



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The crimson. Volume One, Number Five May, 1911

Edgerton, Wisconsin: Students of Edgerton High School, May, 1911

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/HLQQ7XJ2UDZDP8P>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

1911

THE CRIMSON



Finest Fishing Tackle at Ellingson's



Patronize
...our...
Advertisers



Atwell Makes Cream of Roses

Sporting Goods Headquarters at Ellingson's

We Welcome

The business of HIGH SCHOOL students. Start your bank account NOW so that you will have money for your vacation. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

First National Bank

Patronize our Advertisers

The Bon Ton Restaurant

Mrs. Gertrude McGarthy, Prop.

Rates, \$1.25; \$1.50

Opp. St. Paul Ry. Depot



For Cut Glass

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks
Rings, Jewelry and
Silverware of All Kinds
Go to

John Spencer & Daughter

Jewelers and Silversmiths

"Get the Habit"

Go to

Babcock's Clothing Store

for the Best of Everything
for Men and Boys wear.

Crossett Shoes

make life's walk easy

\$4.00 to \$5.00

For Chapped Hands and Faces

Diamond Edge Pocket Knives at Ellingson's

North & Wentworth
REAL ESTATE

Tobacco Exchange Bank

Edgerton, Wisconsin

Capital \$50,000

Surplus \$30,000

Why not have a Savings Account earning 3 per cent
interest? One Dollar starts an account. :: :: ::

The Spring Suits are Coming

Every Day

Better See Them

Shelley, Anderson & Farman

Henry Johnson, Insurance

Trade at Atwell's

THE CRIMSON

Volume One.

MAY, 1911.

Number Five.

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

The subscription price is 40 cents for this year.

Contributions are solicited from the students, Faculty and the Alumni.

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

Printed at Edgerton, Wisconsin, by

Wm. W. Hammond, Job Printer

CRIMSON STAFF

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| Editor-in-Chief | Earl MacInnis |
| Assistant Editor-in-Chief | Max Henderson |
| Business Manager | James Boutelle |
| Assistant Business Manager | Carlton McCarthy |
| Local Editor | Lila Gifford |
| Junior Editor | Gretta Devine |
| Sophomore Editor | Harriet Lund |
| Freshman Editor | Charles McIntosh |
| Athletic Editor | Robert McIntosh |
| Art Editor | Clayton Williams |
| Exchange Editor | Warren Coon |
| Alumni Editor | Helen Coon |

ALL ON A WINTER'S DAY

It was cold! Bitter cold! But not a skater from the Castle Girl's school heeded the weather. And why should they? Were they not safe from Sir Jack Frost as long as they cracked the whip in his face? No, it was not the cold, but the dinner hour that drove the girls to unfasten their skates and hasten to the dormitory.

"It really hurts my feelings to go in," said Peggy. "I'd rather skate than eat anyway, wish the dean would let us go out and skate after dinner."

"Why Peggy, how you talk!" reproved Sally Gillman, "one would think that Christmas vacation didn't begin tomorrow and that we had our packing all done. If you want something to do, come and help me."

"That's right our vacation does begin tomorrow!" exclaimed Peggy. "Oh, just think of it, it must be so dreary to stay here through the

vacation. I don't believe I ever looked forward to one so eagerly before. We are going to have a house-party, and mother has planned great larks too."

"Well I'm not going to be the least bit gay but I'm going home," said Sally.

By this time the skaters had reached the hall and each hurried to her room to get ready for dinner.

"A special delivery letter for me!" cried Margaret, as she lighted the gas in her room. Hastily she tore it open to read it. Margaret flung the letter upon the floor, slammed her skates upon the table, and stamped her foot in fury. Tall, dignified eighteen-year-old Miss Critchley bore a marked likeness just then to little eight year-old Peggy in a tantrum.

"I will go home! I won't lose my vacation just because Dorothy had to take the scarlet-fever."

When sufficiently calmed down

to finish reading her letter, which contained a check, the promise of a box on Christmas day and the maternal exhortation, "to be a good girl," anger faded into grief. Drearly composed she went down the corridor to dinner.

The girls were deeply sympathetic, and as soon as etiquette permitted, were excused from the table, and leaving packing, final essays and overdue themes, carried her away to a consolation gathering.

Later as she passed down the hall with Sally, and stopped by the water cooler, a small figure came around the corner.

"There's no water there Miss Critchley, let me bring you a drink from down stairs." Margaret recognized a freshman and said coldly, "Thank you." But when the girl returned with the water, she said with more graciousness, "good night Hester May."

"She's going to stay," laughed Hester May, as the girls separated for the rooms, "and she knows my name."

Hester May had also received on that day, a letter similar to Margaret's, saying that she could not come home to spend the holidays. But she was not particularly downcast, she didn't care about going home anyway.

In the three months since she had entered school she had gained the unfortunate reputation among classmates and faculty members of being tiresome and mischievous.

So it happened that the Senior, Margaret Critchley, the most popular girl in school and Hester May Panis, a Freshman who attracted neither student or teacher, were destined to spend the long vacation

days together. The former had determined that skating would keep her busy, the latter hoped only to worship from afar this Senior, the one person for whom she had ever felt a strong liking.

On the first morning of the vacation, as Margaret started for the pond, skates in hand, she noticed a small girl on the window ledge.

"Wouldn't you like to come skating with me?" asked Margaret, with a sudden desire for comradeship, no matter of what kind.

"I can't skate," said Hester May.

"I'm going to teach you. Run right up to Miss Gillman's room, her skates are on the table and will fit you."

All that winter morning Margaret taught; all that winter morning Hester May learned. By noon she could keep herself up alone.

"You're a little brick!" Margaret cried. "I've taught dozens of girls, but never any like you. Why, you'll be an expert skater in a week!"

One day not long after the holidays were over, Margaret heard some Freshmen talking about the person whom people termed "the queer little Freshman," but whom she herself had now learned to love dearly.

"We have just the worst name! Miss Sanders says she hasn't had a class like us in years, and it's really Hester May's fault. She's the most ridiculous girl, always up to some silly trick, such as cutting chapel, or sitting up over hours, or playing in class. Three or four of the girls seem to think she's funny and make her worse by laughing at her, then the faculty blame us all." The speaker then turned off into new channels. "I never did see such athletes as we Freshmen are! We're

crazy over basket ball, golf, skating and the joke is, we can't one of us do anything that counts. Our class isn't going to make any showing at all in the races this year. If one girl would only appear to skate in the race, she could have the class—even if it was Hester May."

This conversation set Margaret to thinking. Somebody and something must save Hester May from this terrible reputation. She was so gentle and so lovable when one knew her intimately.

Oh! Hester May must save herself. She must enter the annual skating match with Houston school, and she must win for her class. With this thought fixed firmly in her mind, Margaret, herself the acknowledged champion of "The Castle," would train her pupil daily.

Saturday, January 20th the excitement began, for then the four most efficient skaters were chosen to represent the school. After the struggle was over Margaret, scarcely heeded the cheers for herself, so thrilled was she to hear, "What's the matter with Hester May Panis!" now she knew that the class had already forgotten the faults of Hester May.

By two o'clock, Friday, January 26th, the shore was lined deep with girls prepared to witness the preliminary races of the rival schools. It was the custom for the girls of "The Castle" to hold a skating match each year with the girls of the Houston school. Two days were given for the races, on the first day the best four from each school raced and on the second the winner on the Houston team raced with the winner on the Castle team. On the dock sat the judges. Soon there appeared

the Houston four, wearing red caps, red sweaters, and black skirts; out came the home quartette, in white caps, white sweaters, and blue skirts.

At the signal they started. So fast they flew that Margaret seemed to have no thought until she was within reach of the goal, she felt her strength was going out, and she began to wonder how long she could keep it up. What were the girls calling? Her name? Yes, and "Hester May! Hester May!"

The next thing she remembered was that every one was cheering and cheering wildly, and some how she understood that the Houston captain had come in first, she second, Hester May third and a Houston girl fourth. She would race tomorrow.

The Freshmen were swarming around their champion. "Hurrah for you! You're all right Hester May!" they cried.

Margaret turned and met Hester May's eyes. Love leaped from them which spoke plainer than words.

As Margaret, the champion of "The Castle" lay on her couch that night she thought, "The child would have been the most popular girl in school if she had won. The remarkableness of it, at the last minute when the school was going crazy over her, to hold herself in and give me the race! No other girl in school could have done it. How she must love me!"

Half an hour later Margaret might have been seen entering the gymnasium. But what her purpose there was no one ever knew. However as she returned to her room she soliloquized, "no one could have devised a surer way of laming herself than I have done."

Dark despair seized the school

next morning when it was announced that Margaret Critchley, the winner of the last three annual races, had so strained the muscles of her limbs that she could not skate in the race and that Hester May would be the representative of the school.

"Hester May," whispered Margaret, as the teams started from the boat house, "if you don't win I'll never get over the disappointment."

The race had started and a deathly stillness prevailed on both sides. When the two contestants neared the goal, the Houston representative was two yards ahead. Suddenly Margaret's voice sounded in desperate command. "Do it, Hester May!" and Hester May lifted her head, flung out her arms and fairly hurled herself through the air. An instant more and she was flat on her face, but she had beaten the Houston captain across the line.

Margaret reached her first. In spite of the din, she made the girl hear. "Hester May, you just will have to be the best girl in school now."

I will," said the Freshman's lips and eyes. F. M. H. '12

THE WOMAN HATER

"I am a woman hater! I know it and I guess every one at college knows it! They might as well know it now as any time!"

"Oh, come on now, Bill, don't act like that, let me telephone to Bess and tell her that we'll be up Friday night. You know she has been doing all she can to have you meet this girl and she's a stunner, I'll tell you. You'd better give in, I'm sure you will have a good time."

"What did you say this damsel's name is? Where does she live?

What does she look like? How does she dress? How old is she? Oh well, give me all the particulars and I might give in."

"One at a time! One at a time! Her name is Agnes Winthrope; she has dark brown hair and eyes of the same color; is about twenty years old I should judge—why she dresses 'fit to kill,' as Budd would say, and she's from New York city. Isn't that enough?"

"Go ahead and telephone, but you can tell Bess that I don't intend to fall in love with her friend, Miss Agnes Winthrope."

This conversation took place in the "Sigma Pia" fraternity rooms at Osburne College in Virginia. William Peabody, the professed woman hater, was supposed to have fairly good grounds for his violent feelings in that direction as a result of the unhappy outcome of a youthful "affair."

His chum and room mate, James Kingsley, was one of that jolly sort of fellows you will find in any college. James was not one of the woman hater type, because just at present he was on very good terms with this same Bessie Raymond whom we have mentioned above.

Bessie felt sorry for the woman hater, so she planned to get him out of the rut if possible. She had invited a dear friend, Agnes Winthrope to visit her for a few weeks, thinking that it would be easy to build up a friendship, at least, between her and William Peabody.

At last Friday night came. Seven o'clock found Bill and Jim up in their room painstakingly preparing for the ordeal of calling at the Raymond home.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN]



This number of the "CRIMSON" is the last of volume one. We are greatly pleased with the work done in it this year, but there is room for a great deal of improvement. There are not enough contributors to the literary department. When the new staff takes charge of the paper next year let everyone do a little and help produce a paper that the school can be proud of.

Commencement week is nearly at hand and the class of 1911 is about to take its departure from these beloved halls of "Wisdom's Mill." After four long years labor, the much sought for goal has been reached, and although many have fallen by the wayside, there is a goodly number remaining to reap the reward of their labors. When the diplomas have been received it seems as though the climax had been reached but this is only the lowest rung of the ladder by which we rise in life. The training received in the High school will prove a valuable aid to us in entering in on Life's Great Battlefield. It is truly a "Survival of the Fittest" and it behooves us to be one of the "Fittest" who survive.

It is a wise thing always to have some goal to strive for. Do not be content with what you have but strive for something higher. Even though you may never reach the

goal of your ambitions, the striving will serve to make you stronger and will at least bring you higher than if you had been content to drift along with the tide, making no effort to better your condition.

After High school, What? This is the question which annually presents itself to the members of the graduating class. The best thing a person can do is to continue his education by attending the university or some similar institution of learning. But every one does not do this. There are always some who have no desire to go farther than the High school and are satisfied to occupy the ordinary positions of life. For them the college has no allurements. There are also some who desire to attend college but are prevented by adverse circumstances. Lastly, there are those who desire to attend college and have the opportunity of gratifying their desires. There is always a place in the world for the college graduate and if he has made any use at all of his opportunities he is bound to make a name for himself. Statistics show that the greatest per cent of those who hold the high offices of trust today are college graduates. Many people think that a college education is not of any benefit in proportion to the time spent in acquiring it will hold up examples of famous self made men of course, there are always a few men who succeed without a great deal of education, but all of us do not have this ability and the best thing we can do is to get all the education we can to help us.

THE WOMAN HATER

I would be unnecessary to relate all that happened that evening. There were the pleasant pastimes of singing songs to Bessie's lively accompaniment, of playing cards and pulling candy. There was certainly nothing unusually alluring about those amusements and yet there was an indefinable something that cast its spell over them all. Perhaps it was the congenial spirits of William Peabody and Agnes Winthrope.

The boys left at an early hour with nothing much to say but with a good deal to think about. When they reached their room James finally ventured to say, 'Well Jim what do you think of her? Bill hesitated for a while and then laughing said, "Well Jim I guess I shall have to confess, it's 'love at first sight."

Nothing more was said about the matter that evening but while Miss Winthrope was Bessie's guest the boys made many evening calls to the Raymond home. When she returned home Bill made many hurried trips to New York City which, as he explained to Jim, were on important business. Jim said nothing but he thought a great deal.

The next summer after Bill had safely passed thru the ordeal of graduating from college he invited his Fraternity brothers to what he called a regular old "Stagg party" that they might have one last good time before he left. Some of them suspected something unusual to happen, because of Bill's attitude of forced calmness, but the majority were entirely oblivious of what was going to happen. The "Stagg" was carried off in fine style. Bill seated the boys at the dining room table

and no sooner was this done than one of the fellows to whom Bill had confided his plan, stood up and facing his host cried, Speech! Speech! Speech? Involuntarily Bill's many friends took up the cry. Finally he arose and, smiling, said. "Well fellows I have intended all along to tell you a secret tonight. So here goes. Sometime last winter I was known as "The Woman Hater" and I confess you had good reasons for calling me such. I wish to say now that my many business trips to New York have brought big results and I have won a bride that I know you will all be glad to meet." (Deafening shouts and applaud) "I notice that some of you are becoming nervous under the strain of my speech-making and so I shall end the matter more satisfactorily by introducing you to my future wife." Immediately Bill drew aside the curtains of the parlor and there to the astonishment of the whole party was a bevy of girls seated at another table evidently enjoying to the full the surprise of the young men. Finally James Kingsley collected enough of his wits to cry out "A toast to Miss Winthrope and 'The Woman Hater.'" C. M. '14.

The Physics class has been studying sound and with it the fundamental tone and overtones of an air column. Mr. C. demonstrated with a toy organ pipe that beautiful music could be produced just by lengthening and shortening the air column and the pupils were so charmed and interested that they wished him to continue the experiments throughout the class time. Strange isn't it?

Miss L.—That's a question.

N. F. (translating)—Is that so.

JACK'S TEMPTATION

The home of Jack Tallard was a very ordinary one, such as may be seen almost anywhere in small suburban towns. It was not ordinary to Jack, however, as he considered it the only place really worth living in, in the world. To him it meant a loving father and mother and all that a home should mean. Jack, however was not destined to enjoy this home long for Mr. Tallard, not overly supplied with money, lost almost all that he did have in an unlucky investment. This meant that Jack would have to shift for himself. Now, this to a boy like Jack did not mean what it would to some boys for if ever there lived an honest, upright, ambitious boy, Jack Tallard was a fair example.

About two hundred miles away there was a large town, Kentonville, where Jack thought he might procure a position in a large factory. So with a small package of clothing and about five dollars besides his ticket, Jack bade his father and mother farewell.

About a week has elapsed since we saw Jack just leaving home. In this time he has arrived at Kentonville and procured lodging in a tiny room under the loft of an immense boarding house. He set out with a light heart to the factory, but there he met with a keen disappointment. The manager told him that no more help was needed and especially not the inexperienced kind. After many futile efforts to obtain work somewhere we see Jack, on a raw December night, slowly walking up a brilliantly lighted street, in about the heart of the city. Around him happiness and luxury might be seen in plenty

but neither of these were apparent in Jack. He was cold and hungry, but with nothing to satisfy his longings for he was penniless. His head was bent and he tramped doggedly on, knowing not where to stop, for his lodging could no longer be paid for and only that morning the landlady had sent him out, telling him not to come back.

Suddenly Jack felt that from somewhere, someone was looking at him. Slowly gazing about his attention was riveted on the grim, ugly face of a dirty looking man who was staring at Jack from the window of a shop near by. As Jack gazed back the man motioned for him to enter. This was the first person who had not spoken harshly to Jack since he arrived at Kentonville, so he turned towards the door, not caring where it led him. It might at least mean warmth and companionship for a few short moments.

The man opened the door for Jack and motioned him to a seat. The room was low and poorly lighted but warm. Around the room were tables with broken and unpainted chairs near by. At first Jack thought that he and the ugly looking man were the only occupants, but on looking around he discerned a third person crouched in a dark corner and murmuring drunken oaths. Now Jack realized that he had unknowingly entered a low gambling and drinking den, but at least he might sit quietly at the table and enjoy the warmth of the place.

While Jack had been thinking all this the man had poured him a cup of vile, black liquor and set it before him, on the table. The boy

slowly raised his eyes to the man's repulsive face and questioned, "Whiskey, is it?"

"Whiskey lad, whiskey! The best on the market. Better drink it. 'Twon't hurt ye. It's a treat." These words were brokenly uttered in a harsh guttural voice and Jack was instantly on guard

"No thank you, I don't want it," he answered, but his eyes were still on the liquor as the man replied.

"Ye look hungry. Drink it I tell ye!" Then his face grew menacing and he called savagely at Jack. "Ye drink that or I'll make ye!" Then more insinuatingly, "I promise ye thet it won't hurt ye."

Half through fear and half because it meant something in his empty stomach Jack raised the cup to his lips. Just as he was about to drink, a vision suddenly seemed to rise before his eyes. It was his mother, standing with tearful eyes, at the gate way back home. She was bidding him farewell. Jacky boy! Never do anything that you think I wouldn't like, because I believe it would break my heart if you went astray. Just think of your father and me when things go wrong. Would his mother like this? Would she smile if she was to see her boy drinking this whiskey? No! She would rather die. Jack set the cup firmly on the table and rose triumphantly saying in a clear bold voice, "I won't drink it. I can't."

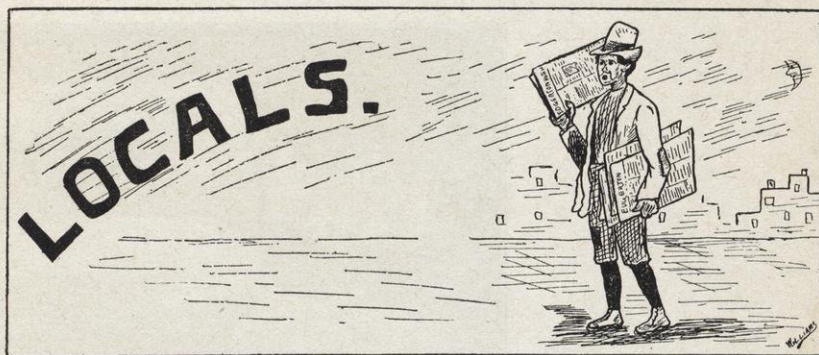
The proprietor's face turned dark and threatening and he called loudly to the man in the corner, "Kent! Here you, Get up here! He says he won't drink it but we'll make him!"

Jack now turned quickly and ran for the door, the proprietor close at his heels. The other fellow, only half awake, staggered after the two, and suddenly losing his balance pitched headlong to the floor, falling across the path of the other man. The proprietor, with a savage oath, kicked the drunken man aside and shooting forth his arm made a wild grasp for Jack, but he was too late. The boy had gained the doorway first and was now lost to the wicked man, in the moving crowds.

Jack spent that night with a news boy with whom he pick up an acquaintance and the next morning again set out in search of work. Fortune is never needlessly cruel to such a boy as Jack Tallard and before noon he had secured work in a great department store. He also found friends and is now making a good living. He often turns back his memory and pictures again that scene in the gambling den. What a great difference it made, that he had the strength to say "No!" to temptation at the critical moment in his life.

D. C. '12

How are we to keep cool? It takes 240 muscles to use a fan, so what's the use of fanning? Why were fans invented anyway? I suppose the man who invented them imagined that this was his chance to make a fortune and at the same time give something to the world. Bah! They're a fake! No doubt about it. It doesn't take the energy and strength of 240 muscles to move an electric fan, so why not get a few and cool off? The man who invented that fan gave something to the world, for people may rave and go crazy over it and yet keep cool.



Summer with its blossoms, its joys and its warmth is almost here. Already we feel her approach, and in the schoolroom longing glances cast at the beauties of the outer world show clearly that lessons could easily be forgotten, for lessons are not of the joys of summer. Cheer up comrades, you've only got two weeks left.

R. Mc believes that an inspiration for writing poetry is, "To meet a girl you like pretty well, and write a poem to her."

In German—Have I not seen you give your life a hundred times.

On Arbor Day school was called at 8:30 a. m. and continued only until noon. The afternoon was left to the pupils to use as they wished.

Red Es have been awarded to Wm. McIntosh, Robert McInstoh, Earl MacInnis, Howard Wentworth, Harry Maltpress, Warren Coon for playing in five games of basket ball and to Lila Gifford and James Boutelle as winners in the local contest.

The Seniors are preparing for commencement week and often class recitations are not what they should be. Nevertheless we've done some hard studying this year; as we have

heard an under classman admit, "The Seniors are always studying." Now this may or may not be exactly true, but when Seniors came to school with minds deeply absorbed(?) in the open book before them, when they congregate at noon in Number 3 to translate German, to study English or other subjects, when even on the way to class they are still studying; is that not proof enough that they are an industrious class?

Ask W. C. about the beauties of Saunder's Creek as viewed from the bridge by moonlight.

H. S. and H. J. it was feared almost forgot to return to Edgerton after the contest at Stoughton. They were not among those who returned on Friday night, Sunday there was no sign of them, Monday morning when we expected to see their smiling faces in the school-room we were disappointed; Monday afternoon, still absent; and when Tuesday morning the girls finally appeared they refused to explain their extended absence to curious questions. Something queer about it.

H. S.—Say, let's go ride that cow horse back.



Courtesy of Janesville Gazette

EDGERTON BASKET BALL TEAM 1910-11

**Harry Maltpress, Howard Wentworth, Warren Coon, Earl MacInnis, Clyde Ogden, William McIntosh
Robert McIntosh. F. W. Jenson, Coach.**

E. H. S. certainly has school spirit as any one within hearing distance of nearly one hundred and fifty strong voices could testify when the contest at Stoughton was only a few days away. New and old yells and songs almost caused the roof of the building to go sailing off through space like an air ship and undoubtedly kept the attention of the eighth-graders, on the first floor, on anything but their books.

Stoughton's population on that day was increased by over one hundred Edgerton students and townspeople, yelling and singing as Edgerton people and some Stoughtons will. When the decision of the judges awarded their girl contestant second place and their boy only third, they were indeed disappointed. Nevertheless lack of school spirit was not the cause of our failure and next year we hope to be more successful.

Question asked of a young girl graduate.

"When was the war of 1812?"

Girl—"Why-- it was in 1814, wasn't it? No, in 1861—Oh dear, when was it any way? Where with she sought her history book to find that date of the war of 1812!

T.—Konun, du sollst mit mir essen.

W.—An der Wirtstafel? Translated—(on the landlord's table?)

Translating—"I let the cat out of the bag. There is nothing in it.

Miss L.—"What's the matter Shir-lie?"

S. S.—"Nothing."

Miss L.—"There must be something the matter with people who sit and goggle over nothing."

S. S. has a very marked but peculiar habit when she comes to school, that habit takes her to the mirror to straighten her locks. When in school her perfectly smooth and lovely hair is always getting little pats and pushes which it does not deserve. One day in Lab. mirrors were used in experimenting. Mr. C. happened to lay one for a moment on the table, but only for a moment for that habit forced S. S. to use that mirror. When Mr. C. reminded her that that was not the place for hair dressing, a delicate blush crept over her face, and silently she allowed him to take the mirror from her reluctant hand.

One day when a young woodpecker saw the green walls of our main room through the open window he said to himself, "That must be a green shady forest within that building of red brick, I'll investigate." In he flew and found to his consternation not the beautiful trees he expected but many of those awful human beings, against whom his mother had so often warned him. Flying hither and thither, now toward this window, now that, he began to fear that he was a prisoner where none of his kind would ever find him and where he must meet death, for the awful eyes of those pupils followed wherever he flew. But no, just as he began to despair of gaining freedom one of the humans opened a number of the windows and he sailed joyously away, glad of his freedom and with a kinder feeling in his small heart toward all mankind.

The temperature of freezing ice is 0 degree c. How about freezing water?

Wahrhastig? (translated) Truly.



When the Juniors take candy to Geometry class they know that they are supposed to swallow it quickly. One day Mr. C. happened to see M. A. M. give F. B. F. a bite of white fudge and rather excitedly he said, "You girls be better swallow th that candy quick." So they did.

Ed. often has quite a time trying to say just what he wants to say, especially in Geometry. The other day he made this brilliant recitation. "The sides are equiangular and the angles are of equal length."

Measles seem to like our class for now Leora Sherman and Gretta Devine (class editor) have them. Last week three of our number Alice and Mona Nichols and Mattie Maltpress were compelled to stay at home for the same reason. It seems that they have had their run this season but as many are exposed now more may be at home for a time later on.

Last week a bunch of jolly Juniors and lady teachers spent from Friday night until Sunday evening at Malt press' cottage on Rock river. All declared they had a good time and if tanned sunburned faces can tell the story they certainly must have had a good time. Several minor accidents and misfortunes befell them while at camp. For instance a crowd

of hungry high school boys walked into the cottage Sunday while the party was out launch riding and diminished the kitchen supplies. Sunday evening the crowd of girls were seen slowly making their way to town burdened with suit cases and walking as though they were "all in." Monday morning they were all tired and almost unable to keep awake all that long day, but we think they would all go again if they had half a chance.

Teresa McDonough is having the time of her life now. She cannot say a word out loud. Most every one knows that Teresa is noted for excessive talking, and it is certainly a punishment that she is so afflicted. She does not mind it much as it was caused by the good intention of going to church in the rain from the country with no waterproofs to keep her dry. We hope she will soon be better.

The Junior class is continually decreasing in number. We were sorry to learn that two of our members—Paul Coon and Lawrence Marsden—had withdrawn from school.

If you wish to learn the art of training flies just call on Alice N. for she is an expert. One day in Geometry class she caught an enor-

mous one and after a few minutes labor had him stationed upon a paper (and he never crawled off of it either) upon which was written: "One of the Seven Wonders of the World. A tamed fly. Goes by the name of Henry. Tamed by A. N. Please pass it on." How could the class help laughing?

It seems queer that Emma's feet aren't like Metta's, and she told us that they weren't. While explaining some work in scanning she said: "Mine is scanned like her's but my feet aren't like her's." Queer isn't it?

The Juniors held a candy sale last week which clearly showed the talent which the class possesses for making candy. The proceeds were \$3.50.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Mr. R. (in bookkeeping class)—M. D. stand on page fifty-two and read."

Miss L. (in ancient history)—"What are the gladiatorial combats."

N. L.—"Fighting."

Miss L.—"Yes, but is it always between man?" (wanting her to say it was between man and beast.)

N. L.—"No, man and woman."

One of the teachers of the High school asked a pupil why the time after the Roman empire fell was called "The Dark Ages." The pupil replied, "Oh, there were so many knights."

Mr. R. (in bookkeeping class)—"H. D. if you don't know anything come up here and I'll tell you about it."

Miss L. (in ancient history)—"What became of Pliny the Elder?"

N. L.—"I suppose he died."

Miss L.—"I suppose so."

Ask H. H. if her vocal cords are strained from yelling at Stoughton.

Mr. R. (in bookkeeping class)—"Are you up with the rest of the class with your Bookkeeping lesson?"

B. C.—"Yes, I'm up today, but I wasn't up yesterday."

We Sophomores are convinced that Mr. Coon thinks a great deal of his Physiology class, for about every other night he has an extra session after school.

FRESHMEN NOTES

The essay contest in which about competed twenty from the different classes was won by one of our class. This shows that we have a few wise ones in our class.

Why does E. S. go over to the desk where the magazines are kept so often lately?

Some of the English class wrote for their theme on a base ball game, the game with Stoughton. They must have had a hard time remembering all of the errors.

The majority of those on the base ball team this year are from our class. This is not saying much from our showing so far this season.

Why is it that the boys of the Freshman Latin class are always down to the fountain before the last period in the afternoon?

We have a large class now, but how many will survive the final exams and be with us next year?

L. E. (in Physical Geography class)—"Do angle worms fall from the clouds in the rain?"

One day in Physical Geography class some one lost their note book. Miss B. traced it from one person to another until she found the last one who had it and finally found it in the waste paper basket.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The programme for commencement week of 1911 is as follows.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3

Junior Banquet Class Will

SUNDAY, JUNE 4

Baccalaureate Sermon
Congregational Church
Rev. G. K. MacInnis

TUESDAY, JUNE 6

Class Play Royal Hall
"At the End of the Rainbow"

THURSDAY, JUNE 8

Commencement Exercises Royal Hall
Address: Rev. D. Beaton

FRIDAY, JUNE 9

Alumni Reception Class History

SATURDAY, JUNE 10

Class Picnic

CLASS PROPHECY

CLASS PLAY

"At the End of the Rainbow"

Cast of Characters

Robert Preston, a Lawyer.....

.....Howard Wentworth

Douglas Brown, a Football Player

.....Robert McIntosh

Dick Preston, the Groom.....

.....Robert Willson

Stanley Palmer, "Hawkins the Butler".....

.....Earl MacInnis

Ted Whitney, Captain of the Varsity Team.....

.....Warren Coon

Jack Austin, Preston's Secretary

.....Melvin Hauge

Marion Dayton, a Ward of Preston's.....

.....Hazel Stone

Nellie Preston, a Bride.....

.....Cecile Wentworth

Louise Ross, known as Miss Grayson.....

.....Harriet Short

Phyllis Lane, a Football Enthusiast.....

.....Bessie McInnes

Kathleen Knox, Chairman of the Rushing Committee.....

.....Inger Barness

The Imp, a Freshman.....

.....Nora Farman

Emily Elliott, with a Conscience..

.....Edna Strasburg

Jane, a Maid with a Taste for Literature.....

.....Harriet Jones

Mrs. Brown, Step-Mother of Harriet Brown.....

.....Myrtle Hippe

Polly Price.....

.....Shirlie Shumway

Elsa Ernest.....

.....Edith Cooper

Marjorie Arnold.....

.....Helma Jacobson

Marie Swift.....

.....Bernice Saunders

Molly Bruce.....

.....Lila Gifford

CLASS MOTTO:

Per Aspera Ad Astra

"Thru Trials to Glory"

Class Flower: Yellow Rose

Class Colors: Gold and White

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Invocation

Music

Salutation.....

.....Class President

Class Poem.....

.....Ella Stebbins

Address.....

.....Rev. D. Beaton

Music

Valedictory.....

.....Emma Fossberg

Presentation of Diplomas

Class Song

CLASS OFFICERS:

Warren Coon.....

.....President

Nora Farman.....

.....Vice-President

Lila Gifford.....

.....Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS ROLL

Inger T. Barness

F. Warren Coon

Edith M. Cooper

Nora M. Farman

Emma Fossberg

Lila P. Gifford

Melvin A. Hauge

Myrtle N. Hippe

Helma A. Jacobson

Harriet N. Jones

Earl C. MacInnis

Bessie C. McInnes

Robert B. McIntosh

Bernice N. Saunders

Harriet L. Short

Shirlie M. Shumway

Edna E. Strasburg

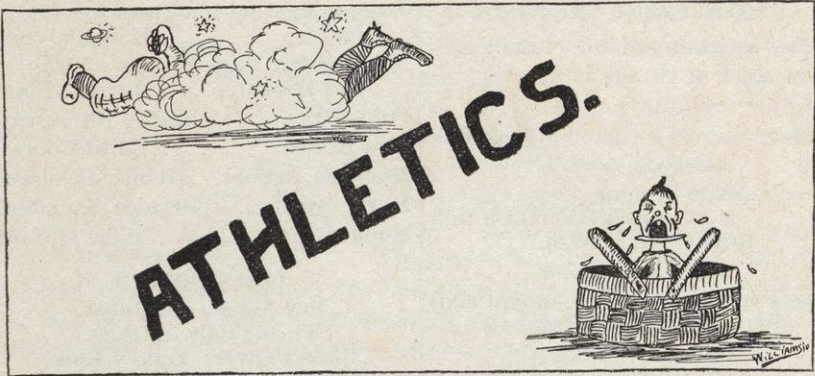
Hazel N. Stone

Ella H. Stebbins

Howard S. Wentworth

Cecile M. Wentworth

Robert F. Willson



MAY 5

Stoughton 18—Edgerton 2

MAY 13

Stoughton 16—Edgerton 3

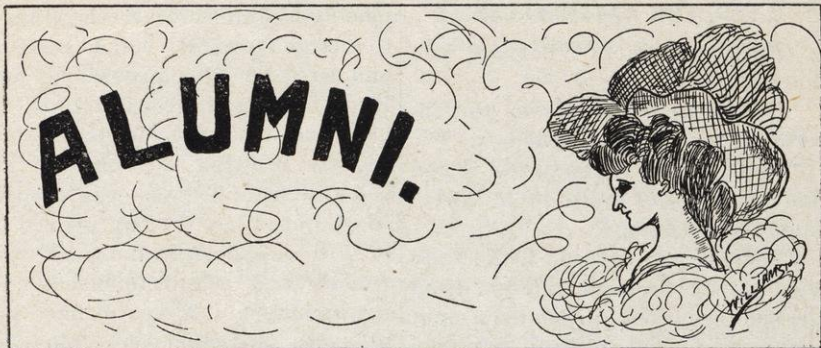
MAY 20

Whitewater 14—Edgerton 7

MAY 25

Milton 13—Edgerton 3

'Nuf Sed



WHERE OUR MEMBERS ARE

CLASS OF 1899

Alyce Ebbott, deceased.
 Mary Ebbott, living in Edgerton.
 Ethel Jeffrey (Davis,) living on a farm near Edgerton.
 Jennie Lindas (Kern,) living in Kenosha, Wis.
 Ethel Long (Marsden,) living in Edgerton.
 Jessie Mabbett, living in Edgerton.
 Allie McKee, stenographer in Milwaukee.
 Edna Pomeroy (Miller,) living in Burlington, Wis.
 Jessie Pelton (Smith,) living in Madison, Wis.
 Rosamond Whittet (Farman,) living in Edgerton.
 Edith Coon.

CLASS OF 1900

James McGiffin, working in a clothing store in Janesville.
 Alyce Morrissey, stenographer in Racine, Wis.
 Edith Maltress (Scott,) living in Hartford, Conn.
 Mary Marsden (Bussey,) living in Edgerton.
 Stella Ogden (Smith,) living in Edgerton.
 Harry Pomeroy, living in Gays Mills, Wis.

Mabelle Westlake (Ehrlinger,) living in Janesville.
 Minnie Brown.

CLASS OF 1901

Louie Davis, deceased.
 John Dickerson, employed in the tobacco business in Edgerton.
 Floyd Herrick, engaged in the shoe business in St. Paul, Minn.
 Clarence Hitchcock, engaged in the grocery business in Rockford, Ill.
 Lawrence Hutson, engaged in the lumber business in Oregon, Wis.
 Andrew Lindas.
 Roy Nicholson.
 Clara Pomeroy, living near Edgerton.

Cassie Scofield, homesteading in Colorado.

Maud Whittet (Coon,) living in Milton Junction.

Claude Stout, teaching in the Stoughton High School.

CLASS OF 1902

Ida Horner (Wileman,) living in Stanford, Montana.

Clara Lintvedt, bookkeeper in Stoughton.

Viola Marsden (Tomhave,) living in Minneapolis.

George Pollard, engaged in the paper and paint business in Edgerton.

Nina Wallin, living in Hartland.

Grover Pomeroy.
 Sam Pringle, engaged in the dry goods and grocery business in Edgerton.

TED, THE MATCHSELLER

"Here, you brat! What are you doing in there?"

"Restin' sir," came from the interior of the old dry goods box.

"Well, I'll teach you to rest if you don't hual out of there in a hurry. Come, move along!"

The frail, poorly-clad, little body that slowly dragged himself from the sheltering box, presented a sight that was indeed pitiful; but the rough person who gave the order, had no room in his hard, old heart for sympathy.

"Now skip, and don't you come prowling 'round here again! You and others like you might better be off the face of the earth for all the good you do here. Well, what are you standing there for? I'm not going to stand here all night and freeze to death."

"Please, sir, I won't hurt the box and I aint got no where else to stay."

But the man's attitude became so threatening that the child walked wearily away. He had had no dinner or supper that day, his matches would not sell, and the wind pelted the cold, bitter sleet so strongly against him that it almost blew him over. As he wandered aimlessly along, bitter thoughts crowded into his little brain. Why could other boys have comfortable and even beautiful homes, while he had no place to go, not even to an old dry goods box. Somehow things must have got mixed so that some boy got everything and others, like himself, nothing.

Suddenly all of these thoughts were rudely driven from him, for to late, the occupants of a small car saw the little figure crossing their path. Tenderly lifting him and

placing him in the car, they drove to a large hospital, which received and cared for the unconscious boy. Brain fever set in, for in falling, his head had struck the edge to the curb, slightly injuring the brain. For days the little life was was despaired of, but at last the boy opened his eyes to consciousness and gazed with wonder and astonishment at his surroundings. Never before had he seen anything so white and clean, and the flowers at his bedside were so beautiful!

"Do you feel better dear?" said a lady near the bedside.

Ted couldn't remember ever having been called 'dear' before, but the lady was looking at him, so he answered timidly, "Yes, marm."

"Well, we want you to hurry and get well now, for Mr. White and I want you for our own little boy. Can you remember the night our car struck you? We didn't know then that such good fortune was to be ours, but as no one claims you, you're to come to us. You will have a good education and have all the advantages that other boys have. Would you like that, dear?"

Slowly the memory of that night came back to the boy. He remembered the bitter thoughts that had surged through his brain, little dreaming that such good fortune was to come to him.

"Are you sure you want me?" he asked when the wonderful truth dawned upon.

"Sure!" said a voice as tall man approached the couch. "Well, I guess we are! Why, if you won't come, we'll kidnap you, so you might as well come peaceably."

Thus it was that Teddy found a home. He was no longer hated, the man who had driven him from the dry goods box, indeed he felt grateful to him for was he not the cause of the change in the life of the boy matchseller?

L. G. '11.

ITEMS FROM THE GRADE ROOMS

EIGHTH GRADE NOTES

In the essay contest conducted by the W. C. T. U. for the Eighth Grade, Howard Dean received first prize, Jessie Stone, second, and Francis Curran, third.

Heard in B History—"His sentence was death and life imprisonment."

In the Civics test the following definition for "standing committee" was given: "A committee that stands up before a place is a standing committee." Aren't we learning things?

The Eighth Grade will next week begin reading "Vision of Sir Launfal," studying the Court of King Arthur in connection with it.

In the Music Class the other day some one gave Beethoven the credit for "The Toy Symphony." That Cantata of Miss Sewell's is making an impression.

INTERMEDIATE GRADE NOTES

The attendance at school the past month has again been below the average. This is due partly on account of measles and partly on account of pink-eye which a number of children have had.

On Arbor Day a portion of the morning was devoted to picking up and cleaning up the school yards; thus improving the appearance very noticeably. The children worked with a will under the direction of Mr. Roethe who superintended the work. In the afternoon many of the children accompanied by some of the teachers went to the woods or bluffs to gather flowers. The half holiday was greatly appreciated by all.

Examinations are being given in all the grades this week. We frequently hear "Do you think I'll pass?" It is natural for children to want to pass from one grade to another, but parents as well as teachers should encourage children to feel that unless the work is accurate and satisfactorily done the "passing" means very little.

"I met a Dutchman who offered to bet me he could sing longer than I could. I took the bet and sang 'Annie Laurie' for two and a half hours."

"Did you win?"

"No; he sang 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.'"—Ex.

"The buckwheat cakes at our house always remind me of a baseball game."

"The batter don't always make a hit."—Ex.

Prof.—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Student—I suppose that is why so many of us flunk in the examinations.—Ex.

Ma—(whose son is in college)—When did you write to Willie last?

Pa—Wait till I consult my check book.—Ex.

An example of deductive syllogism the Seniors are repeating to themselves:

"All great men eat pie."

"I eat pie."

"Therefore, I am a man."—Ex.

Freshman—"Pa, won't you please buy me a microbe to help me with my arithmetic?"

Father—"What good will a microbe do you?"

Freshman—"I just read in this paper that they multiply rapidly."

—Ex.

Guns, Ammunition. See Ellingson

BROWN BROTHERS

New Meat Market

Everything in Fresh, Salted and Cooked
Meats and Fish

W. H. Leedle & Co.

Good Things to Eat

Phone 93. Free Delivery

Willson's Monarch Laboratory Products

Are made from the Purest and Best
materials

Specify Willson Monarch

Remedies and Willson's
Flavors and Spices when
buying. You can get no
better at any price.

Don't Forget

Kaufman Bros.

Pitkins Paints - Wall Paper

The Largest and Best Stock
of Wall Paper in Southern
Wisconsin to select from.

The Edgerton Eagle

WM. W. HAMMOND, Pub.

Edgerton's Family Newspaper

THE CRIMSON is printed in the Eagle's
Job Rooms. Take your next job there.

Stationery and School Supplies at Atwell's

Baseballs, Bats, Masks. See Ellingson

DeLaval Separators

Fairbanks Engines

Tank Heaters

Come in and See Them at

Henry Ebbott & Sons

W. H. Morrissey

Dealer in

Tobaccos and Cigars

Notions

and Stationery

Cedar Moss

Renovator and Disinfectant for Carpets and Rugs

Phone No. 82

A. E. Stewart

Jeweler

and

Optician

The Tongue is a Good Barometer

of the Stomach. When it is coated it is time to begin taking A. D. S. Dyspepsia Tablets. 25c

Stappenbeck's Pharmacy

Visit

The Lyric

Edgerton Home Bakery

Bread, Rolls, Cakes, Pies

Doughnuts, Etc.

Wedding and Party orders given careful attention.

H. O. Jacobson, Prop.

School Books and Supplies

...The Best...

F. Ash's Book Store

Go to Atwell's For Hot and Cold Sodas

Diamond Edge Safety Razors at Ellingson's

Edgerton Machine Works

All Kinds of Auto
Repairing, Etc.

Fred P. Carrier, Proprietor

Spike Bros.

..LIVERY..

Feed and Sale Stables

Hain's Hardware Store

Is Headquarters for

Roller Skates and Express Wagons

Miss R. A. Briggs

For

Fine Millinery

Houfe's Restaurant

The Best

Of Everything to

EAT

Imperial and
Mac No. 10

Edgerton Cigar Co.

MAKERS

Joyce & Ellingson

LIVERY

Feed and Sale Stable

Ice Cream all the Year at Atwell's

For the Best in Hardware see Ellingson

EDISON-VICTOR RECORDS

Bardeen Studio



EDGERTON, WIS.

CHAS. H. HITCHCOCK

Watchmaker and Jeweler

AND DEALER IN

Watches, Rings, Chains, Fobs, Silver-
ware, and many other Lines.

Solicit a part of your trade.

.. CITY ..

Steam Laundry

H. M. RAYMOND

PROPRIETOR.

Let us solve your
Paint and Varnish
Problems for you.
That is what we
are here for . . .

L. N. Pomeroy & Co.



Send your children to

CONN'S
FOR GROCERIES

We guarantee everything will be
all right.

PETERS BROS.

**Fresh and
Salted Meats**

—MAKERS OF—

High Grade Sausage.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

They must have shoes,
and they will use them
roughly. For just such
youngsters we have the
proper foot covering.
Strong and serviceable.
Good looking and econ-
omical. Try us.

M. J. Schmidt.

Atwell's for Toilet Goods

PRINGLE BROS. & KELLER

**CORSET
PERFECTION**



is
revealed
in every
line
*following
a critical
inspection
of Parisiana
Corsets*



We have the model
that is exactly suited to
your figure—\$1.00 and
upward Will you not
let us show it to you?

Other Corsets 50c Each

EDGERTON, -- WISCONSIN