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LEE SALISBURY



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# THE CRIMSON

Vol. IV.

March, 1914

No V

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Contributions are solicited from the Students, Faculty and Alumni.

EDGERTON, WISCONSIN

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# Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make You Free

Readers of the *Crimson* will remember that in the last issue of that publication, occurred the blackest string of lies ever originated by sophisticated villains. We will admit, for the sake of argument, that although it contained a faint smattering of facts, the article was fiction of the most far-fetched nature. To be classical, it was "a tale told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The authors of this intrigue are the very personifications of jejune in the essence. I, as the Editor-in-Chief, care not to, and will not mention any names, but I might say right here that Messrs. Lowell Whittet and Eugene P. Flaherty are the two greatest promoters of blasphemy that it has ever been my sad misfortune to come in contact with.

But the moral aspect as their latest perfidy has not marked them of being to any great degree of conspicuous genius, but rather as existing in a state of intellectual paralysis. Owing to their pernicious tendencies which they persist in developing, they have failed completely to foster any beneficial propensities, if indeed, they were ever blessed with such endowments. The fundamental principle of nature is, that for every positive there exists a negative. This law may be verified (without referring to sweated industries) by an exceedingly concrete application. As the Editor-in-Chief is eminently unsophisticated and righteous, those who have so grossly endeavored to defile his most superlative character, are as extremely perfidious, wicked and depicable. I have no desire to disclose their real sentiments and emotions, but I would like to say a few words in exposition of their true characters. Although at times their outward actions may appear benevolent, philanthropy never moved them to any considerable depth. Innocence is always displayed in every line of their classic faces but a real reader of minds can always find clearly portrayed a lurking smirk beneath the affable grin which they invariably present upon accusation for some unaccountable evidence of treachery towards would-be friends. But, upon reflection, I suppose we must always have with us these contemptible specimens of "participious criminious."

My unworthy opponents have even gone so far in their rambling incoherent discussion of an eminently legitimate action on my part, as to



dispute the constitutionality of my indulgence in a hearty meal when I am so fortunate as to be supplied with a sixty cent menu for twenty cents. But I do not intend to prattle on and on so aimlessly and clumsily as did they, the objects of my just wrath, but to stick to the issue, as this discussion must be so brief.

I have always noticed, and I will admit that my perception is not the keenest, that these would-be gentlemen (?) are of an infinitely jealous disposition, hence, I surmise, their entirely uncalled for fit of incoherent mouthings of sentiments in which their feelings seem to have over-ridden their feeble comprehension of the real motive in my venture, or my playing the "good Samaritan" in proffering my assistance to ONE, at least, in whom ONE of my unworthy opponents has an insurable interest.

Necessity is the mother of invention, hence we will admit, in our incomparable thirst for knowledge, we sought a spot where we might sojourn for a time in seclusion from the rabble, and meanwhile promote the interest of our mental well-being, that we might produce a grade in examination which would not be incompatible with our best chances for graduation. If such an action of austere self-denial involves, to and comprehensive degree, a smattering of that which is not perfectly legitimate, in every sense of the word, I must admit that such an interpretation is indeed far beyond my power to discern.

Furthermore, I am astonished at the narrow, contracted manner in which my unworthy opponents maneuvered in order that their despicable edict of libel might be published. I must say that my faith in humanity grows lesser as the days go by. But this act of perfidy, mingled and assimilated with all its pernicious effect effects, presents a moral aspect, by which, I seem to feel myself raised to a higher plane, from which I look down with utter contempt upon the offenders of my name. I might say that these insignificant connivers have decended to a level that they must now reach up to touch bottom, and I the Editor-in-Chief emerge from the malstrom of words, unscathed by comparisons, and may write my fair name on the tablets of gold, without a smirk of conscience.

Signed EDITOR-IN-CHIEF







# LITERARY



## A Deer Hunt

As I think deer hunting is great sport, I always take my vacation around Thanksgiving time and go to the woods.

Two years ago I left here on a certain Monday morning. From here I went to Milwaukee, changed cars there, and arrived at my destination Tuesday evening. When I got off the train there was a pretty swell looking girl in the waiting room. As I happened to have one or two of my cards, also with my firm's name on to show whom I represented when I went to the city, I walked up to the girl, handed her my card and said "Good morning," and walked out of the depot.

That afternoon I went into the woods with the old guide I always went with and stayed all week. In the meantime I found out, that the girl I had spoken to in the depot, was the daughter of the hotel keeper, the richest man in that little burg, Westborough.

We did quite a lot of traveling while in the woods but we each had all the deer we wanted to eat while we were in the woods besides a deer apiece to take home.

That night as I started for home the same girl was at the depot but I did not speak to her. I arrived home all right and thought no more about the girl I had seen at the depot, until, about a month afterward I got a letter from her. Altho I did not answer she wrote again. In the first letter she wanted to know why I didn't say goodbye or at least speak to her. In the second letter she said some pretty saucy things and told me what she thought of me.

By this time I began to think I had ought to find out something about her or have some fun with her, so I wrote back trying to excuse myself. We wrote back and forth until we became pretty friendly to a certain extent.

One day I received a letter from her and to my surprise found that she was visiting in the next town. I, of course, went to see her one night during her visit there and had a fine time. I found her a real nice girl in almost every way.

Thus the year passed by and it was nearing the time when I was to go on my trip. I wrote and invited her to go into the woods with me and told her to be ready on the morning of November twenty-third.

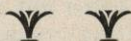
The train I took from Milwaukee was derailed about twenty-five miles from Westborough. There were three killed and a number injured but I escaped with a few bumps and bruises. I started out and walked all the way, which was pretty hard work in the snow. I did not get there until eight that night, all tired out, as I was not used to walking far. I went to the hotel and got the best, warm meal I had had in many a day. After telling the story of my adventure, as I was compelled to do because Alice, the girl, had been worrying all day about me, I was given a warm bath and the best bed in the hotel.



The next morning I felt fine so we started for the woods. I think I had the best time I had ever had. We got excellent meals as Alice was a fine cook. In the day time we tramped looking for game and at night sat around the fire. The first day we did not do much hunting but the next day Alice shot a deer and then she had the laugh on me. One night I asked her if she wouldn't like to go back with me and have a home of her own and to my great joy she said, "Yes."

I wrote home and told them that I was going to bring the best dear home with me that had ever been taken out of that part of the country.

F. C. K. '15.



## Aye Hoost Come Over From Norway

It was a cool April evening and the Waltham household were seated around the cheerful fire-place. The family consisted of Mr. Waltham, round and rosy, Mrs. Waltham, and Tom and Sue both home from college, spending their Easter vacation. One of Mr. Waltham's few failings was a rather boastful spirit, and tonight he was carrying on a spirited monologue concerning Mr. Chester the next door neighbor.

"And to think he let his own cousin work for him for two months and then carry off all the silver plate, and he never saw his disguise. That just shows how blind some men are. You bet he wouldn't have fooled me that way. Show me the man that can disguise himself that I won't know him and I'll give you a hundred dollars." This offer was made without the slightest idea that any one would take it up.

Just then Mrs. Waltham who had been scanning the evening paper broke in, "I've had a want ad in this paper for almost two weeks now and not a single application have I had. This servant problem is terrible."

Five minutes later Tom rose and said, "Come on Sis, lets go down to Carews. I haven't been there since I came home."

As soon as the door had closed behind them, Tom caught hold of his sister's arm and said, "I've got a bully idea to earn that one hundred dollars, Sis. Will you help me?"

Sue who was always ready for mischief answered, "Of course I will, Tom. Tell me what your idea is."

Shortly afterward they again entered the house almost bursting with suppressed laughter.

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Waltham found a note on her plate from Tom saying he had left town to spend a few days with a friend.

"It seems to me that he no more than gets home than he's off again," she sighed.

Sue had said nothing but her eyes held a mischievous twinkle and she busied herself pouring the coffee. That afternoon Mrs. Waltham



and Sue went shopping. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Waltham was rudely awakened from his slumber by a rap on the door. He arose sleepily and answered it. Before him stood the most ludicrous figure. She was rather tall, with bright red hair drawn tightly back into a knot on the back of her head. A small green hat, adorned with an enormous black wig was perched on the head and in her hands she carried an old fashioned carpet bag.

"Aye bane looking for a job. Aye tank mabe you lake me to work for you, ya?"

Mr. Waltham remembered Mrs. Waltham's complaining over the servant girl problem, and decided to engage her.

"I suppose you can cook?" he asked.

"Aye bane a fine cook. Yoost try me."

"Well, Mrs. Waltham isn't at home, but I guess you can stay."

"Ven skell Aye cook supper?" she asked, having deposited the carept bag in her room.

"I guess you had better begin right away, you will find the things in the kitchen."

When Mrs. Waltham and Sue returned home they found supper table laid with the best china and laden with everything from horse radish to cream cake. In the kitchen she heard a loud voice, "Aye tank Aye skell get nuf to ate any how." Just then Mr. Waltham appeared mopping his brow, "Oh so you're home are you? Well I know that you were looking for a cook so I engaged this one."

"Oh you did," said Mrs. Waltham coldly, "Well she won't take the prize at a beauty show anyway" she said getting a glimpse of Norah. "I suppose we might as well try her, tho from the looks of the table she needs some training."

Just then Norah began singing loudly, "Aye yoost same over from Norway."

"Norah, do stop that noise," exclaimed Mrs. Waltham finally, but Norah kept on.

"Norah, did you hear me?"

"Aye bane workin for Meester Waltham. Aye not listen to anyone else."

Mrs. Waltham realized that it would do no good to protest so she said no more.

The next day Mrs. Waltham found out that Norah not only did not only know how to cook but she knew very little about any kind of housework. Finally in despair she told Mr. Waltham to discharge her for she knew from experience that it would do her no good to tell her herself. Then the very next morning Mrs. Waltham came running down stairs and explained angrily to her husband, "Henry, I've stood this thing long enough. What do you suppose she is doing now? She's up there on the balcony, smoking! Yes! that's what I said, smoking!" and she compressed her lips in a tight line, "I want you to go up there and discharge her at once!"

Mr. Waltham hastened upstairs to find Norah trying on one of Mrs. Waltham's best hats. He coughed, blew his nose, mopping his brow and began to stutter, "Mrs. Waltham f-finds er thinks that a er



you'd better leave."

Norah who had been smiling sweetly at the speaker suddenly burst into tears, "Aye can't find anodder place. Aye bane so homesick. Aye want to go home. Boo hoo."

For a moment Mr. Waltham was overwhelmed with embarrassment, then he reached out and took her hand, patting it gently, "There don't cry, I guess you can stay here until there is some way to get home. Don't cry."

"Henry!" came an icy voice from the doorway, "what does this mean?"

In great confusion Mr. Waltham turned to find his wife standing in the doorway.

"Oh, I see now why you are so anxious to engage a cook for me. I don't suppose you ever saw her before in your life, did you?" sarcastically.

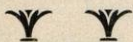
Mr. Waltham just began to deny this when Norah interrupted "Ya, he bane an old friend ov mine. Aye tank you sakll skold him. Aye lake him Aye tell ya," and with that she threw her arms around the confused man in a tight embrace.

Mrs. Waltham went white with rage. Suddenly she heard a snicker behind her and she turned around furious to find Sue shaking with laughter.

"It's too rich," she cried sinking on the floor. "Don't you recognize your own son, mother? Father, I see where you lose that one hundred dollars," and with that she gave Norah's red hair a quick jerk and Tom stood up laughing before them.

Mrs. Waltham was the first to recover her voice. "Well, if you children don't beat all," she said. Then, as the sense of humor overcame her, she burst out laughing.

"I've had enough fun for awhile, anyway, father," said Tom, "but don't be too sure and don't brag too much."



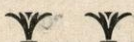
## Out of the Mountains Into the Valley

As we emerged from the dense timber belt which bordered the foothills, and as I looked down into the valley below, I thought the scene which lay at my feet a most beautiful and picturesque view. The scene on this beautiful June day on which I saw it lay in the Bad Lands of South Dakota.

Far below the sluggish Missouri flowed, smiling along, carrying its burden of yellow sand to the "Father of Waters." The river, which lay like a great serpent, so near and yet so far, coiled and twined away into the distance until it looked like a fine silver thread which had lost itself in the dim haze of the horizon. Far to the south I could see the range of the Little Bighorn mountains, where Gen. Custer made his last charge. The plain, dotted with sage bushes, lay like a great carpet which stretched away as far as the eye could see. The brilliant green



banks of the river made a bright contrast which relieved the monotony of the endless buffalo grass. In my reverie I saw a vision of the ancient red men who had held careless sway over the whole country before me. How happy the children of nature must have been in their unlimited domain. In my imagination's eye I saw the hunting party start out from a camp by the river for their day's forage. Just as I was beginning to wish that I had lived in that golden age of recreation and when my wish was about to be answered, even as the wish of King Midas in the day of Myths, I was startled almost into a state of paralysis of the intellect by the scream from my companion, "Look out for that rattlesnake!"



## The Mystery of the Haunted House

It was growing dark as I started on my homeward walk of eight weary miles. The demon, Darkness, came stealing along the dusty road and through the treetops of the distant forest, with a stealthy and irresistible tread, and I could not but feel that some unaccountable evil hovered over me. The twilight was calm and not a breath of air stirred. A great ominous bank of black clouds was pushing out of the dim west and had already throoled the last rays of the dying sun. A bright flash of lightning streaked the cloud with crimson, and this was followed by a deep-throated growl which issued from the cavernous depths of the shadowy invader of the sky.

Thinking that I could beat the impending storm by a short cut through the forest, I mounted the roadside fence and struck off across the fields. When I reached the timber I immediately sought the path which led through the wood and had been opened by the inhabitants of a long deserted cabin which had been built by frontiersmen some fifty years previous. Starting off on a nervous trot, I soon found myself deep in the wood. By this time it was quite dark and the wind was rising rapidly. Suddenly, with a terrific crash of thunder and a flash of lightning that nearly blinded me, the rain began to fall in sheets. Spurred on by the hope of reaching the deserted house before I was thoroughly drenched, I sprinted my best. I ran and ran and ran until I began to fear that in my terror I had passed the cabin without knowing it. When I had despaired of finding the spot and was about to give up and seek shelter as best I could under the trees, a dark object loomed up before me and I was soon standing under the little porch. Now a nervousness or almost a terror grasped me. This little hut had for years been known as the haunted house. A man had been murdered there and his ghost was believed to inhabit the place in times of storm or high wind. People never passed the place except on occasions when no other way presented itself. I do not believe in ghosts but was made superstitious and nervous by the blackness of the night and the fury of the storm. Now the wind changed and the rain began to beat right under the porch so that I was forced to go into the haunted

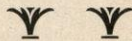


place or again take to my heels. Trying to laugh my fears away, I opened the door and walked boldly in. Nothing unusual happened and nothing but the musty and dank smell of rotted leaves attracted my attention. Groping around in the dark I found a pile of leaves in a corner. I sat down upon them and waited for the storm to abate.

The pouring rain upon the roof became monotonous and I became drowsy. Then I was in a little dark house on a lonesome road with the lightning and thunder bursting upon my unconscious senses. I saw a wicked looking man come walking towards the house carrying a great cutlass in one hand and a dagger in the other. He came and stood on the porch and I thought my time had come. Up and down he stamped in a rage. Then I could hear him uttering inaudible words. I listened and caught the words—"I saw him come in here; I'll cut his throat." Then he came stamping around in the same room with me. By a flash of lightning I perceived that he was a fair monster, having to bend nearly double to escape the ceiling. I tried to crawl to the door but he caught sight of me in the glare of an especially brilliant flash. Grabbing me by the throat, he dragged me from the house. He laid me in the path and landed his foot upon my chest to keep me from escaping, while he pulled two young oak trees down and bound one of my feet to each of the treetops. Then with a terrible oath he let me loose and the trees jerked each in its respective direction and—

I awoke with a shudder to find the sun shining through the door of the cabin from so high a position in the sky that it must have been nine o'clock in the morning. Jumping up in surprise I rushed to the door, hardly knowing who, where, when or why. Then things began to right themselves and I started to complete my interrupted journey.

G. L. G., '14.

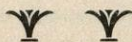


## Our Alphabet

A—Stands for Ada, so clever and bright,  
Who is deeply in love with a Stoughtonite.  
B—Stands for Bill, that cute little girl.  
Who loves to go riding with Candy Earle.  
C—Stands for Clara and Clayton, too.  
They make a cute couple, I think, don't you?  
D—Stands for Dimple Doty and Dick.  
A more simple couple would be hard to pick.  
E—Stands for Ella, once Mahlon's delight.  
I have heard say they had a date every night.  
F—Stands for Freddie and Frances Nichols.  
He will some day be rich if he doesn't get fickle.  
G—Stands for Gardiner, the original of mush,  
And his talk to girls fairly bristles with slush.  
H—Stands for Harold, his last name is Pratt.  
The teachers all say he's a noisy brat.



I—Stands for Iver, our Norwegian lad.  
He at last knows how to make Hozel's heart glad.  
J—Stands for Jessie, a winning miss.  
I heard the other day she has never been kissed.  
K—Stands for Kate, with her charming smile,  
Who has made for our Lowell a life worth while.  
L—Stands for Lackner, long, lengthy and lean,  
Who loves little Peter with a love most keen.  
M—Stands for Margaret and McIntosh too.  
If you are looking for length one of these ought to do.  
N—Stands for nothing most of the time,  
So I let it stand for Dutch to make this line rhyme.  
O—Stands for Ogden, a Senior kid,  
With musical feet and an elevated lid.  
P—Stands for Play; now play with a will.  
If you don't have a good time somebody else will.  
Q—Stands for quit and quiet too.  
This will apply to Seniors if they don't get through.  
R—Stands for run and race all the time.  
If you don't get in the race and run you will be left behind.  
S—Stands for Shine, an Irish boy.  
He is teacher's pet and his mamma's boy.  
T—Stands for Teachers, sagely and wise;  
We people sometimes think they are otherwise.  
U—Stands for you, yours and your own.  
With her you would like to be always alone.  
V—Stands for Victrola, Frank Ashe's pet.  
If he don't look out Bardeen 'll get him yet.  
W—Stands for worry and sometimes will,  
But so we should worry and take our pill.  
X—Stands for unknown and everything like that,  
Which the Sophomores and Freshmen have got down pat.  
Z—Stands for Zero, which are round like a ball.  
They make our standings like thermometers fall.



## The Home Maker

It was late twilight at the little farm house on the hill and in the tiny kitchen the light from the cook stove flickered and danced on the polished floor, making a grotesque shadow of the cat that lay sleeping near by, and the kettle sang on and on.

In the still tinier dining room young Mrs. Burke was setting the supper table. Tomorrow at th's time she would be miles away—back to the town where she had always lived until Willard brought her here. In spite of herself hr heart gave a happy little bound. All her most intimate girl chums would be there and she—

The door opened and the wind seemed to blow in a tiny girl all



wrapped in scarfs and shawls.

"Lo, Auntie Grace," she greeted, tugging vainly with her mittened hands to unwind the scarf about her head that she might view her aunt better.

"Uncle Willard he brought me to see you."

As Grace bent over to her the door opened again and Willard Burke strode in. "Whew! but it's cold! I brought Marjorie over to see you. Supper 'most ready? I'm hungry as a bear."

"Almost. Do you remember the suppers I used to feed you a year ago, Will?" She looked up and laughed.

"I'll never forget them." He laughed back.

"But you learned quickly."

"Not any too fast; you were getting thin."

"I'll be more apt to get thin while you're gone—even if it for only a few days," he said gravely.

Grace Burke had done little housework before she married Willard, who had just finished a course in scientific farming. Naturally domestic, she learned easily. Nevertheless, she missed her city friends, entertainment, and city life in general. So she could not help feeling glad that she was to get a taste of it again.

Little Marjorie sat at the table, propped up with pillows and books. Because of this she felt particularly festive and equal to the work of entertaining.

"I know somebody that steals," she announced, round-eyed and with the air of one about to impart important news.

"Who?" inquired her uncle with feigned interest.

"Willie Banks. He stole Elsi Smith's gum out of her desk."

They laughed, and Marjorie seeing her first attempt a success, entertained them throughout the evening.

Mrs. Burke stifled a healthy yawn and with a guilty little start turned her eyes from the window to Hattie's face, wondering if she had noticed her inattention. But Hattie hadn't. She was languidly buttoning and unbuttoning her gloves and toying with her purse and numerous other bags she carried. Hattie was Grace's special friend who had married lately and grown thin with the many duties of a young city matron. She seemed always tired and able to talk of nothing but social functions and social obligations.

After the first greetings were over Grace found she could not keep her mind on the conversation. It was the same when she was with her old friends. She missed her household duties and in spite of herself felt wondering if Will fed the canary and the cat or if he had let the water freeze in the soft water pump at the sink.

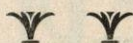
It was snowing softly, large downy flakes, when she reached the home station and Will tucked the robes about her as he asked, as one who rather fears the answer, "Are you going to find it dull back in your little home after the city?"

Then as the sleigh flew noiselessly over the new fallen snow she answered, "I fear I'm hopelessly domestic, but the city was so dull and I'm glad to be home. I find I love my housework and—

"And——?" he questioned.



She looked straight head ahead through the falling snow, smiled softly, and whispered, "—and you best."



## The Choice of the Best

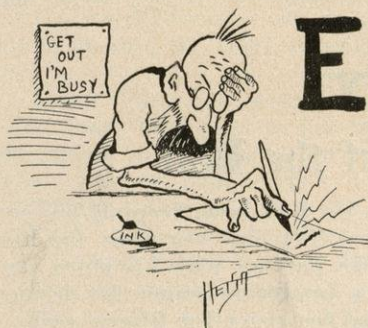
Thomas Jones was getting old. He had been keeping his corner grocery store for twenty-five years and felt that was time for him to retire from business. Not feeling like parting with his store, as he wished to see the old name there for a few years longer, he decided to look for a partner. Not having visited his sister for fifteen years, and knowing that she had some grown-up boys, he decided to pay her a visit, with the idea that perhaps he might take one of his nephews into his business as a partner. He had, however, kept this matter entirely to himself.

Four o'clock one afternoon late in February found him at the depot ready to board the train for Macon, a town about a hundred miles distant. Nothing happened of any importance until a party of young people boarded the train at Colfax. The train was well filled and some were obliged to remain standing. From their conversation he concluded they were high school people returning from a basket ball victory over a neighboring town. One boy with a bright, handsome face particularly attracted his attention. An old lady now came into the coach, looked hopelessly around for a seat, and, finding none, sighed heavily. Before Mr. Jones sank back in his seat, saying "There's the boy I want!"

At this moment the brakeman came in the door and called in a loud voice, "Macon—Macon!" Mr. Jones immediately proceeded to collect his baggage and to alight from the train. As he stepped off he noticed that the boy who had been so thoughtful toward the old lady had also alighted. Resolving to look him up later, he proceeded to locate his sister. This done, he started on his way. After a fifteen minutes' walk he came upon a neat cottage in the outskirts of the town. His sister welcomed him very cordially and immediately prepared a delicious supper for him. While talking of past times Mr. Jones heard some one coming up the walk. Looking up he saw that it was his young friend! After the customary greetings the old gentleman made his business known to his nephew, who was highly in favor of the arrangement.

Mr. Jones has been more than satisfied with the manner in which his business has been conducted and it is needless to say that his choice of the best.





# EDITORIALS

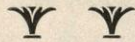
## The Fussers

We have heard of such a thing as a hook-worm getting into a community and affecting all persons reached but a far greater calamity has come over our high school and the dark cloud which has been hovering above us may have some serious results. It has come in the form of a fusser's fever and has become so complicated that the leading scientists of our high are in so deep that they are holding their breath. What prompted us to write this article was the fact that certain untrue rumors were made about the sleigh load from Stoughton to Edgerton on the night of the debate and this is an attempt to clear the innocent. We will all admit that such cases as Ed. Sweeney and Dick Brown are chronic and had become so established that they were no longer noticed; but when Lowell, the pride and hope of his mother, becomes so badly afflicted as to cause rumors to circulate it is time that some radical steps were taken. We cannot help but remark, however, that Lowell would make a good soldier anyway because just look at his loving tendencies and highly developed propensity for sticking to the Post. But his is not the only case; have you ever noticed Marvin's new born love? We had thought that it was the "last straw" when Lowell went under, but when our worthy basket ball captain and German shark became so sorely afflicted we give up. And our high school scientists say there is no hope for him. Too bad, isn't it. And then again, have you noticed that Pete Hitchcock has begun to comb his hair pompadour, and Bill Marsden has begun to wear a linen collar? Certainly our high school is fast degenerating. But the thing that stands out as being the most noticeable is the Fusser's period. If you haen't ever noticed it, some day you should come into the main room between 1 o'clock and 1:10. Count the couples you can see spread around the main room and see if we are not borne out in this truth. And perhaps if you will even scout around enough you will find our janitor kidding some of the infants. So the whole thing resolves itself into this: What will become of our high school? If our faculty doesn't take some radical steps to prevent the spread of this epidemic we will report it to the detective bureau and place the entire matter into their hands. However, we still console ourselves with



the thought that neither Rush Touton nor Luella Crandall have as yet been effected, but if they do then we give up entirely.

GEM GAM JEMS.

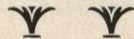


## Come On and Hear

You people of the high school have probably read so many articles by the editor asking, pleading, aye, even begging for contributions to the paper, that you have probably began to think that it is merely a more or less bad habit with him. This article was not intended primarily to be another call for help but one of warning. Nevertheless we will say a few words to show you the position in which the paper is placed. That a school paper reflects the spirit of the school no one will deny. When you read a good exchange you say, "There's some school," and undoubtedly you are right. Again, when some one reads our *Crimson* and says, "No spirit," they're about right, for the old Edgerton spirit for which we were once renowned is dying out. Why? Indeed most of the spirit exhibited at our different games comes from our alumni and outsiders.

Take the *Crimson*, for instance—why don't you contribute? You may say they're (meaning the editors) running the paper, let them do it. But there is where you are wrong. We know that in past years a few ran this paper as they saw fit, but this year is one of co-operation from beginning to end and every editor will do as much for you in helping you to get out an article expressing your views as your mother did for you when you were in rompers. Place your own value on the above; either take it or leave it, but remember the management have done their part by enlarging the paper so that it may hereafter express your views, and if the paper in the future is not as you think it should be you know who to blame.

TRUTH, '14.



## Why Don't You Yell?

Why don't you yell at the basket ball games? Remember, Seniors, for three long years we have set the pace and now are about to fall down, just as the race is won. We started out to make this the banner year by the Banner Class of '14. So far we have made a record. We have made the *Crimson* bigger and better than ever. We have concluded the most successful football season the high school has ever known; we have a good chance of making some one run for the championship of the state in basket ball, and we have not only the largest class but the best athletes, debaters and literary people of any class in the school today.

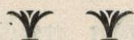
With only three months left let's all of us redouble our efforts and set a standard that the classes in years to come can only strive for as they would perfection. Remember now is the time for every good man



to come to the aid of his part. Our party is almost over but while we are here let's make it worth while—for there is no coming back.

Come out and root for the team, come to all school activities and ever try to improve school life. When asked to help do so, for remember none are so blind as those that cannot see. Better still, do not wait to be asked.

TRUTH, '14.



## Are You There?

Now is the time of contests, when every live person in school should make a rush for the rostrum, even though some may be killed in the rush. In the extemporaneous, oratorical and declamatory contests there exists a chance for everyone. Do not assume the attitude that you are entirely helpless when it comes to a chance of your showing your metal. Remember there is a beautiful cup with a beautiful 1914 engraved on it in the office. You Seniors be sure that 1914 appears one more time upon it, and your under-classmen see that 1914 does not appear engraved again. By entering a contest you will be enacting a two-fold benefit. First, you yourself will have gained an inestimable amount of good from the participation, and secondly, you will have helped your class toward winning the trophy. When approached do not plead inability because you never know what is in you unless your metal is tried.







The high school was led in cheering practices during opening exercises by Hetsa Williams Friday, Jan. 23, 1914, for the Stoughton game, which took place in the gym. that evening.

The high school has been receiving a number of treats on Friday afternoons, and in several cases rhetorical have been omitted, which shows the generous and liberal spirit of Mr. Holt. On Friday, Jan. 30, Will Bardeen gave us a concert for over an hour with the new Edison machine. The students appreciated it very much, and some prophesied the future ownership of one by the school.

The boys' high school debating team was on the program at the Congregational Men's club held at the Congregational church on Jan. 29. The Boys' High School Glee club furnished the music.



## The Sophomore Party

The first party given by the "Sixteen class" proved a great success.

On the evening of January the thirtieth, after a basket ball game with Brodhead, the students of the Edgerton high school, including the Brodhead team, could be seen filing toward the Academy Hall.

The hall was tastily trimmed and red and white and orange and black (the Soph. colors). A very good crowd turned out and all were given a warm reception.

A short but pleasing program was rendered, being as follows:

Address—President Kenneth Earle.

Selection—Boys' Red Rose Glee club.

Solo—Leona Post.

Vaudeville Stunt—Clinton Price and Lealand Whitford.

Selection—Girls' Glee club.

Reading—Miss Lucke.

After the program the floor was cleared for dancing. The music

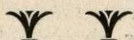


was furnished by Williams' orchestra. A very delicious punch was served between dances. Dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock. After this enjoyable evening all were loath to part.

On Wednesday morning, Feb. 4, 1914, Miss Brittell, a lady of Miss Anderson, sang for opening exercises. We all appreciated this and are always glad to have these musical treats.

Professor Miller of Madison was present here Thursday evening, Feb. 5, and gave a talk on "Six Years High School." The number of parents and others present showed the interest that they have taken in the subject.

Friday, Feb. 6, witnessed no rhetorical the second period of the afternoon. The university Y. C. C. A. team consented to give a little entertainment to the school. The quartet rendered some university songs. Talks were given by Mr. Rogers, the captain of the team; Mr. Bohstedt, a man who was on the varsity crew; Mr. Albert, a freshman athlete, and Mr. Boyd, who read and sang several selections. A trio rendered a pleasing selection, Mr. Rogers, flutist; Mr. King, violinist, and Russell Conn, pianist.



## Our Varsity Y. M. C. A. Meetings

The meetings held by the varsity Y. M. C. A. members were a success in every way. They were well attended, interesting and appreciating. Friday evening after the basket ball game the Y. M. C. A. men gave a short entertainment in the high school assembly room. A game was played in the gym. Saturday morning between our team and the Y. M. C. A. fellows. The score was 34 to 17 in our favor.

Saturday evening the university men held a meeting for high school boys at the K. of P. hall, at which meeting Janes, Liang, Rogers and Machotka gave talks on the strong christian life led by university men.

Sunday afternoon two meetings were held, one for grade school boys and one for high school boys. Following these meetings the men of Edgerton showed their interest by a good attendance. They discussed ways by which they could do more for the boys of Edgerton.

The last meeting was conducted at the Lyric theater. A very good attendance was present, who heard excellent talks from Liang, Rogers, Bohstedt and Coon. The visit of these men was short but impressive upon the young men of Edgerton. We hope that they will come down often and hold such meetings again. The university men were well pleased with their trip and were greatly pleased with the warm hospitality of the people of Edgerton.

Again Mr. Holt has shown his ever abounding and unlimited generosity. We had no classes the last two periods Monday afternoon, Feb. 16, and Frank Ash furnished a long and appreciative concert to the high school with his new model victrola.



## Smiles

### THE TRUTH.

"Robert, dear, how do you suppose these dozens and dozens of empty bottles ever got into our cellar?"

"Why, I don't know, my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

### DIAGNOSIS.

A young lady complained about the way her sweetheart treated her.

"Why don't you give him the mitten?" said her chum.

"Mitten nothing," responded the forlorn lone. "He doesn't need the mitten. I had better give him a pair of socks; he's getting cold feet."

### INSIDE INFORMATION.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?"

"Appendicitis," my son, answered the deep-thinking father, "is something that enables a doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."

### BRIDGET'S REFERENCE.

Bridget was applying for a place as cook, and when asked for a reference presented this note:

"To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that Bridget Foley has worked for us one week and we are satisfied."

### A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

"What became of the little girl you made love to the hammock last summer?" asked one young man of his friend.

"We fell out."

### THE DEBATING TEAM GOES TO FULTON

Probably when you read the heading of this you will think that we went there to pull off one of our great debates against a team of that town, but not so for the simple reason that we have never heard that Fulton had a debating team. But according to our editor the team went there for the purpose of showing the residents of that village what a real debate was.

Although it was cold and the snow was deep, the bunch was here at the school house at seven waiting for their hack, but our hackman had to find a chicken to take with him and being of bashful disposition he was consequently one-half hour late. Professor Holt and Frau offered to act as chaperones, and although Dick Curran made a very strong pretest, saying that the professor wouldn't want to go through Indian Ford, he finally consented. At last the hackman arrived, but another delay took place because Dick wanted to get 307—F 3, and central, who undoubtedly realized that it would be bad for Dick's constitu-



tion, absolutely refused by sweetly saying: "Busy." We were not all able to get in our chariot, however, due to Marie Babcock's large feet, which seemed inclined to take up a large share of the room. An then she tried to disown them, saying they weren't hers. Finally Pratt cranked up the machine, put in some gasoline, and we started, and after listening to Professor's stories from the Ladies' Home Journal we made our first stop at the Post farm, where Lowell insisted on getting out. We will leave it to our gentle readers to guess who came out then, and we then proceeded to Fulton. Finally we came to what seemed to be a farm house with a light in the window, and after some persuasion on Leona's part we were forced to believe that we were actually in the metropolis of Fulton.

It is not my purpose to tell you how we debated or what the decision of the judges was, but I must not forget to say that our talks seemed to produce a soothing effect on the audience, as we were more than once favored with snore solos. After the debate Deacon got out his accordin and informed us that he would furnish the inspiration for a tango, but the mayor being present, insisted that the latest city ordinance had prohibited the tango, so Rosa suggested that we dance the Virginia reel, as she would rather do that anyway (?) At the wee small hour of 11:30, which is rather wee and small in Fulton, Harold got out the nags and we proceeded on our homeward journey. Somewhere between Fulton and Edgerton Lowe and Harold lost their chickens. We have a hunch that they got cold. But nevertheless Bo Earle was still there and the efforts of all the team couldn't stop him or Whittet from taking up nearly all the room. A short time later we pulled into our little city at the rate of sixty miles per, and no one disputed the fact that we had had some time, except Dick Curran, who still has it in for central for refusing to give him 307—F 3.

The following was found in the lower hall:

#### LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

To Miss Clara Thompson from a Friend:

Would that I could always live for love of thee,  
Oh virgin dove of my dreams.  
Sleeping or waking my thoughts are of thee,  
Oh sweet little idol of mine.  
Rubies are dull beside thy red lips,  
While the sun seems to rise in thy golden brown hair;  
The ground where you walk is hallowed I know  
From the tread of your wee little feet.  
Twin pools of love are thy lovely blue eyes,  
While nothing could equal your coral-like ears,  
And your dimpled cheek and snow white brow  
Were made for me I here do vow.  
All in all from head to toe  
You the angels envy I simply Know,  
Then come to me without further trouble  
And take the name of Mrs. C. Hubbell.

TRUTH, '14. (Copyrighted, 1914).



## LAUREAN NOTES

For the first time in the history of the Edgerton high school, a girls' literary society has been organized, with an enrollment of forty-six members. Their first meeting was held Dec. 3, 1913, in the assembly room of the high school. A constitution and a set of by-laws, which had previously been framed, were adopted, and the following officers were elected: President, Ada Davis; vice-president, Mabel Strassburg; secretary, Ruby Berry; treasurer, Isabelle Hepburn. At that meeting the following program was rendered:

Piano duet—Margaret Ellingson and Frances Nichols.

Reading—Lulu Scholl.

Violin solo—Leona Post.

On Dec. 11, 1913, the society held the second meeting, at which it was decided that the society should be divided into two sections, namely, the Freshmen and Sophomores in one division and the Juniors and Seniors in another. After the business meeting the following program was given:

Reading—Maxine Burdick.

Vocal Solo—Marie Babcock.

But the important feature of the program was the debate—"Resolved, That the girls of the Edgerton high school should play interscholastic basket ball games under boys' rules."

First affirmative, Frances Nichols; first negative, Clara Thompson; second affirmative, Bernodine Girard; second negative, Hattie Handtke.

The judges for this debate were Miss Brummer, Miss Anderson and Miss Densmore. The affirmative won the debate.

The next meeting, which was strictly social, was held Dec. 17, 1913. After the program refreshments were served and each received a little gift: Program:

Song, "Silent Night"—Society.

Piano Duet—Miss Anderson and Anna Dickinson.

Reading—Miss Densmore.

Violin Solo—Leona Post.

Original Story—Hazel Farman.

Vocal Solo—Bertha Drake.

Original Poem—Mary Hixon.

Song, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"—Society.

The next meeting on Jan. 24, 1914, was strictly business. Officers were re-elected, a membership committee appointed, and it was decided to call the society the Laurean.

Jan. 28, 1914, another meeting was held. Lulu Scholl and Bernadine Girard gave a vaudeville stunt after the business meeting. However, the most important number on the program was the debate—"Resolved, That women should have equal rights."

First affirmative, Marian Doty; first negative, Ada Davis; second affirmative, Margaret Ellingson; second negative, Emma Harrison; third affirmative, Mabel Strassburg; third negative, Isabelle Hepburn.

The judges were Miss Lucke, Miss Anderson and Miss Densmore. The decision was unanimous in favor of the affirmative.



At the next meeting, held Feb. 4, 1914, the following program was given:

Piano Solo—Eunice Nelson.

Story—Jessie Stone.

Current Topics:

I. "What's the Matter With the Teachers?".....Lulu Tall

II. "Improvements in London".....Beulah Clarke

III. "Marriage Ceremony of Navajos".....Julia Oleson

IIII. "Growth of Country Schools".....Verna Tall

Song, "Home, Sweet Home"—Society.

A short business meeting preceded the program, during which Frances Nichols was elected editor of the Laurean society.

The last meeting held was Feb. 10, 1914. After business had been conducted a program was given as follows:

Piano Duet—Margaret Ellingson and Frances Nichols.

Original Poem—Hazel Farman.

Story—Ruth Lackner.

Current Topics:

I. "A New Type of Rural Schools".....Grace McDonough

II. "Tom Rowland".....Jessie Biederman

III. "Pure Food Law Passed on Tea".....Mildred Doty

Reading—Lulu Scholl.

Song, "On Wisconsin"—Society.

Since the formation of this society a number have dropped out, so it was not considered necessary to divide it. Although the Laurean society may not be equal to the Orphelian society—that would hardly be expected of a society which has existed for only such a short time—but as the Wednesday nights bring about our regular meetings, we hope to acquire a sufficient amount of educational knowledge from it so that a girl may help represent the high school on the debating team this coming year.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE

Miss Lucke to right of them,

Miss Lucke to left of them,

Miss Lucke to back of them shouted—directions.

Worked they with might and main,

Bravely trying their muscles to strain;

On with the utmost care, to all but perfection.

"Left face!!" to right of them.

"Front dress!" to left of them,

"Right face—" to back of them, were the commands.

Worked they with club and bells,

"Quarter-wheel left," she yells,

Through the stern commands worked the brave scholar.

"ADELINE."





# Among The Classes



## NOTES.

R. K. will be unable to sing in the glee club on account of a frog in his throat.

(Business Eng.) Miss L.—George, your address is written wrong.

G. L.—Well, it is all there, isn't it?

(Manual Trg.) C. Mc.—(talking to another boy.)

Mr. L.—Clarence, you haven't had a talking to by hand yet, have you?

Alf T. has left the Freshman class and when asked if he was coming back, replied: "No; not until I know more about tobacco."

R. F. has improved greatly since he has been in training for basket ball.

Mr. L. (referring to R. K. chair) asked how large is your leg?

R. K.—I never measured it.

This year the seniors are going out with more honors than any senior class yet, but wait till the freshmen get there. There is material in the freshmen class to go out with just as many honors as the seniors do this year. Look at the football team. Four of our members received regular berths, while two more subbed, and two more of our members are subbing on the basket ball team, which is composed of veterans with from one to two years' experience. We have got three and one-half years in which to make a record, and we will do it.

We are only Freshmen,

As you see;

Watch the Seniors,

Which we will soon be.

Watch the Seniors in any sport,

You can see that they are not short.

Look at Chic Mc., so husky and tall,

When anyone strikes him they think he's a stone wall.

Look at Mope, so short and fat,

When any one hurts him he gives them a rap.

Look at Marvin, our Captain so wise;

If it wasn't for Dick we wouldn't have any five.

Look at Whittet, so slender and tall;

If it wasn't for Glenn we wouldn't be in it at all.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

The freshmen boys appear to be very fond of the Sophomore colors. Have you noticed?

Miss D. (Eng. II)—"I know there are quite a few Norwegians in Edgerton and I think there are quite a few in Stoughton."

Howard H. (Hist. II)—"Right after he was born they had a battle and he was defeated."



Miss A. (Hist. II)—What were some of the luxuries of the Roman people?"

Lloyd P.—"They gave the poor people corn and oil."

Wanted—A job correcting papers. Ruth C.



## Exchanges

"Otaknam," Mankato, Minn.—A new paper on our exchange list. You have in your paper what very few have, a page of cartoons. They give an atmosphere to a paper which is hard to beat.

"Booster," La Crosse, Wis.—Your Literary Department has a fine variety of stories.

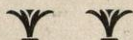
"High School World," Topeka, Kan.—Another new paper on our list. Why not a larger literary department? "The Diary of a Stomach" is very amusing.

"The Rail Splitter," Lincoln, Ill.—Your paper is a good one for the first attempt. Why you not divide it into departments?

"Wauana," Portage, Wis.—A good paper but not much of it. A school of your size ought to support a larger paper.

"Scout," P. R. C., Fergus Falls, Minn.—You certainly give your exchanges a good looking over.

We now have on our exchange list papers from twelve states, namely: Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, Illinois, Kansas, Florida, Michigan, New York, Ohio and Maine. Our list also consists of papers from fifty different schools, Wisconsin leading with twenty-five.



## Exchange Smiles

SO IT AM.

Am her went?

Are her gone?

Will her ne-er come back to I?

Nor me see her again?

O, cruel Fate,

It cannot was.

SHOOT THE DIME AND KILL THE BILL.

Professor—Johnny, what are you shaking for?

Johnny—For sixes.



## NEW BRANDS.

Twinkle, twinkle, cheap cigar,  
How I wonder what you are.

Lady—Have you smoked beef?

Clerk—Nothing but cigarettes, Mum.

Senior—What do you think of Culbebra Cut?

Fresh.—Well-er, I never tried it. The Sophs won't let me smoke a pipe.

Name it and you can have it.

Who am I?

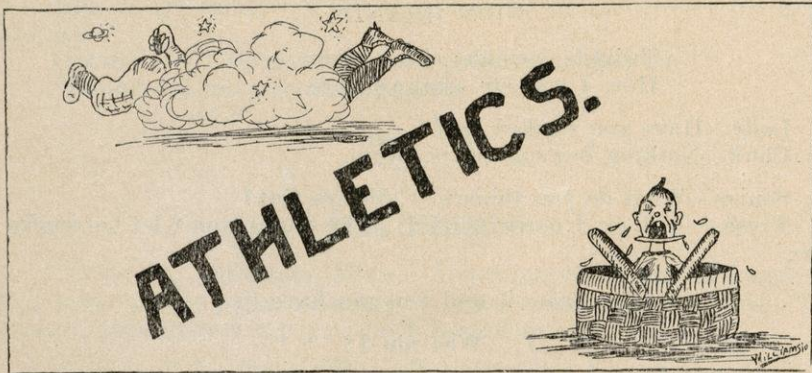
Last year I did not want to embarrass my best girl to make her propose to me, so I asked her to be my wife, and she said: "I would rather be excused." And I, like an idiot excused her. But I got even with the girl; I married her mother. Then father married the girl. Now I don't know who I am.

When I married the girl's mother the girl became my daughter, and when my father married my daughter he became my son. When my father married my daughter she became my mother. If my father is my son and my daughter is my mother, who am I?

My mother's mother, who is my wife, must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband, I am my own grandfather.—Ex.







## When It's Basket Ball Season in Edgerton

The second defeat of the season which leads to the state honor possibilities of the Edgerton high school was the result of Monroe's downfall. Laboring under the belief that Monroe would be represented by one of the leading teams of the southern part of the state, we had small hopes of overcoming our opponents, but nevertheless through the great team work and expert basket shooting done by the local team Monroe was forced to take the short end of the score.

C. McIntosh bettered his previous record for caging baskets by emerging from the game with thirteen baskets and one free throw to his credit. Whittet and Sutton are close seconds for this honor. Captain Johnson and R. Brown, although not up to the top notch in basket shooting, ran away from their opponents in team work from the start to the finish of the game. There were fewer fouls in this game than in the previous game with Elkhorn. The first half found the visitors swamped with a score of 31 to 8. The second half, starting off in much the same manner as the first, found Ogden and Gardiner in the game, Johnson taking himself and L. Whittet out. It is seldom that the team runs up against a chance to play its subs, but such was the fact Friday night, Jan. 16. At the end of the second half Edgerton was still on top to the tune of 58 to 10. The line-up was as follows:

| Monroe        | vs.                 | Edgerton        |
|---------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| Hoase .....   | Right Forward ..... | Whittet         |
| Tachndy ..... | Left Forward .....  | Sutton          |
| Gnagi .....   | Center .....        | McIntosh        |
| Hoesly .....  | Left Guard .....    | Brown           |
| Voss .....    | Right Guard .....   | Captain Johnson |
| Thorpe .....  | Substitute .....    | Ogden           |
| .....         | Substitute .....    | Gardiner        |

Field goals—McIntosh, 12; Hoase, 1; Tachndy, 2; Hoesly, 2; Whittet, 6; Sutton, 4; Brown, 3; Johnson, 3. Free throws—Sutton, 2; McIntosh, 1. Referee—Mr. Holt. Scorer—For Monroe, Prof. Ames.



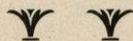
## E. H. S. vs. State Champs

It is most probable that everyone has read the slightly exaggerated account of the Janesville game in the Janesville Daily Gazette. As has been the case hitherto, the Janesville reporter did not use his eyes while at the game, and as a result their statement of the game carries with it the unmistakable sign that the Bower City paper is trying to boost their players to the position of all-state men when they lack the talent.

To express our opinion, the best player they produced here was Stickney, while Hemming had to be content with the background, and his opponent, C. McIntosh, outplayed him in every conceivable phase of the game, and the chances for Hemming to become an all-state center is as absurd (while Chick is in the game) as the proposition to force water to run up hill. Dalton and Rau played fast and good games, but they lacked that finer instinct of the sportsman player. Atwood can be given credit for playing the cleanest game of any player on the team. H. Sutton, in spite of having to cope with the rule breaker, Dalton, broke even. Whittet and Johnson counted in the finishes, pulling off an occasional long basket, each good for two points. The prominent feature of the game was the undying roughness. Janesville, although excellent in floor work, lacked accuracy in caging baskets. It was in this branch of the game that the Crimson representatives overshadowed their opponents. The first half ended with E. H. S. one point behind the Bower City. The final score found E. H. S. still in the rear, 31 to 28. Although Edgerton was ahead one-half the time, they lost the game through bad luck for free throws, and should have won the game. The line-up:

|                |                     |                  |
|----------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Janesville     | vs.                 | Edgerton         |
| Stickney ..... | Right Forward ..... | Sutton           |
| Atwood .....   | Left Forward .....  | Whittet          |
| Hemming .....  | Center .....        | McIntosh         |
| Dalton .....   | Guard .....         | Brown            |
| Rau .....      | Guard .....         | Johnson          |
| Barnes .....   | Sub. ....           | Gardiner         |
| Stewart .....  | Sub. ....           | Clarke and Ogden |

Field goals—Stickney, 5; Atwood, 1; Hemming, 4; Dalton, 5; McIntosh, 4; Sutton, 5; Brown, 1; Johnson, 2. Free throws—Sutton, 3; McIntosh, 1; Hemming, 1. Scorers—Stewart and Earle. Referee—Allbright, U. of W.



## Stoughton vs. Edgerton

The basket ball aggregation from Stoughton met with their first defeat of the season when they met the fast five representing our high school. The Norwegians have for the past five years developed a speedy



quintet which it has been hard to defeat, and in consequence of the fact that this year's team is all of the quality produced by Stoughton during previous years, the Edgerton boys feel quite jubilant over the victory.

Although Jerdee is claimed to be one of the fastest and most efficient basket ball men from this section of the state, C. Mc. found but little difficulty in handling him and also slipping in seven baskets on the side. Jerdee's total amounting to one.

Sutton fared not so well for between him and his opponent there was a continual struggle, neither seeming to better the other. Sutton caged four baskets. Hanson is undoubtedly the best guard against which Sutton has played this season.

The clever tactics used by the Crimson representatives in maneuvering up or down the floor played a prominent part in the outcome of the game.

Johnson showed up in better form than in any of his previous games, while Brown and Whittet played the game in their usual form.

Stoughton did not lead in any part of the game. The first half ended in a score of 17 to 4 in favor of E. H. S. At the end of the second half the score was 28 to 9 in favor of Edgerton. The following line-up was played:

|                 |               |          |
|-----------------|---------------|----------|
| Stoughton       | vs.           | Edgerton |
| Sullivan .....  | Forward ..... | Sutton   |
| Panish .....    | Forward ..... | Whittet  |
| Jerdee .....    | Center .....  | McIntosh |
| Eiken .....     | Guard .....   | Brown    |
| H. Hanson ..... | Guard .....   | Johnson  |
| Oleson .....    | Sub. ....     | Ogden    |

Referee—Staley, Madison.





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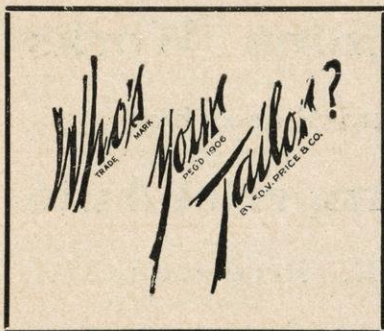
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