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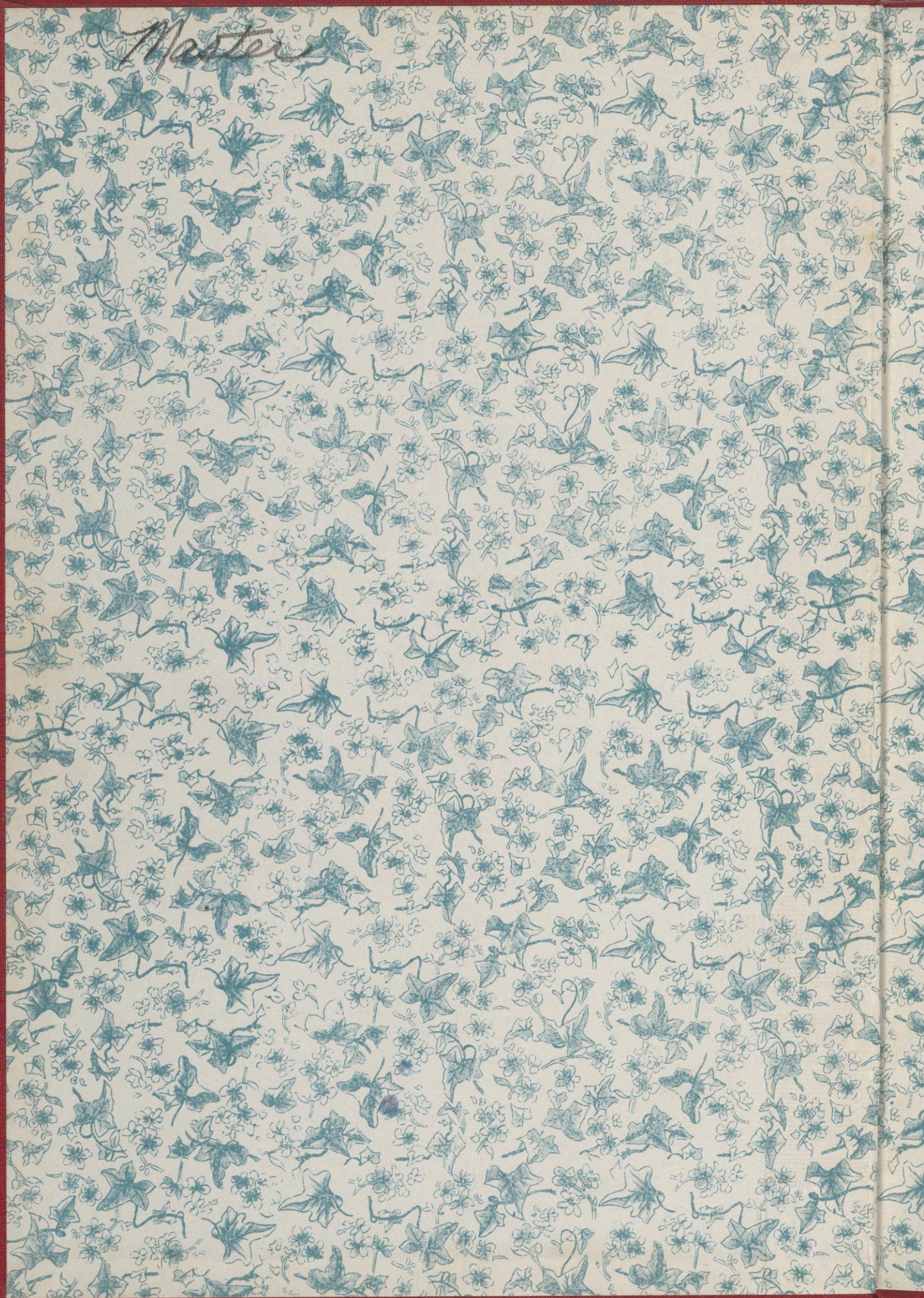
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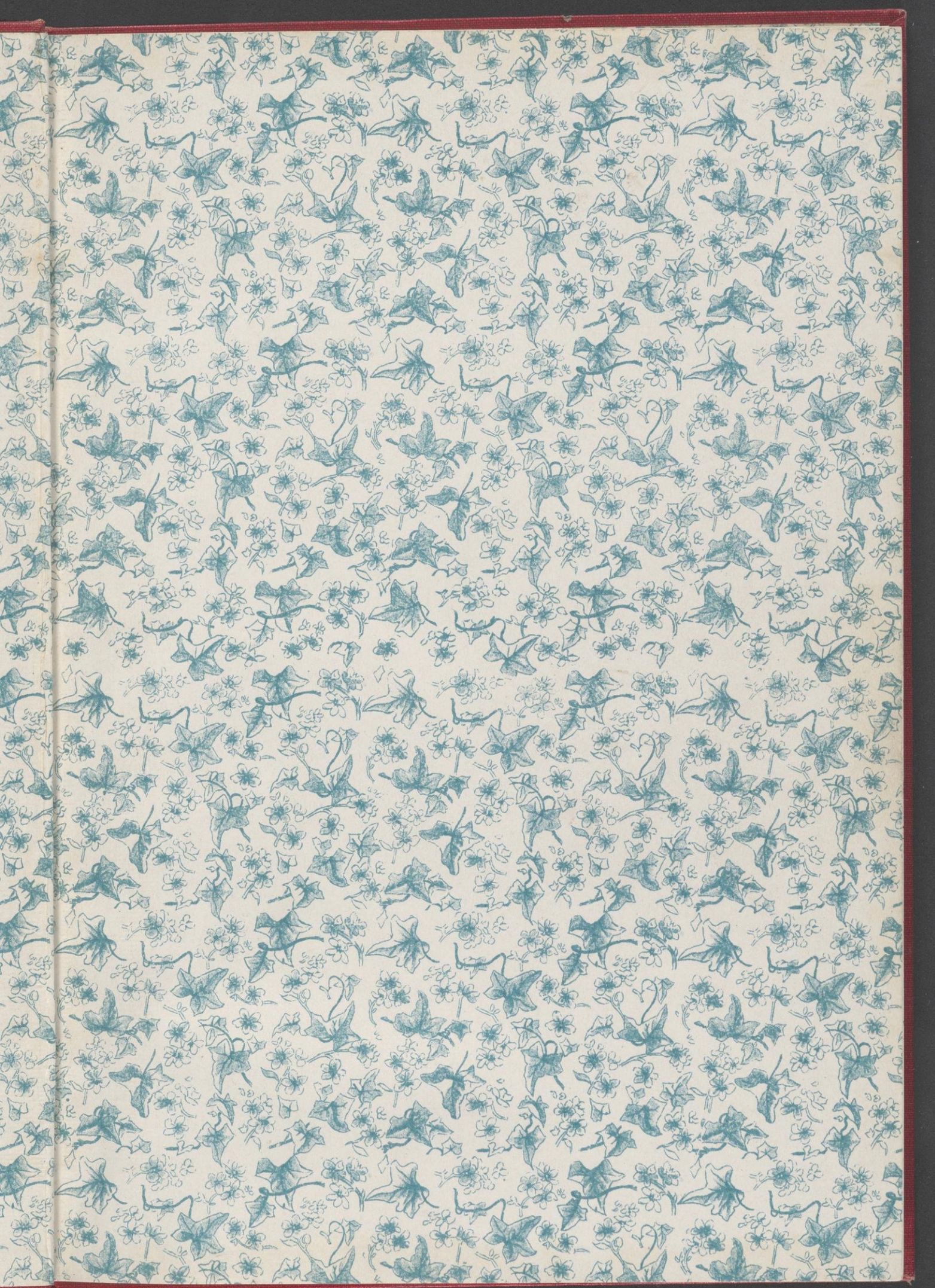
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Master





Master



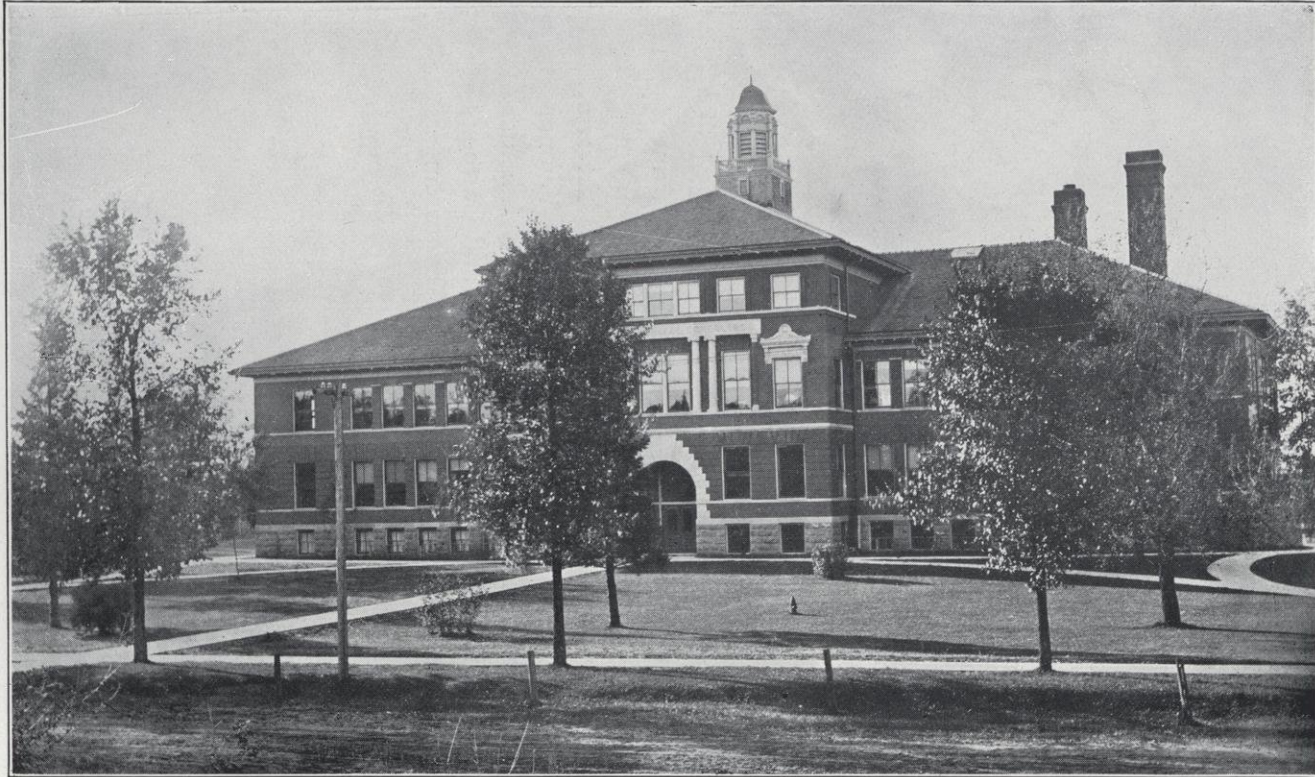
Meletean

Published under the Auspices
of the
Senior Class of 1912.
by the
Meletean Staff

State Normal School,
River Falls
Wisconsin.

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NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING.

GREETING !

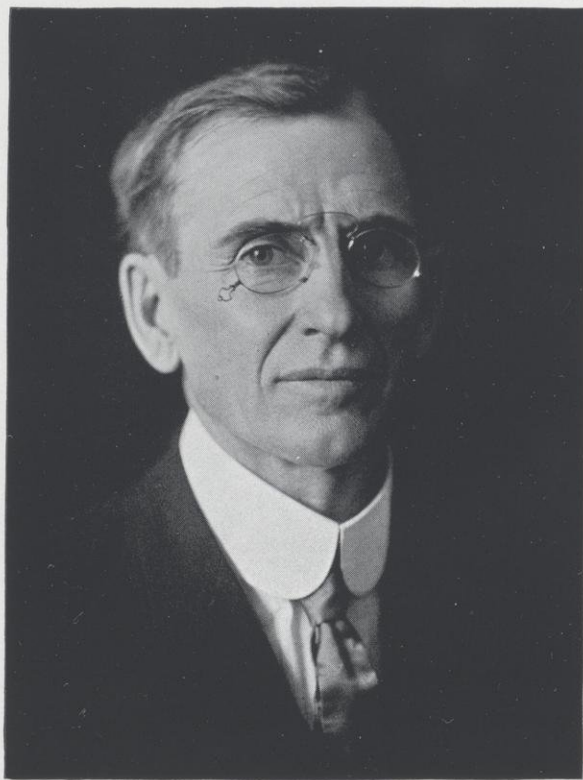
To the students and faculty of the River Falls State Normal School, and all others who have shown an interest in our book, the Meletean Staff extends a greeting:

We are glad and hope you are glad that the long looked for day has come and with it the Meletean of 1912.

The Staff and the rest of the Seniors wish to thank all who have aided us in making this, the first Annual of the River Falls Normal, a success.

That the succeeding classes may prosper in publishing the following numbers of the Meletean, and that all who read the pages of this book may appreciate the result of our efforts, is the wish of

THE SENIORS OF 1912



PRESIDENT J. W. CRABTREE.

Dedicated to President Crabtree.

It is with pleasure that we dedicate to our president, the first Annual issued by the River Falls State Normal School.

President Crabtree is a scholarly and talented man, admirably prepared for the position which he occupies. His ever-ready word of encouragement, his many helpful suggestions, his sympathy and good will have made him the honored, respected, and beloved friend of the faculty and the entire student body.

The Meletean Staff, of the Senior Class, dedicate to President Crabtree, the Annual of 1912.



MELETEAN STAFF.

MELETEAN STAFF. 1912.

JENNIE WIESENTHAL,
Editor-In-Chief.

MAY SMITH,
Assistant Editor.

ROBERT MOSER,
Business Manager.

CLAUDE REAGAN,
ROY SAKRISON,

Assistant Business Managers.

PROF. J. H. AMES,
Faculty Advisor.

IRMA B. ARMSTRONG,
Alumni.

RUE THURSTON,
Literary.

AGNES HOLDAHL,
Organizations.

VALBORG JENSEN,
School Notes.

HOMER ELERTSON,
JEANNETTE NELSON,
Art.

JOSEPHINE KILDAHL,
KATHRYN JOHNS,
Wit and Humor.

GERTRUDE WIESENTHAL,
OLGA MEGORDEN,
Practice.

PHYLLIS TATE,
ETTA HAMMOND,
Personals.

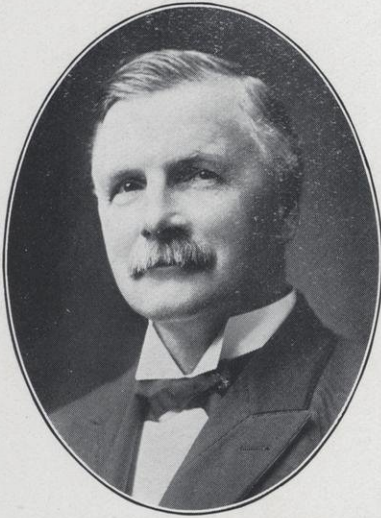
WILL MOSER,
HARVEY FLETCHER,
Athletics.

"Some we toasted,
While some we roasted."

On the pages of our Annual we have used names rather freely. We trust none will be offended for having been mentioned or for having been forgotten, but that rather all will be accepted in the spirit it was written. Our aim has been to give you a little book containing such material as will interest and please you now and perhaps bring more enjoyment from reading its pages a few years hence when you are far from your Alma Mater.

MELETEAN STAFF.

Faculty



LEWIS H. CLARK,
Mathematics.



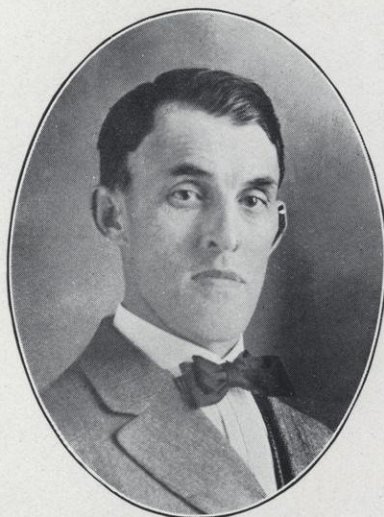
ALICE SHULTES,
Supervisor of Practice.



RUTH JEFFREY,
Physical Training.



E. EUGENIE WILLETT,
Music.



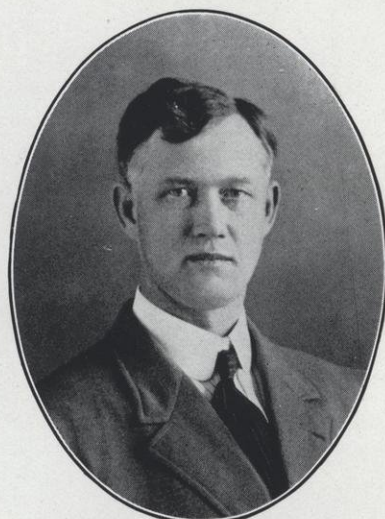
J. H. AMES,
History, Economics.



LOVILA MOSHER,
Librarian.



MYRTLE FRANCIS,
Domestic Science.



LLOYD GOBLE,
Literature, Grammar.



EDNA ZINN,
German.



MARIE BERG,
Critic, Intermediate Grades.



W. S. WELLES,
Biology, Agriculture.



BERNICE SANFORD,
Mathematics.



JAMES MALOTT,
Education.



MAUD LATTA,
Latin.



E. F. WRIGHT,
Manual Training.



RAY KETCHAM,
Physics, Chemistry.



NELLIE SCHLOSSER,
Reading and Public Speaking.



ROBERT REED,
English Composition, Rhetoric.



LAURA MCCORMICK,
Clerk, Stenographer.



HATTIE FLINT,
Assistant Librarian.



ELIZABETH FLEMMING,
Assistant Supervisor of Practice.



IRMA ARMSTRONG,
Critic, Primary Grades.

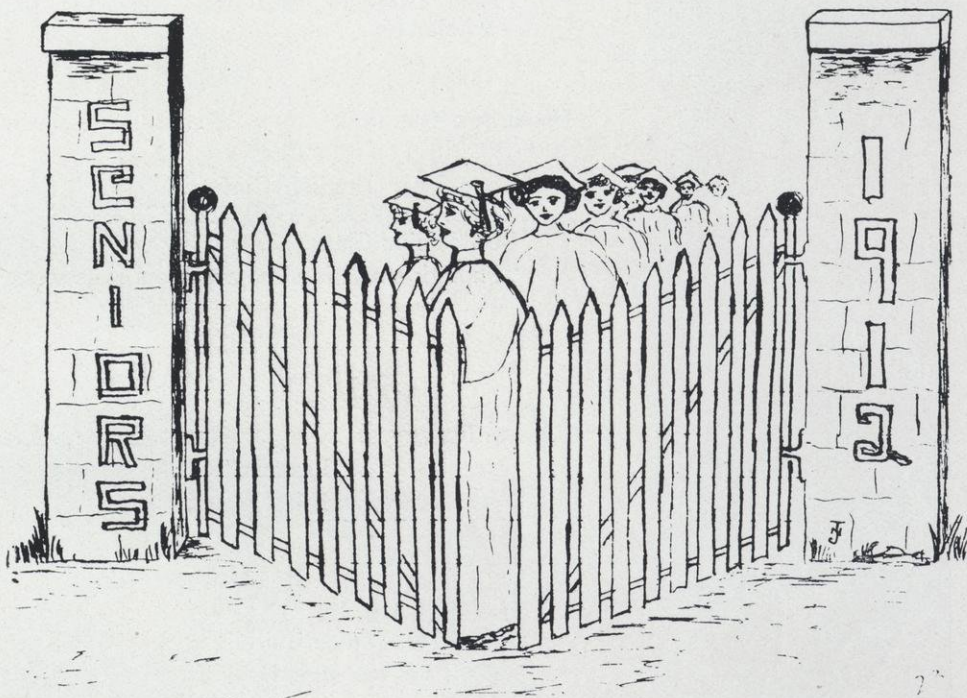


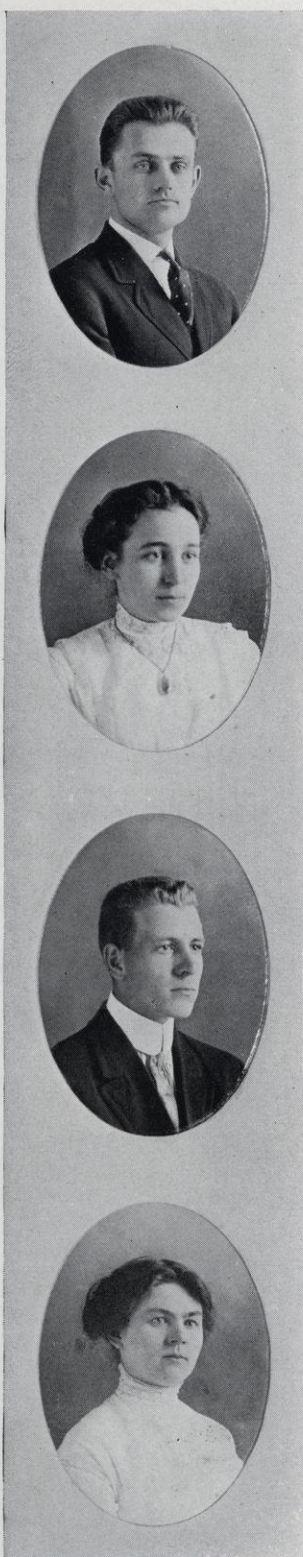
MINNIE COGGESHALL,
Critic, Grammar Grades.

E. CASTLE,
Mathematics.

R. A. KARGES,
Physics, Chemistry.

CARRIE PARDEE,
Drawing.





ROBERT MOSER RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Bob."

High School English Course.
 Sec. N. A. C. '11.
 Sec. Normal Oratorical Assn. '11.
 Foot Ball Capt. '10. F. B. '10, '11.
 Base Ball Capt. '11. P. '11, '12.
 Basket Ball Capt. '11.
 Pres. Senior Class, '12.
 Badger Staff, '11.
 Business Mgr. Meletean Staff, '12.
 Basket Ball Coach '12.
 Lincolnian '11.
 Pres. Normal Oratorical Assn. '12.
 "Fine manners plus fine character plus scholarship."

FLORENCE GARDNER . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Flo."

Four Year English Course.
 Treas. Y. W. C. A. '10, '11, '12.
 Sec. Senior Class '12.
 "Though small in size, was wondrous wise."

FRANK FOLEY RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Francis."

Four Year English Course.
 N. A. C. '11, '12.
 Basket Ball G. '12.
 Foot Ball L. T. '11.
 Base Ball 1 B. '11, '12.
 Vice Pres. Senior Class '12.
 "Thou art too serious by far."

ALICE BEGGS HUDSON, WIS.

"Beggs."

H. S. English Course.
 Treas. Senior Class.
 Aurelia '12.
 "I love Hudson, but oh you River Falls."



MERELLE WILKINSON . . . STILLWATER, MINN.

"Willie."

H. S. English Course.

Aurelia '11, '12.

Glee Club '11.

Y. W. C. A. '12.

G. A. A. '12

"Happy am I, from care I'm free.

Why aren't they all contented like me?"

CLAUDE REAGAN . . . PLUM CITY, WIS.

"Reagan."

H. S. Eng. Course.

N. A. C. '11, '12.

Meletean Staff '12.

Base Ball 1 B. '11.

Foot Ball L. T. '11.

Basket Ball C. '12.

" 'Tis love that makes the world go 'round,

Oh what a case am I in."

RUIE THURSTON . . . ELLSWORTH, WIS.

"Ruie."

H. S. English Course.

Y. W. C. A. '12.

Meletean Staff '12.

G. A. A. Pres. '12.

Glee Club '10, '11.

"I ought to have my own way in every-

thing,
And what's more, I will."

MYRA HAWLEY . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Myra."

H. S. English Course.

Y. W. C. A. '11, '12.

"A winning way, a pleasant smile."



EDNA JOHNSON WOODVILLE, WIS.

"Ed."

H. S. English Course.
Pres. Aurelia '11.
G. A. A. '12.
Senior Girls B. B. Team '12
"Divinely tall, divinely fair."



MIRTIE KINNEY RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Miss Kinney."

Four Year English Course.
Y. W. C. A.
"A friendly heart with many friends."



HALVOR LANDSVERK GLENWOOD CITY, WIS.

"Norskey."

H. S. German Course.
N. A. C. '12.
"Height of ambition, \$75.00 per—haps."



GRACE HANSON LANTRY, S. D.

"Gracie."

Four Year English Course.
Sec. Y. W. C. A. '10.
Treas. Aurelia '10.
"She has not a moment without some duty."



FLORENCE STILES RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Flossie."

Four Year German Course.
Deutsche Gesellschaft '10, '11, '12.
Glee Club '10.

"Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk."



EDSON CONDIT ELMWOOD, WIS.

"Ed."

Four Year English Course.
Foot Ball R. H. '10, '11.
Foot Ball Capt. '11.
Base Ball O. F. '11.
N. A. C. '10, '11, '12.
Lincolnian.

"His care is lack of care."



AGNES HOLDAHL ELLSWORTH, WIS.

"Aggie."

H. S. German Course.
Y. W. C. A. Vice Pres. '11, '12.
Meletean Staff '12.
Pres. Aurelia '10.
Vice Pres. Deutsche Gesellschaft '12.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to have a good time," she said.
(And she did.)

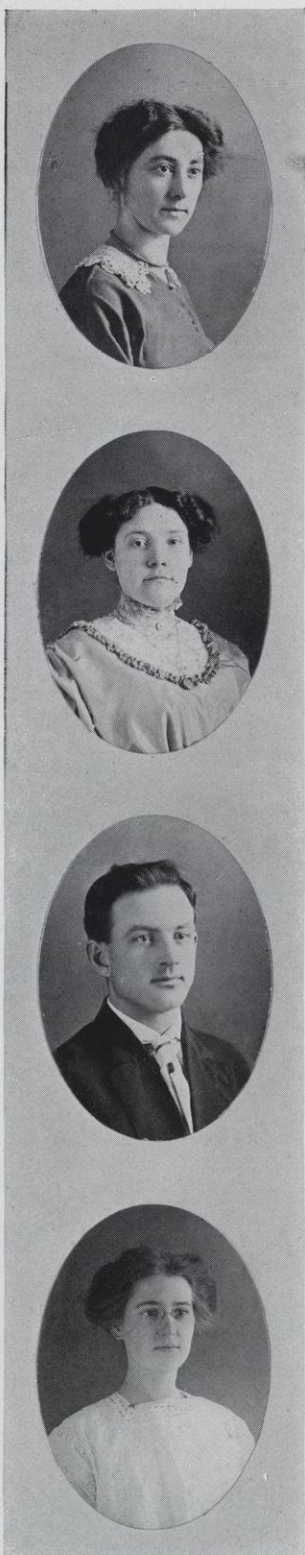


KATHRYN JOHNS HUDSON, WIS.

"Kath."

H. S. German Course.
Aurelia '10, '11, '12.
Deutsche Gesellschaft '10, '11, '12.
G. A. A. '12.

"Like angels' visits short and sweet."



OLGA MEGORDEN RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Polly."

Four Year English Course.

Aurelia '11, '12.

Meletean Staff '12.

Y. W. C. A. '12.

"Speak, for whatever you say we are always ready to listen."

AMELIA GERBER ELLSWORTH, WIS.

"Mealie."

H. S. German Course.

Deutsche Gesellschaft '10.

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."

CECIL MORROW RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Noisy Bill."

Four Year German Course.

N. A. C. '10, '11, '12.

Deutsche Gesellschaft."

"I love the girls from A to Z
But Martha is the girl for me."

JENNIE STRANG ELLSWORTH, WIS.

"Jane."

H. S. English Course.

Pres. Orchestra '12.

"Music hath charms, and so hath the musician."



ESTHER MURPHY . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Esther."

Four Year German Course.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy mind."



ISABELLE HOLDAHL . . . BELDENVILLE, WIS.

"Belle."

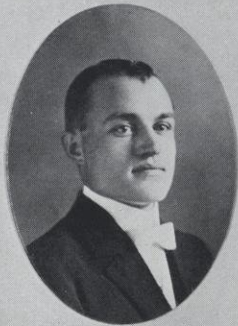
Four Year English Course.

Aurelia '10, '11, '12.

Y. W. C. A. '10, '11, '12.

G. A. A. '12.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."



OCTAVE BAILLARGEON . . . SOMERSET, WIS.

"Octave."

H. S. German Course.

Sec. Lincolnian '11.

Treas Deutsche Gesellschaft '12.

N. A. C. '10, '11, '12.

Pres. Junior Class '11.

"Beware! I may yet do something sensational."



EDNA WALLEN . . . HENNING, MINN.

"Wallie."

H. S. English Course.

Aurelia '10, '11, '12.

G. A. A. '12.

Senior Girls B. B. Team '12.

"Grinning in the morning,
Giggling at noon,
Late in the evening
Roaring at the moon."



NEALIE NELSON . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Nealie."

Four Year English Course.

Sec. Aurelia.

Y. W. C. A.

"A woman good and gentle."



HARVEY FLETCHER . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Fletch."

Four Year Latin Course.

Pres. Sophomore Class '09.

Y. M. C. A.

Areopagus.

N. A. C. '10, '11, '12.

Foot Ball '11.

Meletean Staff '12.

"He who knows and knows that he knows."



MAY SMITH . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Mazie."

H. S. German Course.

Y. W. C. A.

Badger Staff '11.

Deutsche Gesellschaft '10, '11, '12.

Glee Club '10.

Asst. Editor Meletean '12.

"She is not made to be the admiration of
everyone

But the happiness of one."



JOSEPHINE KILDAHL . . . EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"Jo."

H. S. English Course.

Sec. G. A. A. '12.

Aurelia '11, '12.

Y. W. C. A. '12.

Glee Club '12.

Meletean Staff '12.

"Whose little Joey are you?"



ETTA HAMMOND . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.
 "Ettie."

H. S. English Course.
 Pres. Y. W. C. A. '11, '12.
 Glee Club '10.
 Badger Staff '12.
 Meletean Staff '12.

"Let the 'million dollar' ride
 In their airship far and wide.
 But I'll all danger 'Ward'
 By riding safely with my 'Ford.'"

ELSIE VLIELAND . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.
 "Vlielie."

Four Year English Course.
 G. A. A. '12.

"Oh many is the man that has sighed for
 thee,
 In vain, alas, in vain."

HAZEL STRANG . . . ELLSWORTH, WIS.
 "Mary Hazel."

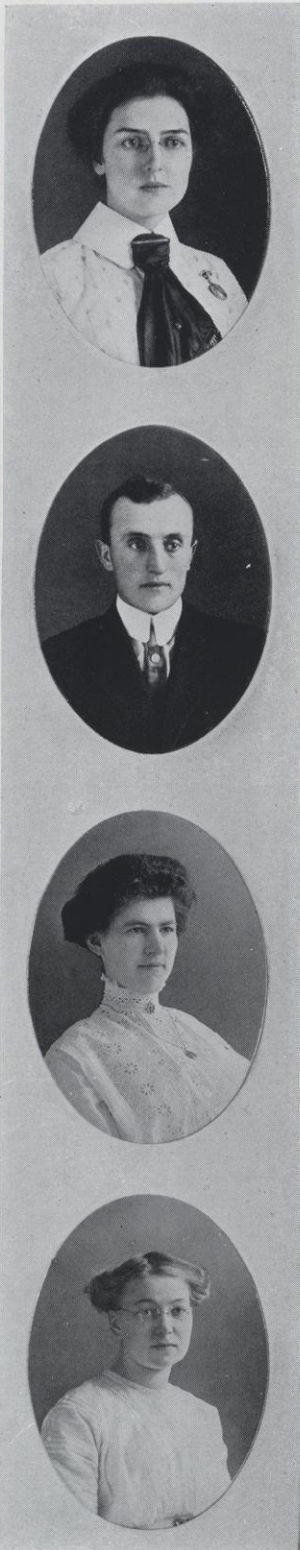
H. S. English Course.
 Glee Club '11.

"Everybody's friend, nobody's enemy."

CHARLES KOLLER . . . ELLSWORTH, WIS.
 "Charlie."

H. S. English Course.
 N. A. C. '10, '11, '12.
 Foot Ball '11, '12.
 Basket Ball '11, '12.

Life's a serious proposition, girls too."



MARJORIE CHRYST . . . HUDSON, WIS.

"Christy."

Four Year English Course.

Aurelia.

Y. W. C. A.

"A serious little school ma'am."

CLINTON SHERBURNE . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Clint."

H. S. English Course.

N. A. C. Orchestra.

Foot Ball '10.

Basket Ball '11.

"Give me more days of 'Grace.'"

MABLE WILLIAMS . NEW RICHMOND, WIS.

"Mab."

H. S. English Course.

Orchestra.

Vice Pres. G. A. A.

"Alas, love is but a lottery."

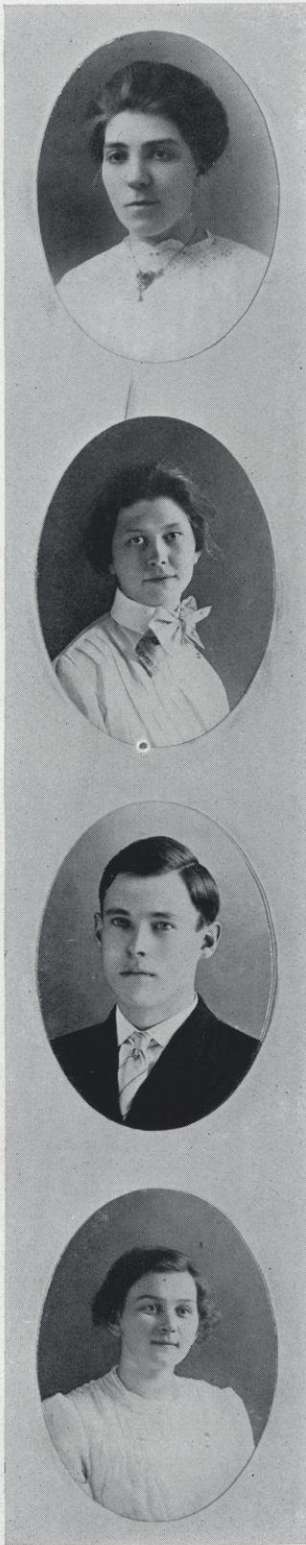
GERTRUDE RUESINK . . . BALDWIN, WIS.

"Trudy."

H. S. English Course.

Aurelia.

"Few her words, many her deeds."



ELLA WIESENTHAL . . . ST. PAUL, MINN.

"Belle."

H. S. English Course.

Aurelia '10, '11, '12.

Glee Club '10, '11.

G. A. A. '12.

"Something more than the ordinary Normalite."

MAUDE WINGER . . . LITTLE FALLS, WIS.

"Maudie."

Four Year English Course.

Y. W. C. A. '10, '11, '12.

Aurelia '10, '11, '12.

"A sense of duty pursues us ever."

SIDNEY ROGERS . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Sid."

H. S. English Course.

N. A. C. '10, '11, '12.

Lincolnian.

"That's all right: I hold —."

VALBORG JENSEN . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Val."

Four Year German Course.

Pres. Aurelia '12.

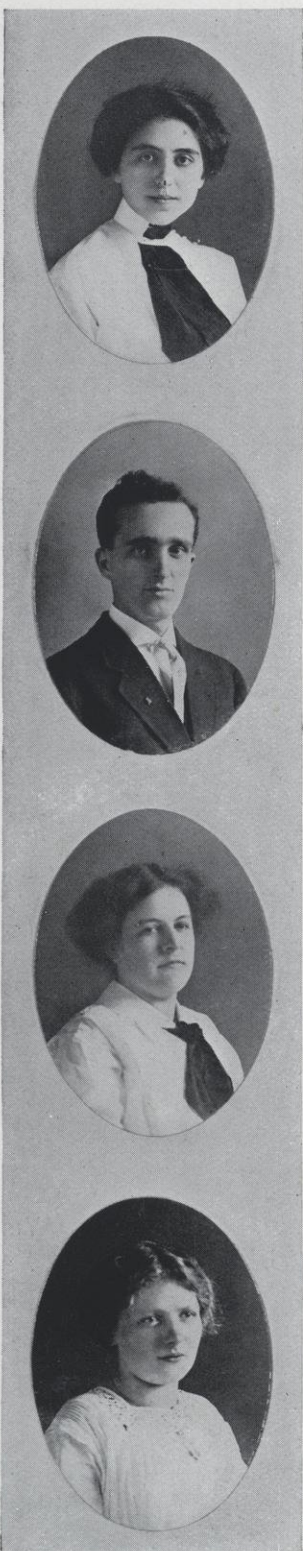
Treas. Orchestra.

Sec. Deutsche Gesellschaft.

Meletean Staff '12.

Glee Club '11.

"Much ado about nothing."



GERTRUDE WIESENTHAL . ST. PAUL, MINN.
"Gert."

H. S. German Course.
Meletean Staff '12.
Vice Pres. Aurelia.
Y. W. C. A.
G. A. A. '12.
Deutsche Gesellschaft '10, 11.
Glee Club '11.
"With merry-making eyes and fond smiles."

BENJAMIN BURROWS . . . BOARDMAN, WIS.
"Ben."

H. S. Latin Course.
Foot Ball '11.
N. A. C. '11, '12.
"My kingdom for another practice class."

EDNA FOLEY . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.
"Ed."

H. S. English Course.
Aurelia.
G. A. A. '12.
"Men may come and men may go, but I'll
talk on forever."

PHYLLIS TATE . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.
"Frankie."

Four Year Latin Course.
Glee Club.
Meletean Staff '12.
"A busy, busy body."



LULO MIKALSON . . . DEER PARK, WIS.

"Lulo."

Four Year English Course.

Aurelia.

G. A. A.

Y. W. C. A.

Senior Girls B. B. Team '12.

"Her only fault is that she has no fault."



JESSIE MICHAELSON . . . RICE LAKE, WIS.

"Jess."

Four Year English Course.

Y. W. C. A.

Aurelia.

"If only you were little, just like me."



ROY SAKRISON . . . DEER PARK, WIS.

"Sak."

H. S. German Course.

Pres. Oratorical League '11.

Lincolnian.

Deutsche Gesellschaft.

Base Ball O. F. '11.

Foot Ball '10, '11.

Meletean Staff '12.

"A handy man at all times."



RACHEL TAGGART . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

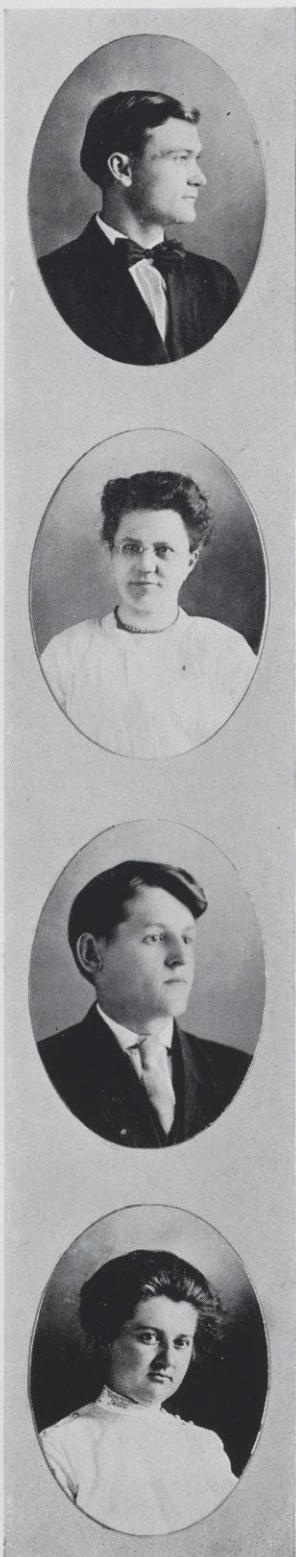
"Rae."

Four Year Latin Course.

Aurelia.

Glee Club.

"A charming modest maiden, whose soul is filled with harmony."



THOMAS BERGH CLAYTON, WIS.

"Tom."

Four Year English Course.
Treas. N. A. C. '10.
Foot Ball L. H. '09, '10, '11. Capt. '09.
Base Ball 3 B. '10, '11.
Track Team.
Treas. Local Oratorical League.
Badger Staff '11.
Lincolnian.

"For he is a jolly, good fellow."

CARRIE BAKER MONDOVI, WIS.

"Carrye."

Four Year English Course.
Aurelia.
Y. W. C. A.

"Beware lest a man look at thee."

RAYMOND JOHN COPLEY CHINNOCK
RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"R. J. C."

Four Year English Course.
Y. M. C. A.
N. A. C.

"My name extends to heaven itself and
earth's remotest end."

EFFIE BARG RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Ef."

H. S. English Course.

"Good natured and true hearted is she."



JEANNETTE NELSON . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Johnnie."

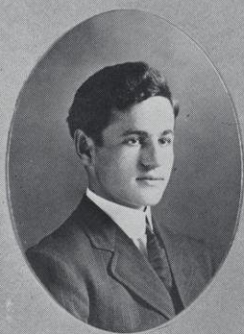
H. S. German Course.

Aurelia.

Meletean Staff '12.

Deutsche Gesellschaft.

"Oft on summer evenings studied she—
the stars."



WILLIAM MOSER . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Nig."

H. S. English Course.

Winner of Local Oratorical Contest.

Badger Staff '11.

N. A. C. '10, '11, '12.

Basket Ball G. '12.

Base Ball C. '11, '12.

Meletean Staff '12.

"There's a good deal of oratory in me but
I don't do as well as I can, out of respect
to Patrick Henry."



JENNIE WIESENTHAL . . . ST. PAUL, MINN.

"Jennie Mae."

H. S. English Course.

Pres. Aurelia '12.

Pres. G. A. A. '11.

Ed. in Chief Badger '11.

Y. W. C. A.

Ed. in Chief Meletean '12.

Glee Club.

"Though aristocratic and quite tall,
She has kind words and a smile for all."



WILBUR SHAW . . . YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.

"Shaw."

H. S. English Course.

Orchestra.

N. A. C. '10, '11, '12.

Foot Ball '11.

"Oh that I might grow."



KATHERINE CHINNOCK . . . RIVER FALLS, WIS.

"Kate."

Four Year English Course.

G. A. A.

"As straws show the way the wind blows
So Kate points the way the fashions go."

HAZEL WOLTERSDORF . . . EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"Hae."

H. S. English Course.

Aurelia.

"Authority in her voice and step."

LALLA ROBINSON . . . CLEAR LAKE, WIS.

"Robbie."

Four Year English Course.

Aurelia.

Y. W. C. A.

"Few people do all they are supposed to do."
(She does.)



JUNIOR CLASS

"INNOCENCE IS BLISS."

(To tune of Jolly Old St. Nicholas.)

Verdant little Freshman,
Lend your ear this way.
Don't you tell a single soul
What I'm going to say.
Friday night, it was a joke,
Susie from her sleep
Listened to a jolly tale,
And got entangled deep.

Johnnie happened to go by,
Susie rushed at him,
Invited him to help her serve,
Up at Normal Gym.
Johnnie to the store did fly,
For to get a shirt.
Susie ran into the house
To press her Sunday skirt.

When the clock was striking eight,
Johnnie's ring was heard.
Susie from her primping ceased,
And flew down like a bird.
Now we see them in the Gym,
In the Social whirl.
Johnnie spun Sue round so fast,
Compliments were hurled.

Then their classy President
Waltzed up with a rush.
"Miss Junior, you had better hike,
Before we make a fuss."
The dazzled and bewildered pair,
Took up their wraps to go.
The dance went on; the Freshie bunch
Tripped lightly to and fro.

Her friends were at the window
And with glee were peeking in,
They heard our knight and lady fair
Sigh, "What an awful sin."
List now, ye readers one and all
Prepare to shed your tears,
"You're baffled, stung, defeated, foiled,"
Was all dense Sue did hear.

List now ye little Freshman,
You've almost had your fill;
You soon will hear the end of this,
But Susie never will.

C. M. T. '13-14.

Sophomores

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	CONSTANCE GILBERTSON
<i>Vice President</i>	HELEN NEWCOMB
<i>Secretary</i>	DOROTHY TAGGART
<i>Treasurer</i>	ESTHER DEMULLING

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Esther Demulling . . .	My size is deceiving.
Claudia Mercer . . .	I love to dance, but oh, you kid.
Leroy Herum	Life is but an empty dream.
Margaret Farnsworth . .	Much ado about nothing.
Stella Finn	I believe in arranging my feet artistically.
Francis Carolan	I believe in being the center of attraction now and then.
Helen Newcomb	Love me, love my German.
Gladys Dopkins	Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone.
Anna Nordahl	Variety is the spice of life.
Ruth Carlson	I believe in giving people nervous prostration.

Our Sophomore Class is one of various accomplishments, especially along the lines of music and drama.

Our musical ability is represented by Sarah Schwalen accompanied by Margaret Farnsworth. Their favorite piece is "Meet us today in Dreamland."

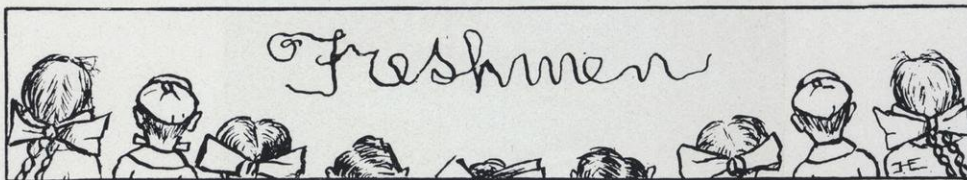
The dramatic talent of the class is best represented by Leroy Herum, Harry Meath, Jenny Ness and Eva Brokaw, who will make their first appearance in public when they present the greatest of modern plays, "The Murdering of Pedagogical Truths." This drama was composed by the famous authoresses, Hilda Nelson and Alpha Peterson.

The scholarship of the class is represented by Irene Loomis, Tracy Stahl and Mae Brennan.

Unfortunately space does not permit of our mentioning all the members individually, but taken as a whole the Sophomore Class is one of renown in the history of the River Falls State Normal School.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMEN CLASS.

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	ANNA FITZSIMMONS
<i>Vice President</i>	GLADYS BROWN
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN GEORGE
<i>Treasurer</i>	BERTHA RICHARDS

FRESHMEN AND THEIR HOBBIES.

Harry Wears	Mowing lawns.
Myrtle Nordgard	Walking.
Florence Carlson	Looking sweet.
Gladys Smith	Combing her hair a new way.
Francis Jackman	Curling his hair.
Myrtle Sylvester	Reading intervals.
Fred Baldwin	Neat clothes.
"Twins"	Pretending they're the other one.
John Greeley	Fussing.
Willie Scruton	Seeing how straight he can walk.
Olive McIntyre	Getting fat.
Bertha Doe	Blushing.
Willard Kennedy	Pleasing the ladies.



FRESHMEN CLASS

Organizations



GLEE CLUB

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club meets every Tuesday afternoon under the direction of Miss Eugene Willett, the music teacher.

Membership at present.

Helen Carrol.
Dorothy Fletcher.
Georgia Hunter.
Helen George.
Elva Ritchey.
Grace Zimmerman.
Mary Granell.
Gertrude Brown.
Pianist—Bessie Buck.

Gladys Brown.
Irene Ross.
Bessie Buckley.
Ada Sylvester.
Margaret Hamilton.
Olive McIntyre.
Marie Laue.



AURELIAN GROUP A

AURELIA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Officers during the year 1911-1912:

FIRST TERM:

EDNA JOHNSON.....	<i>President</i>	JENNIE WIESENTHAL
KATHRYN JOHNS.....	<i>Vice Pres</i>	ISABELLE HOLDAHL
LALLA ROBINSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>	ALMA HANSCHER
LENA SHARP.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	NORA LINGER
FRANCES CAROLAN.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	FRANCES CAROLAN

SECOND TERM:

THIRD TERM:

VALBORG JENSON.....	<i>President</i>	GINA BJORNSTAD
LAVINA CHRISTENSON.....	<i>Vice Pres</i>	BESS MARTIN
JEANNETTE NELSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>	FRANCES CAROLAN
NORA LINGER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	ADA SYLVESTER
GERTRUDE BROWN.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	KATHERINE CAESAR

FOURTH TERM:

The membership of the Aurelia Literary Society at the present time is 125. The society has had a number of social meetings this year which have been largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The initiation evenings were especially good this year; the initiators, the onlookers and those initiated all enjoyed these evenings.



AURELIAN GROUP B

Y. W. C. A.

CABINET FOR 1911-1912.

<i>President</i>	ETTA HAMMOND
<i>Vice President</i>	AGNES HOLDAHL
<i>Secretary</i>	JESSIE MICHAELSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY CHAPMAN
<i>Devotional Chairman</i>	FLORENCE GARDNER
<i>Social Chairman</i>	GERTRUDE WIESENTHAL
<i>Poster Chairman</i>	AGNES WEBERG
<i>Pianist</i>	HELEN CARROL

Besides the student leaders the following outside people have addressed the Association at their devotional meetings:

Miss Shultes.
Miss Berg.
Rev. Bird, Pastor of the M. E. Church.
Doctor Eaton of Madison.
Miss Pearson.

The Social Activities.

Sept. 8. Annual Reception to the School.
Oct. 10. Hare and Hound Chase.
Oct. 23. Candy Sale.
Nov. 22. Recognition Services.
Dec. 24. Christmas Tree Entertainment.
May 1. Pennant Sale.

The following officers have been elected for the year 1912-1913:

<i>President</i>	MARIE SMITH
<i>Vice President</i>	MARY CHAPMAN
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN CARROL
<i>Treasurer</i>	CONSTANCE GILBERTSON
<i>Artist</i>	AGNES WEBERG
<i>Pianist</i>	MARIE LAUE



Y. W. C. A.

DIE DEUTSCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	EDNA B. ZINN
<i>Vice President</i>	AGNES HOLDAHL
<i>Secretary</i>	VALBORG JENSEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	OCTAVE BAILLARGEON
<i>Pianist</i>	MARGARET CURRIER

Colors: Schwarz—weiss—roth.

Motto: Wir sind hier zu werden, nicht zu sein.



DIE DEUTSCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

ORCHESTRA.

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	JENNIE STRANG
<i>Treasurer</i>	VALBORG JENSEN
<i>Director</i>	MR. R. R. REED

Eighteen members.

The concert given by the Normal Orchestra was an event that created much interest and enthusiasm in that organization. The concert was well attended and every one present enjoyed the program. The vocal numbers of the program were rendered by a quartet consisting of Mrs. Skogmo, Miss Willet, Rev. Bird and Prof. Wright.

We've never learned just why, but one member of the orchestra attempted to hand the quartet a lemon. Fortunately the lemon dropped and rolled beyond reach.



NORMAL ORCHESTRA

Practice Department

In any Normal
However formal
Model Schools you're sure to see,
Where every child
Comes every day
To hear what teachers have to say.
There are teachers small,
And teachers tall,
And teachers thin or fat.
And some are cute,
And some are not,
But what great "diff" is that?
Students come from near or far,
In every conceivable kind of a car
To learn the Pedagogical laws,
Given forth at River Falls.
Miss Shultes is known far and wide
As a woman of wonderful worth and pride,
Who can make a fine teacher of anything
No matter what it is to begin.
With her winsome ways and loving smile
We love to please her all the while,
And toil and labor all the day,
To see what she may have to say.
And when at last our reports are out
We see she has keenly made us out,
And if in anything we should lack
Of that one thing she sure keeps track,
And when eventually it disappears
Then gradually we lose our fears,
And when the final standing is out
We all can leave with a merry shout.

Hints to Prospective Practice Teachers.

I. ORDER:

1. Let the pupils assume a careless and comfortable position in class.
2. Do not demand the constant attention of pupils. It wears out the brain cells.
3. Let the pupil talk whenever he wants to. You might check his line of thought.
4. Let pupils have a social time in class. Do not interrupt their conversation.

II. BLACKBOARD WORK:

1. Do not be particular about your work. It is easily erased.
2. Quietness makes things dull. Encourage excitement.
3. Permit scribbling. It develops arm movement.

III. PERSONAL RELATION OF TEACHER AND PUPIL:

1. Look out of the window, at the floor, at your new shoes, or at the ceiling when a pupil is reciting. It shows your intent interest (in something).
2. Develop a quick temper. It leads to quick action.

IV. TEACHING:

1. Do not teach the whole class at once. Take one at a time.
2. Use methods which are beyond the class. They may catch on in spite of the teacher.
3. Ask questions which can be answered by one word. It saves time.
4. Be sure to repeat answers. It makes an impression.
5. Do not bring objects to class. Save yourself the trouble.
6. Skim over the top, do not dig down into things. You run up against something you, yourself, don't understand.
7. Present as many difficulties as you can at once. They will then be out of the way.
8. Never shape the pupils' language. Let them be original.
9. Accept poor work. Then there is room for improvement.
10. Let the smart pupils do all the reciting. You will get through the lesson sooner.
11. Tell pupils all you can. It will help them on faster.
12. Make your assignments indefinite. Then pupils will have something to make out.
13. Do not use the blackboard much. It is a waste of crayon and wears out the board.
14. Do a good deal of talking yourself. Children learn by imitation.



GRAMMAR ROOM

The following is the first lesson plan little "Hope" wrote, as she entered upon her famous career as a practice teacher.

SECOND GRADE.

LANGUAGE.

MARCH 32.

I. AIM:

To learn the kids how to talk rite.

II. SUBJECT ANALYSIS:

A. What must be known:

1. That kids imatate.
2. That birds is an small anna mull which navagaits by meens of wings and legs mostly.
3. That sum birds sing, twitter, cheer-up, shreek, holler and moan.
4. That birds eat, drink, and sleep at night.
5. That birds's feathers is pleezing to the ear.
6. That birdses voices is pleezing to the I.
7. That birds wash in water.
8. That winters is hard on birds.
9. That birds is natchearly fond of trees and moonshine.
10. That naughty boys kill poor little birds.

METHOD OF PROCEDURE.

I. AIM:

To learn the kids how to talk rite.

II. PREPARATION:

"For physical activity and mental comfort" I will toss erazors and krayon at equal intervals around the bored. After I have did this I will put the poynter in a conspicuous place. I will water the plaunts so that they will keep good even after the restsitation. I will open the winders two let the lite inn. I will have a alert and pleasing man-ner and a interesting voice. I will smile at the kids as they march.

III. PRESENTATION:

I will say, "Children (with an interesting voice) let's sea how few mistakes we'll make today in our talk. Everyone look for the mistakes the others do. If you nodice any fix them rite, rite away. We will talk about Spring today, I guess. Is Spring hear? (Yes, Spring is come.) I will agree heartily. Do birds come in spring or not? (Yes, birds do come in spring.) Have any of yous noticed a mistake in talking yet so far? Do birds build nests in treez or on the ground? Are they big or little? How meny have saw a bird? Do birds eet worums or not? Do birds stay hear in winter or don't they? What time of the year does what build what in what? (Yes, in the spring the blewbird builds nestses in treez.)

IV. DRILL:

How many of yous can name all the misstakes that was said already so far? Where do most birds build nests? Why? Where does birds go in winter. Why? Where does birds go in spring? Why? Wood you like too be a bird? Tell everything you know.



INTERMEDIATE ROOM

Have you noticed lately, Seniors
In the corridors below,
Little objects frightened, trembling,
(On their faces, looks of woe),
Coming forth from class rooms worried,
The children scattered all around,
Teachers frantically shouting.
Who can they be? Just look 'round.
Why, Juniors.

O Juniors, you who feel so safe
And think life such a pun,
Next fall you'll be in our place,
Then you can have some fun
With plans, and consultations many,
Teacher's Meetings, dignified,
Through the mill we now are treading,
You'll come out more sore and tried.



PRIMARY ROOM

In order that the entire Normal Department may come in contact with the model school, various programmes have been given in the Assembly Hall by these little people.

The Primary Grades made their first appearance in February, on Lincoln's birthday. The children marched to the Assembly Hall and occupied the front seats. After several short addresses they took their places upon the rostrum and held the audience for some time by a very dainty drill which was made more pleasing by several songs and recitations. A colored family, apparently direct from Alabama, appeared and joined ranks with the others, all of whom carried red, white, and blue wands.

About once a month the height of enjoyment of the little ones is reached when they are permitted to have a birthday party in honor of those whose birthdays came during the month. For the occasion the Primary room is always decorated with appropriate decorations, and each "little Miss" or "Master" is permitted to invite mother and baby brother or sister. The amusements usually consist of a short programme and various games. Following this, refreshments are served and the birthday cakes are lit. Everything done by Miss Armstrong to make these occasions pleasing is certainly appreciated by the children and their guests as well.

Directly across the corridor from the Primary room is the Intermediate room. It is here, during the beautiful Spring weather, that flowers are seen in great abundance. Miss Berg's room is adorned with all the flowers and plants and the room is made more cheerful by her bright smile and pleasant words.

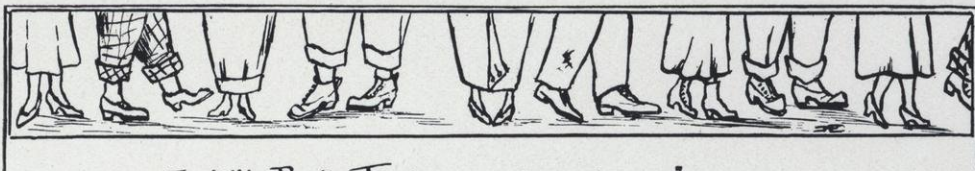
The Intermediate pupils assisted the Primary folks in making Lincoln's birthday programme a success. At present they are working upon an operetta which will be given during Commencement week.

The Grammar Room is indeed a cheerful place with Miss Coggeshall at its head. This department can be greatly complimented on its ability to dramatize. We thought the pupils were very capable and we were entirely convinced of this truth when the dramatization of "Hiawatha" was presented before a large audience in the Assembly Hall. The platform was transformed into a dark pine forest. Here the wigwam was erected by the Indians, who were dressed in brilliant garments and feathers, and also decked with war paint. Iagoo amused the Indians with games and stories. Hiawatha's fasting, his wooing, and his journey followed. The selections were very well rendered, and the acting was indeed very natural. These traits showed great skill and ability on the part of the trainer, and those trained.

The prospective teachers of the Normal School greatly appreciate these experiences and certainly value all the helpful suggestions.

It will be very hard for the Seniors to leave all these pleasures. And although many times we were discouraged in our practice work still the pleasures were so much more numerous that the disagreeable things were quickly forgotten.

The Practice Teachers will say farewell through the pages of the Annual to their dear practice pupils and fond critic teachers.



Ten Little Practice Teachers. All standing in a row—etc—

TEN PRACTICE TEACHERS.

Ten Practice Teachers standing in a line,
One got "bawled out" and then there were nine.

Nine Practice Teachers came in late,
One sat on the first seat and then there were eight.

Eight Practice Teachers gauging for Haeven,
One accepted poor work and then there were seven.

Seven Practice Teachers got in a mix,
One forgot to write a plan and then there were six.

Six Practice Teachers very much alive,
One asked "weak questions" and then there were five.

Five practice Teachers standing near the door,
One got "unsuccessful" and then there were four.

Four Practice Teachers each busy as a bee,
One got "see me" and then there were three.

Three Practice Teachers with too much to do,
One had to "wash boards" and then there were two.

Two Practice Teachers working for the "mun,"
One forgot to be sociable and then there was one.

One Practice Teacher very full of fun,
"Told the pupils something" and then there was none.

School Notes



OUR WANDERINGS IN THE CORRIDOR.

You say we have not self control, O Faculty.
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault.
 You all did see that when you came to run us down
 That we are always busy. At times we are told
 To go to study pictures. Are we not diligently writing
 When you glance down the hall? Yet you say
 We have not self control.

And again, is it not wholly necessary to get
 A cooling draught from those attractive fountains—
 Twice—nay—thrice during a vacant period?
 For what else are these sparkling contrivances, than
 To lure us from our books?
 Then too that ever present bulletin board,
 That awful list of rhetorical.
 How can we know but that there might at any time
 Our names be posted there. May we not then, O Faculty,
 Take occasional trips into the corridor during our vacant periods?
 Yet you say we lack the self control—are restless!
 Then perhaps we did forget to mail the letter,
 That letter in which our fondest hopes are centered,
 May we not then take another trip yea to the
 Meletean Box if it so be we have not found
 The place for letters?
 You cannot say we trouble you more
 For behold! You ring the bell!

Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION.

The first social event of this school year was the Reception, given to the faculty and students of the Normal by the Y. W. C. A. girls. The refreshments were the crowning event of the evening, which is saying a good deal for the refreshments.

EPWORTH LEAGUE AND Y. P. C. S. RECEPTION.

The second Friday the students were again entertained, this time by the E. L. and Y. P. C. S. This reception afforded an excellent opportunity for the High School and Normal School students to become acquainted. They couldn't help meeting each other in the jam.

SENIOR GIRLS BANQUET THEIR BOYS.

Along about Halloween the Senior Girls became possessed of an inspiration; namely, to give their boys a "feed" that they would not forget for a while.

SENIOR BOYS GIVE A SLEIGH RIDE.

After hints, too numerous to tell about, from the Senior Girls, the boys woke up to the fact that a duty lay before them that must be performed. The result was a sleigh ride of which the least said sounds best.

PICTURE EXHIBIT.

About two hundred beautiful pictures were exhibited in the Gym for the benefit of the Normal students on Dec. 14, 15, 16, 1911. Before being allowed to enter the Gym., Miss Pardee gave us many helpful suggestions as to just how we should and shouldn't look at the pictures. She also explained to us the best method of studying a picture.

On the evening of the 16th, Miss Roberts of Minneapolis gave an illustrated lecture in the Assembly Hall. This was especially enjoyed by the students who were taking drawing at that time. Both the lecture and the pictures exhibited were of great educational value.

FACULTY MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

Faculty Mothers and Fathers were introduced into our school this year, each member of the faculty being assigned a family of about twelve or fifteen students.

Some of their duties are: To call upon their charges; to show an interest in them; and to keep an eye upon them. From all reports they have been kept pretty busy. Telephones, autos, airships are said to have been used to help locate certain people at certain times.

Of course the great event of the season was the Oratorical contest. It is hard to say which was the most spirited, the contest between the speakers or the Junior-Sophomore brayers and the Senior-Freshmen neighers. The Juniors and Sophomores met at the school and from there marched down to the Opera Hall to the music furnished by drummers, Pierce and Forseth.

When the Junior-Sophomore crowd arrived at the Hall their eyes beheld the greenest of green and the wisest of the wise seated on the right hand side of the hall. The Junior-Sophomore bunch naturally took seats on the left hand side. Then the noise began. There were yells for speakers, the Judges, for the classes, etc. Every time the Seniors and Freshmen opened their mouths to yell they were given the "AXE" by the Junior-Sophomore crowd. When the Junior-Sophomore began to yell the Seniors and Freshmen applauded so loudly that the yells of the former were unheard.

At last the noisy crowd was quieted and the evening's programme began with a selection by the Orchestra. This was followed by a few remarks by President Crabtree. Next came the orators.

First came Grace Zimmerman, who cursed with all her voice and strength, the "Comic Supplement." Next came the Daniel Webster of today, William Moser, who converted the mass into a band of insurgents. Then followed Sidney Rogers, who soon had the spirits of the audience fleeing from the horrors of the lumber camps, to seek the rights of the unskilled.

The next number on the programme was a selection by the quartette, Mrs. Skogmo, Miss Willet, Rev. Bird, and Prof. Wright. Carl Miller, the fourth speaker, soon succeeded in shattering the hopes of American citizens ever becoming obedient to the law without first reforming from our present state. Marie Laue won many admirers for William Lloyd Garrison. Harvey Fletcher, the last speaker, filled the hearts of all present with a spirit of Progress.

Last came the decision of the Judges:

WILLIAM MOSER	<i>First Place</i>
HARVEY FLETCHER	<i>Second Place</i>
MARIE LAUE	<i>Third Place</i>

The local contest was a grand success and the River Falls Normal School felt sure that their Orator would win a place in the Inter-Normal School Contest of this State—and he did. For a more detailed account of the Inter-Normal Contest, see the Platteville or La Crosse Normal School Annuals.

The N. A. C., finding itself in an unusual state of financial embarrassment, decided early in the spring to give the play "Half Back Sandy," and give it with an all boy cast.

This proved to be a "happy thought," for on March 29 an immense crowd filled the Opera Hall and hundreds were turned from the doors. Some were anxious to see if Sue would really look like a "nigga" and others to see how Sandy would make love to Mabel. The play was a grand success in every way, and because of the insistent demand for another performance the play was repeated on April 27, to a second crowded house.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Sandy Smith	Robert Moser
Josiah Kropp, his uncle	Clyde Dopkins
Philip Kropp, his cousin of Queenstown College	Ray Cooke
Bill Short, Philip's friend from Queenstown	Carl Miller
Kenneth Sumner of Kingston College	Roy Sakrison
Percy Gordon, Capt. of Kingston College Foot Ball Team	Carl Crain
Dick Hart, A Sophomore	Paul Baird
"Babe" Van Twiller	Benj. Burrows
Joe Fleetwood, the College Flirt	Frank Woodworth
Fred Jones, Student	Homer Elertson
Karl Woodstone, Student	Edson Condit
Arthur Medrow, Student	Jas. Richard
Frank Thurston, Student	Clyde Dopkins
J. Booth MacReady, a retired actor	Thos. Bergh
Prof. Dryden, Authority on Ancient History	Octave Baillargeon
Mabel Sumner, sister of Kenneth	Robt. Reed
Sue	Harry Pierce

(From behind the scenes.)

To Sandy—

"Can't you make love to her better than that?"

"Can't you put your arms around her?"

Wouldn't this cook you?

Ray hung his clothes on the wall for ornamentation.

Sue—

"How do you like my form? But gee, I don't see how girls can eat enough."

Commencement Week.

The Seniors will give Tennyson's "Princess," for their Class Play. It will be an out of doors performance which will be made very effective by the setting, elaborate costumes, and fancy dances and drills.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Prince	Harvey Fletcher
Florian, his friend and brother of Psyche	Homer Elertson
Cyril, friend of the Prince and Florian	Paul Baird
Gama, King and father of Ida	Roy Sakrison
Ipse, nobleman in Gama's Court	Carl Crain
Lady Psyche, instructor in the University	Josephine Kildahl
Lady Blanche, instructor in the University	Olga Megorden
Princess Ida	Valborg Jensen
Melissa, daughter of Lady Blanche	Agnes Holdahl
Violet, daughter of Ipse	May Smith
Portress	Amelia Gerber

Attendants, courtiers, pupils, dancers, etc.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday, June 15.....	Marshmallow Roast.
Sunday A. M., June 16.....	Baccalaureate Address, by Pres. Geo. Vincent, Univ. of Minn.
Tuesday, June 18.....	Senior Breakfast
Tuesday Evening, June 18.....	Bonfire and Band Concert.
Wednesday, June 19.....	Class Play.
Thursday A. M., June 20.....	Class Day.
Thursday Evening, June 20.....	Pres. Reception to the Senior Class.
Friday A. M., June 21.....	Commencement Exercises. Address by Gov. Chester A. Aldrich of Neb.
Friday Noon, June 21.....	Alumni Banquet.
Friday P. M., June 21.....	Base Ball; Alumni vs. Seniors.

COMMITTEE:

FLORENCE STILES,
ROY SAKRISON,
GERTRUDE WIESENTHAL,
HARVEY FLETCHER,
RUIE THURSTON.

Literary Department

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RIVER FALLS NORMAL.

In July, 1871, the Board of Regents of Normal Schools made a tour of Northwestern Wisconsin for the purpose of selecting a location for the fourth Normal School of the state. As a result of this tour River Falls was selected by the Board in January, 1872.

It would be impossible to do justice to each of our citizens who aided in securing the school. The following gentlemen were perhaps the most largely interested: Prof. Allen H. Weld, one of the regents of Normal Schools, who lived in the town of Troy; Hon. O. S. Powell, then a member of the legislature; Dr. A. D. Andrews; Abner Morse, Esq.; Hon. C. B. Cox and Judge Foster, residents of the village, all made earnest efforts in the good work.

The contract for the erection of the building was awarded in January, 1874, and the building was dedicated September 2, 1875, with Mr. W. D. Parker as president. At that time, the building was the largest and best appointed yet erected by the board. The school opened with a larger attendance than had been received by any of the other schools at their opening. There were one hundred four students enrolled in the Normal Department and one hundred fifty-five pupils enrolled in the model school. From the beginning, the school has enjoyed a steady growth and the confidence of the citizens of River Falls and of the Northwest.

In the summer of 1889 President Parker, owing to ill health, resigned. Mr. J. I. Emery, later State Superintendent, was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Emery had served four years as our President when he resigned to accept a better position. Mr. John Hull followed as head of the school for one year. President Parker was re-elected to the presidency of the Normal in 1895. Mr. Parker received a warm welcome from the faculty, students and friends of the school, when he re-assumed his place at the head of this institution.

On the evening of November twenty-ninth, 1897, the alarm was given that the Normal was on fire. Every effort was made to save the building, but all in vain. No wonder many eyes were wet with tears as they saw the flames consume the old building around which lingered so many happy memories. A meeting of citizens was called the next morning in the Opera House. President Parker said, "The building was not the school but the pupils were the life of the school." So generous were the offers of places to hold the school, that only one half day session was lost. All the churches offered their places of worship and many of the Societies offered their rooms. The Methodist, Congregational and Baptist Churches and the Masonic, Odd Fellows and Good Templars' Halls were accepted as they were close together. The work of the school continued without serious interruption. The co-operation of faculty, students, and friends of the school prevented the school from being removed from River Falls, as many

of our neighboring cities were ready to profit by our misfortune. President Parker did much to save the school to River Falls, Regent Lord and Ex-President Emery, then a member of the board, used their powerful influence in the decision of the board to rebuild the school at River Falls.

The following September, 1898, a better and larger building was completed, just one hundred days after the work was commenced. The new building was dedicated September 19, 1898, and it was said by the president of the Board to be the best arranged building in the state.

President Parker resigned after eighteen years of active service as President of the River Falls Normal. The vacancy was filled by the election of Prof. W. J. Brier, who had been Institute Conductor for nine years. The high standard of work done in the school showed that the Board of Regents made no mistake in promoting Prof. Brier to the Presidency. After eleven years of excellent service to the state and the educational world President Brier resigned in the spring of 1909. Prof. H. L. Wilson, head of the History department in the Normal school, and at one time the City Superintendent of River Falls, was promoted to fill the vacancy. The school grew in numbers and efficiency under the excellent management of President Wilson. The Board of Regents at its semi-annual meeting in January, 1900, voted to build an addition to the present building. A sum of \$60,000 was appropriated for the addition, which was begun during the summer of 1912.

At the close of two years, President Wilson resigned, in June, 1911, to the sincere regret of his many friends in River Falls. During the summer of 1911, the Board of Regents elected Mr. J. W. Crabtree, State Superintendent of Nebraska, as president of the River Falls Normal.

Mr. Crabtree arrived to take charge of the school October first, finding it well organized by Acting President J. H. Ames. On the day of enrollment there was one of the largest enrollments in the history of the school.

The Board of Regents at its meeting last January decided to establish a special school in connection with the Normal, similar to those at Stevens Point and Oshkosh. After a consideration of the conditions and opportunities of the surrounding country, the Board decided to establish a School of Agriculture. A tract of land, containing fourteen acres, just west of the campus, has been purchased for experimental purposes. The School of Agriculture will be open to students in September, 1912.

With the additional room, apparatus, a larger faculty, increased attendance, and the School of Agriculture, the prospects of growth are very bright for the future of the River Falls Normal School.

INSURGENCY.



As we consider the aspirations and review the struggles that have marked all human advancement, we see in almost every age the revolt of the masses against the unjust discrimination of the ruling class. Man's ability to suffer and remain satisfied under conditions of poverty, oppression, and corruption does not endure forever. We find that in all time when the ruling faction ceases to respect the rights of the many, it results in the insurgency of the downtrodden and the downfall of the ruling class or a curtailment of their power.

Immortal Rome, whose laws are models for all nations, planted the germ of Insurgency, which says, "Equal and exact justice to all men." The oppressed plebian arose and compelled the patrician to recognize him as a human being who sacrificed for the same government, breathed the same air, and believed in the same God,—the God who judges not the man by the brilliancy or splendor of his raiment, nor the power and luster of his earthly display.

We saw the nobility of France, in all their beauty and luxury, torn from their earthly Paradise by the awfulness of the French Revolution. We saw the downtrodden, impoverished peasant toiling from rise to set of sun to support his brood with the little that the government did not devour. Then came the day of reckoning. We saw France terrified with the roar and smoke of fraternal war. Out of this chaos grew a new nation; a nation of men with the right to live. The God of special privilege died on the guillotine, in the Bastille or at the hands of the rabble.

We saw the spirit of Insurgency show itself in the bosom of a simple peasant of Germany. When Martin Luther visited Rome and saw the corruption in the church, which he had adored with such fervent reverence, he asked for a peaceful reform and correction of its abuses. Failing in this course because of the strong opposition of those directly interested in not having the corrupt practices made public, he defied both Pope and Emperor, knowing full well that in so doing he was putting his very life in jeopardy.

Again we see in England the ever upward march of race progress. The great Reform Bill of 1832 and the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 accomplished two momentous victories for political and economic reform in Great Britain. The fight did not stop here. It continued until but a short time ago the haughty House of Lords lost its power of veto—"a political victory which stands in the foreground with any other peaceful victory since the opening of the era of popular sovereignty."

Over two centuries have passed since the Manchu Tartars scaled the Great Wall of China and took possession of the Chinese Empire. For over ten score years China has been under the domination of the Manchu kings. A million Manchus received pensions from the conquered government. The Chinese were compelled to wear the queue as a token of submission. Secretly but steadily the

spirit of the oppressed forced itself out from under the heavy yoke of the foreign king. The spirit of the people was suddenly aroused to action. We saw the steady march of the rebels toward freedom, often checked for a time, but ever onward over all obstacles until today the glory of the Manchu reign is as a myth. China has revolted and is no more a country whose teeming millions are ground eternally beneath the iron heel of Despotism.

History is full of such instances of revolts and insurgencies by the majority against the privileged minority in power. In each case the movement was caused by the unjust discrimination, corruption, and abuses of the minority in power; and this movement against the entrenched minority had for its object the rescue of the oppressed and the crowning with authority of those to whom power rightfully belonged.

"The voice of Freedom is forever calling the individual onward in the endless struggle for ever enlarging liberty." It is born of the effort to throw off the chains fixed by conditions internal and external. "It is born against servitude, no matter be it imposed by kings, priests, owners, or economic masters." It is the weapon of the masses who beat against the door of entrenched oppression "like ocean waves against a slow-receding cliff."

As the plebeian revolted, as the Frenchman revolted, as the Englishman and Chinaman revolted, so today the people of the United States are revolting. "The cause of this revolt, though different in some essentials, has the one predominant issue in common with all, the putting of the ruling power more directly in the hands of the people." It is the return of the ideal of Roman justice, the equality of the French Revolution and the spirit of freedom of our forefathers of '76.

As our eastern shores were drenched with the blood of patriots while fighting for the rights of man, so, sooner or later, unless measures are taken to stem the power of industrial oppression, will the many rise and drench this land with their blood, fighting for the same old cause—the rights of man. Whether we shall see it or not, the time is coming when the masses will demand the right to live; when special privilege and other attendant evils become such that the common people find the wolf at the door with no recourse but the frenzy of war. When the average man finds that he is merely a tool to accomplish another's purpose, a thing to be used for gain, he will no longer stand idly by. That time is already too near. Has any man the audacity to attempt proving that all men enjoy equal rights? Has the slave in the sweat-shop the same rights before the law as any King of Industry?

There is too much truth in Walpole's cynical statement, "Every man has his price." American politics are "rank and smell unto Heaven." American politics are full of Lorimers who buy their way to office. They are full of laws like Schedule K framed and passed by the manufacturing interests backed by the monster Gold. They are full of laws enacted, having the so-called joker attached, with the dark corners treacherously punctuated and its vile blotches white-washed to deceive the people. They are full of instances which prove that the corporations of Wall Street are vampires sapping the life blood of the nation. They are full of frauds and thefts perpetrated upon the people by corrupt officials. They are full of blocked progressive legislation which would have been detrimental to the interests. They are full of men who got their office because of the strength of the political machine. They are full of men placed in office by bribes to serve wealth instead of men.

The problem is before us in all its awfulness. It is time for the man to break with his party and fight for his rights. Let the course go on as at present, and I see no alternative. We face Socialism, or Anarchy and bloodshed.

You may ask me what this veteran spirit of Rome, France, England and China will demand so that it may come back to its own.

Insurgency demands the initiative, so that when entrenched privilege or gang rule blocks legislation the people may demand that certain laws be enacted. That is, if a legislature will not pass laws that are beneficial you and I and our fellowmen can pass them in spite of their opposition.

Insurgency demands the referendum, so that if a legislature enacts a law the people must be given the right to vote on its merits.

Insurgency demands the recall, so that if the people find that they have elected a traitor to office they may pull him from his sinful throne even though he be backed by party power and pull.

Insurgency demands the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people so that there may be no more foul buying and selling of Senators by the man of wealth.

Insurgency demands a primary election law giving you and me the direct right to vote for whom we desire. It calls for the regulation of Trusts, that ever menacing problem before the American citizen. It demands the conservation of natural resources so that the heritage of posterity shall be preserved and not sacrificed to the greed of today.

Insurgency demands the lowering of the duties of the tariff. The Payne-Aldrich tariff is ample proof of the influence of the Almighty Dollar in present American politics.

The essence of the present insurgent movement lies in its struggle to uphold the fundamental principles of representative government. It is the struggle to wrest the control of the government from the representatives of special privilege and restore it to the hands of the people. The reforms like the initiative and referendum are not to be used injudiciously, but when legislators fail to fulfill their obligation to the people; they are to be used as correctives, to bring legislators back to a state of sanity and a proper responsibility to the will of the people. The voice of insurgency is not the ranting cry of the insane nor the howl of the fanatic reformer. It is not the whine of the disappointed office-seeker who has been thrown from former greatness. It is the plea of the man who finds that his ability to endure more corruption, more poverty, and more oppression is at an end. It is the battle-cry of men who see into the future and know that a calamity hangs heavy over the yet innocent man who slaves for a living. "It is a revolution against the obligarchy of wealth and money power." It rises above petty adherence to party principles and party lines. It is the issue of a people. It is the issue of a people who still believe that though this government is diseased it can be cured and again become the robust leader for all peoples. Insurgency does not today mean bloodshed. It means the return of every man to his own share in this commonwealth.

Man of toil, it is time for you to see where we stand. It is time for you to find some remedy. It is plain the individual must have more power or become a slave of crowned wealth. The problem which confronted the ancient plebeian, the French peasant, the Chinese infidel, is before you. It calls up the spirit of revolt. Already the champions of the commons are on the field of battle, men who are ready and willing to suffer political martyrdom for their cause, Insurgency. The spirit of Paul Revere is again abroad warning the masses of the dangers of their idleness or ignorance of present conditions.

Men of the Land of Freedom, when our government, which should be the bulwark of our freedom, becomes the instrument by which corporate wealth robs the people of their earthly pittance, is it not time to forget such fickle and meaningless names as "The Grand Old Party," "Loyalty to the Party," "Party right or wrong?" I say, if your party is rotten, cut yourself loose even though you destroy every vestige of party power and prestige. It is for you to prove that you are bound to no party with "Jesuit obedience." It is for you to assert the in-

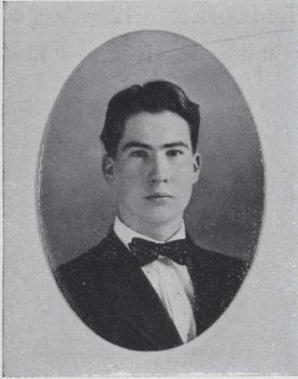
dependence and dignity of the individual and prove that the party was made for the voter and not the voter for the party. Shall the individual strike now or shall he wait until capitalism has him in still closer bondage?

"Ye toilers of the earth, to you I speak.
To you whose names have scarce appeared in song,
As though too vile. Why wait ye? Rise and break
The chains which round you clank and bind and gall.
Awake!"

WILLIAM MOSER '12.

(Oration awarded first place in the local contest)

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.



The American is fired with the spirit of progress. He is not completely happy except that he be doing his task a little better than it was done by his predecessors.

This inherent tendency is manifested by the fact that, in one century, the American People made more progress than had the world in any previous five. The general fact stands out that the majority of the community is better fed, clothed, and housed than ever before; that education is more wide-spread; and that the social importance of the workingman is greater than it has ever been. While man was yet in savagery, fire was kindled with a flint; yet, less than a century ago civilization was still striking flints together in powder and in tinder. How carefully our good grandmothers guarded the coals in the quaint fireplace!

How welcome was the weekly news! How simple the mode of living; but how limited the facilities! The average length of human life was very little over twenty years; such diseases as cholera, yellow fever, typhoid, and small-pox were regarded as punishments of evil. Now our average existence is more than forty and still increasing; and nothing is more certain than that the dreaded diseases will be destroyed. Yellow fever, the disease that caused such appalling loss of life in the Cuban War and for so long a time rendered work on the Panama Canal impracticable, has in the last decade been overthrown and no longer exists.

Nothing indicates the progress of the people more than their living conditions. The dwelling of the laborer is more comfortable than was the palace of the Tudor king. Ten square yards of news come to his door each morning for two cents. His table is spread with luxurious variety gathered from every quarter of the globe.

Again, progress is revealed in a comparison of the present political conditions with those of a century ago. Foreign nobles were rare who did not carry on treasonable correspondence. Our own Major General Wilkinson received an annual pension from Spain for disclosing the state secrets of his people. Our second congress was a set of rascals. It is doubtful that Daniel Webster, of whom we are so proud, could, with his habits and the private life he led, today be elected to the Senatorship of Massachusetts. But our present officials, as a whole, are the best men the Republic has ever had. There is, indeed, too much of bribes and bribery, but a hundred years ago it was customary in England to set a table in the street and publicly buy votes. In political morals we are undoubtedly gaining steadily.

Our judicature, also, though it is far from perfection, would seem ideal when compared with the European system that prevailed not long ago. Trial by jury was considered an intolerable innovation, and was assailed by the Church as sacrilege leaving to man the decision that duelling left to God.

The social conditions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we view with disgust. Kings' courts were less decent than are the houses of courtesans

in our modern cities. The history of the Church has many a clause we elect to print in Latin. And, worse than these conditions, the remedies for vice were as vicious as the evils they undertook to cure. A situation approximating the conditions then prevalent would now not for one moment be tolerated.

But we recognize that things economic are not yet freed from blemish. There is always a lingering dissatisfaction and a conviction that the goal of human progress has not yet been reached. Looking at the matter thus, we sympathize with the efforts of reformers and even of socialists. They have found things wrong and have set to work enthusiastically to make them right. Without radicals to investigate the wrongs to which we have grown accustomed, we should have little progress.

And so there has been evolved, out of the chaos of warring factions, a general effort toward cleaner and better and more progressive government. This social movement is thus more than a class movement. It includes among its active advocates men of all social strata. Property, though universally conservative, sympathizes with its main tendencies. "The social movement is thus not the inertia of the many slightly disturbed by the few; it is the momentum of the many hardly restrained by all the arts that the few can contrive."

The evils of our present industrial system are particularly deplorable. Because of the unjust division of the rewards of toil, Capital receiving part of Labor's share, there is great concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, while a part of the community is sunk in abject poverty.

The wastes of the competitive system are so enormous, its operations so cruel, as to be appalling. "In its onward march it crushes human existences by the million. Its rubbish has magnitude of tremendous proportions; and this rubbish consists of human beings with minds, hearts, and souls—men, good men often; women, and very frequently, most frequently indeed, innocent women—women with precious gifts which ought to be developed for themselves and others; and little children with all their possibilities." In many fields of industry competition is being supplanted by monopoly; but a monopolistic system also would have its disadvantages. In spite of attendant evils, however, the trust and big business have come to stay. It is folly to think of turning back the wheels of progress in an effort to restore conditions beyond which we long ago advanced. Let us believe, rather, that monopoly is the natural tendency of many industries and is not fundamentally wrong. Let us conquer its evils not by "trust-busting," but by trust regulation.

We are aware that the industrial conditions of the laborer are not the best. The work-day has not been shortened in keeping with the increased productiveness of machinery. Inspection of workshops and factories is not effective; and often a man labors amid conditions that violate every law on the subject, and take his health, if not his life. Children labor for a few cents a day, doing tasks that men will not do—tasks that bring with them disease, that rot the living bones or eat the flesh. The "bitter cry of the children" working in factory and mill has reached only a few ears, for the exultant sound of the wheels of modern industry has made their feeble moans almost inaudible. But Justice has heard; and the child must now be given the chance hitherto withheld—the opportunity for happiness, his birthright.

Our industrial and social conditions are creating poverty faster than charity can relieve it. "The time will come when, instead of looking with pride on our great charitable institutions, we shall come to regard them as monuments of our ignorance, stupidity, and folly," God Hasten the day!

We sympathize with the downtrodden. But is there any advantage in a feeling of sympathy for men, women, and children, if that sympathy does not become intelligent and discerning? Is there any merit in feeling for the woes of

humanity, if we do not, under the impulse of that sentiment, direct our energies to practical remedies?

Let us improve the industrial conditions of the workers, by shortening the working day, by establishing a minimum wage, by forbidding the employment of children under sixteen years of age. Let us solve the problem of forced idleness by affording immediate governmental relief for the unemployed workers—by building industrial and trade schools, by reforestation of cut-over and waste lands, by reclamation of arid tracts and the building of roads and canals, and by extending all other useful public works, especially during times and in places of industrial depression. Finally, let us, by means of industrial and trade schools, eradicate the superabundance of unskilled laborers.

Our attitude toward private property is another point in controversy. We must meet such issues as the inheritance tax presents. Wise inheritance laws will bring about a wider diffusion of property. A progressive property tax, appropriating the unearned increment by the taxation of land values, will bring property into its right use.

In a democratic nation like America, education is primarily of great importance. Each citizen must have an education planned to broaden his way to success. Hence industrial education should constitute an essential part of school training. Public libraries are an important aid to popular education, but we need more of them. Let us be liberal in the education of the young blood of our country.

There are also many desirable political reforms. The further adoption of the referendum, the initiative, the direct primary, and the recall will bring about a reformation that will meet the approval of even the most conservative.

These policies are all of such a nature that they must be executed almost wholly by public effort. But the power of social effort is limited because it must proceed according to general principles. Private effort must make up the deficiency. We feel in the depths of our soul the need of reanimating and transforming society, and of uniting all its members in one faith, beneath one law, in one aim—an aim stated in one word, "progress." Prompted by our convictions we must do the things that make for social progress. This great work has been undertaken by a few. A part must be done by you. Each one must do his moiety.

Then, when we look back on our work we can say: Look around on this glorious state. Think of our mighty republic. Our laws are wisely framed, rigorously executed, and faithfully obeyed. Education, industrial and vocational as well as general, is liberally provided. Child labor is a thing of the past. There is an equitable distribution of the products of industry. Society is the successful essay—the progressive realization—of the Divine Idea.

As you contemplate the glorious height to which our land may rise, remember that only through the deeds of her citizens is its attainment possible. As you realize that we ourselves must accomplish the great work in the cause of duty and honor, let the spirit of progress come into your soul.

HARVEY FLETCHER. '12.

(Awarded second place in the local contest.)

PETER'S PRAYER.

CHAPTER I.

The scrub oaks were in tassel when David Ware came to the valley; the hills billowed towards the north in acres of green timothy.

Ware set to work at clearing his section. He chopped, and burned, and whistled from the first morning song of the birds till the sun slipped lazily behind the mountain. Twice a week he rode to town. There was always a letter waiting for him. He read it over and over and whistled again more softly.

By and by a freight team trumbled up thru the valley. It brot lumber, and several mysterious looking boxes. Ware was watching for it by the stage road. At last his ears caught the faint jingle of mule bells, and a cloud of dust, no bigger than a man's hand, rose up against the horizon. The fulfillment of his dream was near.

When the skeleton of the three-roomed house had been erected, he was overwhelmed to know—to talk to some of his neighbors. He needed a human sympathy in his happiness.

It was a good three miles to the nearest cabin by way of the road; but the timothy was yet green, and he cut a path thru it which lessened the distance by half. He appeared, unheralded, one afternoon upon the next home clearing.

The fragments of rock about the house were clutching the rays of the departing sun; a thin little curl of smoke rose from the adobe chimney, and a breath of coffee was in the air. Ware made his way to the open door. The place was tidy enough, but a lank, mongrel dog seemed its only occupant. He got up, surveyed the stranger, and growled defiance.

"Jerry," called a voice from an inner room, "you're always a ——." There was a shuffling step, the rhythmic thump of a crutch, and a boy appeared on the threshold.

Ware took off his hat. The other stared at him. The man made the first advances. "How do you do?" he began, holding out his hand. "I'm David Ware from the next clearing."

The boy nodded. He pushed forward a chair, then turned upon the dog. "Keep still, Jerry!" he said. "Where's your manners? He ain't used to folks," he added in apology.

There was an awkward silence, then Ware made another attempt. "And your name is ——?" he began.

"Peter," was the quiet answer.

Ware with difficulty held his face straight. "And your mother," he questioned—"is she here?"

The boy shook his head. "No," he said. "There ain't no one but dad, and he's hunting jack rabbits. He's 'most generally trailin' something."

"Then who keeps house?" Ware ventured. He looked pityingly at the crutch and the shriveled leg.

"Why Jerry and me! Dad says the two of us is 'most as good as a woman. You see," the boy went on, "Jerry drives the hens, and keeps things cheerful. There's an awful lot of company in that dog!" He gazed admiringly at the long, scraggy tail and the coarse black coat. "We think he's good lookin'," he concluded.

Ware smiled. "And what do you do?" he questioned.

"Me?" Peter drew himself as straight as the crooked body would let him. "Oh, I cook the victuals, and patch the clothes. Sometimes I wash," he said. Then he asked abruptly: "Who keeps your house?"

Ware went suddenly red, the question came so near to him. "My house isn't finished yet," he answered. "When it is, my—wife will keep it." He had never called her that to any one before. His heart beat more quickly; there was a mistiness in his eyes.

The boy edged closer. "A woman?" he asked eagerly. Then he added: "I've never known 'em to speak to. Marm, she died, or something, years and years ago, and dad, he won't talk of her much. But once, on the Fourth of July"—his voice grew confidential—"we went to the show over at Newton." He paused for a moment, and seemed to lose himself in memory. "There was lots of 'em there," he went on, "and I liked 'em better'n all the firecrackers."

A great pity welled up in Ware's heart. He put his hand in his pocket, and drew from its case a tinted photograph, and held it out. "She is coming to keep my house," he said simply.

The boy looked at the smiling, girlish face, and the color mounted to his temples. "She's beau-tiful!" he said solemnly, and he and Ware were friends.

CHAPTER II.

The new home on the clearing grew towards completion; the path thru the timothy became well defined. Ware, sure of his welcome, made frequent visits to the neighboring section. He and the boy and Jerry would sit together in the doorway till the outline of the mountain grew inky black against the copper sky.

To the man, it was good to have some one to listen when he talked of her. To the boy—he slipped his arms about the dog in the gathering twilight and drew him close. A strange loneliness had come to him. "There's just you, and dad, and me," he whispered.

Summer had grown old. The clefts in the mountain showed dimly red thru the dizzy haze of heat.

Ware came over the trail one morning and swung himself lightly from the stirrups. "Well," he said, "the last nail's in! It's waiting approval. Can you come?" he asked.

The boy was finishing the breakfast dishes. He dropped a tin plate, and it rolled noisily behind the stove. "Me?" he questioned, not believing his ears. "Did you mean me—me and Jerry?"

"Of course," Ware laughed. "The freight team came thru yesterday. You can help me unpack the boxes."

Peter drew in his breath sharply; his hand shook; the blood burned in his cheeks.

When they were ready, Ware lifted him into the saddle, and strode beside the mare, swinging the pine crutch, pendulum fashion. Jerry trotted in the background. The trail stretched yellow thru the brush. The broken rock along its edge shimmered in the sun till the path seemed dwindling to a narrow thread of light.

Ware narrowed his eyes and looked critically at the sky. "We're going to have some blistering days," he announced.

The boy was following him in thot. "And she's a-comin' on Wednesday," he answered.

They went on again in silence. Suddenly the outline of the unpainted cabin rose up from the hill. Ware quickened his steps; he began to talk rapidly.

"That's home," he said, "our home. The window this way's in the kitchen. There are geraniums set out in front." He pulled at the bridle. "Hurry up!" he continued. "That's the barn over there, the water tank's half way between." He

kicked thru the browned grass on the clearing. "This all came up since the brush was cut," he said, "but it's dry—dead dry."

He drew the new key from his pocket and fitted it proudly into the lock.

Peter pulled at his collar band. He swallowed once or twice with an effort; there was a great awe in his eyes. The dog stood panting on the threshold, his legs a plaster of burrs and cinnamon colored dust. The boy turned on him.

"Jerry," he said slowly, "You don't look fit for this. You'd better keep out."

He wiped his shoes and instinctively took off his hat.

Ware displayed the conveniences of the three tiny rooms; then he placed a chair and began at once on the boxes.

"This is the china," he said. "We've a dozen cups and saucers and plates. That's so there'll be plenty when you come to see us. These are pictures. And this"—he turned the box and vainly looked for a clue to its contents. "Well, it won't take us long to find out," he said. He slipped a chisel under the lid and began to pry upwards. The breath of lavender bloom floated out to them.

Peter slid from his chair. He bent curiously over the packing case.

Ware lifted the folds of brown paper. There were piles of muslin beneath, and some glimpses of gingham. The man drew in his breath. "Oh!" he exclaimed reverently.

The boy extended a slim forefinger and touched the lace and the ribbons. "It's the gewgaws!" he said in an awed whisper.

"The what?" Ware's face was a study.

"The gewgaws," Peter confidently repeated "Dad said, that Fourth of July, that women wore lots of gewgaws."

The man threw back his head, then suddenly checked the laugh that had risen. "Perhaps," he said.

CHAPTER III.

The days lagged, on the neighboring section, after Ware went to the county seat. The boy numbered off each one at its close. At last, they were coming, "tomorrow."

He and Jerry sat in the doorway that evening. The sky was ablaze with crimson, shredded with lurid amber lights. The profile of the mountain was silhouetted against it, the field stretched like a black quilt at its base.

The boy watched it dreamily. "It must be the sun," he said to himself. He's keepin' watch of the new house for 'em I guess."

The day broke breathless. Peter was late in rising; he felt weak, languid. Dad had already gone out. The boy made himself some coffee and took it to his accustomed seat on the step.

There was a hazy look towards the west of the valley. The deep blue of the sky grew tawny at the horizon. He shielded his eyes with his hand and watched. The heat danced dizzily in the air. Suddenly he limped down and stood bare-headed in the open. The chickens, with drooping, distended wings, had gathered in the shadow of the house. A hot wind began to stir. It puffed into the boy's face as it passed. He threw back his head; his nostrils quivered, he scented the air as an animal does, then looked excitedly about.

"Dad!" he called; then, louder: "Dad!"

There was no answer. He made a trumpet of his hands. "Dad!" "Dad!" "Dad!" he shouted.

Peter put his arm up across his eyes. "The wind's from the west," he wailed. Oh, Daddy, why must you be always huntin'?"

He sank limply on the step. Jerry came up. He shoved his muzzle into his master's face and caressed him with his hot red tongue. The boy threw his arms about him in a spasm of distress.

"Oh, Jerry," he cried. "It's the field yonder! It's burnin'! Don't you hear me? It's burnin'!" his voice was high, shrill. "It'll catch the new house—and the

pictures—and the dishes—and the gewgaws!" He stood suddenly erect; his voice rose, "Daddy! Daddy!" but no answer.

"Jerry," he said, "we've got to go over there, me and you. We've got to do it! He limped into the house, found his hat, pulled it low over his eyes; then he closed the door quietly behind him.

Peter swung himself jerkily forward. Each beat of the crutch measured two or more feet of his journey. His shoe was burst at the side; a jagged bit of stone cut his foot, but the boy did not know it. The smell of the burning grass was in the air, and Ware's clearing was half a mile away. The cabin was in sight now. Behind it curled a tortuous wall of smoke.

Peter had reached the home clearing, but his strength was beginning to wane. Suddenly the crutch slipped; he lunged forward and lay still. The dog nosed him gently. All at once the boy drew himself together. He sat erect and turned his face up to the brown, overcast sky. He stretched out his arms; his voice rose almost to shriek.

"Oh, God," he began, "you're up there, somewheres! Don't let the new house burn! Don't you do it! Me and Jerry ain't good for much, but we're all there was to come. And there's the furniture, and the gewgaws! Don't let 'em burn. Oh! please, don't you do it."

He got up, righted his crutch, and stumbled forward. Two grain sacks lay by the water tank. Peter submerged them and dragged them dripping behind him. The fire had almost reached the short grass where the brush had been cut. Peter steadied himself and waited.

The first flame licked into the stubble. The sack struck it; a black, smoldering scar showed where it had been. Now they were darting along the brush line, eager, thirsty little tongues of flame. Peter scarcely felt the weight of his own body. Sweat started from every pore; his face was seared, grimy, but he did not know. Smoke blinded his eyes; his ears were keen. Wherever there was crackling of the grass the quenching weapon fell.

When the stage came up thru the valley, it wound between smoldering blankets of burned grass. A man and a girl with white, set faces were on the front seat with the driver. An abrupt turn in the road brought them in sight of the cabin. The man partly rose to his feet.

"It's standing!" he cried. "The house—it's standing!"

They stopped at the home clearing. Jerry bounded to meet them, then turned towards a little heap by the brush line.

Ware sprang forward. "Jove!" he exclaimed. "It's the boy."

It was late when Peter opened his eyes. At first they smiled unbelievably up into the girlish face that bent over him. Then came a look of wistful eagerness which settled at last into happy contentment. His father and Ware were there, but the boy did not see them.

"Jerry!" he called faintly. In answer, a rough black head was thrust up beside him. The boy weakly put out his hand. "Jerry," he whispered, "she's lots better then—those—at the—show at Newton.

H. E. '12.

Alumni Department

The following are the officers of the Alumni Association for 1911 and 1912:

President, Mr. O. Mattson—Co. Supt. Pierce Co.

1st Vice Pres., Mr. L. J. Jarley—Supt. Schools of Black River Falls.

2nd Vice Pres., Mr. Oren Stiehl.

3rd Vice Pres., Mr. F. Miller—Student "U" of Minn.

Sec. and Treas., Miss Irma Armstrong—River Falls Normal.

Asst. Sec. and Treas., Miss Minnie Coggeshall—River Falls Normal.

"THINKIN'."

Do ye ever get to thinkin'
O' the good old Normal days,
When the sky waz all a'shinin'
With life's mornin's brightest rays?

When we all waz young an' hopeful,
And a-plannin' what we'd do
If our castles didn't tumble
An' our dreams 'ud jest come true.

Ever think about yer classmates?
Ever wonder where they are?
Some of 'em we've kep' in touch with
But they's others wandered far.

Some o' those who in our school days
We thot fortune favored less,
When they got out in life's battle
Made a bee-line for success.

But the fate that helped some fellers
To get rich where'er they went,
Keeps the most of us a-hustlin',
Workin' hard fer every cent.

But I guess we're jest as happy,
Like as not a little more;
An' we're dreamin' fer our children
As we dreamed our dreams before.

So I often get to thinkin'
O' the good old Normal days,
Thinkin' how those faithful teachers
Helped us in so many ways.

How I'd like to see the faces
Of those dear old frien's o' mine;
But I can't, so here's "God bless ye"
Fer the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

An Old Timer.

The following is the list of the former River Falls Normalites who are attending the University of Wisconsin at the present time:

Mr. Geo. A. Works '98	Agriculture. Graduate Student.
Miss Julia Mangen '04	Letters and Science.
Mr. Lawrence Dake '08	Fellow.
Mr. Casper Nelson '05	Letters and Science. Graduate Student.
Mr. Frank D. Otis '03	Agriculture.
Mr. Chas. Sakrison '08	University Accountant.
Mr. L. I. Schoonover '09	Letters and Science.
Miss Anna G. Saby '98	Letters and Science. Graduate Student.
Mr. Henry Rudow '08	Law.
Mr. Earle Whitcomb '09	Law.
Mr. Winfred Haddow '07	Law.
Mr. R. C. Winger '05	Letters and Science.
Mr. Henry Aasterud '05	Letters and Science.
Mr. T. E. Hennessey '10	Agriculture.
Miss Alice Pratt '04	Letters and Science.
Mr. Oscar J. Weberg '09	Engineering.
Mr. Wallace Gustafson '10	Agriculture.
Miss Elizabeth A. Roberts '94	Letters and Science.
Miss Lucile Haddow '04	Scholar.

The following River Falls Normalites are at present attending the University of Minnesota:

Mr. Frank Miller '08	Law.
Mr. William Foley '07	Law.
Mr. Kelly Clark '10	Pharmacy.
Mr. Howard Barker '11	Forestry.

The River Falls Normal has representatives in the far east as well as in the neighboring Universities. There are usually a number of its graduates attending colleges in New York and Brooklyn, and some are living there permanently. This year the River Falls colony in Brooklyn consists of:

Mr. Raymond P. Ensign '02 who graduated from, and is now instructor in, Pratt Institute.

Mrs. Raymond P. Ensign '02 (formerly Caroline Henderson).

Mrs. Alonzo Schafer '96 (formerly Clara Lieu).

Alice Hutchinson '09, Student Domestic Science, Pratt Institute.

Margaret Spencer '10, Student Normal Art Course, Pratt Institute.

Two former teachers in the River Falls Normal are also members of this colony:

Mrs. Sharp, formerly Jessie Kellogg, Director of Physical Training.

Miss Belle Scofield, for several years Critic of the Intermediate Grades.

In reply to letters recently sent out, we learn that a large number of our graduates have followed Horace Greeley's injunction and have gone West, presumably to help the country grow up. A few went no farther than North Dakota; the following shows our representation in that state during the past year:

HARVEY:

M. Virginia Wales '81.

Oscar Thompson '11.

DICKINSON:

Ottelia Olin '03.

Ella O. Olin '06.

VALLEY CITY:

Nellie W. Farnsworth '92.

Ella Getchall '00.

FARGO:

Ada Tait '04.

HETTINGER:

Christine Nelson '08.

GRAND FORKS:

Rosalia Hatherall '91.

CHAFFEE:

W. L. Hodge '07.

NIAGARA:

Olga C. Johnson '07.

LIDGERWOOD:

Pearl Miller '08.

ORR:

Eva Peterson '10.

ELLENSBURG:

Stella Waite '07.

Helen Parkhurst '07.

BELLINHAM:

Alice M. Frost '93.

YAKIMA:

Ellen Peterson '09.

PROSSER:

Ione Thomson '10.

RAYMOND:

Svea Grendahl '09.

CHEWELAH:

John M. Erickson '06.

OREGON.

PORTLAND:

Alma Thelander '05.

SALEM:

William J. Murphy '05.

ANTELOPE:

Lillian Cudd '09.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO:

Martha J. Ames '80.

PASADENA:

Angie Neff '85.

SAN DIEGO:

Roy T. Nichols '01.

LOS ANGELES:

D. L. Hennessey '97.

CANADA.

REDVERS, SASK.:

Margaret Hutton '05.
Mary Hutton '08.

Forty-one graduates are located in the western states as follows:

MONTANA.

GREAT FALLS:

Owen A. Roberts '05.

MILES CITY:

Marjorie Ewing '04.

GLENDIVE:

Agnes K. Foley '05.

FORSYTH:

Dora Hanson '08.

HYSHAM:

Knute Ovregaard '03.

IDAHO.

COEUR D'ALENE:

Oscar Shern '01.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY:

C. D. Kipp '85.

COLORADO.

DENVER:

Mae Purves '02.

FORT MORGAN:

D. E. Cameron '86.
Martha Lusk '01.

BENNETT:

Lloyd Tombleson '05.

Alleyne Tombleson '05.

TELLURIDE:

Edwin L. Green '05.

WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE:

John Weinrill '93.

Elsie M. Mugs '06.

Alice W. Joyce '03.

Anna Loeffler '08.

EVERETT:

Belle Thompson '10.

Evangeline Colburn '06.

John H. Bille '90.

TACOMA:

Katherine Thomas '04.

Alice E. Clark '08.

Oscar Baird '03.

SPOKANE:

Florence Rogers '06.

George A. Rogers '97.

Alice Hamilton '08.

Marcus M. Beddall '93.

SOUTH BEND:

Eurettta Loeffler '07.

At one of the Alumni Banquets, a former President, in speaking of the young lady graduates, remarked that we Miss them for a while and then they're Mrs.

During the past five years a number of our Alumni have decided not to be "missed" any more. The following list is given so that in case you attend the Alumni Banquet this year, as we hope you will, you will make no mistakes in greeting your former classmates.

As it was in:	Is now
1907—Florence Walters	Mrs. Albert Jenson, River Falls, Wis.
Verna Jones	Mrs. Fred Carish.
Henrietta Hines	Mrs. John E. Fink, Ellsworth, Wis.
Mildred Cornish	Mrs. Clark Bliss, Tacoma, Wash.
Faith Bannerman	Mrs. Fay Bennett, Great Falls, Mont.
1908—Blanch Allen	Mrs. John Watson, Ironwood, Mich.
Bertha McKinnon	Mrs. Fred Knoble, River Falls, Wis.
Lillian Bahr	Mrs. Clayton Lord, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
1909—Laura Thies	Mrs. Carl Baetke, Calgary, Can.
Sophy Shultes	Mrs. E. R. Jackman, Minneapolis, Minn.
Hazel Lindman	Mrs. Harold Worcester
Maude Elliott	Mrs. E. T. Barrick, Worthington, Minn.
1910—Anna Cowan	Mrs. H. Snow, Ellsworth, Wis.
Violet Sanderson	Mrs. R. C. Olson, Los Angeles, Cal.
Lotta Nelson	Mrs. Leon Coombs, Wibeaux, Mont.



ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

Officers of the Normal Athletic Club.

<i>President</i>	RAY COOKE
<i>Vice President</i>	JOE LOWE
<i>Secretary</i>	CARL MILLER
<i>Financial Secretary</i>	HARRY PIERCE
<i>Treasurer</i>	CARL CRAIN



FOOT BALL TEAM

FOOT BALL.

Coach	PROF. E. W. CASTLE
Manager	PROF. R. N. KETCHAM

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

The Games.

	R. F. N. S.	Opponent
Hastings at River Falls.....	55	0
Red Wing at River Falls.....	47	0
R. F. N. S. vs. R. F. H. S.....	26	0
R. F. N. S. at Eau Claire	6	0
R. F. N. S. at Chippewa Falls	0	17
R. F. N. S. at New Richmond	0	0
Superior S. N. at River Falls.....	10	3
Stout Institute at River Falls.....	13	11
R. F. N. S. at La Crosse	0	6
Total Score	157	37

SIX VICTORIES.

TWO DEFEATS.

ONE TIE.

The second team lost to R. F. H. S. by a score of 10 to 5 and then defeated them in a return game by a score of 10 to 6. They also defeated Galahad at Hudson 21 to 0.

THE TEAM.

Condit (Capt.)	R. H. B.
Bob Moser	F. B.
Tom Bergh	L. H. B.
L. Keith	O. B.
H. Pierce	R. E.
C. Reagan	R. T.
P. Baird	R. G.
M. Sherburne	C.
E. Bliss	L. G.
R. Cooke	L. T.
F. Foley	L. E.
R. Cudd	Sub.
C. Dopkins	Sub.
C. Koller	Sub.
H. Fletcher	Sub.
R. Sakrison	Sub.
A. Fuller	Sub.

A review of the season would indicate that each player was a star. Keith's generalship was excellent. Foley's punting was exceptionally good. Sherburne's passes were always perfect. Bergh's end runs and Condit's and Moser's off tackle plays were great.

At the beginning of the season, thirty-five men reported. Soon a speedy team had been selected and Condit chosen captain. The three opening games were merely for practice. The Coach played every man that came out in a suit, playing the regulars during two quarters only. Then came the first real tussle.

R. F. N. S.....6

Eau Claire0

Saturday, October 7th, Normal went to Eau Claire and came back with its scalp. In the first half Eau Claire had a shade the advantage, but whenever the play was near the Normal goal line, their advance was stopped with jarring suddenness. Near the close of the first quarter the ball was within an inch of the goal line. Three times they massed their whole team to penetrate our line; three times they ran into the side of our mountain. On third down they lost the ball a yard from the line and Foley punted out of danger.

At the opening of the third quarter, Normal tried a new shift play and scored in a few minutes. Condit made fifteen yards, then twenty-five more; then Bergh on the same play carried the ball thirty yards more for the touchdown. Pierce kicked goal. The rest of the game, Normal had the best of it.

Eau Claire had one of the strongest teams in northern Wisconsin, and this was the first time they had been defeated on their own gridiron in six years.

R. F. N. S.....0

Chippewa Falls....17

The next Saturday we lost to Chippewa Falls. We held them in the first half, but they were too heavy for us and earned a touchdown on straight line tricks in the third quarter. In the fourth they got two more by flukes.

R. F. N. S.....0

New Richmond.....0

At New Richmond the next Saturday we were not defeated but neither did we win. (There's the rub.) The game was slow and listless, but we never figured out how they held us to a zero to zero score.

R. N. F. S.....10

Superior S. N.....3

Friday, October 27th, saw the biggest game of the season on home soil. The Superior Normal warriors came down and went back again.

River Falls opened with a rush and scored in four minutes. The Superior team had secured the ball near their own line and when they kicked out, Foley tucked the pigskin away and trotted over the line.

In the second quarter Bergh secured another touchdown.

The Superior goal came as a result of a fumbled kick. Superior recovering the ball and dropping from the fifteen yard line.

River Falls outplayed Superior at all stages of the game. The tackles made holes in the Superior wall large enough for a steam roller to go through. The guards time and again broke up a Superior play in formation. The ends got down under the punts and spiked the enemy in their tracks. The back field had the same power in their attack that was felt at Eau Claire and then some. It was a snappy game.

R. F. N. S.....13

Stout Institute.....11

The following Saturday, November 4th, the Normal team continued its victorious march by winning from the heavy and fast Stout team.

Normal scored first in three and one-half minutes. On the next kick off, Anderson received the ball and ran through the whole Normal team for a touchdown. Early in the second quarter Stout made another touchdown on a long forward pass. Goal was kicked and the score was 11 to 5. Normal then received and carried the ball to Stout's twenty yard line. Here Condit was injured and was replaced by Koller. From this position at a difficult angle Foley registered three points with a drop kick.

In the last half Normal scored another touchdown by successful forward passes and a line plunge by Moser.

Most of the game was played in Stout territory.

The folks back at Menomonie were pretty much chagrined because many of the Stout players were men who had played on college teams.

R. F. N. S.....0

La Crosse S. N.....6

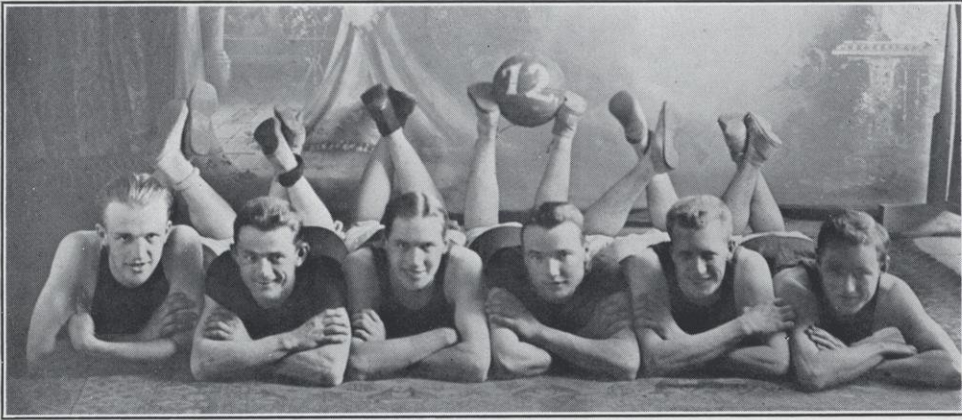
On the date made by eight straight lines 11/11/11, the eleventh day of the eleventh month, of nineteen eleven, our eleven lost to the La Crosse Normal eleven by the score of six to nit.

The train was four hours late and it was already dusk when the game commenced. During the first half neither side scored, but in the third quarter La Crosse got a touchdown on a fake play by smuggling the ball over in the dark. The play was in La Crosse territory most of the game but the River Falls boys were too much exhausted by the irksome trip to play their usual aggressive game and hence were unable to score.

PROSPECTS FOR 1912.

Much praise and honor is due Prof. Castle for his most excellent work in the 1911 season. It is certain that he was a very capable coach.

For next fall an athletic director for men has been engaged. Mr. E. B. Swenson, who will fill the position, is a college graduate and besides his academic degrees he has the degrees of Master of Physical Education. He has an unusual athletic record. He was on the Massachusetts all-star foot ball team of 1909 and is considered the strongest basket ball player in Springfield. He has coached foot ball, basket ball and base ball. His training and experience fit him for the excellent performance of the work he will have to do. The outlook is very bright.



BASKET BALL TEAM

MOSTLY BASKET BALL.

The first game of the season was held in the local gym, Ellsworth being our first opponents. The Ellsworth boys are to be commended on the fine showing they made against their stronger and heavier opponents. Among the "things beautiful" was the clever basket shooting of "Buck" Reed, Ellsworth's midget forward. The game ended with the big end of the score in our favor.

On January 18 our team left for La Crosse and played the Normal team of that city January 19, losing to them by a score of 56 to 23. Our boys returned home the next morning, pleased with the fine game and the excellent treatment given them by the La Crosse team.

Starring for Normal were Manion in shooting baskets and Bob Moser in his guarding of Dahl, the fast La Crosse forward.

A reception was given after the game at which President Cotton commended the players for the fine spirit in which they played, after which the two Captains exchanged compliments.

Our next game was with Galahad on the home floor, January 31. The boys from up the line played a clever game and at times outclassed us in team work. The first half was very close, ending with Normal only two points ahead. In the second half, however, weight and strength told and the scores were piled to the 53 mark. Galahad succeeded in getting 29.

The next game was played with Galahad at Hudson, February 7. We met with much stronger opposition than before, but managed to nose over a victory. The game was hard fought from start to finish, but again we showed our superiority by winning from them. Score 31 to 19.

The following Saturday La Crosse journeyed to our city and played our team in the last game of the season. The game was perhaps the best ever played on the local floor. Our boys were again taken into camp by the "Down River" fellows, who were especially fast and clever in their team work and in shooting baskets.

The following men took part in the games played:

F. Robey, R. Moser, J. Manion, C. Reagan, F. Foley, J. Richards, F. Woodworth, W. Moser.

Dear Reader,

The most important as well as the most exciting game of the season was played shortly after the La Crosse game, between the Seniors and the pick of the other classes.

For reasons not recorded the Seniors conceived the idea of challenging the rest of the school for the disputed honors. Like knights of old the doughty warriors of the combined classes accepted our challenge and preparations were begun for the "game of games."

The day of the contest came at last: The crowd that gathered in the gym would have done justice to the Grand Opera, Paris. The game commenced with Mr. Ketcham, a most efficient man with the whistle, as referee.

Those who previously had entertained any doubt as to the outcome of the game had their illusion dispelled the moment the ball was put into play. It was Seniors, Seniors, Seniors, Seniors everywhere until the whistle blew for the end of the first half.

Our opponents, though heartbroken, came back full of fire for the second half but 'twas of little avail against the torrents of baskets shot by the men of 1912.

To say the least, the game was ours from the start. When the final whistle blew the score stood 13 to 7, as some had predicted, others known—namely, in favor of the Seniors.

Thus ended the greatest battle, likewise the most peaceful, that was ever known in the annals of this institution.

And still there were mutterings. While restraining from mentioning individuals we may yet state that at least one dignified upper classman, not yet a Senior, persisted in declaring our worthy referee not "on the square." Others doubted our right to so pilfer the pride of the school, "our Juniors," of what they themselves could have so fondly cherished, a victory.

Be it as it may no loyal Senior will ever cease to regard this victory as any more than simply—"putting it over the Juniors in good style."

Respectfully yours,
An Impartial Fan.

Line up for Seniors . . . vs. . . . Other classes:

R. Moser,
C. Reagan,
F. Foley,
C. Koller,
W. Moser.

J. Richards,
F. Robey,
E. Bliss,
E. Fox,
C. Dopkins.



BASE BALL TEAM

BASE BALL.

The opening game of the season was played on the home diamond April 24, with Galahad. Moser on the mound for the Normal displayed fine form, and though wild at times struck out twelve men in six innings, Manion finishing the game in good style. This game was on the style of a try-out, our Coach playing at least fourteen men. The Galahad boys had serious trouble in getting hits off benders and as a result we may say they returned home without a single hit. The game at the close of the eighth inning stood 19 to 0 in our favor.

The second game of the season was played on the home grounds May 4, with New Richmond High School. Stout and Dorgan for the Highs were both hard hit, and this coupled with loose team work in the infield allowed the Normals 13 runs. Moser on the mound for the Normals again proved invincible, allowing only three scattered hits and getting fourteen strike-outs. Through an error and a lucky hit New Richmond succeeded in forcing Big Brickley across the plate for their only score in the fourth inning.

Normal vs. New Richmond . . . 13 to 1 in our favor.

Prospects are exceptionally bright for a winning team this year. Besides nearly all of last year's team we have in addition several new players, among them Richards, Woodworth, Dopkins and Bennett. Richards figured in our first game as a find in the batting line, getting a "homer," "a three bagger" and "two singles."

We regret that the material for this book is going to the publishers too early for us to give you a full account of our Base Ball season.

Schedule to date as follows:

April 24—Galahad . . .	at River Falls, Wis.
May 4—New Richmond . .	at River Falls, Wis.
May 17—Hudson . . .	at Hudson, Wis.
May 25—Hamline . . .	at River Falls, Wis.
June 5—Galahad . . .	at River Falls, Wis.



GIRLS' CHAMPION BASKET BALL TEAM

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

In November, 1911, a Girls' Athletic Association was formed under the leadership of the Physical Director, Miss Jeffrey, for the purpose of promoting an interest in Athletics and Gymnastics among the girl students of the Normal. A committee was elected to draw up the Constitution and By-Laws and it was decided that the name of the association should be "The Girls' Athletic Association of the River Falls Normal School."

A large number of girls joined the G. A. A.

The following officers have served:

First Semester	Second Semester
<i>President</i> —JENNIE WIESENTHAL	RUIE THURSTON
<i>Vice Pres.</i> —MABEL WILLIAMS	MAY SMITH
<i>Secretary</i> —MERELLE WILKINSON	JOSEPHINE KILDAHL
<i>Treasurer</i> —MARIE SMITH	MARIE SMITH

The girls took an active interest in Basket Ball during the season and first and second teams were chosen from each class. Members of the first teams were:

Seniors	Junior
Captain Edna Wallen	Right Guard Bena Kopp
Grace Hanson	Left Guard Rosa Gregor
Edna Johnson	Jumping Center Esther Owens
Elsie Vlieland	Side Center Mary McIlquham
Constance Thorsen	Right Forward Capt. Mary Fitzsimmons
Lulo Mikelson	Left Forward Katherine Caesar
Sophomore	Freshmen
Hazel Nelson	Right Guard Gladys Brown
Dorothy Taggart	Left Guard Gertrude Brown
Irene Ross	Jumping Center Capt. Anna Fitzsimmons
Frances Carolan	Side Center Alma Larson
Captain Bessie Buckley	Right Forward Helen Newman
Henrietta Simpson	Left Forward Myrtle Sylvester

In the Inter-Class games for school championship the following record was made:

1. Feb. 1—Sophomores vs. Juniors, 7 to 10 in favor of Juniors.
2. Feb. 14—Sophomores vs. Freshmen, 19 to 22 in favor of Freshmen.
3. Mar. 7—Juniors vs. Seniors, 12 to 8 in favor of Juniors.
4. Mar. 12—Sophomores vs. Seniors, 6 to 5 in favor of Sophomores.
5. Mar. 28—Freshmen vs. Juniors, 10 to 8 in favor of Freshmen.
6. Seniors had to forfeit their game with the Freshmen, because two members of the team were out of school on account of illness.

The last game was played between the Juniors and Freshmen for School Championship. It was a very exciting game from start to finish and, would you believe it, our little friends "The Freshies" won. Hurrah for the Freshmen Team.

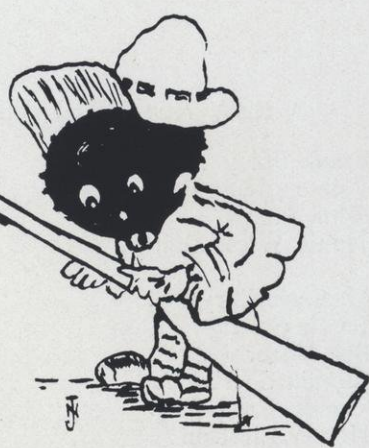


JUNIOR GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM.



SOPHOMORE GIRLS B. B. TEAM.

HUMOR



OUR FACULTY.

We have a Latta teachers,
Each Ames to make us work,
We all learn how to Reed and Wright,
Not one Willett us shirk.

We have a Schlosser, Castle
As good a Zinn Spain, or Francis
Our Crabtree's fame has gone abroad,
Fed on this, our worth enhances.

Then too, a Clark to Ketcham
With problems deep as Welles,
Goble's Lit. is none too easy
But his smile our fear dispels.

We have a social Pardee
That will never be forgot,
Miss Jeffry too, so sweet and charming.
We all admire the Malott.

HOW QUEER IT WOULD SEEM:

If Dopkins walked quietly.
If all the Juniors attended class meetings.
If the Browns were seen and not heard.
If Baillargeon hurried or got excited.
If the Freshmen Girls' Basket Ball Team got their sweaters.
If Nelson wasn't tardy.
If the Knockers stopped knocking.
If Bess Buck ever cut up.
If the Freshmen flunked.
If the faculty advisors saw things from the students' point of view.
If Shaw bluffed a recitation.
If Foley and Moser forgot they were dignified Seniors.

A FEW NORMALITES AND WHAT MADE THEM FAMOUS.

Frank Foley	His dancing.
Valborg Jensen	Her music.
Edna Foley	Her eyes.
Jennie Wiesenthal	Asking for contributions for the Senior Annual.
Marjorie Chryst	Herself.
Jennie Strang	Her violin.
Bob Moser	His smiles.
Clinton Sherburne	His devotion.
Claude Reagan	His disposition.
Homer Elertson	His drawing.
Victor Forseth	His mail box.
Charles Koller	His Foot Ball Playing.
Mirtie Kinney	Her good nature.
Isabelle Holdahl	Her rosy cheeks.
Lulo Mikalsen	Her ambition.
Carrie Baker	Her stacks of books.
Elsie Vlieland	Basket Ball.
Flossie Stiles	Her voice.
Roy Sakrison	Physical Training Note Book.
Florence Gardner	Her standings.
Irene Ross	Her "Stahl."
Tom Bergh	His acting.
Constance Gilbertson	Her office.
Francis Jackman	His stately stature.
Dorothy Taggart	Collecting Soph. dues.
Myrtle Sylvester	Selling tickets.
Fred Baldwin	Popularity with the girls.
Willard Kennedy	His golden locks.
Gladys Brown	Her beaux.
Gertrude Brown	Her dancing.
John Greely	Many things.
Willie Scruton	Music ability.
Olive McIntyre	Her disposition.
Gladys Smith	Her drawings.
Bertha Doe	Blushing.
Leona Peake	Her ribbons.
Claire Loughney	Her smile.
Ella Peterson	Her style.
Tracy Stahl	His attention to the other sex.
Mace Alton	Her clothes.
Elva Ritchey	Her singing.
Hazel Vaughn	Her standings.
Ruth Carlson	Her complexion.
Gladys Dopkins	Her studiousness.
Hilda Nelson	Her manner.
Claudia Mercer	Her penmanship.
Sarah Schwalen	Her work in the Gym.
Bessie Buckley	Her pictures.
Helen Newcomb	Her knowledge.

Margert Judge	Her giggle.
Sadie Megorden	Her grinning.
Paul Baird	His acting.
Rosa Gregor	Her "Pierce."
Charles Chapman	Chemistry experiments.
Nealie Nelson	Questions.
Kathryn Johns	Her rhetorical.
Earl Fox	His themes.

KETCHAMISMS.

1. Sit down, sit down, Mr. Bergh, we cannot see you for dust.
2. And we will have popcorn balls for lunch, and lots of things.
3. You will get cabbages for flowers at your funeral, Pierce.
4. Oh! Come off.
5. Look out if you don't want to get drowned.
6. Aw, go on.
7. Set down, Mr. Chapman, before you forget it.
8. Guess again!!!
9. I am sorry, Mr. Cooke, but I guess it is all right.
10. Say, Mr. Ketcham, is there any arsenic in this experiment? Well there might be a little cream candy in it.
11. We will all wear our Sunday clothes, Mr. Sakrison, and go to the circus. Yes, and there will be a balloon ascension out through the skylight.
12. Snore on, we'll call you in time for supper.
13. Middle row to the board. Draw diagram to explain manufacture of $H^2 SO^4$.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Normal life is lots of fun,
 Tis but toil from early morning,
 To the setting of the sun.

Life is real, life is earnest
 And an "ex" should be the goal,
 "Con" thou hast, a "flunk" returneth,
 That was spoken of before.

M. L.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)



We're on our way to the Agricultural College.

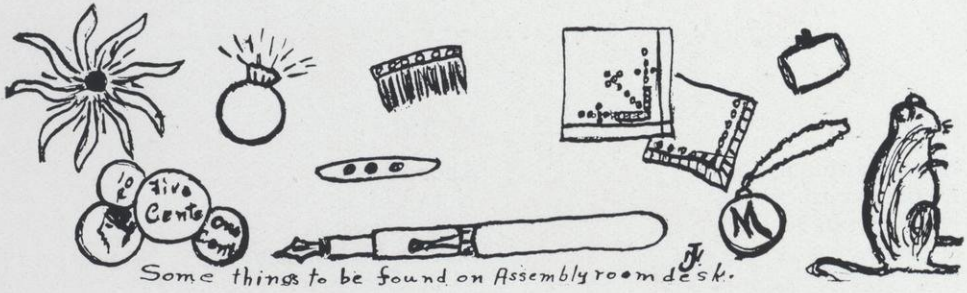
LOST

NAME.

Her avoirdupois.	Alice Moore.
Mathematical ability	Nora Linjer.
Her heart in N. D.	Ada Sylvester.
A chance	Merrie McIlquham.
Her voice	Willa Behrens.
Some sleep	Nina Mathews.
A Day's Work	Dorothy Wingender.
Ten Weeks	Wilbur Shaw.
A "Pierce"	Lavina Christianson.
Many things	Josephine Kildahl.
My spare time	Elsie Thompson.
Some money in the Twin Cities	Laura Larson.
My "stand in"	Margaret Currier.
My interest in Rice Lake	Edna Wallen.
A happy home at Profs.	Gina Bjornstad.
My ability to keep quiet	Ruth Fessenbecker.
My sweet disposition	Myra Hawley.
History of Ed. note book	Valley Christensen.
An only chance for a sleigh ride	Lalla Robinson.
Ask Gina	Agnes Weberg.
A good time in Whitewater	Rachel Taggart.
Nothing, I have it yet to get	Inez Upgren.

COURT NOOZ.

Defendant	Charge	Plea	Sentence
Effie Barg	Making a noise	Not guilty	
Ben Burrows	A crush	Not guilty	
Katherine Chinnock	Breaking hearts	Guilty	Life
Amelia Gerber	Flirting	Guilty	Gag
Grace Hanson	Overstudying	Guilty	30 days
Myra Hawley	Cramming	Not guilty	
Kathryn Johns	Seriousness	Guilty	Six weeks in summer school
Jessie Michaelson	Breaking scales	Guilty	Two weeks fast
Esther Murphy	Cutting classes	Guilty	Life
Gertrude Ruesink	Overeating	Not guilty	
Phyllis Tate	Talking	Not guilty	
Maude Winger	Cracking jokes	Guilty	Sweat box.
Hazel Woltersdorf	Overwork	Not guilty	



Name.	Favorite Expression	Devoted to	Redeeming Virtue.	Present Occupation.	Aim in Life.
Edna Foley.....	Well, what do you know about that?..	"Him"	Eyes	Laughing	To go West.
Clint. Sherburne....	Gee, whiz!.....	Grace	His devotion.....	Rushing	To get her.
Homer Ellertson....	Honestly	Art	Smile	Painting	To be an artist.
Gert. Wiesenthal...	Heavens!	Dancing	Eyes	Playing tennis.....	To go to Minn. U.
Flo. Gardner.....	Oh, dear!.....	History of Ed.....	Size	Studying	To get 98+.
Carrye Baker.....	Do you get that?..	8th Grade	Scholarship	Teaching geography	To teach like Ames.
Lena Sharp.....	Gee, no!.....	Eats	Voice	Writing lesson plans.....	To be an orchestra leader.
Marie Smith.....	Gracious!	G. A. A.....	Up-to-date slang....	Writing letters.....	To get a mark in drawing.
Bena Kopp.....	Oh, you kid!.....	To orators.....	Singing	Wearing out her shoes.....	To "Kopp" some one soon.
A. Holdahl.....	Whoops, my dear!..	German	Herself	Learning to dance.....	To get 100 per.
O. Baillargeon.....	W-e-l-l	Practice	Deliberateness	Burning midnight oil.....	To become a supervisor.
Hazel Strang.....	Oh, say!.....	Herself	Complexion	Studying music.....	To be a missionary.
Phyllis Tate.....	What did you get?..	Books	Manner	Trying to get high marks....	To be a librarian.
Etta Hammond.....	Dearie	Y. W. C. A.....	Eyes	Talking	To be a good housekeeper.
Ben Burrows.....	Got your problems?..	Study	Silence	Meditating	To be a mathematician.
Sidney Rogers.....	I don't care.....	Teachers' Meeting..	Oratorical ability...	Disputing	To go to the Philippines.
M. Williams.....	Yes, Charles.....	Charlie	Good care of Chas..	Going walking with Chas....	To get Charles.
W. Shaw.....	I was just going to ask	Normal	Height	Talking	To own an air ship.
Kath. Johns.....	Come off!.....	Grammar	Profile	Having fun.....	To grow.
Will Moser.....	You wouldn't see...	Bena	Voice	Teasing	To strike a snap.
Ella Wiesenthal...	Don't you know?..	Base Ball Games...	Personality	Base ball fan.....	Druggist(ess).
Rachel Taggart....	Oh, yes!.....	The Bunch.....	Size	Working algebra.....	To teach.
Jeannette Nelson...	Oh, Jeff!.....	Cartoon drawing...	Music	Going to picnics.....	To go to Minn. U.
Elsie Vlieland.....	S-a-y	Purple skirt.....	Form	Preparing to go to Beloit....	To get rich.
Maud Winger.....	Oh, girls!.....	Studying	Smile	Growing	To finish Normal.
Jessie Michaelson..	Let's go home.....	Room-mate	Pleasing way.....	Eating	To have a home.

WIT and HUMOR.

Who's Who in River Falls.

LATTA:—

She has a lot 'o knowledge.
She has a lot 'o will.
She has a lot 'o Latin dope.
She surely is no pill.

KETCHAM:—

You'd know him by his gasoline can, or maybe by his laundry bag. He always carries one of them and is cheerful under his burden.

SCHLOSSER:—

Left an Opera troupe to come to River Falls, to teach the Freshies how to become great orators. Her speciality is teaching boys how to make love. (Ask Sandy.)

AMES:—

Our solid Prof. is long, has great width and thoughts of great depth. His aims are as high as himself.

ZINN:—

The German string of our faculty Orchestra. Plays schönly und wunderbar. Sie ist ein gute Fräulein, und wir lieben Sie sehr viel.

WRIGHT:—

Is now advocating a four hour working day for the faculty. Is a good conversationalist, especially during class period. Fond of singing, and fills lower corridors with melody all day long.

ARMSTRONG:—

Does her duty in toning down boisterous practice teachers. Her patience is inexhaustible, still she keeps a reserve fund for the Juniors.

BERG:—

Drifted into River Falls this year from unknown regions. Pleasant and kind and all together fine.

MALOTT:—

He's from Missouri but you don't have to show him, he knows a lot. One would think his name was *Mallet* from the way he pounds things in.

CLARK:—

A noted mathematician. Has achieved great fame through his short methods. Strict Assembly discipline is his hobby.

MOSHER:—

"Always was, is yet." Won world wide renown through her discipline in the library, and also her noble work in putting down the short sleeve epidemic. (Hobble wearers beware.)

SHULTES:—

Born some time ago. Blown into River Falls on a strong pedagogic breeze, which is still blowing a gale around the Normal and so far has scattered "peds" all around the country.

GOBLE :—

Noted for sandy complexion and rapid speech. His paper on "How to get a thorough knowledge of the 'Idylls of the King' by class absorption" is widely read.

WILLETT :—

Ran up a scale and landed in River Falls. Is now a dealer in all kinds of flats. Noted for navigation on all the high seas (C's).

JEFFREY :—

Borne into River Falls on a strong Eastern wind. Noted for her bright "idears." Her strenuous methods make her much admired by the strong members of the school.

PARDEE :—

The famous faculty adviser. Formerly a dealer in paints, but now entirely devoted to straightening the tangled Freshmen Leap Year stunts.

WELLES :—

Formerly a great trapeze performer, but now performs mostly with rakes, big hats and bushel baskets.

FRANCES :—

A Peoria, Ill., product. You ought to eat the marshmallows she makes! Always treats the staff O. K.

REED :—

Smallest member of the faculty. Has featherweight championship of Pierce and St. Croix counties. Should go on the stage and not waste any more time around here. He would do especially well in the impersonation of young ladies, as his voice and charming manner contribute a great deal to this difficult line of work.

CRABTREE :

Our Prexy! A toast to him raise!
Busiest of men is he,
Unbounded ambition
Exceeds all tradition,
Long at the head of our school may he be.

FLINT :

The helpful Lib. assistant. Her heart surely does not suit her name. Is kept busy putting out the "*sparkers*."

McCORMICK :

So dear and so charming
We all her adore.
May she stay on forever,
For we love her more and more.

FLEMMING :

She's little but she has a big smile.
Her favorite expression is: "Well, I guess you know what to do for tomorrow, don't you?"

COGGESHALL :

One of Miss Shultes' "Stalwarts." Known as "Coggie" among the youthful peds. Her fame abroad rests on her wondrous strides.

SANFORD :

The popular adviser. Is well posted on all the latest events, as it is said she absorbs, nay devours, a newspaper each week.

Bill Woehrle—"Why does Reagan drink so much soda?"
 Normal Student—"Because he has such an awful Thurst-on."
 Mr.—"Why do Rembrandt's pictures bring such an exorbitant price?"
 Miss Moline—"Because there are so few people who can make them."
 Hist. Teacher—"Who said, 'The Union now and forever'?"
 Student—"Samuel Gompers."
 Teacher—"Harry, why do you always start to laugh after the rest stop?"
 H. Pierce—"He who laughs best laughs last."
 1st Student—"Let's take a course in Pharmacy."
 2nd Student—"Never! I'd never be a farmer."
 Teacher—"What's the meaning of 'Betsy and I are out'?"
 Small Base Ball Fan—"It means two down."
 Teacher—"What kind of ribbon does your mother like best?"
 Small Boy—"Pabst's Blue Ribbon."
 Teacher—"Does anyone know what a cantelope is?"
 Small Boy—"A 'can't-elope' is an old maid."

LIMERICKS.

There is a young fellow named Tom,
 Who always appears quite calm,
 He isn't a fake
 Or a crazy old skate,
 But a right fine fellow is Tom.

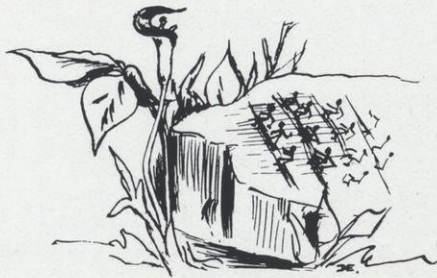
We all know the fellow named Bobbey,
 Who may have had many a hobby.
 In athletics he's fine
 And always on time,
 So much for this fellow named Bobbey.

There is a Senior named "Ed"
 Who comes right along at the head.
 He dances, they say
 In oh! such a way.
 His feet sure can not be of lead.

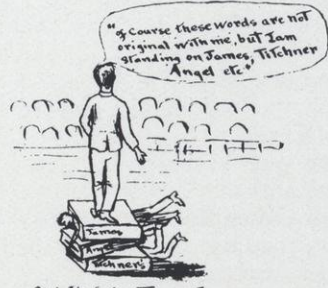
There is a young girl named May,
 Who hasn't much time for play,
 But studies and tries
 To become very wise,
 And indeed she sure has her way.

There is a young body named Chryst;
 A very prim little Miss,
 But charming and sweet
 And awfully neat
 Is this, our little Miss Chryst.

There's a certain young maiden named Mabel,
 Who seldom if ever is able
 To refuse Charles' attentions
 Whenever he mentions
 A party—now this is no fable.



J.W.C. Reading Notices
from the Pulpit.



Our Prof. in Education:



"The New International gives this—"
L. Goble.

WANTED.

A return dance	Girls.
Somebody to notice me	Halvor Landsverk.
To grow	F. Robey.
Everybody to know I'm talking	H. Fletcher.
Just Some One	Coie Winter.
All the girls to be crazy about me	Manion.
Half-Back Sandy	Esther.
Some new clothes	N. Wilford.
Some one to think I'm a sport	Herum.
Mr. Castle	Philip.
Some one to boss	Lena Sharp.
Some anti-fat	Stella Solheim.
Crain (when Shannon's gone)	R. Demulling.
Short method of learning spelling	C. Koller.
Some more arithmetic	L. Kay.
Someone to propose to me	L. Heinrich.
Less noise in the Assembly	Faculty.
No more of nothing	Tom Bergh.
A large hat	P. Baird.
More money	A. Beggs.
A ticket to C——, Ohio	E. Foley.
A few ties	Gert. Wiesenthal.
Divorce from Socky	K. Caesar.
A date with (?)	Ray Cooke.
A letter from Spring Valley	Robt. Cudd.
A position in the Rexall Store	Carl Miller.
A bid to the dance	Mirtie Kinney.
A position in the orchestra	Wilbur Shaw.
A license to sell gum	Ferris Robey.
A home of my own	Clint. Sherburne.
A new man (Neuman)	Tom Bergh.
A floor (Walker) to guide me	Florence Gardner.
Some one to carry Superior colors	Olga Megorden.
A 25-hour day for study	Nealie Nelson.
Some office assistance	Phyllis Tate.
Some one to pay our N. A. C. dues	{ H. Ellertson.
	{ C. Reagan.
A position	Ruie Thurston.
A better pump for the lab.	Sidney Rogers.
Some one to shag	Edson Condit.
A horse-back ride	A. Gerber.
Ticket to Platteville	Florence Stiles.
A two-seat to Prescott	Frank Foley.
Someone to go horse-back riding with	G. Stiles.
Some one to tease me	Valborg Jensen.
An accompanist	H. Fletcher.
A few credits	C. Koller.
A safe	Alice Beggs.
A dark head light	I. Holdahl.
Practice Classes	Juniors and Sophmores.

"Now distance doth divide us
And I'm far across the Creek,
I wonder, yes I wonder
If I'm really love sick.—(Bobbie.)

Junior—"What would be a good nickname for Bena Kopp?"

Senior Psychologist—"Attention."

Junior—"Why?"

Senior Psychologist—"Because it is impossible to separate 'Will' from Attention."

Miss Shultes—"If you were teaching tanning hides, what material might you use?"

Bob Moser—"A shingle."

Freshy—"Is that the Lewis and Clark that discovered Oregon?"

Experienced Senior—"No, that's the one who discovered the new easy methods of teaching arithmetic."

May S—"Er zog einen Gegeustand aus seiner Tasche. (He drew something out of his pocket, but I don't know what Gegustand means.)"

Fraulein Zinn (Inductively)—"Der Stule ist ein Gegeustand. Der Tisch ist ein Gegeustand."

May S—"Oh, furniture."

Mr. Ames (In Sociology)—"In what direction does our discussion of this question, 'The Congestion of Population,' tend to lead us, Miss Sharp?"

Lena—"We are getting further away from the subject every time."

Student—"What did Buck say to you last night?"

Cudd—"I love my salt, but oh you Cudd."

Laugh and you shock your instructors,
Look glum and coincide with their rule,
For this school of the State has a lot of red tape
And it is sometimes very cruel.

There is a Miller of a D
Who to this Normal goes,
There is no man more blithe than he.
Why? Just ask his D, she knows.

Question—"Why are the students in History of Ed. so smart?"

Answer—"Because their teacher is a Mal ott."

April 16—R. J. C. got a hair cut.

1st Student—"What's the Universe?"

2nd Student—"The Universe is that on which we stand."

1st Student—"What is it when we sit down?"

End Student—"Univer-sity."

Robert M. was sent to St. Paul on business. He went to Minneapolis instead. Why? Who lives there?

Heard in Pedagogy—

Miss Shultes—"Roses are red, violets are blue"—"Finish it Mr. Kay."

Mr. Kay—"I can't."

Billy looked at Bena,
 Oh, what a pretty Miss;
 He stole a little nearer,
 Then bashful stole—away.

Edna (F.) is a jolly lass
 Who loves to laugh and talk,
 But do you know
 The stunt she did
 The night of Feb. 9th?

A nice young man
 From out of town
 Came down here to the dance,
 The time he had,
 Well I won't say,
 But I guess he concluded
 His trip didn't pay.

PLAYS AND THEIR STARS.

"The Fortune Hunter"	Seniors.
"The Easiest Way."	R. J. C. Chinnock.
"Bright Eyes"	Gertrude Wiesenthal.
"The Eleventh Hour"	Octave Baillargeon.
"The Soul Kiss"	Mabel and Sandy.
"Miss Innocence"	Jennie Strang.
"The Fair Co-ed"	Coie Winter.
"Paid in Full"	Our Dues.
"The Slim Princess"	Valborg Jensen.
"These are My People"	Mr. Crabtree.
"The Flirting Princess"	Etta Hammond.
"Seven Days"	A Week.
"The Earth"	River Falls Normal School.
"The Barrier"	75 per cent.
"Romeo and Juliet"	Grace and Clint.
"The Man of the Hour"	Robert Moser.
"The Climbers"	Lower Classmen.
"Girl of My Dreams"	Tillie Olson.
"Alice of Old Vincennes"	Alice Beggs.
"The Chocolate Soldier"	Will Moser.
"Darlings of Paris"	{ Hazel Strang. Florence Gardner. Grace Hanson.
"The Man Who Owns Broadway"	

Etta had a little dog
 And his name was Ed.
 Now she ain't got him any more.
 I guess he's dead.

A FEW SONGS AND WHAT THEY SUGGEST.

"Has anyone seen Hanson?"	Olga Megorden.
"I Remember You"	"Bills."
"Some Day"	We'll graduate.
"Absence makes the Heart grow Fonder"	Ella Wiesenthal.
"Dreaming"	In College English.
"I Hate to work on Monday"	All of us.
"School Days"	Normal.
"It looks Like a Big Night Tonight"	Before Exams.
"Sweet and Lowe"	Joe Lowe.
"Sweet Adeline"	C. Crane.
"Oh, you beautiful Doll"	F. Woodworth.
"All Alone"	{ Sakrison.
	{ Baillargeon.

Am she went,
Be she gone
Have her left I all alone?
Her can never come to we,
We can only go to she.
It can not was.—Ex.

The following has been sent us for publication:

Wanted—By the girls taking the Agricultural course at River Falls Normal, kind and handsome husbands. Those with large farms preferred, as we are well prepared to assist in the management, having had special training along these lines.

Editor's Note—You will be amply repaid by answering this ad. as each and every girl is exceptionally good looking. There is great variety in height, weight and strength. Write early and get the pick of the lot.

From the question box:

Is it proper for a boy and his girl, who haven't seen each other since the noon hour, to take a stroll during the second hour in the afternoon?

Answer:

If such candidates will apply at the office, Mr. Crabtree will give them a Permit.



FOR SALE.

Some of my popularity	Cecil Morrow.
My latest crush	Nell MacDonald.
The part in my hair (I never use it anyway) .	Robert Moser.
My part in the class play	Val. Jensen.
Lesson plan books	Seniors.
Part of my name	Raymond John Copley Chinnock
Our method of kissing	Sandy and Mabel.
"Comps" for everyone	Phyllis Tate.
My male conquests	Hazel Strang.
A few pet expressions	Sue Richards.
My Pedagogy standing	Bessie Martin.
Our offices	Meletean staff.
My Practice Class	Everyone.
My new treatise (Flashlight Photography) .	Mr. Goble.
My seat in row 10	Amanda Kjelson.
Some of my candy clothes	Earl Fox.

Modesty forbids our giving
All the witty things we've said,
But we've used our best material
And supplied these jokes instead.

If you find the joke is on you
Don't get sore and kick about it.
Laugh and you will see it's funny.
It surely is, you cannot doubt it.

If we've been too hard on you,
Please pardon our transgression.
We've only tried to make you laugh,
It's only your own expression.



EXCHANGES.

"It's the little things that tell,
Adage true, like many others,
If you don't believe it—well—
Ask big sisters with small brothers."—Ex.

First Little Boy—"If you had three eyes, where would you want the third one to be?"

Second Little Boy—"Why, in the back of my head."

First Little Boy—"I'd have mine in the end of my thumb, 'cause then I could put my thumb through a knot hole and see the ball game."—Ex.

I send you here, a violet,
In token that I'm glad we met.
And hope that we already yet,
Once more again together get."—Ex.

There was a crowd, for there were three,
The girl, the parlor lamp, and he,
There was a crowd, and so no doubt
That is why the lamp went out.

"A major" must "C sharp" to "B natural" in "A flat."—Ex.

Teacher—"What figure of speech is 'I love my teacher'?"

Pupil—"Sarcasm."—Ex.

"Mother," said little Bobbie, "Do men ever go to heaven?"

"Why of course, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Because I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Well," said his mother, "They always get there by a close shave."

I went to a party with Jane;
And met with an awful mishap—
For I awkwardly emptied a cupful
Of chocolate into her lap.

But Janet was cool—though it wasn't,
For none are as tactful as she
And smiling with perfect composure,
Said sweetly, "The drinks are on me!"

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas there he first fell into debt
For Romeo'd what Juliet. Ex.

She: "How long have you danced?"

He: "Oh! years."

She: "Well, don't be discouraged."—Ex.

"Why do they call our language the mother tongue, pa?"

"Because father never gets a chance to use it, my son."

Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is quite droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist the hole.—Ex.

Willie with a carving knife,
Took his sister Mary's life:
"Now you've done it," papa said,
"Mary's skull has nicked the blade."—Ex.

Teacher: "What letter is next to H?"
Freshman: "Dunno, Marm."
Teacher: "What have you on both sides of your nose?"
Freshmen: "Freckles, Marm."—Ex.

G. Washington: "Throw me a couple of those fish."

Fish Dealer: "Throw them?"

Washington: "Yep; then I can tell Martha I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—Ex.

Little deeds of kindness,
To your teachers now and then,
Will often raise your standings,
From zero up to ten.—Ex.

A LOVE STORY.

Chapter 1. Maid one.

Chapter 2. Maid won.

Chapter 3. Made one.—Ex.

I stood upon the mountain
And looked upon the plain
I saw a lot of green stuff
That looked like waving grain.
I took another look
And though it must be grass
But goodness! On my honor!
It was the Freshmen Class.—Ex.

St. Peter: "Well, who are you?"

Candidate: "I am a student."

St. Peter: "Did you read your school paper?"

Candidate: "I did."

St. Peter: "Did you subscribe for it?"

Candidate: "I did not."

St. Peter: "First elevator down."—Ex.

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IF YOU DON'T GIVE US YOUR AD.—EX.

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Lots of good things in this store all the time. When down town drop in and look us over.

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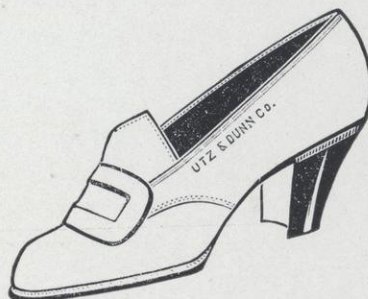
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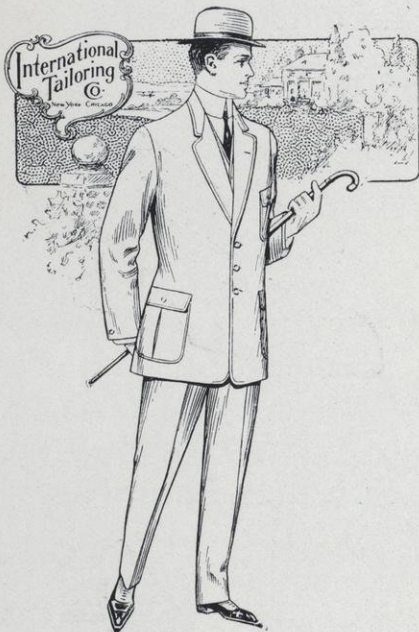
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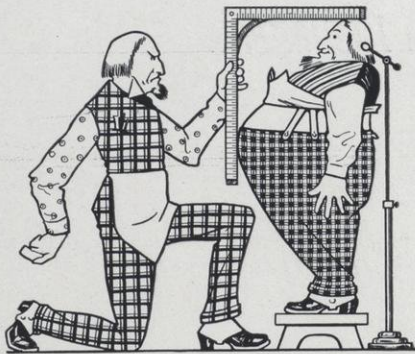
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