of class colors on the day of the contest.

One of our classmates, Brink Ogden has withdrawn from school.

Keep moving Mr. Roethe says, don't let your machinery rust away. Use it so much that when it goes down it will go all at once and not one part at a time. Use enthusiasm! Get up energy! Boys that smoke pipes and cigarettes need it! Fathers and mothers are sometimes sent to

their graves by the worry which their children cause.

In Eng. IV. the class had been studying Milton's minor poems, and were asked to write a letter to Milton as tho they were a friend of his telling of the death of King Edward, sympathizing with Milton, and asking him to write a poem in memoriam. One of them took the form of a telegram, as the student was evidently in a hurry:—

"Dear John:

King is dead, he was drowned last night at sea, write a poem for memorial volume.

Yours in haste,

Mr. Roethe advises us to begin studying hard if we have not already begun and to continue hard work for the rest of the year. Fresh air and exercise will enable us to learn better and will fit our minds for study. We must not, however, leave our studying until the last moment or we are apt to flunk, but if we are in from the start there will be no cause to worry. The best men and women have to work hard to find out everything about the work which they intend to take up. A king must go through every kind of labor. He must enter the army and navy, must study and work from childhood to become the good king which a nation must have to prosper.

Make the best of yourself! What we prepare for now we'll reap later on. Dissipation reaps tares, but a life of preparation and industry reaps wheat. Life is short, but crowd it full of usefulness. Do what you can to make the world better.

IMPORTANCE OF THE VERTEBRAL COLUMN

The laurels are won in this strenuous life

By the fellow who sticks to his work.
No victories come to the dodger of strife—

No glory e'er falls to the shirk.

Calamity howlers may find fault with Fate,

And pessimists grumbled and groan;
But the fault's with these gloom hunters, sad to relate

They're greatly in need of back-bone.

The human invertebrate doesn't count much—

The sissy and milk-sop and sport,
The loafer, the grumbler, the weakling and such.

The sluggard and all of that sort.

But the world is in need of the right kind of chap,

The fellow who never repines;
The lad with the gray matter under his hat,

The one who possesses a spine.—S. '09

AMONG THE SMILE MAKERS

An Irishman once spied a parrot in the top of a tree. Remembering the old saying, he immediately proceeded to get it into his hand. When he had almost reached his destination the parrot looked down on him and exclaimed, "What do you want?"

"Oh," said the Irishman, "Excuse me, oi tho't ye was a bird."—Ex.

Own your own business.

Talk your own business.

Work your own business.

And tend to your own business.

—The Daleville Leader.

Soft snaps in youth make hard beds in age.—Ex.

How wise those Soph are. Here is a Latin translation by one of them: (Ponebant saxes in muro, et hostes fugiunt): "They hung their socks on the wall and the enemy fled."—Ex.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there's nothing in it, but it eases the joints wonderfully.—Ex.

Teacher (to pupil in Latin): Please give the principal parts of the first verb.

Pupil (in an aside): Darned if I know.

Teacher (not hearing reply): Next.

Bright Pupil: Darnifino, Darnifinare, darnifinavi, darnifinatus.—Ex.

Seniors were born for great things,
Freshmen were born for small,
But it is not recorded
Why Juniors live at all.—Ex.

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other. "Oh," said Smith, "how you made my head ring."

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.

"Didn't yours ring?" said Smith.

"No," said Brown.

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.—Ideas.

Teacher: "Johnny, define a lie in scriptural language."

Johnny: "A lie is an abomination in the sight of the Lord and a very present help in the time of trouble."—Ex.

Professor (to lady student): Your marks were very low and you just passed.

Student—Oh, I'm so glad.

Professor—Why?

Student—Oh, I just love a tight, tight squeeze.—Ex.

NOTES FROM THE GRADES

EIGHTH GRADE

The Eighth Grade enjoyed a half holiday on March 24, having had 95 plus per cent attendance and no tardy cases during the month.

Howard Dean has withdrawn from school and will soon move with his parents to Colorado.

Heard in Reading class—"King Alcinous stood with his spectre in his hand."

In the Civics work of the A. class definite things about our city government are being learned, such as the rate of assessment of taxes, cost of schools, etc. This work is obviously interesting and practical.

Heard in B. History in the study of the War—"Santa Ann led her men against Taylor at Buena Vista." What's in a name?

PRIMARY GRADE

Miss Hoen is busy getting ready to attend the Drawing Teachers' Convention at Appleton, Wis. She expects to take an exhibit of the work done in drawing by the pupils here. The children have made several pretty Easter novelties in drawing.

Miss Sewell has a cantata well started and hopes to have it ready in about two weeks. The Toy Symphony will be presented at the same time.

Miss H.—Children, you all know that it is Easter Sunday, next Sunday, don't you?

Pupil—Oh goody! I'm going to ask my mamana to make an Easter pie.

Miss H.—What do you put in that kind of pie Lelon?

Pupil—Oh, Easter eggs and bananas and cake and lots of good things.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES

The spring term opened with a full attendance though a few children are detained from school on account of pink eye.

The regular monthly examinations took place last week and Report cards have been given out.

The teachers urge that parents look these cards over carefully and if standings are unsatisfactory that they come and see the teacher regarding the matter.

Mr. Strasberg gave the floors of the school a much needed washing during vacation.

The new pictures that have lately been placed in some of the grades are appreciated by both teachers and pupils.

Twomilesaminute.
Geehowweffy!
Swiftasameteor
Streakingthesky.
Whatisthatblur?
Onlythetrees.
Lookatthemwave;
Mywhatabreeze!
Ahonkandarush.
Aflashandasmell;
Whatdidwehit?
Didsomebodyyell?
Ajarandascream—
Itlookedlikeahorse,
Notellingnow;
Keptothe/course.
Outoftheroad!
Giveusashow!
Twomilesaminute,
Geehowwego!

—Ex.

Teacher—"Use notwithstanding in a sentence."

Pupil—"The cow went lame, but notwithstanding."—Ex.



Tuesday afternoon, March 21st, Edgerton defeated the Milton High School team by the score of 38 to 12. For the first few minutes of play it looked as if the game would be close as neither side could make any baskets. Our boys soon got into their old stride and walked right away from the Milton team. Milton was very poor in team work and although our boys were nothing extra, since they had had no practice for several weeks, they managed to keep the ball in their territory most of the time. In the second half Milton played a better game, but they could not get many chances at the basket, as our own guards were after them all the time. The last half was quite rough at times.

The line up was as follows:

EDGERTON		MILTON	
R. McIntosh	l. f.	Shumway	
Maltpress	r. f.	Burdick	
W. McIntosh	c.	Freeborn	
MacInnis	l. g.	Borden	
Wentworth	} r. g.	Miller	
Coon			

Field Baskets—Wentworth 2, Coon 2, W. McIntosh 4, Maltpress 4, R. McIntosh 6, Freeborn 11, Miller 1, Free throws—R. McIntosh 2, Burdick 3.

Edgerton secured its second victory from Milton Thursday evening, March 23 by defeating them by the score of 14 to 11. The game was played in the Milton college gym and refereed by Knudson from Janesville. The game was very close and exciting. Our boys could not make the basket and missed repeatedly. They had plenty of chances but could not use them. This accounts for the low score. The first half ended with the score 6 to 5 in favor of Milton. The Milton rooters were enthusiastic and thought sure they were going to win. The last half was as exciting as the first. The score was tied several times, but in the last few minutes, Edgerton made a couple of baskets, which put them in the lead.

The line up was as follows:

EDGERTON		MILTON	
R. McIntosh	r. f.	Burdick	
Maltpress	l. f.	Shumway	
W. McIntosh	c.	Freeborn	
MacInnis	l. g.	Borden	
Wentworth	} r. g.	Miller	
Coon			

Field Baskets—R. McIntosh 1, W. McIntosh 1, MacInnis 2, Freeborn 2, Free throw—Borden 7, R. McIntosh 4.

Guns, Ammunition. See Ellingson

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..LIVERY..

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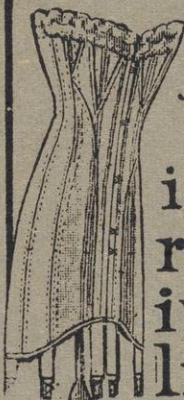
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