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The crimson. Volume Two, Number Four January, 1912

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

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1912

The Crimson.

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Scenic Theater

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Tobacco Exchange

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Frank Ash

Bakery

City Bakery

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

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**Made to Order Suits
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**Prices from \$18.00 high as
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Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed

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

THE CRIMSON

Volume Two

JANUARY, 1912

Number Four

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

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THE JUDGE'S BALLOON RIDE

It was a hot afternoon in August and the usual crowd of villagers had gathered at the store. The subject of aviation was suffering a lengthy discussion when an old patriarch, known around the village as "the judge", began to narrate one of his numerous experiences.

"Yes, them balloons air queer things to ride in, but I rode in one onct," he drawled. "It was up to the fair way back in the '80s. I was a young fellow and the morning of the fair father said long as I kinder wanted to go anyway, I might as well take along our hogs that we was goin' to show.

"Wa-a-l, I got there all right and took care of our hogs and spent most of the mornin' takin' in the exahibits and the stock parade. That afternoon I heard a feller was to go up in a balloon so I hung around a lot of canvas out on the grounds and about two o'clock a man lit a fire and the thing begun to fill up. After a while a feller come around and handed me a little rope that was tied to the top of the balloon and told me to hang on to it.

"Wa-a-l, purty soon a feller hollered fer us to leave go, but I'd wound the rope around my arm and I couldn't unfasten the durned thing. It didn't take long before the blasted balloon had histed me fifty feet or more and I thought I was on the straight road to Heaven. By this time the feller in the basket had thrown me a rope and was helping me into the basket. Wal, we rode fer about an hour and at last we began to drop to

the ground. About fifty rods away I seed a hay stach and I figured that when we went over it we wouldn't be more'n twenty feet or so up. The hay stack looked so gol blamed much better than the balloon contrivance to me than I tuk it into my head to 'French leave,' struck with a thud and rolled off onto the ground. I'll tell ye, boys, old terre firme felt pretty good to me.

"Yes sir, boys, it was my first and only balloon ride and, by gum, it'll be my last one."

T. FLARITY, 1912.

ABSOLUTION

"You'll never do it, Mike!" came from the great crowd below as a young lad in blue crawled thru the smoke and glare and up the ladder that clung to the swaying wall of the flaming building.

"But I'll try, boys", came the quick answer as he labored on to the window above, which in a few moments would be in the jaws of the fire demon. Mike knew that in the room above a little girl was sleeping, unconscious of the danger that surrounded her, while the angry flames crept stealthily nearer their innocent prey.

He hastened thru the window while the eager crowd held their breath, but in an instant he had reappeared and this time he held the limp figure of a little girl in his arms—a great cheer arose from the crowd—but as he stepped out on the ladder, the frail structure gave way and crashed to the ground leaving Mike Kilrain clinging to the window sill, but still holding the child. Below him, his fellow firemen stretched the life net. The great wall was already slowly moving and there was no time to substitute another lad-

der for the broken fire escape.

"Jump, Mike, laddie, jump!", they shouted, but Mike threw the girl instead and she fell into the great net like a drop of grain.

"God bless the girl, she is safe!" someone shouted back in the crowd.

"Now boys, hold fast again!", the chief shouted. Then as the wall slowly toppled over, "Too late! Too late! Back for your lives!"

Mike fell with the crashing wall. His comrades tore his body from the red hot bricks and tried to revive him, but he did not heed their call. The pride of "No. 6" lay still and white amidst the smoke of his funeral pyre. The crowd gathered about the brave hero and his comrades silently bore his body to the waiting ambulance.

"He's got his absolution now, boys; where the brave firemen go!"

LULA SCHOLL 1913.

A DELICATE PROBLEM

Parson Johnson, an evangelist of color, was caught hugging one of the finest "ewe" lambs of the congregation, who was a very popular young lady, and it created quite a stir. So Brudder Johnson was brought up for trial by his people.

"You have seen these great pictures, I suppose, so you know dat de great Shepherd am always pictured with a lamb in His arms," said Brudder Johnson.

"Yes, sah, pahson, dat am so, admitted Deacon Jones.

"Den, Brudder Jones, what am wrong in the shepherd of dis flock having a lamb in his arms?"

At the meeting this resolution was adopted: "Resolved, dat the next time Brudder Johnson feels called on to take a lamb ob de flock in his arms, dat he pick out a ram lamb."

—JUDGE.

BETTER THAN A PRIZE

A prize of one hundred dollars was given to the best student in English and Latin at a large girl's school in New Jersey at the close of the first semester. Several of the students were working for it at first but for various reasons a number of them dropped out of the contest.

Toward the end of the semester Jean Andrews and Esther Crawford were the two main contestants left. Esther did not need the money very badly, but to Jean it meant that if she won the prize she would be free from the drudgery of working her way thru school at least for some time to come.

Jean was not very popular with most of the girls, but she had one Sophomore friend, Bessie Brown, who sometimes helped her with her studies. Esther was a direct opposite. She was in for almost anything that promised amusement and chummed with a number of girls.

On Thursday morning of the week before Christmas, Jean was not feeling well. She went to class and received eighty in a written lesson.

"I surely wont get it now and our final in Latin comes next Wednesday," she said to Bessie that night.

"Yes you can, you must!" Bessie replied.

Wednesday arrived and the Latin class was taking its examination when a knock was heard at the door and the teacher went to answer it. As he opened the door, the wind blew a loose leaf from his Latin book onto Esther's desk. She saw at a glance that it had on it just the passage that she was having so much trouble with. Thinking that she was not observed, she read it, then let it

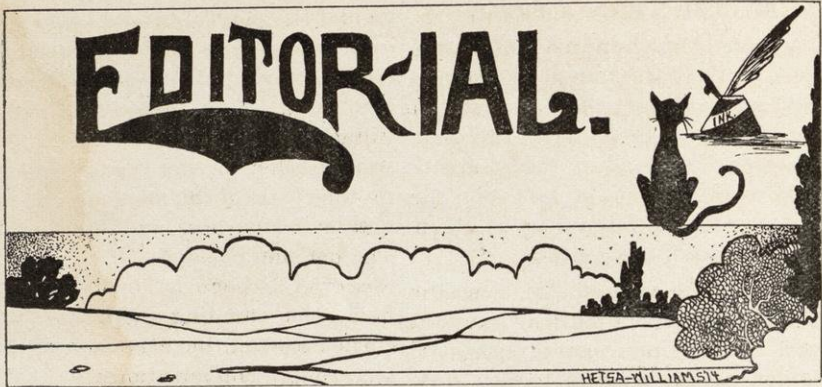
go and the playful breeze carried it over onto Jean's desk. Instead of reading it she took it up to the teacher's desk. This seemed a foolish thing to do, but the teacher had watched her, having been attracted by the rustle of the paper as it settled on Jean's desk and knew that she had not cheated. He had not observed Esther's actions because he had been standing with his back turned toward the class and deeply engaged in conversation with someone in the hallway without, but three of her best friends had and they soon made up their minds not to chum with her any more.

Jean was very unhappy that night for she had only received ninety-one in Latin and Esther had received ninety-seven. The English examination was not difficult and both Jean and Esther received ninety-five, but her chance of winning the prize was now hopelessly lost.

Jean did not enjoy her Christmas vacation at home as she usually did for she knew that Esther would receive the prize which meant so much to her. People wished her a "Happy New Year" but she could not be happy when she knew that she had failed to reach the goal for which she had so earnestly strived.

The Monday on which school began the prize was given away and sure enough, Esther did receive it, but strange to say no one praised or congratulated her, for the story of the dishonest means which she had employed had in some way leaked out; Jean was the one they admired and she afterward became one of the most popular girls in school. She had been tried and not found wanting and the friends which her honesty gained for her gave her greater joy than any prize in the world.

MYRA MACINNES.



The first month of the new year is nearly over, and, with most of us, so are our new year resolutions. Now is the time in which the things one foreswore look most tempting and one stands with his finger in his mouth and calls himself every kind of a fool name which enters his head because he ever swore off at all. It always has been so and it always will be so, because it is human nature.

Adam probably swore off on the apple habit at the end of the year 2, but do you suppose that by the first of February he was still living on hay and oranges? Of course not! Every time he passed the tree he saw an apple that looked better to him than any he had eaten last year and at length he probably reached up with a muttered remark that he had "probably et some in some of Eve's fruit salad, ennahow" and plucked the forbidden fruit.

If there is ever a time in a person's life when he feels cheaper than the defeated candidate for second vice president of the Ananias Club, it is when he breaks his New Year's resolutions for the first time. For a few days he is as meek as the husband of a suffragette, after which he

proceeds to make up for lost time and forget the bitter memories of his fall from the heights as soon as possible. But, you ask, why doesn't he keep his resolutions and make good? Simply because this is the danger period, the climax, when the human being is half lifted out of the valley of indulgence toward the peaks of sunny contentment and clean living by the thin strands of his will power. The few whose will power is sufficient reach the goal; the many fall back, and great is the fall.

Examinations for the first semester are over and the results are indeed encouraging. Conditions were few and failures even fewer, while quite a number were exempted from taking any examinations at all. There is no doubt but that, during the past semester, the school has risen to a higher standard of scholarship, than for a long time in the past and that means that we are really doing things. The school life is taking on the aspect of a well governed business institution wherein every employee is earnestly striving for his own personal betterment and the betterment and honor of the firm in general. This is as it should be and if it is upheld, should make our school a leader among schools.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At the last meeting of the boy's athletic association, retiring treasurer, Charles Campbell read a report on the financial situation of the association. Everyone expected to hear that we were in debt, but whereas we had thought it would be about ten or twelve dollars at most, we found the amount to be nearer fifty. This is a shameful condition of affairs and it points an accusing finger straight at the heart of the cause—lack of spirit. Never before in its history, has the association been in debt as deeply as it is now. It is due to the student attitude that it is now and it is certainly up to the students to show what little spirit there is by getting busy and making it up. The business men have helped us out heretofore, you say, why not turn to them now? Because they have already done their share and more, and it is an imposition to go begging again. They are not the people who are getting the benefit out of our school athletics and they are not the ones who are supposed to hold up the honor of the school, but the student is, and if you, Mr. Reader are a student let us see you get your fertile brain busy and help out the association.

It would be a shame, wouldn't it, if we did not continue athletics in any way, shape or manner here? Yet of what use are athletics when they are not really representative of the school at large, but of a certain few with the proper spirit? If athletics were done away with it would become the absolutely hum drum place, which some of you already think it is and that what little spirit there is would eventually die out. Think it over well and get busy with

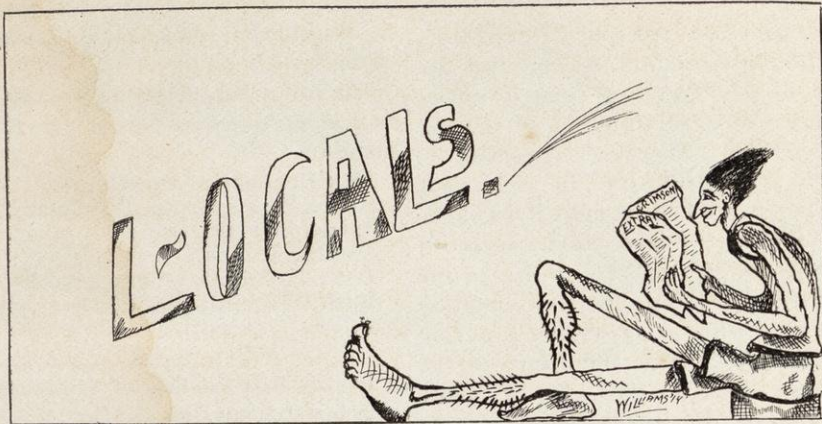
a little money and a great deal more spirit or athletics may have to cease entirely.

The following officers of the association have been elected for this semester:

Max Henderson, President;
 Roger Mooney, vice President;
 James Boutelle, Secretary;
 Clayton Hubbell, Treasurer;
 Lowell Whittet, Manager;
 Earl Whitford and Chas. Campbell, Suit Committee.

I think that the lack of festivities, which will bring the pupil and teacher together is one cause of the lack of interest in our school. This misunderstanding between pupil and teacher is often the cause for discontent and lack of interest. The pupil often thinks he is an abused and misused person due to the fact that he thinks a certain teacher is trying to "rub it in." Now I believe that if the school held more parties so that the teacher and scholars became thoroughly acquainted there would be much less cause for discontent. Another is the attitude taken toward athletics in this school. Some of the fellows think that there are a few of the fellows that run athletics and there is no use of their going out for a team. A good remedy for this is to have mass meetings. Get the fellows out to games. Compose school songs (something we sadly lack) and the school spirit will certainly revive.

The lack of interest on the part of some pupils is, I think due to the fact that they have no fixed purpose in life. They enter the High School with no idea of what they are going to do later and so of course they do not care whether they get anything out of their work except a high enough mark to pass and no more.



The Deutche verein entertained the Junior German class at a Christmas tree program just before the Christmas vacation. The program was extremely interesting, consisting of compositions, poems and songs rendered in German. The Christmas tree also added much enjoyment to the evening. A bag containing a verse suitable to each of the members and guests was hung upon the tree. Upon receiving your present you read your verse and it was usually greeted with peals of laughter. All went home hoping to have another such time soon again.

A very interesting and enjoyable program was held Friday, Dec. 22. It was a complete surprise and appreciated all the more. How L. C. Whittet gave a very interesting talk on "The Christmas Spirit." He told us that it was not the cost of a gift but the spirit of the giver which endeared it to the receiver for "the gift without the giver was bare." Mr. Holt read the story of the fourth wise man, how he struggled to get to the meeting place and thus go with his three companions to see and adore the new born King. How

he was stopped by a dying man and by staying to administer to him failed to arrive on time and how all through his life he endeavored to find the King and lay down his gifts at his rulers feet. The Girls Glee Club sang two Christmas selections.

On account of the zero rule and conduct playing such a prominent part, the exemptions were not many.

Mr. Coon (in Physics), "It's just this, the air would cut up—".

Thursday, Jan. 18, the Senior class enjoyed a sleigh ride given by Thomas Flarity. At seven o'clock sharp(?) all the Seniors and Faculty met at the dear old High School and encountered a band of Freshmen bent upon the same purpose but they were rather down cast as they could find no chaperon, (we have since heard that they had their fun after all). There were two bobs for conveyances; one driven by Tom Flarity's father whom the occupants continually pulled, pushed and knocked around, calling him "Irish" and supposing him to be Tom, ha ha. Leon E. drove the other with Tom's help(?) while Mr. Coon divided his

time equally between the two parties. At one time he was thot to have been run over but the ever ready Phil was soon upon his feet again. When we arrived at Fulton we painted the town by Edgerton yells, we yearned for a tip over but our desire was not carried out.

At 9:00 o'clock we arrived at the Nichols' farm and were warmly welcomed by the members of the family. We took off our wraps, which, by the way, was quite difficult, as each had at least two coats to say nothing of sweaters and scarfs. Miss Goldsmith could easily have been mistaken for Santa Claus and Miss Gregory closely resembled Wendy Leedle in disgust. The evening was quickly spent in conversation, billards etc., about eleven o'clock dainty refreshments were served and at midnight a tired but happy crowd left the country for town. 1:30 a. m. we were dropped off at the school house—some half frozen—some half wasted, all depending upon the arrangement very few had examinations the next morning and a chance for deep slumber was given to those inclined.

PUPIL'S INTEREST

There are several reasons for a pupil's lack of interest in a subject. The primary one, to my mind, is the fact that he is not naturally inclined toward a study of certain nature.

Then there may have been some trouble in that subject, previously, causing the pupil who is easily discouraged to neglect the study. I think, too, that the teacher has a good deal to do with a pupil's attitude toward the subject which he teaches. Of course little things come up between teacher and pupil

due to the spirit of the pupil and due, possibly, to the fact that the teacher doesn't understand the circumstances. But, I think there are cases which seem to others to be causes of pure indifference which really are cases not due to neglect entirely, but to some outside circumstances, possibly in the home.

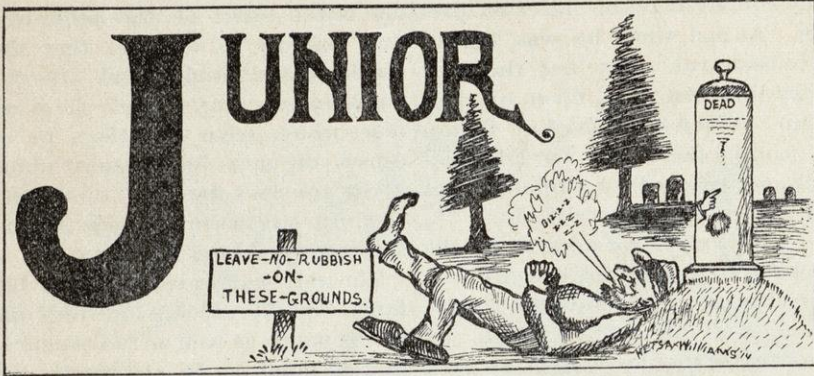
The only way to remedy this big fault, "indifference" is for every one of the pupils as well as the teachers, to determine to do absolutely the "square thing" toward each other. I think if a pupil altho he was not interested at first, determined to get his lesson in that subject, well from day to day, that he would before a great length of time become interested in it. His lack of interest may have been due to a lack of knowledge.

In a school of more courses of study each pupil would, of course, be able to take only the things he liked thus doing away with a good deal of the seeming indifference.

There are many rumors of "big doings" in the air, and, indeed, some of them are justifiable. The Glee Clubs are planning a big joint concert to come off before long and the orchestra is also planning an elaborate debut. Both of these affairs will probably be held in Royal Hall sometime during this next month and they are both going to be excellent. The Glee Clubs and the Orchestra are representatives of our school and we ought to give them all the backing possible.

Carpenter—Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?

Helper—I did sir, it was quarter past ten.



Is everybody happy? Well I guess. If you could see the smile on the faces of the Juniors you'd think so. We all got through in the exams, that's why.

Owing to the illness of the class editor our columns are rather small this time.

German III. Miss J. "Hattie H., decline 'ein Brief' (meaning a letter) ein Brief, eines Briefes, einem Brief, einen Brief: plural eine Briefe—Oh! say there isn't any plural. Its just Brief."

Miss J. to H. L. in German III. "Decline any noun you wish."

H. L. (looking out of the window dreamily replied) "mein Paul, meines Pauls, meinem Paule, meinen Paul."

Harold Dawe became very mixed in his statements concerning a Geometry proposition and was asked by Mr. C. "to begin all over again at the beginning."

P. C. (in Plane Geometry) now just look at her figure.

Oh! my but some of our German III students are exceeding bright. The following sentence was given to be translated into German. "When it rains, we stay in the

house." It was translated in this way. "Wen es regnet stehen wir auf dem hause." (When it rains we stand on top of the house.

Conjugate "sein Pferd" (meaning his horse) ich bin Pferd, du bist Pferd, etc., (meaning I am a horse, you are a horse.)

It seems queer, Nettie must think there needs to be a large Latin III class. She is trying to transform the German III class into a Latin. The other day she tried to make us believe that the declension of the pronoun "I" plural was "nos, nostrum, nobis, nos. After a few moments she realized that she was in German and not Latin and said, "Oh that's Latin isn't it?"

DER ALTE MANN

Im Jahre achtzehn hundert

Nicht weit vom schmucken Rhein

Da wohnte ein alter mann

Im Haus ge baut von stein.

Jedoch war er schon alter

Als ich und viele ander;

Es war ihm auch noch freude

Am ufer des Rhein's zu wandern.

Morgens kamen kinder

Er nahm sie bei der hand

Und pfluckte bunte blumen

Auf ihren spatzierring.

Manchmal ging's ueber den fluzz

In ein selbst gebautes kahn
Voll freudenvolle kinder
Die er immer mit sich nahm.

Nun thut er ruhig schlafen
In einen kuehlen grab
Nicht weit vom stillen Rhein
Der ihm seine freude gab.

Die kinder pfluekten blumen
Von gelb und rote farb
Und gingen zu dem Ufer
Und bedeckten seinen grab.

GEO. DALLMANN, 1913.

CONTESTS! DEBATES!

This is the time of the year when the spirit of oratory and public speaking is in the air. It will be but a few days before the actual work of preparation and drill for the local and league contests will take place. Edgerton High School is in the league with Stoughton, Whitewater, Palmyra and Brodhead, and it seems at present that the league contest is scheduled for Brodhead this year. There is probably no line of student activity from which an individual may be able to derive so much benefit as from that of declamatory or oratorical work and there is no place in school life better calculated to arouse a spirit of healthy class rivalry and vigorous school patriotism than these contests.

The question for the triangular debate will be some phrase of the immigration problem. The debates will be held on the evening of May 17, the Edgerton affirmative team meeting the Whitewater negative team in Edgerton and the Edgerton negative team contesting with the Stoughton affirmative team at that place. Every member of the school will be eligible for membership in a debating team, and an intense interest should be

manifested in this first attempt of our High School to "mix" in inter-scholastic debates.

There is a most splendid chance for other members of the school to show what real school spirit means — the way they will support the contests and debates. In a high school of our size no less than twenty-five people should try for the debating teams.

Why not have a girl's literary society which shall meet after school? Why not have two or three of them? If such organizations could be formed and conducted properly, they could take the place of the present system of Rhetoricals and result in great good. This is a constructive suggestion, why do not some of the active members of the girls enrolled probe this matter and secure results?

Let it be the spirit of every individual who may be approached in the matter of working for the debates, or contests, that such an individual will feel it his duty, and his privilege to put forth his best effort, his most cheerful attitude and his most active interest to make these events an undoubted success.

R. Mooney, (in Eng. II explaining use of word "meter") I'll meter at the corner.

Father to son, "I see you are behind in your studies."

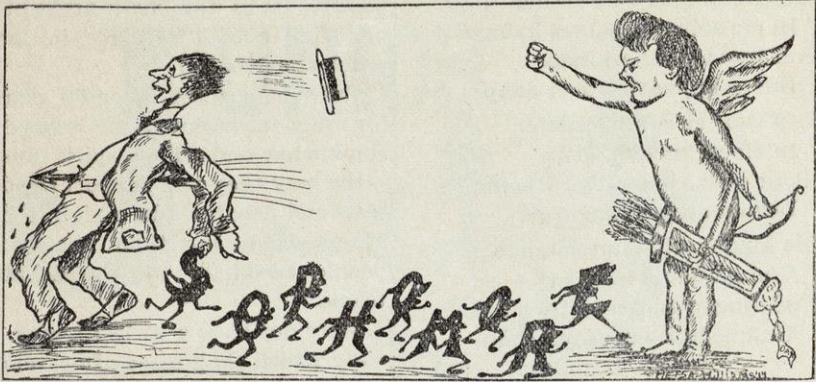
"Yes, sir, I have to be in order to persue them"

Contributed by J. McCann, 1912.

When the editor asked M. B. '12 if she knew any jokes she modestly admitted that she was one. Ha! Ha!

Miss Goldsmith (English), "What did Burke write."

N. McCarthy, "Consolation with America."



Miss Johannes (Ancient History class): "Is there anyone absent today?"

H. S. "Ah, Ed (Sweeney) got absent minded and went to English class."

Edward Sweeney one of the Sophomore favorites has gone to Prairie du Chien to continue his education.

Why did Clyde O. have a McIntosh under his arm the other night? Did he think it was going to rain?

The editor received a letter from Edward Sweeney who is attending Sacred Heart College and he requested me to call a class meeting for the purpose of presenting to the class 50c worth of love from him and Charles Mc.

Miss Brunner, (Commercial Geography): "On whose shoulders did the duties of the old Roman house rest on?"

C. Mc. — "Why the duties rested on the shoulders of the old man."

The Sophomores held a class meeting last semester, for the purpose of raising more money and to find out why there was a deficiency in the treasury. After investigation it was found that about fifteen sophomores

had not paid their dues. If you happen to be one of them please pay the treasurer.

The office of the principal has recently been redecorated until one would hardly recognize it. Dark green curtains and hangings have taken the place of the former bareness and a big leather lounge gives the whole place an air of rest and comfort. The place is fast loosing its awe-inspiring appearance and now the wrongdoer, entering with trembling knees sinks onto that billowy lounge, looks at his tasty surroundings and immediatly gets over his fright and down to earth again.

Number seven has also been greatly improved by the addition of dark green hangings until it makes the other rooms, beautiful as they are, look quite forlorn in comparison. We sincerely hope that Miss Goldsmith, the instigator of all this change, will "get busy" on some more of the surroundings.

Dad — "If you marry my daughter what will the outcome be?"

Young Hopeful — "I don't know sir; that depends on the income."

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGES

The Aeroplane—Your letters and continued story are something new. The paper would be improved if your advertisements were arranged in a catalogue, instead of scattered thru the paper.

The Clarion—The Christmas number was an especially fine one. All of your stories are interesting and lively, also your cuts are very original.

The Student—A few more cuts and stories would add to your paper.

The Perhaps—A very good little paper for a weekly.

The Blue and Gold—The two stories are good and your Girl's Club showed originality in the entertainment given to the foot ball boys.

Sparks—Your literary department is interesting but your class jokes are lacking.

The High School Herald—The departments of your paper are well arranged, but where are your class notes?

The World—The cuts and various personals are fine; your whole paper indicates that there is an enthusiastic school back of it.

Many of our exchanges have not been answered; we will be glad to receive others.

Teacher—What do we call people who undertake a great many things?

Student—Undertakers. Ex.

He—Would you like me better if I were well off?

She—Yes, about a mile off. Ex.

John—"Papa, would you be glad if I saved you a dollar?"

Father—"Certainly, my son."

John—"Well I saved it for you. You said if I brought home a good report this month, you'd give me a dollar, and I didn't bring it. Ex.

in the lowest grade of a New York public school the teacher was gleaned from the children who had newly entered the class statistics of nationality for her annual report. They are extremely interesting in New York public schools, for they include youngsters from every known corner of the globe. Having enrolled Germans, Syrians, Poles, Irish, Australians, Natalians, Arabs, Montenegrins and others, the teacher asked a flaxed haired mite—hoping to hear the rare word "American"—"What are you, Florence?" Mindful of her home training, Florence promptly and cheerfully replied: "I'm a suffragette."

Clayton Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams of this city has recently obtained his degree of D. D. His specialty is praying. Just call on the Rev. Hetsa some time and ask to see his credentials.

Boutelle, in English IV, "Johnson was a great friend of Goldsmith's (looking at Miss G.)—I mean Oliver Goldsmith."

We all wonder where Miss Gregory secured that coat she wore at the Senior sleigh party. It looked strangely familiar.

Ed. McD. (Deutch IV) "The Director and his Fraw stood at the foot of the Christmas tree and wished the kids a merry Christmas."

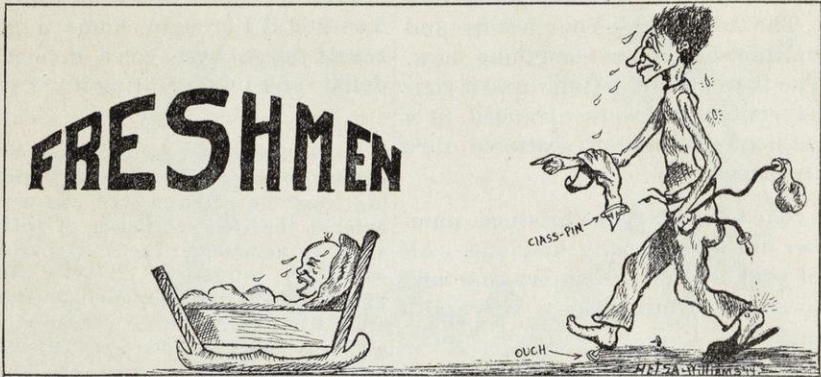
(Mock council in Literary Society)

Mayor—"Upon what grounds do you advance these charges.

Alderman (Irish ward), "On the backyard, your honor."

(Athletic Association meeting)

Jay C. "I make the nomination that the nominations be closed."



R. C. (In Eng. I): "He was tall, slim and graceful and his hair was combed into his hat."

Miss G. (In Eng. I): "Define henchman." M. G. "A henchman is a Norwegian."

Poor Miss Brunner! She is so ten derhearted that she hated to tell us that we got exempted in Algebra or Physical Geography.

If we have a chicken pie supper, do you suppose it would Phillip Coon?

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS

Is it true the house is haunted when each window has a shade?

Shall a mistress scold because she sees a large spoon-holder maid?

(The maid may take a cup and saucer imprudent thing!)

If the water-pitcher to the floor, will it make the butter-ball?

(She's often let the salt-shaker, and never wept at all.)

Is it true that for each window-pane they'll call a doctor later?

That tho' your stove may have a grate, there is a nutmeg greater.

If you let the pepper-box, then should you let the sugar bowl?

The teapot stand and strainer eyes

to see the finger-roll?

Let the picture-wire to know, and you'll find out these things perhaps.

Prin. Holt has recently instigated a system which certainly is a graft for the girls. The girls of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes have the privilege of taking gymnastics and gaining credit in Rhetoricals. Miss Van Vleck has charge of the gymnastic classes. The Seniors are of course exempt from Rhetoricals this semester, but the girls are nevertheless taking gymnastics.

Here I sit in the office

Thinkin' like the deuce,
To ring up a little more hot air
But what the dickens is the use?

I've got to fill this gol-blamed sheet
If nothing else gets done,
For there's one darned job that can't
be beat,

That's editor of the Crimson.

At a mass meeting held Friday night in preparation for the Waukesha game. Songs and cheers were given and the spirit thermometer rose about 100 degrees. Rev. Hetsa Williams was unanimously elected yell leader and he certainly was a pippin. D'Urbana was a Sunday school beside of him.

THE SIXTH SENSE

Wilhelmina Fredrica was an old widow who lived in Deutchland. Most of her hours were occupied in front of her spinning wheel where she sat day after day, laborously spinning her wool into yarn. The yarn she sold and in the middle of the 17th, century when this story took place she had a cute little board of coin in the bottom of a big wooden chest. She was nearly always alone and her only companion was a large gray cat.

One afternoon as she was sitting at her spinning wheel she noticed that she was becoming very nervous from some unknown cause. Cold waves of fear swept up and down her spine and no matter how she applied herself she could not help imagining that some great calamity was about to befall her. Evening came and with it, increased fear and nervousness of some unseen foes. Such things were altogether contrary to her nature, and so after she had eaten a small supper she decided to go and consult her nearest neighbors. Just as the April sun was lingering on the western horizon, Wilhelmina threw a light shawl over her shoulders and started hurriedly off for her neighbor's, Hans Hassenfusser. Han's family was very much surprised to see Wilhelmina, especially this time of the day.

She related her story and begged permission to stay with them for the night. Hans having a large family of his own in proportion to his house could not accommodate the poor woman conveniently. but, being a good natured German, he offered her his next best. This was his faithful watchdog Fritz. With

a great deal of explanation and assurance of safety from Hans, Wilhelmina consented to return with the dog. Fritz was called in and his master spoke to him. The dog at once understood what was before him and after a few pappings on the back and a formal introduction to Wilhelmina, lowered his tail to the normal altitude and followed the widow to her home. She entered, lit her candle and locked her doors and windows. Her nervousness somewhat pacified, she decided to retire. She called the dog to her bedside and told him to watch. The dog lay down and did not stir while Wilhelmina was awake.

The hours passed and at last the widow was in the clutches of slumber. The clock struck one and Fritz stood up and shook himself and growled softly. The waning moon was approrching the horizon, and the soft beams found their way through the window and fell upon the widow's face. Fritz still lay growling softly.

Suddenly the widow was awakened by the moonshine, and as she awoke, she heard a faint noise at the window. Too frightened to stir she lay and listened. Fritz was now quiet and lay as still as a statue but every nerve was strained and alert to catch the sound at the window. The widow could now dimly outline the figure of a man as he worked to loosen the small panes, and she heard the sharp chucking sound of his knife, against the glass as he tried to pry it out. In a short time the first pane was removed and for a time every thing was quiet. Within, the poor widow, paralyzed with fear, lay on her bed trusting her life with Fritz who lay motion-

less on the mat. With amazing rapidity two more panes were removed and a hole was left large enough for the intruder to enter. Another pane and the trespasser stopped as if to listen. Then the widow saw him draw himself up to the ledge and slowly crawl thru the hole. It was when he was about half way thru the window that Fritz saw his opportunity. The widow saw a knife gleam in the moonlight and at the same moment she heard a fiendlike yelp from Fritz. Fritz sprang for the man's throat and made good his intention, dragging victim into the room and never releasing his hold until he was sure that life was extinct.

The terrified widow ran as she had never run before to the home of Herr Hasserfusser. Fritz standing guard over his victim in the meanwhile. Upon arrival she awakened the household with her screams and then sank into an inarticulate heap at the feet of the night-robed Hasserfusser Hans, who immediately suspected what had happened because of his previous interview with the widow made haste, half clad as he was, to the cottage, leaving Wilhelmina to the ministrations of his wife.

The intruder turned out to be a worthless young drunkard from a nearby village for whom a bad end had long been predicted and who had probably seen in the fabled riches of the old widow a quick and easy short cut to the land of prosperity. His body was cold and stiff, but the great mastiff still stood guard over him.

From that night to the day of her death the widow Fredrica held a position of awe in the minds of the

simple peasants because, of course the story of her secret forebodings had soon been made known by the Hasserfussers. No longer was she obliged to spin to enable her to add to her little hord, but she became the village prophetess and fortune teller, by virtue of her marvelous experience.

SIGRUD BRUE, 1913.

With the beginning of this semester, several new studies have been added to the regular curriculum. Agriculture is being taken up for the first time and, as yet, is only one semester study, but judging by the enthusiasm it has so far engendered and the number of students taking it, it will probably become a four year course in the future. Mr. Coon teaches it and the classes recite in room four. Citizenship has also been added and most of those who were in the commercial law class under Mr. Holt's supervision are now taking the new branch. It's object is to prepare the student to lead the life of an earnest, patriotic citizen and promote his interest in proper government. Commercial English, which is now being taught by Miss Van Vleck, is designed to aid the pupils taking the commercial course proper and business like Grammar, Botany and Physiology are taken up as formerly, both being Freshman and Sophomore studies. It is thought that the new studies will make the school life more practical and businesslike than formerly because they are all of an every day useful nature which best prepares the student for the hardships of the average existence.

Should you always come to breakfast when you hear the napkin ring?

LITERARY NOTES

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held Nov. 23, 1911. The first thing on the program was the election of officers which was as follows—Pres., Clayton Hubbell; Vice Pres., Earl Whitford; Sec., Richard Brown; Treas., Max Henderson; Marshal, Mr. Coon; reporter to Crimson, Roger Mooney.

Following this was an interesting debate on the immigration question. The affirmative was upheld by Max Henderson and Lowell Whittet, the negative by Earl Whitford and Roger Mooney. The decision was two to one for the affirmative. Next Carlton McCarthy gave us a talk on the prospects of a winning basket ball team. Andrew Thorson also gave an interesting talk on. "What the society should be." Mr Holt closed the evening with a talk on "School spirit and benefits derived from a literary society.

The second meeting of the Literary society was held Dec. 5, 1911. The question debated was, "Resolved, that equal suffrage be granted the women of the United States." The affirmative was upheld by Leon Ellingson and Sigurd Brue; the negative by Ed McDonough and Frank Gokey. The decision was one for the affirmative and two for the negative.

Following this Harold Sutton gave a talk on the "All Western Team;" Lowell Whittet on the "Chicago-Wisconsin game.

Next came impromptus by Marvin Johnson on, "Enjoyments and Hardships of Camping." Ed Sweeney also talked on the same subject.

After Jay Campbell had talked on his visit in Iowa and on "The Crops

of the Present Year," Roy Marsden, the critic, reported the society adjourned.

The third meeting of the Literary Society was held Dec. 19, 1911. The program committee had arranged for a mock council, which proved a most interesting affair.

Following the report of the critic, adjournment was in order.

The fourth meeting of the Literary Society was held Jan. 23, 1912 in the High School. The first thing on the program was the election of officers. The officers elected are as follows:—Pres., Earl Whitford; Vice Pres., Clayton Williams; Sec., Roger Mooney; Treas., Eugene Flarity; Marshal, Mr. Holt.

The next event on the program were impromptus by Paul Stone, on the "Art of Ski-making," Edward McDonough on "Sight-seeing in Chicago."

Rev. Clayton Williams next presented one of his old sermons on the Agricultural question.

The question for debate was: "Resolved that two hours work outside of school is too much of a strain on the capacity of the average student." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. Coon and Harold Sutton; the negative by Mr. Holt and George Ogden. The decision was unanimous for the negative.

Eugene Flarity gave an impromptu on, "A Future Druggist." Clayton Hubble on, "The Trials of an Officer of the Society;" Andrew Thorson on "The Income Tax."

Following the critic's report the Society adjourned with a prayer by Rev. Williams.

ROGER MOONEY, R. C.

And when a biscuit-cutter, did the knife-handle the scraps?



COLUMBUS 36—EDGERTON 17

Altho our basket ball team lost the game with Columbus, the reports of all critics tend to show that our players put up a classy fight during the whole game. Edgerton was in the lead for the first ten minutes, which thru a "scare" into the large crowd of spectators that witnessed the game. The Columbus five soon forged ahead, however, and kept the lead to the end. We have no kick coming and we wish the Columbus team every success in its future games.

Edgerton		Columbus
C. Ogden	r. f.	Briese
H. Sutton	l. f.	Franklin
W. McIntosh	c.	Amundson
E. Whitford	r. g.	Baumgarten
C. McCarthy	l. g.	Wiedeman
R. Brown	subs	Thompson

Field goals—Ogden 3, Sutton 1, McIntosh 3, Amundson 4, Baumgarten 2, Wiedeman 4, Briese 1, Franklin 5.

EDGERTON 9—BRODHEAD 36.

We suffered another defeat at the hands of Brodhead on January 12. The great trouble with our team seemed to be inability to stand up on the waxed floor. We put up a fight-

ing game however and played hard until the whistle blew. Brodhead has a fast team and we wish to compliment them both on the attitude of the team and of the spectators thruout the game.

Edgerton		Brodhead
C. Ogden	r. f.	R. Mooney
H. Sutton	l. f.	Roderick
W. McIntosh	c.	Warn
M. Johnson	r. g.	Atkinson
E. Whitford		
C. McCarthy	l. g.	Searies
J. Boutelle	subs	Hunter

Field goals—Sutton 2, McIntosh 1, Warn 4, Roderick 5, Mooney 6.

Free throws—McIntosh 3, Warn 4, Roderick 2.

Score: First half, Edgerton 4, Brodhead 16; second half, Edgerton 5, Brodhead 20.

Referee—Simmons.

Scorer—Boutelle.

The lack of interest in regard to the studies is due to this fact, that the pupils enrolled have not as yet realized that they are in High School for business and not for play. There are no suggestions necessary. All that is left to be done is this: Let every pupil take the difficulties of his studies upon his own shoulders and get down and work.

MADISON 41—EDGERTON 17

On December 22 our basket ball team went to Madison and there suffered the first defeat of the season. The first half was comparatively easy "picking" for the Madison team, but the second half we went after them and the remainder of the game was a glorious old fight. Taking it all in all the playing was rather rough and savored somewhat of the intercollegiate game.

Edgerton		Madison
Clyde Ogden	r. f.	Levis
H. Sutton	l. f.	Kessenich
W. McIntosh	c.	Cassery
Marvin Johnson	r. g.	Findorf
J. Boutelle,	l. g.	Hoffman
E. Whitford		
E. Sweeney, sub.		

Referee, Frazer and Jensen.
Scorer, W. Coon.

Score: First half M. H. S. 26; E. H. S. 5; second half M. H. S. 15, E. H. S. 17.

ORAY '12.

EDGERTON 60—SUN PRAIRIE 28

Edgerton won the second game on their schedule by a large score. The Sun Prairie team were much smaller than our players but they put up a fast "scrappy" game and no one could ever accuse them of being "quitters." Our team put up a great game and kept their opponents on the "jump" all the while. H. Sutton certainly had an eagle eye for baskets scoring 28 of the 60 points for E. H. S.

Edgerton		Sun Prairie
C. Ogden	r. f.	Neuby
H. Sutton	l. f.	Bell
W. McIntosh	c.	Emmerson
M. Johnson	r. g.	Rueth
E. Whitford	l.g.	Meister
	substitutes	
McCarthy		Kendals

Referee, F. W. Jensen.
Timekeeper, C. McCarthy
Score keeper, Warren Coon.
Score: First half, E. H. S. 26, S. P. H. S. 10; second half, E. H. S. 34, S. P. H. S. 18; total E. H. S. 60, S. P. H. S. 28.

THE DAWN OF A NEW YEAR

The night was dark and stormy.
The wind blew cold and bleak,
And shook the shattered dwellings
That inclosed the dingy street.

Ah! how could these poor people
Look forth with comfort or cheer,
As the bells rang out at midnight
To welcome the glad New Year.

In a cold and dreary chamber
At the end of a dark hall way
On a small and scantily covered cot
A thin, white figure lay.

Her soft, bright, golden hair
Shaded her deep blue eyes.
Like the gentle, flaky clouds
That float o'er the summer skies.

No hope had she for the future,
All day she must be alone,
While her little brother sold papers
To make for them both a home.

As the bells from the old church steeple
Rang through the dingy street,
She closed her beautiful eyes
In that everlasting sleep.

At dawn the little newsboy
Crept to her small, white cot,
Gently he took her thin, cold hand
But the little figure moved not.

The smile that encircled her face;
The celestial light on her brow,
Plainly told the little newsboy
That all suffering was over now.

Next day in the lonely churchyard,
They quietly laid her at rest.
The sad, brave hearted Newsboy
Well knew it was all for the best.

The future seemed rugged before him,
And his path looked long and drear.
Yet the Newsboy lightened his burden,
By his faith in a bright New Year.

TO THE BOOSTERS OF THE TEAM

I say the "boosters" because those who are not boosting our team will not be interested in this article and may as well not read it.

We have tried this year to arrange a basket ball schedule that would meet with the approval of all, but, judging by the crowds which have turned out to the games already played here, our energy has gone to waste. The majority of the school itself does not seem interested and as long as this state of affairs exists it is impossible that they will interest others. A school with one hundred and fifty pupils certainly ought to give the teams enough support to keep the athletic treasury in funds but such is not the case. There are at present and there always have been a number of loyal supporters of the athletic side of our school life, but they are indeed a painfully small minority. The largest part of the students sit back in their seats and leave it to these few to uphold the athletic honor of the school and then come out with the big bang! bang! if they don't win all the games. Play if you can, root if you can't, but whatever you do WAKE UP!!!

Besides the games already played the following are scheduled:

January 26, Waukesha at Edgerton.

February 2, Sun Prairie at Sun Prairie.

February 3, Brodhead at Edgerton.

February 9, Albany at Edgerton.

February 16,

February 23, Madison at Edgerton.

This makes a schedule of twelve games, but we will probably have one or two games with Beloit and possibly another, besides the one scheduled with Janesville.

You will notice that we have no games scheduled with either Evansville or Stoughton, two of our old rivals. Evansville was one of the first teams that we wrote to for games and after continual writing they sent us word that they had their schedule filled and could not play us. This will be the first time within three years that we have not played Evansville and we consider that no excuse. Stoughton, like Evansville, did not answer the manager's letter in regard to scheduling some games with us so we took it for granted that they were not over anxious to play us.

The prospects of a winning team at this time of the season are rather bright, even tho we are not undefeated. Our first game out of town, that played at Madison, was against a team picked from a squad of fifty candidates, while at Brodhead we played on a near ballroom floor, but there are a good many more chances coming.

C. McCARTHY.

NOTICE

Season tickets are now on sale in the office of the Principal.

Student tickets were \$1.00, now 50 cents.

Adults tickets were \$1.50, now \$1.00.

Now is the time to show your spirit, you pupils, by digging into your pocketbooks, where it hurts worst, and coming across with some funds. If it isn't done, and done right away it may mean that this year will see the last of our school athletics, because, when the school does not care enough about a thing to keep it out of debt, that thing certainly isn't doing it any good.

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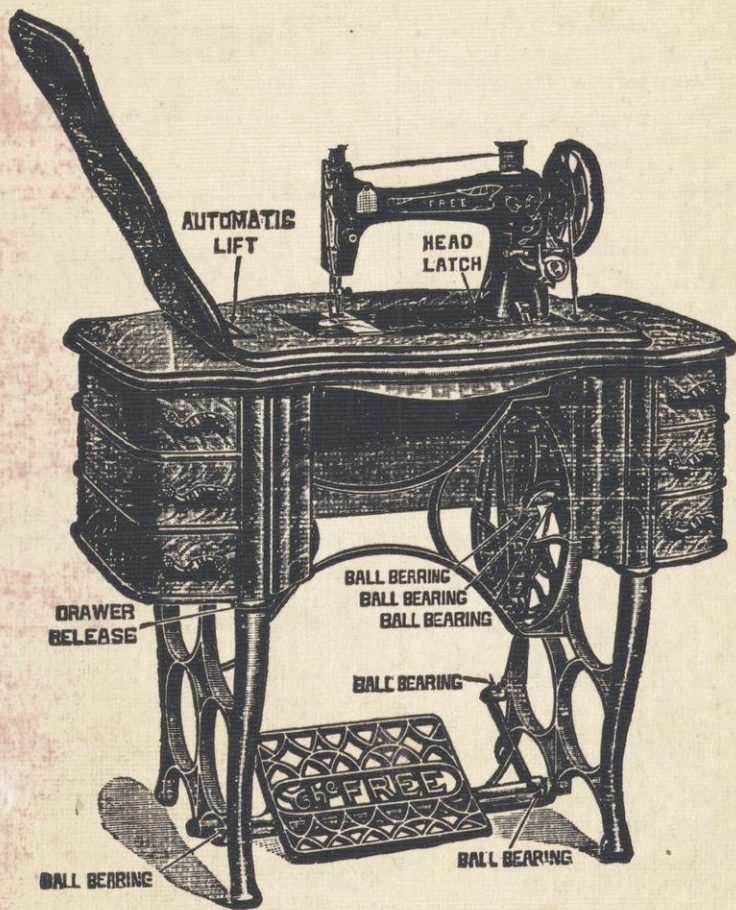
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