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The crimson. Vol. IV, No. III December, 1913

Edgerton, Wisconsin: Students of Edgerton High School,
December, 1913

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The Crimson

December, 1913

VOL. IV.

NO. III.

The Crimson is published by the students of the Edgerton High School eight months of the school year, from October to May.

The subscription is sixty cents for the school year, if paid November 1st. If not paid by then the price will be seventy-five cents.

Contributions are solicited from the students, Faculty and Alumni.

Address all business letters to the Business Manager; all matters intended for publication to the Editor-in-Chief.

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LITERARY

GIFTS OF CHRISTMAS

The sun hath kissed the dawning,
The rose hath tinged the gray
With the light of a Christmas morning
And the joy of Christmas Day.

The rigor of winter hath softened,
The sun is warm above—
For God and the world are both fulfilled
With the wonderful Christmas Love.

The twilight purples and darkens,
The sounds of daylight cease—
And the Christmas day is closing,
In hallow'd Christmas Peace.

The Dutch Inventor

Sockery Hausenheimer was a Dutchman who lived in Turnyville, which is famous for its production of inventors. Hausenheimer, in his fortieth year of existence, married Miss Katrina Van Breechen, daughter of a very wealthy Dutchman residing in Cedarburg, a town some forty miles from Turnyville.

One day Sockery got it into his head that he would make an airship. He had heard so much about the progress of aviators, that he thought he might become a very noted one himself. So he went into the woods and proceeded to cut down a few strong oaks, which after being made into planks and two-by-fours, would be used as braces and stays. After cutting these, he got a good team of horses and began immediately to haul them home, where they were to be cut into planks.

Sockery had no more than unloaded the wood when Katrina called him to dinner. While at the table his wife began to scold him for not going to work as usual, instead of inventing.

"Vall, ai tell you, Katrina, if ai gittum de airsheep done ai vill de craft sell unt be a rich man, mit vun pig million tollars mine pocket in."

He had no more than uttered these words than he heard a thud upon the door.

"Come de house in," called Sockery.

The door opened and in came a big, healthy looking man.

"Vall, vot you vant?" asked Sockery.

"I hear you are going to build an

airship, Mr. Hausenheimer," said the man.

"Vall, vot uff ut? Can't ai pilt vun mitout your help?" asked Sockery.

"Well, I tell you, Mr. Hausenheimer, I am agent for the great Fairbanks-Morse stationary gasoline engine. Seeing it's you, Mr. Hausenheimer, I will sell you one at our cut prices, or a one-horse-power, easy to operate engine, for \$25!"

"Vell, vell!" exclaimed Sockery, astonished at the agent's liberality, you can poot me town for vun uff youses vun-'orse-bower engines unt here iss der money right away quick."

"All right," said the agent, "I will forward your engine from the factory as soon as possible, my good fellow."

Five days afterward the engine arrived in good condition and Sockery was so excited that he did not know what to do. He knew that if his wife should hear of it, he would stand a slim show of ever getting a chance to distinguish himself as an aviator. As he drove into the yard, Mrs. Hausenheimer came out to see what he had in the wagon. Upon seeing her, Sockery covered it up with a blanket and when she asked him what he had, he told her he had a box of hard coal. She then asked him why it was covered up. He replied that it would not burn if it got wet. Mrs. Hausenheimer then went into the house and Sockery proceeded to unload the engine.

Sockery had never owned an engine before, so he was very anxious to try it. He took it out into the wood-shed and tied his old felt hat over the exhaust pipe so it would not attract Mrs.

Hausenheimer's attention. Upon investigation, he found it empty. He hitched old Heinie to the chaise and went to town where he procured some gasoline, and, returning, poured some into the tank. Then it was learned that the batteries were missing. Sockery went back to town for a supply and soon had them attached. Then he cranked it up and it started off with a bang and crack, like a cannon booming. The strength of the exhaust blew the top completely out of his hat and the engine made such a racket that Katrina, attracted by the commotion, came out to see what was the matter.

"Oh, Katrina," shouted Sockery, "two men yust de woods ran tru unt de vus shooting off guns as fast as dey each utter coult dem loat, py colly." Katrina, thinking this to be the truth, went back into the house. Sockery deemed it wise to let the engine alone and start making planks and two-by-fours for the frame of the airship. He was about ten days getting the frame together. When he got everything ready for the installation of the engine, he had to take Katrina to catch the 10:40 train, on which she intended to leave for a visit with her folks at Hooversville, much to the delight of Sockery.

When he returned, he put the engine in, adjusted the propeller and took it out into the pasture for a tryout. When he arrived at the pasture he started the engine, and as it was banging and cracking he put on a pair of gloves, adjusted his goggles and then climbed into his seat. He grabbed the

clutch lever, and gave it a jerk which sent the machine flying across the ground at a supposed rate of ninety miles per hour.

Tho it would go along the ground very swiftly, it would not raise even six inches in the air. Then Sockery says to himself, "I will yet succeed." So he decided to take the machine upon the roof of the barn and fly off. He then gets some planks and runs the machine to the desired spot, starts the engine, climbs upon the seat, adjusts his goggles and gives the clutch lever a sudden thrust forward which sends the machine off the barn like an arrow. But alas! Down went the airship, striking the ground with a crash.

"Acht, mine golly," exclaimed the disgruntled Sockery as he arose from his seat. Then, being very angry with himself for attempting to fly, he immediately started to the woodshed for an ax to smash the machine into kindling wood.

But whom did he meet at the door but his son, Surenous, who had just come over from the old Hausenheimer home in Berlin, Germany. After many friendly greetings Surenous and Sockery proceed to carry the airship to the woodshed and take it apart. After it was stored away, the two took the engine to the barn and covered it with hay so as to keep it from Katrina's sight. It was never again to be used for the purpose of aviation.

Mr. Hausenheimer says he will have something even more thrilling for the next issue of the CRIMSON.

C. H. P. and L. T. R., '16.

Most gay dogs have no pedigree.

A Boy's Composition on the Five Senses

The senses is the ear, the nose, the mouth, the eyes, the fingers. Tey are very useful because we can hear, see, small, taste and feel with them. The ear is a small organ on the opposite side of the head. was discovered in 1492 by a man named ear, and that's why we call the ear the ear. The ear looks like a cabbage leaf pinned on the side of a pumpkin. The usefulness of the ear consists in hearing people talk about you. Some people have little ears because they are stingy. Some people have big ears cuz they ain't stingy. Some people are handy with their ears and can wiggle them like a mule. This is a very useful accomplishment because it makes them concentrate their minds and use their will power. There are many kinds of ears, pinched ears, clean ears, and ears of corn. This is all I know about a ear.

The next most important sense is the mouth. A person would be almost helpless without a mouth. The mouth is situated south of the nose. Some people have big mouths which extend from ear to ear. The mouth is useful in many ways. The most important way is to tell people what you think of them. The mouth is used also to put victuals in. With your mouth you can tell whether your potatoes are cabbage or candy is gum. Well that is all I know about the mouth.

The next sense of importance is the nose. The face would not look finished without a nose. People did not used to have noses in the centuries before Christ. But the Roman people, who are a beauty loving and an artistic race, thought they could improve the looks of the race by adding a nose to the face. When the nose was first introduced it was large and bulky and covered most of the region lying be-

tween the eyes and extended south to the mouth. But as the years went by the nose has been improved, although to the present day there are some people wearing Roman noses. There are various kinds of noses, pug noses, pointed noses, those that turn up at the end and those that lay close to the face. But the shape has nothing to do with their purpose. They all produce the same effect, and that's all I know about a nose.

Next in importance comes the eyes. If it wasn't for the eyes we would be totally blind. We could not see our mouth. Like the nose, the eyes are situated north of the mouth and between the ears. The eye is a very delicate sense. It is fastened to the spinal column by a cord called the optic nerve. The eyes set in two sockets in the skull. Eyes have lids also that shut the eyes from view when you are sleepy. There are many colored eyes, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet.

Now last but not least comes the fingers. The fingers are attached to the arm, a long bony organ fastened by the right end to the shoulder. The fingers are very numerous. On the end of each finger is a spike. This is used chiefly to scratch people when you get sore at 'em. The fingers are used by blind people instead of their eyes. Again the fingers are used to hold hands with cuz if it wasn't for your fingers you wouldn't have nothing to hang on to your victuals with. Way back in the Middle Ages man used to be handier than we are becuz their feet and hands were just alike, so if they got tired using their front hands they could use their back hands and nobody could never tell the difference. But as the ages passed by the people grew lazier and so they decided they only needed two hands. That's why we have feet. I always did know just a awful lot about the senses.

L. S., '14.

A Twilight Reverie

"Breezes soft I feel returning,
Heralds of the dewey Spring—
And my eager soul is yearning,
Fain I would be wandering."

It was a beautiful June afternoon. The warm sun shone in through my window and the soft spring breeze kissed my burning cheek as I sat there writing letters. A feeling of restlessness stole over me; I could write no more. Putting the unfinished letter aside, I picked up a book, walked quickly from the house, across the wide lawn and down a narrow graveled path, bordered by high hedges. At other times this walk would have soothed me, but now, the very gravel at my feet increased my restlessness. I could bear it no longer, so turned and wandered into the depths of the woods nearby. I stood spell-bound for a moment, gazing at the marvelous beauty which Nature had so abundantly lavished on this woody bower. Everything seemed at peace and in harmony—the flowers, birds and bright green leaves. O, what a contrast was my soul to this tranquility.

In the heart of the woods, a wide stream nestled lovingly between tall ferns and wound in and out among the trees and flowers. Tall birches cast their shadows over the cool, clear water as it noisily splashed over rocks and fallen branches, and my feeling of loneliness was rushing onward with it. I stooped and put my hands into the water, watching with childish fancy how it splashed and played over my fingers. Little minnows darted here and there through the water, unmind-

ful of my presence. My own sad image, reflected in the water, aroused me from my day dreams, but only for a moment.

Near by me, on the bank of the stream, the towering boughs of an elm tree met in a dusky arch, trailing woodbine and ivy hanging like banners from them. A soothing silence, broken only by the splash of the water at my feet and the sweet song of the birds, prevailed. How lovely the sun's rays were this late afternoon, as they glanced and gleamed on the water and fell through breaks in the branches. Everything about me seemed dream-like and strange. The air was filled with the perfume of roses and a tiny humming-bird flitted from flower to flower. A strange feeling came over me. This soothing quietness had touched a chord of memories that filled my soul with a happy yet lonely feeling. I sat down on the soft, green grass under the dusky arch of the elm boughs and leaned my hot cheek against the cool, refreshing, moss-grown tree. My book lay closed on the grass beside me and the past was transformed into the present.

Once again I am at my childhood home upon the farm. There stands the old house with its vine-covered porch, looking proudly down at the lake at its side. On the opposite side is the fruit-laden orchard and moss. Below the house in the meadow, the cattle are lazily grazing, keeping time to the tinkle, tinkle of the bells around their necks.

Not far from the house on a hill, the little white church stands. I can hear

its bell ringing thru the air, telling the laborers it is time to rest. Still farther in the distance is the old red school-house where the stern but kind-hearted school-master first led me thru the paths to knowledge. Close by the lake is the old sugar camp with its huge kettle of boiling sap. How often I, with companions, had gathered here and sang and told stories while we watched the blue smoke curling high over the tree-tops. Where are the loved ones now? A voice within me answers, "Gone; scattered far and wide like leaves tossed about by the ocean. Never——"

I sat upright with a start. Far in the distance a sweet voice was singing, "Down on the Farm." The spell that bound me to the past was broken and again I am living in the present. I arose and looked about me. The sun had gone down and twilight stretched its magic wand over hill and valley. From the topmost branch of a birch a nightingale sent such floods of delicious music from its little throat that the whole air, the woods and the stream seemed silent and listening. With a smile of contentment on my face, I picked up my bag and started slowly homeward in the twilight, soothed and comforted by Nature and memories of the past.

C. E. T., '14.

Rueben Hankins Goes to Chicago

"Wall now, Sal, I jest think I'll go to town. I hain't been near thet place fer well nigh twenty years now. But I guess old Reuben hain't forgot all he know 'bout that place. When I was young I uster know every build-

ing in that place. I reckon it ain't changed much since I was there."

Old farmer Hankins had lived on a farm all his life but when he was 20 he went to Chicago to find work. All he could find to do was delivering. After working at this for three years he become discouraged and went back to the farm. He had never gone to the city since.

"Wall I jest know ye will get lost or stolen, fer I have jest been readin' in the paper how as thet city has growed so big and there are so many thieves there. Ye better stay right here to home where I kin look arter ye," remonstrated Sal.

"No, I have set my heart on goin' and I intend to. I'll pack a few things in my old carpet bag and away I'll go ter Chicago. Why, Sal, I feel just as spry as I ever did."

So saying Reuben went into the other room and began his packing. His carpet bag was very old and nearly worn out. The corners looked as if the mice had chewed them and one side of the handle was tied with a string. Reuben packed it so full that he could hardly close it. When he finally had the straps fastened he looked into the kitchen.

"Jim Reuben Hankins, do you mean to tell me ye are goin' to carry thet thing like that? A sock hanging out of one corner and a necktie out of the other. Thet is a nice lookin' thing, thet is. What on earth have ye got in there anyway?"

Sal began pulling the things out one after another.

Reuben sat in his chair meekly taking all his scoldings and watched her remove the things.

"What on earth do you want of all these rags, anyway?" she demanded.

"Wall, w-when a f-feller g-goes to the c-city he has t-ter have a lot o' luggin' so's that folks will think thet he's got something," Reuben stut-

tered.

"Now you hain't a-goin' to take all these things, an' I am goin' to put in only what you'll need," said Sal in her decided way.

She took out all the things he had put in and then put a few of them back in again. "There, Reuben Hankins, that looks a good deal better."

Reuben went to hitch up the old horse and soon came back with the old nag and a buggy that looked as if it had been through the war.

"Now Sal," he called, "I guess ye'll have to leave yer work and drive me to the station."

Sal hurried out of the house, leaving her dishes in the pan, and, wiping her hands on her apron as she went. She climbed into the buggy and taking the reins started the horse by an all but gentle crack of the whip. She started with a jerk, trotted jerkedly down the road a ways and then slowed up to a still more jerky walk. They met many of their neighbors and to each one Reuben had to say, "Good-bye. I'm goin' ter Chicago."

When they reached the depot it was nearly time for the train, so Reuben got out, took his carpet bag and told Sal "Ter get back to ner work." He got his ticket and then walked up and down the platform, anxious for the train to come.

Finally the train came and he could hardly wait for the people to get off. He pushed his way to the front so as to be the first to get on. Everyone on the train seemed quite interested in him and paid a good deal of attention to him.

After riding for over an hour the brakeman came in and called out "Chicago." Reuben's old heart jumped at the name. It seemed like old times again.

He got off the train expecting to see things just as they had been before, but his face became clouded and

he looked very bewildered.

"Is this Chicago?" he asked himself.

"Well, Rube, what ails you?" asked a voice at his side. He looked around joyfully, expecting to see someone he knew, but the joyous look left his face when he beheld the speaker. It was no one he had ever seen before.

"Is this Chicago?" he asked.

"Of course, Rube; what did you expect it to be—London?"

"Wall, it's big enough to be."

Reuben turned and followed the crowd down the platform. He seemed in very deep thought and now and then he would push his hat back on his forehead and scratch his head. "Wall now how did that feller know me? I don't remember of ever seein' him before. Wal perhaps I has forgot my old friends arter all. But it makes me feel good to think that they should remember me."

"Hey, Rube, when did you come to town? Say, Rube, look out; you're losing some of your belongings." A bunch of little street urchins saw him and were making fun of him. He thought that they, too, remembered him, for didn't they call him by his name?

He was walking along looking up at the high buildings, and, not noticing where he was going, he nearly ran into a crowd of young girls. "Say, Rube, don't look so high; you'll be running over someone." Each girl made some such remark to him.

And did the young girls remember him, too? Queer he had forgotten all his old friends. "I guess I be the only one that has growed old," he mused.

He began to feel hungry and thought he would go to a restaurant for some dinner. He thought sure he knew where he used to get his meals, but when he reached the place where the restaurant used to be there was a large ten-story building erected in its place.

"I declare, if this town hain't growed some. I can't find a place that is the same. These great monster buildings was not here when I was here before. I guess I'll have ter ask some—"

He was interrupted in his musings by "Say, Rube, how long is it since you last saw a barber shop?"

"What's thet? How lon' sence I seen a barber shop? I hain't never seen one in my life."

"I believe you; your face showed me that before you told me."

"Say, now ye seem ter know me, but I have clean fergot ye. What's yer name?"

"I do not know you. I merely wished to tell you you need a shave." With this the man started off down the street.

"Hey, there, wait a minute! I want ter ask ye something," Reuben called after the retreating figure.

"What do you want? Hurry, for I have no time to waste," the man demanded in a gruff voice.

Reuben, not used to being talked to in this manner, stammered, "n-n-nothing."

"Well, then what did you stop me for?" and off he went down the street.

"Wall an, what do you think o' that? Can't even speak to a body decently."

Approaching another man, he asked, "Say, Mister, kin ye take me an' get me some dinner?"

The man turned and, doubling up his fist, gave him such a blow that he staggered against a building. "Take that, you beggar. Go and earn your dinner; I have no money to get you any dinner with."

Reuben was so astonished that he did not even try to explain that he merely wanted him to show him where he could get some dinner, but started off up the street.

He then went back to the station and inquired when the next train left

for Ashville. He was told that it left in fifteen minutes. "Wall, I want a ticket for home," he said to the ticket agent.

After he was on the train he said to himself. "No more Chicago for me. I goe enough o' thet place. I guess I'll have to admit thet I have growed old."

J. E. S., 1915.

German IV.

I'm not a woman suffragette,

But I'd like to have my say.

That's why I am going to tell to you

What I heard the other day.

'Twas about our Senior German class,

The way we laugh and play;

It certainly is outrageous,

I heard Miss Anderson say.

She didn't say we wasn't smart;

Oh! no, she didn't dare.

But she slammed us just as hard as she could

Till we felt like pulling her hair.

But when I stop to think of it,

We must a' acted awful—

There's Franc and Peg and Scog and Kate—

They simply are unlawful.

Scog says such terrible funny things,

Why shouldn't we all laugh?

It seems to come most natural

To our Senior German class.

Yes, we used to have a high old time.

Especially Gene and I,

But when Miss Anderson kept us after class

She called us down to a finish;

Gene got scared and run,

But I stood there and took it all.

I'll tell you 'twas no fun.

Believe me, I got thoughtful

And I thought a thing or two.

I thought about the nice things

Our German class might do.

The first thing was,

We'd all reform;

Be angels if we must,

And let our motto be:

"In Miss Anderson we trust."

So we all of us got together
 An every last one made a vow
 That we'd have perfect order in Ger-
 man class,
 To show her that we knew how,
 But before we go any farther
 In our reformation scheme,
 We separated the wicked ones—
 Peg and Frank and I and Gene.
 They claim we caused the disturbance
 And made the rest of them laugh.
 So we took the opposite corners
 Next day when we came to class.
 We had such perfect order
 You could hear the faintest sigh.
 We saw Miss Anderson's spirits
 A sailing toward the sky.
 I guess she was surprised all right,
 But she could not help but smile
 To think the Senior German class
 Had become so reconciled.
 Besides she made an example of us
 To her other Junior class,
 And as a reward for behavior
 We all expect to pass.

—L. J. S., '14.

The Evolution of Zeke

Chapter III.

In our third encounter with Zeke we find him studying rules for football. The thought of playing football had been in his mind since the principal had mentioned it to him. He knew that football was quite a rough game, but thought he could risk getting his neck broken now as he had already risked it during his first day at school.

He had to go out for practice every night. At first it seemed rather tedious work but after two weeks of practice had passed he didn't mind it. He became so interested in the game that he forgot to study.

One day when Zeke was studying very hard he happened to glance up and saw the principal coming toward him. There was a very stern look

on his face. Zeke's heart nearly jumped out of his mouth. He thought he must have done something to displease the principal. But he was very much surprised when the principal did not say a word, but put down a paper with the standings for his final examination on it. Zeke did not find a lecture written there as he had expected. Oh, no; there were just two big zeros, which told him that he had flunked. This did not cause any great happiness for Zeke. He made up his mind that more studying and less football would help him out better for his Sophomore year's work.
 BEULAH CLARKE, 14, Senior Class.

CHAPTER IV.

Poor Zeke! The teacher had called upon him to recite and he could not remember one thing about the topic.

"Don't see what's the matter with me. I don't seem to be getting along as well as last year," he muttered as he passed out of the history class room.

That night, after school, as he was leaving the building, he met two or three boys of his own age who were his best friends. He called one of them and said: "Jake, come and take a walk with me. I have something to say to you alone. I wonder why it is I can't seem to get my lessons. I don't know how to 'concentrate,' or whatever that was the professor told us about the other day."

"I am sorry, but if you mean you can't concentrate, that is hard to do, I know."

"Say, do you know who that girl is sitting back of John? She has blue eyes and yellow hair. I call her Goldilocks. I'm looking at her all the time a'most."

"Ha! ha! So that's why you can't study! Oh, Scott! how funny! I guess her name is Jane Lily. She's a new pupil here."

Just then Jake nearly scared his companion by clapping both hands to his head and exclaiming, "Christopher, I promised Alex. I'd play with the team tonight!! I must go."

"Wonder why it is I can't play and get my lessons like he does, too," murmured Zeke on his way home.

That night he dreamed of Jane. He saw her walking alone a little way ahead of him as the classes were cause of an alarm of fire. He ran to her side and walked with her the rest of the way, and then stood talking while the firemen were at work. He was vaguely aware of the confusion around him, but he saw and heard nothing but the girl at his side.

In the morning on his way to school he thought of his dream and wished it would only be true. But as is usually the case when one wishes to appear well before another, something prevents. So with poor Zeke. As he walked into the assembly room and looked over the sea of faces before him, in order to single out his little "goldilocks," he suddenly stumbled and fell flat upon the floor. Then what a laugh occurred at the expense of the poor downfallen. Picking himself up, he went sadly to his seat. His hopeful spirits had deserted him and in their place was a kind of sorrow which only those who knew Zeke could account for.

L.C., '14.

The Skeezeicks' Christmas

Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Skeezeicks were the parents of six happy children—Tina, Gottleip, Albert, Christina, August and Fritz.

Just two days more and Christmas would arrive. The day before Christmas, being December twenty-fourth, also the birthday of Tina, Ebenezer and Sophia had their hands full for this meant rejoicing on both days. It was on this day that Ebenezer began

making vast preparations for Christmas.

"Vell, vell, mine Sophia," exclaimed Ebenezer, "unt you haff no for the kits bought yet a Christmas tree, unt de presents for dem."

"Vell mine gracious gootness, how can I py dem kits a Christmas tree vitout none money?" asked Sophia.

"Ve, ve, ve vas a Christmas tree haff," put in August.

"Vell, vell, Ebenezer, vus it for dat mout uff yours keep sdill dem kits voot not know vedder or enyvay ve py dem a Christmas branch or enyvay," said Sophia.

"Vell, mine gentile Sophia, be not dat mout uff yours keep open I mine own self vill see about de dree."

"Vell den, you get de dree unt I vill pe reaty to elp you mit it decorationate," said gentle, loving Sophia.

Ebenezer then departed to find a Christmas tree for the happy little family. When he returned he found all the children had gone to bed. The door was locked, but he rapped, and was soon inside the little cottage, bringing the tree with him.

After decorating the tree and filling the children's stockings, Ebenezer and Sophia were soon off to bed while the yule log was burning brightly in the fire-place.

When all were asleep and everything was quiet, Fritz silently crawled out of bed and stole down stairs. From Tina's stocking he took a big bag of Christmas goodies and put a huge stone in their place. Then he went back to bed, put the candy under the pillow and started to eat it. When he had finished eating it he went to sleep. When morning came the children awoke and immediately went down stairs to see what their stockings contained. Fritz found that instead of Tina's he had robbed his own stocking and the joke was on himself.

MANAGER PRICE, '16.

The Escape

The night without the prison was very dark. One couldn't even see his own hand for darkness. Not a soul stirred. The only sound we could hear through the pitch blackness was the loud whistling of the wind, together with the loud crashes of thunder. The prison walls felt cold and damp and it made me creep to touch them. The rear door of the prison was a massive piece and it appeared very dark and gloomy as my companion and I crept stealthily up to it. We found that it had been left unboarded, as the searchers had not yet returned. I finally got it open and we got inside without any disturbance.

"Jack," said Dick, my companion, as he turned to me, "let's go through this tunnel; it's terribly dark, but nevertheless, it's the safest place to go."

"Very well," I agreed. "You lead and I'll follow. Got a flash light?"

"Sure. Now keep still for a little while until we reach the end of the tunnel. Then you can talk in freedom," promised Dick in his companion way.

We started through the tunnel, but when we were about half way through and were just beginning to think of safety we suddenly saw a light in front of us.

"Here," whispered Dick, "hide behind this column."

I obeyed and crouched down as low as possible to the earth.

"Yes, we'll win for sure now," a voice was saying. "I've sent John Brown with a note to Captain Sheldon and he's the best spy we have."

"It's a sure good thing that we've got Jack Harlun locked up. He's the best man I ever saw. He's got those plans on him although we haven't found them yet. We'll get them yet,"

he threatened in a gruff voice.

They said no more, but walked on in silence. I was surprised to hear what he said for it was the first praise I had heard since I had joined the army, and it made me feel more brave and independent. As I was beginning to straighten up, after the men had passed, I was startled to hear the same gruff voice, "Don't you think we ought to search this tunnel before we go in? You remember the time Pete Benton escaped through here, that it might build in the pupils a This is the only place a prisoner would be liable to escape through."

My heart was beating wildly and I was trembling all over. I was actually afraid for the first time in my life. Was it myself I was afraid for? "No," I resolutely said to myself, "It's the note I have on my finger."

"Oh, let it go for tonight," another man said. "It's the only night we haven't searched, and it's so dark no one will be trying to escape through this place on such a night."

"Well, I don't care; it's your work, and I was just telling you what I thought," said the first man.

"That's all right, but I am certain there'll be no one attempting to escape tonight," and with that they moved on into the huge prison.

I breathed more freely as a great load was taken from my mind. If they had caught me, then they would have found the note that I had underneath the cloth I had bound around a wound on my finger.

"Whew!" exclaimed my companion, Dick, "but that was a close call. We are safe now, however, and you can go to Capt. Long's with that note without further disturbance. 'Peace' is the password and you can get there by noon tomorrow. That will be about three hours after the fight and he can make arrangements."



EDITORIALS

Debate

This year we hope to reach our zenith in the debating world. We have the material and we have but to meet the enemy and they are ours. Last year we were all around victorious in the triangular debate with Stoughton and Whitewater. This year we have a much larger issue at stake. We want to inform you that we are out for state honors. We have entered a system manipulated by Lawrence college whereby we shall be in line with the state championship. The arrangement is as follows: We carry on our usual triangular debate with Stoughton and Whitewater. The winners of the triangular debate are arrayed against the winners of some other triangular debate so as to form another triangle. By a process of elimination the championship of the state will be decided. Now we have the material and we have the man who can develop the material. What we want is to see at least twenty-five boys out for the debate team. As you have often heard, there is no other line of interscholastic endeavor in which you can indulge and receive such everlasting benefits. It is true that you get out of a thing just what you put into it, and there is no other line of work in which the participants must put so much whole soul energy as the debate. Hence it

is very evident that debating work returns the highest dividends. The question for debate this year is perhaps the liveliest question confronting the American people today. It is based on the issue of Minimum Wage. Out of the six Inter-Collegiate debates on this question last year, three decisions went to the negative and three to the affirmative, which shows that the question is evenly balanced. Not only does the debater acquire the ease and poise of a public speaker, but he also gets a clear insight into some of the momentous issues which are confronting us Americans today and which are brim full of lively interest. It also develops a keen desire to know more about these problems which are to confront us as future citizens. But there is no use of spending our time in pointing out the good points of forensic endeavor because the benefits of the same are evidenced so conclusively every day of our lives. The tryout for the team will occur the week following Thanksgiving. Let's make the debate this year the big thing. The team will need backing as much as any athletic team, and let us see at least twenty-five fellows competing for places on a championship team. Don't let the excuse of inexperience avail itself but come out and become experienced.

The Christmas Spirit

The ordinary human being is appealed to by the spirit of an event, and institution or a season. The patriotic impulse of the individual is reached on the Fourth of July; a deep spirit of reverence for the home accompanies the recognition of "mothers' day;" at Thanksgiving the spirit of deep felt appreciation for the benefits which are ours pervades the atmosphere.

Other days, other periods, could be suggested, each giving rise to certain particular spirit that day or that occasion. The observance of such an occasion should be full of meaning; it should in some measure serve to inspire, to elevate the moral tone of humanity. Insofar as a seasonal spirit is capable of doing this, its observance is valuable.

Connected with Christmas and its observances are so many things of sacred memory, so much that is inspirational, so much that may be characterized by only the purest and most refined expressions, that the day is usually revered for the spirit which it conveys.

A consideration of that spirit would lead to an appreciation of the relationships between human beings which should make a better world, a broader gauged citizenship, a more keen realization of the duty we owe our fellow beings, and should bring about, on the part of every worthy thinker, a strong resolve to add to the sum of human happiness.

Joy, happiness, kind feelings, the spirit of experiencing these and transferring them to others is in the atmosphere of the civilized Christian world today. When we pause to consider the hundreds of millions of people, people of every color, of every race and living in every corner of the earth are experiencing the same sen-

sations, exhibiting the same spirit and reverently worshipping at the shrine of a common Ideal, the Ideal which none can hope to attain, the Ideal which is perfection itself, when this be considered, it is not difficult to comprehend that the greatest force known to human life and existence is making throughout humanity and proving indeed that the entire earth is Sin.

It is not a possibility to explain the influence of this force without an appeal to the mysterious. The human mind is too narrow to grasp the wonder of its meaning. Yet it would seem that every Christian citizen of the world must be moved by the spirit of unselfishness that spreads into every corner of the globe at this one time of all the year. It seems that as individuals and as people we cannot but be bettered as we come in contact with all the pure influences, thoughts and inspirations of Christmas.

We, in Edgerton, we in the high school, have an opportunity to imbibe to the full this most excellent spirit. A little consideration of the meaning of that spirit should make us more receptive, should make us at the opening of 1914 bigger, broader than we have ever been before.

The Honor System

The honor system has been applied particularly in colleges but at the present time it is gaining recognition in the high schools. First, what do we mean by the honor system? We mean that each student signs a pledge giving his word of honor that he has neither given nor received aid in his test or whatever piece of work it may be. However, it also requires that if a student sees or knows of anyone who is doing dishonest work, the former shall consider it his duty

to report this case to the committee in charge. This committee should be made up of students of the high school and a member or several members of the faculty, and should be empowered to try any case arising, and to inflict the due punishment on the offender.

But what are the advantages of such a system? It would help us surmount the prevailing ideas that school is an attempt to find out who is the more clever, the teacher or the student. Some students do not realize that a teacher wishes to give them the best she has, that she wishes to develop in them the best traits of character. The trusting of one individual by another cannot help but develop a bond of sympathy. The same is true of the teacher and student.

Each individual student should develop the highest sense of honor, the feeling that he is not only responsible for his own honesty and also for that of others.

This in turn would raise the standards of the whole student body. It would also foster a spirit of independence, in that the boys and the girls of a high school and not the teachers would be directly responsible for the success of this system. This initiative on the part of the students should create the highest type of school spirit and loyalty.

But you may say, "I would not cheat but I would not tell on another person." It is true that this might be a disadvantage, but if the standards of the students in a high school are sufficiently high, they would take a broader point of view and sacrifice this selfish spirit to a larger and broader spirit, that of loyalty to the school and to their schoolmates.

Reckless living soon makes wrecked lives.

The Value of a High School Education

The all-around man is known as the man of today; the man who is educated in the four-fold manner—Physically, Socially, Morally and Mentally. The high school offers advantages in all of these. In the educational lines, by the study of History we become acquainted with the world's as well as America's foremost statesmen and their idea of government. In the study of the Science we have the explanation of the wonders of Nature and the great scientists who have labored long to work out the laws so difficult to learn. One might go on indefinitely about the value of education for its discussion is actually unlimited.

The Social side of life is not left unfinished. Every high school has, or ought to have, methods of social development. It is a decided change from the daily lessons, and mixes work with play. But the supreme value of this side of the development is the ability acquired to mix with people.

The Escape

(Continued from page 17)

"Yes, I know," and I shook hands with him and left.

I reached Capt. Long at ten minutes of eleven the next day and delivered the note. The captain at once sent a message to Lieut. Green, with the order not to fight until more troops could be sent. When I went down to see the boys I overheard a short conversation in a nearby tent.

"Jack Harlum has the most pluck of any fellow in the regiment," the first voice said.

"You bet he has," said another. "He'll be leading a brigade before this war is over."

E. H. S., '15.



The High School was given a fifteen-minute concert by a company of negro singers from Alabama. They sang the latest song hit entitled, "Who Built That Ark?" It seemed to have created a lasting impression on a good many.

Chorus work has begun in the High School. The work is conducted by Miss Anderson, every Tuesday and Thursday.

The Freshmen and Sophomore girls are now enjoying physical culture. This work occurs the last period in the day. The classes are conducted by Miss Lucke. The work consists of drills and exercises to promote the welfare of the body.

The high school and gymnasium are becoming places of social gatherings and entertainment, these apartments being open nearly every night in the week. Lowell Whittet's and Mr. Small's Y. M. C. A. groups meet on Monday evenings. On Wednesday evenings Harold Sutton's group of Y. M. C. A. meets. Every other Thursday evening the teachers of both schools take up domestic science. The business men have arranged to have the "gym" on Thursday night, while Friday and Saturday evenings are open to those

who wish to use it for parties and entertainments. Thus, you see, the high school is not only a place of learning and grinding, but also a place of recreation and pleasure.

Thelma Burdick, having been absent from school for five or six weeks, is welcomed back by the Junior class.

The students of the high school enjoyed several days' vacation Nov. 6 and 7, as the faculty went to Milwaukee to attend the annual teachers' convention.

Ed. Sweeney bought a tablet Nov. 12, 1913. The day will be long remembered by his neighbors.

On account of the illness of Miss Nichols, third grade teacher, Glenn Gardiner substituted on Wednesday, Nov. 5 Russell Conn substituted for Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6 and 7. Thus the members of the Pedagogy class are able to gain experience and apply the methods they are learning.

The Sophomore and Junior Manual Training classes took up Mechanical drawing this week, beginning with Thursday, Nov. 11. The work will be somewhat different from that of last year. Each boy will have to make drawings of his pieces of furniture, showing how they were con-

structed. Twenty plates are required in this course this year.

On Nov. 4 the famous Swiss Bell Ringers gave a concert at the Royal hall. The music rendered by the company on the various rare instruments was very good and enjoyed by all present.

Senior Party

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 29, the invitation to a party to be given by the Senior class on the following Friday evening at the Academy hall was received by the classes of the school. All the students were warned not to wear any silk dresses or dress suits, and every girl was to be escorted by a boy or they (the boy or girl coming alone) would be fined ten cents. On Friday evening, Oct. 31, the students began to gather for the event. The hall was prettily decorated with various Hallow'en designs. The first part was devoted to an interesting program. Following was dancing, the music being furnished by Williams' orchestra.

The spirit shown at this party was a fine one and tended to unite student and teacher in a social way. This was one such occasion as should take place frequently, and would go far towards making school life of a more congenial atmosphere. We all heartily thank the Seniors for the good time they gave to the High School. The program given that night was as follows:

Great Suffragist Parade.

Piano Duet—Margaret Ellingson and Francis Nichols.

Human Organ.

Mock Trial.

Vaudeville Stunt by Leo Ruosh and Clinton Price.

German Theater—Miss Anderson and Miss Densmore.

Model School.

Red Letter Days—Miss Cox.
Piano Solo—Miss Anderson.
German Tin Pan Band.
Solo and Encore—Prof. Holt.
Ghost Dance.

Orphelian Notes

On Oct. 28 the Orphelian met. The only business transacted was the admittance of two new members, namely, Sanford Smith and Mahlon Ogden. The debate for the evening was as follows: "Resolved, That the small college is preferable to a large institution." The debate was won by the affirmative after a thrilling contest.

On Oct. 21 another meeting was held. The debate for the evening was: "Resolved, That the United States Should Annex Cuba." There were many interesting arguments on the question. The affirmative was upheld by Fred Kellogg and Milford Nelson. The negative was upheld by Roy Marsden and Frank Devine. The negative was victorious. After the debate the following talks were given: George Ogden, on "Tammany Hall; John Nichols, on "Natural Parks;" Richard Brown, on "Bananas," and Frank Gokey, on "The Beloit-Edgerton Football Game." These were all interesting.

The next meeting and probably the most important one of the year was held Nov. 11. The motion was made not to have a banquet. After this motion was made and carried the date was set for the twenty-fifth day of November in the year of Our Lord, 1913. The next suggestion was that we have an open meeting on Dec. 4, when the tryouts for the debate shall be held.

Now preparations are started for the banquet and dance. First, a committee was appointed to make all arrangements and they decided

that the affair start at 6 o'clock and that every person bring a better half. Then, after the feed, that we adjourn to the "gym" and dance. The supper to be a three-course affair and the dance music to be decided upon at a later date. The rommittee was as follows: Charles McIntosh, Fred Kellogg, Richard Brown, George Ogden and Kenneth Earle.

After preparations for the banquet were partially finished the motion was made that we have a list of honorary members, giving these gentlemen the privilege of coming to a meeting whenever they wished, and also to suggest some better plans for the benefit of the society. These members were to be some of the citizens of the city, including the alumni who were members of the society. The purpose of these members was to give the people of the city the inside view of some of the work we are doing along the literary line. We sincerely hope that such members as may be named will be present and offer valuable suggestions.

After this business discussion the regular program took place, with the debate, "Resolved. That the Alien land law of California was unjustified."

The meeting of Nov. 18 was without business, but we did have two excellent debates. The first one was: "Resolved, That it would be advisable to apply minimum wage in the sweated industries of the United States." The affirmative was upheld by Sanford Smith and George Ogden; the negative by Edward Sweeney and Harold Sutton. The judges were Milford Nelson, Lowell Whittet and Mr. Holt. This debate was won by the negative. The second debate was: "Resolved, That a minimum wage scale, to be operative in workshops, factories and department stores of the United States, should

be provided for by law." The affirmative was upheld by Richard Brown and Mr. Holt; the negative by Kenneth Earle and Lowell Whittet. This was won by the affirmative. After this Mr. Holt addressed us on "The Fundamental Principles of Debating," which interested every member of the society.

Good work is expected from every boy in high school belonging to this society now, because there is another society started and we must show them our supreme ability in this line before they show theirs. There are thirty-six members in our society at present, but it is seldom that there are more than twenty-five present regularly. There certainly is no excuse for this because it is a well established fact that it is much more pleasant to talk a few minutes before a crowd of boys than in extemporaneous speaking. Now, if you will all get behind this thing and push it, it is going to be a great success and you will also be very much interested.

PROGRAM.

1. The Newspaper.

Editorials—Clara Saunders. Rollin Gettle, Jokes, News. Items.

11. Paper—

Explanation of the Game of Football, Gerhard Jenson.

111. Debate—

Resolved, That football should be abolished.

Affirmative—Helen Flaherty, Edith Gardiner.

Negative—Norman Ulrich, Wellington Fredendall.

IV. Humorous Anecdotes.

V. Riddles.

VI. Reading from "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,"

D. G. S.

VII. Business Meeting.

VIII. Adjournment.

WITH THE CLASSES

A Sophomore Reverie

The days are growing shorter,
 A haze broods over all.
 The nights are growing colder;
 'Tis near the end of fall.
 The purple woods at sunset
 Stand shadowy and dim.
 The winds are gently blowing
 And stirring every rim.
 The leaves of varied colors
 Are softly dropping down,
 The grass upon the meadow
 Is scorched and turning brown.
 The oak, the elm, the maple,
 Stand clothed in red and gold
 But soon the King of Winter
 Will make them bare and cold.
 The breezes of the autumn
 Are rustling through the corn.
 Upon the golden pumpkins
 Is silvery frost at morn.

In the garden comes the rabbit,
 In the forest frisks the squirrel,
 Gathering up his winter store
 Before the greedy boy and girl.
 Our reverie now is ended;
 Our thoughts to Culture turn,
 Of English and this pastime
 We've less to learn.

—By the Girls of '16.

Sparks

Ruth C. (Eng. '11)—"The funniest points stick out the most."

Miss A. (Hist., '11)—"See if you can find any modern philosopher who would compare with Socrates."

C. S. (quickly)—"Mr. Small."

Julia O. (Hist.)—"They went there and won a defeat."

Miss D.—"Are corn huskers men or machines?"



The past season of 1914 has been the most successful season for football in the history of the Edgerton High School. Never before did Edgerton show up in any light whatever in the football world. Much

credit is due Coach Lamoreaux for without his tact in rounding and pounding the team into shape the Crimson representatives on the gridiron would be in the same position as in the years previous. Out of the

material, which was for the most part inexperienced, a team was formed which won for the school one-half of the games played. The games won and lost are as follows:

Jefferson, 0; Edgerton, 39, at Jefferson.

Janesville, 0; Edgerton, 46, at Edgerton.

Monroe, 0; Edgerton, 14, at Monroe.

Beloit, 35; Edgerton, 0, at Edgerton.

Stoughton, 0; Edgerton, 0, at Stoughton.

Waukesha, 7; Edgerton, 0, at Edgerton.

Stoughton, 26; Edgerton, 7, at Edgerton.

Edgerton won three, tied one and lost three, making the games an even break.

Coach Lamoreaux believes that next season he will be able to make a better showing with his team, for although five seniors are now members and will be lost next year, he thinks he will not be compelled to change the line around on account of some obdurate member who will not live up to the rules and regulations of the school.

Capt. Charles McIntosh, End—Senior

Chick's technical playing won for him the position of end for two consecutive years. His method of tackling is an example every player should follow. A team of Chick's type would be invincible. His place will be hard to fill out next season. Lawrence Whitford, Fullback—Junior

The way Monday plowed the line for continual games was a constant terror to all opposing teams. It is thought that Monday worked out his "method of procedure" on the same lines of the ditch digger which operated here last summer.

Harold Sutton, Halfback—Senior.

Mope got many comments from

the side lines for his fast sprinting and never dying character which so much helps to make an ideal player. It is too bad to lose such a player. Harold Dawe, Center—Senior.

What would we ever do without Jhawn? He played after a method of his own. He towered above the rest of the line and reached over the opposing center's back and gently patted the quarterback, mumbling something to the effect of "Come to me," and the quarterback came with ball and all. Though you search the world over you cannot find another such player as Dawe. So much for Jhawn.

Maurice Hitchcock, Halfback—Junior

Streaking and dodging here and there among the players Pete never failed to gain ground. Pete has played two years and is contemplating on a third.

Rolland Williams, Quarterback—Freshie.

Although it was his first year at quarterback position, Rollie run the team without a fault, springing a surprise during every game by his spectacular tackling.

Frank Devine, Guard—Senior.

In Dibby was sprung a great surprise, which was welcomed by the team. Dibb's method of holding his opponent won him position of guard. Frank will also leave school this year.

Mahlon Ogden, Guard—Freshie.

Bumpers did not win his name in football, but it applied there just the same, for he was a player not to be stopped and always pushed through the opposing line. He has a record of eleven consecutive tackles in one game. Can you beat it?

Gale Ogden, Guard and Center—Freshie.

Gale found a little hard work in not being a regular at the first of the season but won a place later on.

We can thank our stars that he will again be with us on the gridiron next season.

Norman Clarke, Tackle and End—
Freshie.

Norman, fleet of foot, saved the day many times by running down the opponent. No gains were made through his position. Norman will represent the school next year.

Charles Victor Sweeney, Tackle—
Sophomore.

Buck lived up to his name and pushed the line with such vigor as to gain a record of playing two consecutive years.

Marvin Johnson, Tackle—Senior.

Iyer was a valued player and although he did receive several injuries to keep him out of the game, he also did good work for the team. After two years of football, Iyer leaves school.

Francis Thompson, Tackle, Sophomore.

Although Francis did not show up till the last few games he displayed such ability as will net him a place on the regular team next year.

STOUGHTON VS. EDGERTON

The greatest game in which Edgerton has had the good fortune to be involved was warmly contested on the Stoughton gridiron Saturday, Oct. 25. The rooters which supported the team certainly will never repent their act of attending, though it was some distance from the home city. A better day could not have been invented for football if there was such a thing as inventing conditions of soil and atmosphere. As the old adage is, that environments create the man, the snappy weather created a snappy disposition for all the members of the team. The lack of that old-time rivalry and bitter enmity between the teams and rooters, as well as the clean way in which the game was played,

was a good treat for sore eyes. We have a natural feeling that the old-time feud has been wiped out, and the banquet which the gallant Purple Defenders put up to the Edgerton Warriors is a certain essential that nothing in the future relations and athletic contests with Stoughton shall result in anything but a friendly reception.

The first and last kickoff of the game started the excited contest at 3 o'clock. The ball was pushed up and down the field during the first quarter without any results.

The second quarter, however, held the audience in awe, as the Stoughton team kept the ball in Edgerton's territory all of the time.

Starting the third quarter, Edgerton was crippled, as H. Dawe was not allowed to play on account of not taking the required number of studies to take part in interscholastic athletics, and Marvin Johnson, who was injured during the second quarter, was not able to play. Stoughton in this quarter duplicated her former stunt and continually kept the ball in Edgerton territory. Three times the Purple defenders carried the ball to the ten yard line only to be held, and once, giving up hopes, they tried a drop kick and failed.

The last quarter was much different for it was Edgerton's turn. Forward passes, line plunges and end runs placed the ball on Stoughton's 15 yard line, where it was held during most of the quarter. C. McIntosh booted the ball, but it failed to cross the bar, for three points.

The game ended in a tie. The tackling of M. Ogden and Williams was spectacular, while the long runs of Hitchcock, Sutton, Whitford and Jerdy gave the game spice and variety.

A banquet was enjoyed by all the players that evening in honor of the game, and the ending of the keen rivalry between the two schools.

WAUKESHA VS. EDGERTON.

During one of the coldest days of the year Edgerton was defeated for the second time of the season by Waukesha. A cold, raw wind swept across the field, freezing the snow which had fallen the night before and forming an ice-caked field. Few spectators braved the cold blast and viewed a game wherein it was easily seen that neither team played in good form, but hard luck on Edgerton's part and a bit of good fortune for Waukesha, a criss cross, netted a touchdown for the visitors. Thus the first quarter ended with the only touchdown of the game in favor of the Waukesha team. A difficult goal had been kicked and the score stood 7 to 0.

The condition of the field made it impossible to play a fast game and it is a certain feeling among the team that they could put up a much stiffer game on a better day.

STOUGHTON.

One of the greatest downfalls to the football team resulted from the over-confident game between the Stoughton and Edgerton teams.

Stoughton turned out at least a crowd of rooters which exceeded the three hundred mark, while Edgerton was merely represented by a handful of rooters compared with the loyal aggregation from the Norwegian City.

The game was marred with the great number of consecutive fumbles on the part of the Edgerton back field. The line seemed to lose all spirit and instead of charging would wait for the runner to come to them, thereby losing from three to five yards every time. C. McIntosh showed up the best of any of the line men, plunging into the defense with tact and vigor that would have showed a good example for the rest

of the men. L. Whitford, despite the injury during the first part of the game, plowed the Stoughton line in a manner that would and did gain for him the captaincy of the future or 1914-15 season. R. Williams showed up in his spectacular tackling.

Edgerton slept during the first and second quarters, while Stoughton, taking a sun bath, rolled the ball over the line three times.

The last two quarters were vastly different. Edgerton held them to one more touchdown and gained seven points for themselves. The game ended 26 to 7.

Basket Ball

Outside of the absence of one man from school this year the same team, which carried E. H. S. to honor on our own floor and also carried off the silver cup trophy of the Milton tournament, will defend Crimson honors this season. Charles North, who has been obliged to quit school, is the only man missed, and as L. Whittet played his position part of the time last year, it is thought that he will hold the same position as a regular. Nothing is certain in the basketball prospects so everyone who has ever seen a game or had the good fortune to take part in one is requested to show himself in a suit when a call for candidates is issued. It is one thing to attend school and another thing to take part in at least forming a good team in any branch of athletics. All the honor does not go to the first team which wins over another school, but you second and third team men share in the victory. It takes competition to build up trade and it takes competition to build up a first rate basketball team, and the more competition to be had the better team is the result, so everyone

turn your steps toward the "gym" and do not turn a deaf ear to the call.

It is most probable that Sutton, who last year developed into a speedy forward, will remain in his old position. C. McIntosh, commonly known as "Shorty," will hold down the ring position. R. Brown, who was one of the fastest running guards of the 1912-13 season, will also try out for his former place. M. Johnson will still be in the game

ready to render some of his long shots which came in so handy last year. Marvin plays guard. L. Whittet is the most likely candidate for the open forward. G. Ogden, L. Whitford, Dawe, Hitchcock and E. Sweeney will also try out for some position. It is to be remembered that though there are ten men out that more are wanted and that you stand as good a show to fight for the school as some of last year's first team men

EXCHANGE

Although up to this time our exchange list has been very small this year, we have received some very good papers. We are firm believers in that every knock is a boost, and will therefore be glad to receive all criticism on our paper with the view in mind it will help us make our paper better. We thank all our exchanges but would like to hear from them oftener.

The World C. H. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Your November issue is the best we have received. Your cover design is exceedingly artistic and very appropriate for this month.

Tattler, N. D. H. S.—Your football number is very good. The editorials on "The High School" and "I Should Worry" should be read by everyone.

'Twas at a restaurant they met,
Romeo and Juliet.

'Twas there they first got into debt,
For Rome—owed what Juliet.—Ex.

Spy, Kenosha—Your paper is always a welcome number Your lit-

erary department is among the best received. The Poet's Page is also very good.

Booster, La Crosse—Your paper as a whole is very good. Wouldn't a few cuts brighten it up?

(Tune—In My Harem.)

Oh, the Seniors; the Seniors!
The Nineteen-fourteen Seniors!
And there never was a minute
When the Junior class is in it.
French for breakfast,
Dutch for dinner,
Greek at supper time;
Lots of hard earned honors
Won by genius in its prime.
Oh, the Seniors! the Seniors!
The high and mighty Seniors.
And the work they do
Would make you wish that you
Were in the class of 1914, too.—Ex.

Oracle, Brodhead—Very good, but your stories are all too short.

Crimson, Goshen—A. good paper. We would like to see more of you.

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Value it properly.

MONEY Should be of great use to you.
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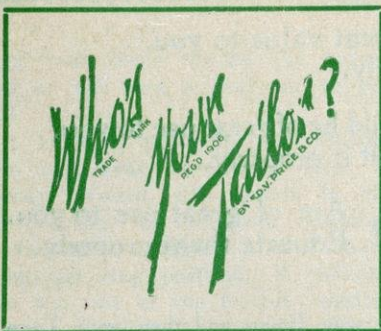
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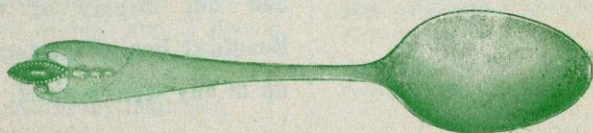
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