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The crimson. Vol. IV, No. IV January, [1914]

Edgerton, Wisconsin: Students of Edgerton High School, January, [1914]

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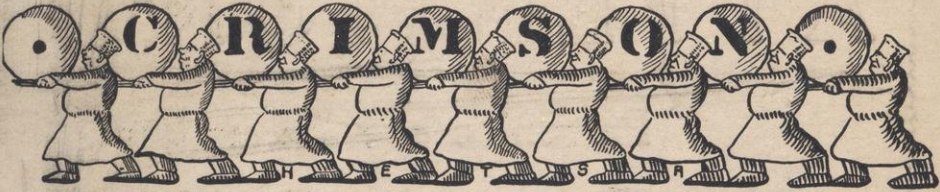
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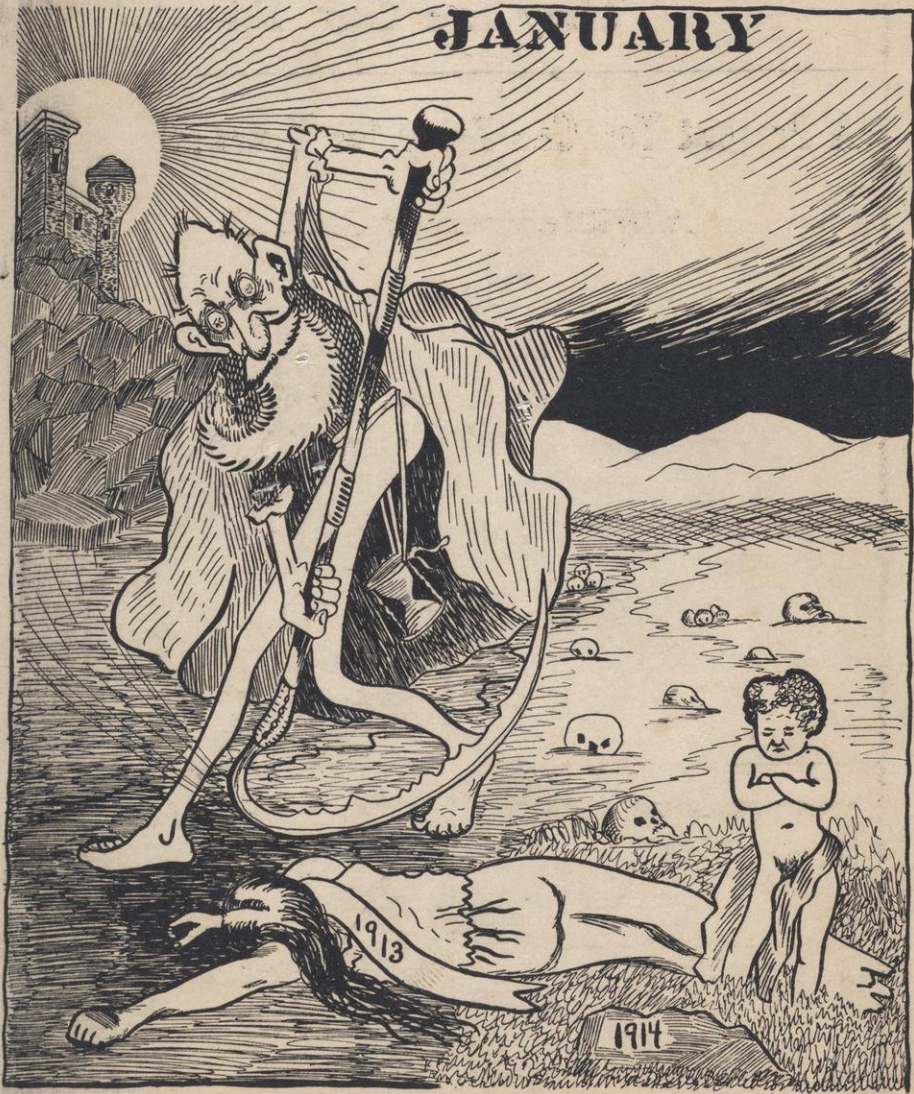
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THE CRIMSON

Vol. IV.

January, 1913

No. IV

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

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

Contributions are solicited from the Students, Faculty and Alumni.

EEGERTON, WISCONSIN

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LITERARY

Capture and Escape

The great forest maintained a stubborn and awesome silence. The pine-needles whispering softly among themselves, seemed to be secretly conspiring evil for any who might essay to thread their primeval depths. Now and then, here and there on the wings of the north-wind, a solitary snowflake scudded by, the herald of an approaching storm. Darkness was falling in the woods. The piercing wind was rising, and the pines no longer confined themselves to a murmuring, but shrieked louder and louder to one another. The rising rage of the elements seemed to forbode something sinister. The snow was coming in flurries now, and in an hour the great woods would be coerced into total darkness.

Nathan Hwate stopped at the bank of an icy brook, where a spring bubbled up, to be seized almost immediately by the icy hand of Jack Frost. He was a sturdy lad of sixteen who had set out at dawn to hunt a deer that had passed the stockade at daybreak. He had been led a "Wild-goose" chase, and now the snow had totally obliterated all tracks. Nathan could not discover whether the buck had crossed the creek or back tracked. Nathan stood pondering as to whether to give up the chase or to cross and renew the hunt with the slim chance of starting his quarry from a cane-brake which he saw covering a little hummock to the east of him. He glanced up to see where the sun stood and was startled to find that the sky was full of black scurrying clouds and that darkness was almost upon him. Indeed, so intent had he been upon the object of his pursuit that the time had flitted by unawares. Quickly recognizing the utter impossibility of reaching the fort before black night set in, the would be Nimrod decided to build up a fire and bunk in the wood, knowing full well that with the blizzard which had now set in earnest, he stood but one chance out of a thousand of keeping his way, and being lost at such a time was not food for any pleasant reflection.

In a few moments the hardy young frontiersman had a cheerful blaze started. Dropping down on a pile of boughs Nathan Hwate was soon fast asleep, with his gun in his arms.

The fire had dwindled until a pile of embers remained, which cast a sombre glow upon the snow-covered boy, who slept on unaware of the fact that four pairs of glittering eyes were gleaming savagely from the bushes upon his helpless form. Silently four pairs of moccasined feet stole stealthily from the circle of the shadows. Their savage faces were distorted with malignant hatred for the helpless victim upon which they might wreak their vengeance. The next moment Nathan Hwate was seized by four pairs of sinewy brown arms, and bound before he could offer any resistance whatever. One tall, powerful warrior, evidently a chief, picked up Nathan's gun, and with a guttural, "Come, paleface," led the way into the fathomless darkness, while the other three savages

followed, ready at the slightest suspicious movement to bury their tomahawks in the prisoner's skull.

At daylight they emerged from the thicket and stood on the banks of a broad river, now called the Ohio. After following the course of the river for several hours, upon rounding a bend in the river they came upon a large Indian village, consisting of nearly five hundred tepees.

It is five years since Nathan Hwate was captured by the war party of Red Cloud. The shimmering moon of a June night fell upon the stalwart form of a man, who to all appearances was an Indian chief of high rank. He was accoutred from head to foot in the war regalia of an Iroquois war-chief. A dog barked in the war camp a quarter of a mile down the river. This interruption of the monotonous silence seemed to rouse the warrior from his reverie, and walking deliberately to a tall tree near the bank, he withdrew from a hollow in its side, a bundle wrapped in buck skin. Having strapped it securely to his back the warrior passed silently downstream, away from the camp where the party of Iroquois raiders lay dreaming of the massacres they were to indulge in.

The day dawned clear and bright. In the camp of the savage raiders all was in confusion. During the night their chief Red Eagle, had mysteriously disappeared. Not a sign marked the course he had taken. Many believed that an evil spirit had enchanted him and that it was an evil omen of the most serious degree. Little by little it dawned upon them that their chief had turned traitor to them. This suspicion had its source in the fact that Red Eagle was none other than the paleface brave, Nathan Hwate, who in the course of his five year sojourn amongst them had risen in favor until he was second only in rank to chief Red Cloud. The expedition upon which they had set out was directed upon Hwateville, a settlement found nearly a decade previous to this time by Arnold Hwate, Nathan's father. The settlement had early incurred the enmity of the Iroquois by giving them a decisive repulse in the first year of the little settlement's history. Now they determined to wipe out all their old scores by totally annihilating their rival. From the first the war chief, Red Eagle had opposed the proposed expedition for some reason unknown to the tribesmen, but in spite of his influence, which, be it known was by no means small a party of one hundred and fifty picked men were placed in his charge and started for the stockade of Hwateville. Now, on the third day of their travel Red Eagle was missing, and Yellow Panther, a young buck who had always been jealous of the favored paleface assumed command and the band at once started in pursuit of their former chief. This was the first time he had been directed to fight against his own race and he had rebelled. Also he had taken this time as a prime moment in which to get back to his people and satisfy his intense desire once more to see all the folks at home, who had without a doubt given him up for dead years ago. It was now a race between Nathan Hwate, alias, Red Eagle, and the savages who were bound to head him off before he could carry warning to those who were alike, his friends and their enemies.

All night long the sturdy Nathan Hwate traveled on, running along through the pines in a never tiring trot. Five years as an Indian had developed him into such a specimen of a man as is seldom seen. Power-

ful of limb, without an ounce of surplus flesh he was able to maintain a steady jog hour after hour, eating from a lump of jerked venison as he ran. Not until the next noon did he even stop to drink from a babbling spring in a rippling brook. As he arose he heard a cry of exultation on his back trail about a hundred yards, which told him plainer than words that his game was understood and that his former friends, now his enemies had discovered a fresh sign. Leaping about he started off on his long stride. Once, as he topped the brow of a hill in a clearing, he heard a cry behind him. Looking quickly around, he espied three warriors making straight for him, now confident that the game was theirs. But Nathan differed in this opinion. Bounding down the slope, he ran up a ravine in which a little brook coursed along. Finding a huge root upturned over the swale he crawled underneath, and lay quiet. When his pursuers came to the end of his trail which was lost in the water. Surmising that he had gone down stream his pursuers followed the creek down the other way. When their voices died away, Nathan crawled out and started off on a dead run, knowing that every minute was precious, and meant life or death with him, and perhaps the surprise and massacre of the settlement.

Mid-afternoon saw an athletic young savage emerge from the woods into the clearing of the stockade of Hwatesville. As he came into the clearing several men working in the clearing sprang for their guns on seeing the Indian in war dress step into view. Nathan, for he it was, stepped quickly back into the shadows, and it was well he did, for he barely had time to dodge behind a tree when three bullets whistled into the brush where he had disappeared. It was then that he realized that his pursuers might arrive at any moment. Indeed, there was no time to lose; so hastily stripping every thing he could, which would mark him as an Indian, he once more stepped boldly out, with his hands raised above his head. Appreciating that a truce was desired the men came forward with care for they were suspicious that treachery might be afoot. When they came near one of the men gave an exclamation of joy and sprang forward and grasped the hand of his son.

"Nathan, my son!" was all Arnold Hwate could say.

"Father!"

Then a delirium seemed to seize the father for he turned and ran at full speed for the stockade yelling like a mad man. Nathan and the other men followed. As they near the fort, a young fellow with terror written in every line of his face fired his piece full at Nathan, believing him to be in pursuit of Mr. Hwate. Luckily, his marksmanship was not of the best and the next minute they were all inside the gate, where an explanation was rendered before anyone was hurt. Nathan had almost forgotten the grave menace pending, in his delirium of joy at seeing familiar faces once more, but remembering suddenly that the Indians must be somewhere in the near vicinity, he warned them of the gravity of their situation. Soon all were astir. Men were called in from the fields, and in a half hour the loopholes were manned and the stockade was ready for the attack.

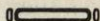
Two hours passed away without any sign of savages, and one young fellow, whom Nathan recognized as a bully he had given a sound trounce-

ing several days before his mysterious disappearance five years ago, even went so far as to attempt to discredit the story and even cast reflections upon its author. At last Nathan told him to place his hat upon his ramrod and stick it above the wall and see what would result. But the doubter declared he dared stick his head up, and indeed, he was soon upon the platform, and even before Nathan could remonstrate, stood upright above the palisade. There was the crash of a dozen muskets in the thicket and the fellow fell dead with eight bullets lodged in his body.

There was no longer any need for secrecy, and with whoops and yells the whole body of hideously painted savages, came dashing across the clearing, firing their guns as they ran. The fight was short and decisive, and the Indians drew off with nearly a third of their number dead. Never before had they sustained such a crushing defeat. It is hardly necessary to say that though the Iroquois renewed the attack after dark they were not successful, and when old Sol peeped into the great forest, not a feather of an Indian head-dress was visible. In truth they had not waited for day break to depart.

The June breeze glided through the pines, who whispered and whistled cheerfully to one another. A few clouds on the horizon made haste to vanish and not intrude upon the consistency of the elements. The little red squirrel peeped out from his nest in the hollow pine, and chattered with his neighbor in the oak across the way. The crow from his perch on the peak of a solitary pine in the clearing squaked a hoarse, but well-meant "All's well."

G. L. G. 14



The Skating Party

"Friend Janet:

I suppose you heard that there is to be a small skating party on Cul-ton's pond next Friday evening, and I am writing to ask you if I may have the pleasure of accompanying you to this well known place?

Trusting you will consider this important matter and look at it in the same light I do, I am,

Yours patiently waiting,
"Jim."

P. S. Slip me an answer on the sly!"

The above note was received, after many sly looks and unseen jestures, by Janet Bennett from her hopeful admirer James Benton.

At last that long-looked-for note had arrived unaware to the teacher and was read with an anxious heart at the first convenient moment. She quickly prepared the following note, both to his and her joy and satisfaction.

"Friend Jim:

Received your welcome note and will be pleased to attend the skating party with you.

Thanking you for your kind invitation, I am,

As ever yours,
Janet.

Friday evening arrived in due time and 7:45 saw lighthearted Jim, with his skates over his shoulder, walking up the steps to Janet's home, amid many sharp whistled and mocking jeers of his fellow admirers, who stood in hiding watching his approach.

In response to Jim's ring, Janet's mother answered the door.

"Good evening, James," she said with a pleasant smile. "Walk right in."

Hesitating somewhat Jim asked, "I-Is-Is J-Ja-Ja-net-t read-d-dy?"

"She will be down in just a minute, she answered, "Step in and wait."

So Jim mechanically walked in.

About this time Janet appeared in a white sweater and hockey cap, a pair of high skating boots with gloves and muffs; her skates hanging over her shoulders.

Jim turned at her approach and greeted her with a winsome smile and lightly throwing her skates over his shoulder they disappeared out of the front door unconscious of the plight they would return in, in a few hours.

The pond was soon reached and they could easily distinguish many skilled skaters gliding over the glassy surface.

Janet's skates were strapped on in short order, and also Jim's, and it was not long before they had circled the pond many times.

Then a line up was made for "Crack-the-Whip" in which Janet, accompanied by a school friend quickly joined and stubbornly on remaining at the "tail".

The signal whistle was given and the skaters skimmed lightly to the center of the pond when the leader suddenly whirled his line around and every one began to hold tighter for fear he may be the unlucky one to be snapped off.

But suddenly Janet loses hold and is sent whirling from the line and unguided by the strong arm of her partner she loses control of her feet and Fate guides her to an air hole in the pond which is dreaded by all. Seeing the warning sign she tries to change her course, but not skilled in the art of making circles she tries to reverse but her skates catch in a crack in the ice and she is thrown violently into the chilly water. At the same time she yelled for "Help", at the top of her voice. She desperately threw out her hands in the vain hope of grasping some article that might save her, and luckily enough one hand grasps the post of the danger sign which saves her from being entirely submerged in the water.

At the same time the watchful eyes of Jim have missed his "flower of flock" and hearing the frantic screams of the girl in danger he dashes from the line and skates frantically toward the spot followed by his companions.

Her last thread of hope is almost gone when she hears the encouraging answer from her admirer and the rest of the party.

Needless to say she was rescued by Jim to the joy of the whole party.

"Well, thank goodness," Janet said after she had got quieted down,

"that I did not drowned, but hereafter some one else can have my place at the end of the line."

Bill—15



A Foiled Attempt

One o'clock, and Lieut. Burns had seen neither safe blowers nor his comrade, Capt. McHoney. To tell the truth, the only suspicious thing he had heard was the low hum of a motor on the next street. But that was two weary hours past and he had thought nothing of it at the time, thinking that it was the Cafe keeper turning home after closing.

To make things clear, Capt. McHoney and Lieut. Burns of the Chicago Police Force had been placed on a job which had originated in the discovering of a plot to blow the safe of the Chicago Canadian Bank. This was the night on which the Bank would be entered, according to the conspiracy, and the two police were on duty to prevent any such proceeding, and capture the slugs. Capt. McHoney stationed himself in the safe room, while Lieut. Burns remained on duty at the back entrance of the building, where he should await the signal of his companion,

Two o'clock and not a soul had been seen. At half-past two Burns, rendered desparate by the monotony of his post, determined to investigate and find out the reason for the silence of the Captain. Ascending the steps, he boldly threw open the safe-room door. A scene, comical beyond extreme and yet severe and grave, met his view. The Captain's head was protruding from a hole in the top of the safe. His hair was dishevelled and his face bore an expression of melancholy which was depressing to look upon. He looked like a culprit of "ye golden olden days" when such miscreants were punished at the pillory. Upon the inquiry of his astonished subordinate he disclosed the following story.

At about eleven o'clock he had heard a stir in the front reception room and this was soon repeated in the corridor leading to the safe room. Then before he had time to give a signal or even defend himself, three masked men leaped upon him. He was bound and thrown into the corner where he could see all their operations and yet be unable to remedy conditions. The criminals at once blew a hole in the bottom of the safe and singularly enough the charge had rent a hole in the top also. After looting the compartments they had seized him and placed him in the position in which Burns had discovered him. He could not ring the alarm because the electric button was on the opposite side of the room, and hence he had to sit still while the robbers sped away into the night in an unknown direction.

After such a complete failure to interfere with a plot laid so clearly before them, it is hardly necessary to say that Lieut. Burns and Capt. McHoney were informed emphatically that their service on the Chicago Police Force was no longer needed.



REMEMBER THE DEBATE

The Wilderness

About fifteen miles from a little town called Armsbarrow, there was a densely wooded country called the Wilderness, by the people round about. In the Wilderness was supposed to be the home of some highwaymen of disreputable character.

There were supposed to be five highwaymen in all, and they were known as the Slippery Five. Their leaders name was known to be Jack Downy, but beyond this nothing was known of their exact identity.

One day, as Jim Barlow and Oscar Jennings were hunting in the wood, and were turned toward home, discussing their lack of luck, five men leaped from the thicket near the pathway and ordered them to throw up their hands. They did so with great celerity, knowing the desperate character of the men with whom they had to deal. Their captors were none other than the Slippery Five. The outlaws took their guns and ammunition, and then rifled their pockets. Having finished this dainty task, they lead the boys into the forest. After a weary walk of nearly five miles, they arrived at the den, which was merely a dugout in the side of a steep precipice.

After rudely abusing and binding the boys to a couple of benches they departed, without saying a word or making any reply to the complaints of the captors.

As was natural the first thing the boys thought of, was a means of escape. There was no use. They were bound stoutly, hand and foot. Finally Jim cried, "I have it!"

"Lead, away then."

"Well," Jim replied, "seeing that there is a fire in the fireplace and my bench is right near it, I have but to tip the bench over and the rope will fall into it and burn."

"But how about yourself?" was the query.

"Oh, I'm alright. The coil at the end of this bend will fall into the fire and burn, slowly up to my feet. With my feet loose I can stand up and avoid burns."

The experiment was immediately put into operation. It so happened that when the bench tipped, the rope that held him gave way and Jim soon finished freeing himself. He then held his hands over the fire, close enough to burn the ropes that held his hands. He burnt his wrists, but he did not care for that. The rope broke that held his hands, but his partner was still to be freed. This, however was the work of but a moment or two.

"What shall we do now?" asked Oscar.

"We shall go straight to Armsbarrow, and the sooner we get there the better," replied Jim.

They immediately set out on their fifteen mile tramp by road, but preferring the cross cut in spite of the extra danger of meeting the bandits, they hurried into the woods.

They reached the village and they then began to search for the constable. Finally they found him at the store. Jim was in such a hurry that he did not even give the constable a chance to say hello, but said, "We know where those slippery fivers hang out."

"Where!" asked the constable in surprise.

"In a den in the Wilderness," shouted both boys at once.

They got the "Nail-keg Club" to accompany them and armed to the teeth, and provided with handcuffs, they started right out, although it was long since grown dark.

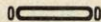
They hitched two old plugs to a democrat wagon, and all that could piled on. Thus started the supporters of the law to catch the culprits. Following the directions of the boys they at last reached the rendezvous of the bandits. They formed a semi-circle about the mouth of the dugout, and with cocked guns called to the inmates to come out. The robbers rushed out with expectation of overpowering the men outside but when they saw the formidable array they hesitated.

"Hold up yer hands if ye don't want ter get yer gol dinged heads blowed off," cried an old veteran.

They bound them with little trouble and to the lock-up they went.

A week had passed and Jim and Oscar were standing in front of the village store, when the keeper, who served the purpose of postmaster in conjunction with his regular duties, called them in and handed them each a letter. They were not accustomed to getting letters, and they thought at first that some one had made a mistake. But imagine their surprise and elation to find that such an envelope contained a two-hundred dollar bill, which a note inside explained was the reward for their share in bringing about the capture of the only remaining bandits in eastern Kentucky.

L. C. W. '17



How Bobby and Henry Got the Burglars

Eleven long strokes came from the clock downstairs, but still the little watcher in bed was awake. Would midnight never come? "Me and Henry can't go to sleep if we's agoing off trapping tonight," was his thought. "Fifty-nine minutes more, fifty-eight, fifty-seven—" He dozed off.

A stroke from the clock woke him up. "One, two, three—Oh it's twelve! I got 'erhurry to get there same time as Henry does." He scrambled out, dressed quickly and carrying his shoes and a bundle, sped swiftly downstairs. "Oh dear, what a noise. I never saw that hole in the carpet before," was his loud remark as he stumbled. He saved himself from falling and got safely to the bottom.

"Gee Whitaker! That white thing over there must be a ghost! Oh! Look! Look! It's coming. Why it's reaching out its arms! Oh! Mama!" He stopped. Why he was letting his secret out if he called. He must be brave and not cry. Bobby ran from the "ghost" which was only a white scarf hanging up, after all.

Reaching the kitchen entry he stopped short in surprise, "Why I didn't know Henry was going to bring somebody else with him." For he saw two men dimly outlined, by the window. A hand was laid on his sleeve, "Sh! It's me—only Henry. Aint you got a police call-bell? Ring it. I'll shut the window." The burglars heard the boys whisper and

tried to get them, but as it was dark they stumbled and fell over many objects. Bobby reached the bell and gave two long sharp presses to it. "That'll bring 'em," he whispered.

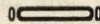
Then he called up to his parents, "Say, Pa you just come down here. Me and Henry got a couple of visitors who want to see you."

But they were coming. The police presently came and had the men bound before they could escape.

When Bobby's mother put both boys in bed she asked them why they had been up so late. "Oh we were going out in the woods. Maybe we'd find some bears to trap. I've had a rifle and two traps."

They were soon sound asleep and Bobby's mother telephoned over to Henry's parents that Henry was all right and would be over first thing in the morning.

E. J. B. '16.



The Evolution of Zeke

Eight long weeks had Zeke attended the higher institution of learning and gradually he became more and more accustomed to the trials and tribulations that come along with high school life.

But alas! although he had come to that conclusion the worst was yet to come. The Professor had made the statement one morning that they would start rhetorical the coming Friday. Upon investigation, Zeke found that "rhetorical" was a system that increased his backbone and gave him power to wave his arms. He had always dreaded to appear before the public, and once when he was booked for a Christmas program he had made good his escape through the window, before his turn arrived. Each day Zeke became more excited and worked up over the coming event. As Friday approached Zeke became weak in the knees and Thursday afternoon in English 1 he dropped his book to the floor while reading. Thursday night as Zeke was tucked into his bed he still had the dreaded rhetorical circumnavigating his brain. As natural a sequence Zeke did not sleep a wink all night.

Friday morning while Zeke wended his way to the school building, he was informed by a classmate that they were to have the Professor in their section. This put another crook in Zeke's back. After a long search Zeke had secured two topics, one on "How to raise Chickens in an Incubator," and the other, on, "The Importance of Soil Bacteria." But although he had secured these topics he did not have the discussions entirely clear in his head, as it had been rather foggy all week.

The last period in the day was the designated time for the occasion. Sure enough the Professor appeared at the head of the section. One, two, three and four members appeared on the platform and at last he heard his name called off. He arose and slowly staggered his way to the front of the class. His face was becoming pale, his lips blue, his hair standing on ends and worst of all his knees did not seem to stay into position to support his huge frame. After a prolonged pause Zeke was able to utter one word and then fell into a deep swoon, at the platform.

To be continued

The Trap Door

During the Christmas vacation Bernice Roberts went to the country to visit a friend of hers whose name was Alice Graham.

Bernice was fifteen years of age, rather small with light hair, large wide-awake brown eyes and a jolly-looking face.

During her visit in the country, skating was fine so, one evening Bernice, Alice and her brother, and several more boys and girls started for the lake which was about a mile and a half away.

As they walked along the road they passed an old tumble-down house without any paint on it which looked as if it hadn't been inhabited for years.

One of the boys of the party, whose name was Bob, thinking he could scare Bernice, said, "Say, did you know that this house is haunted?"

"Really?" returned Bernice, "how inetersting!"

"Honest," replied Bob, "a fellow I know saw a ghost around here last week."

"Oh!" said Bernice, unmoved, "I'll dare you to go through it on the way home."

The boys seemed rather surprised at Bernice's daring manner and one boy muttered, "Hope you see a ghost." They walked on, talking of other things and the subject of the haunted house was dropped.

They soon reached the lake but on account of a change in the weather the skating wasn't very good so it was about nine o'clock when they started home.

As they neared the haunted house Bob said, "Ooo,—I see a ghost now. Look at him quick! going around the corner."

"O Stop!" said Alice timidly but Bernice returned lightly, "I wouldn't wonder a bit, we'll go and see."

She started toward the house, the rest of the party following. She stepped on the porch and as she began to open the door she laughed and said gaily, "Come on, let's go in." The boys followed her into the house but most of the girls stayed on the porch.

It was very dark in the house but Bernice did not seem frightened and walked on through the rooms, greatly interested.

At the back of the house she opened a door and three or four steps led down to another room. As she walked into the room she ran against something, so she turned to walk around it. But Oh!—down she went—and the trap door slammed down after her.

She fell but a short distance and landed in a cellar, scared and breathless, but not hurt.

Knowing that the boys were somewhere in the house she called, "Boys! Bob! Boys!" but on account of the door's being shut they did not hear her.

At length, thinking she had hidden some where in the back of the house they lit some matches and went to look for her.

On reaching the room where the trap door was, they heard her calling and opened the trap door. There was Bernice covered with dust and cobwebs. They reached down and by taking hold of her hands pulled her up.

They all laughed and teased Bernice about exploring haunted houses but she laughed with them. They all seemed to think it a real joke but to herself Bernice said, "No more haunted houses for me."



Going to Aunt Sue's

"Johnny, you must come in now and wash your face and hands. I won't let you go if you don't look decent."

"Why mother, you will take me, won't you, cause I never rode on a train!"

"Well we'll see," said Mrs. Brown. "We are ready to go now, I think. The train is due at three o'clock and we must hurry".

"Who all's going with us, ma?"

"Why, only Frank, Polly and Baby Helen."

"Oh, mother, what would we do if the train should not stop for us? Would we walk to Aunt Sue's?" Polly and Frank screamed at the idea and made a rush for the track for fear that they would get left.

"Children, do come here," called Mrs. Brown. "If you get killed by that train you can never have another ride, Oh dear now I've dropped that sack with the crackers in. Johnny, pick it up. Now get on as fast as you can, and climb into the first two seats that you come to."

They finally found a double seat and got themselves, with their various valises and bundles stored away.

"Mother, can Johnny and me get a drink at that little water bubble?"

"Now, if you children start teasing for everything you see, I'll have that man over there put you off the train. But if you will be good you can each have one of these little chocolate cakes."

"Polly's cake's bigger'n mine,—you've got to give me half of yours, Polly, cause I let you sit by the window when we were going by that great big car full of black stuff."

"Johnny, let Polly sit by the window all of the time she wants to; and you, Frank, stop getting crumbs all over your new suit."

"Ma, what's those white lamps up there for?"

"Why, they light those at night."

"What do they light 'em for?"

"Oh my goodness, what questions! So that people can see."

"People don't need to see to go to sleep, do they?"

"No, I hope not."

"Will we be riding on here when they are lit?"

"No, not unless there is a wreck."

"Ma, Helen's pullin' my hair."

"Well, I can't help it. You'll have to stand it for a little while longer. We'll be there in about five minutes. I do hope that you children will be good when we get there so that your Aunt Sue will at least get a good opinion of you."

"Oh, here's the place to get off," said Polly.

"Now children be sure and don't fall down the steps and get your clothes dirty. Then Aunt Sue will see what good children you are. She can't believe it if your suits are dirty."

They managed to get off the cars without falling, or dropping any of their precious packages. Then with happy faces, the children followed their mother down one or two streets and then into a large store.

"I want you to wait here a minute while I get some pink ribbon for your cousin Letty. Now take care of baby Helen and the packages, Johnny, while I am gone." The next moment, waving her hand, she disappeared down the aisle.

Now Frank, the mischievous, after pulling Polly's curls and tickling baby's chin, plumped down upon the dirty floor and began to eat an apple which he found in one of mother's packages. Immediately the others wanted one and began to cry because he said there were no more. The floor-walker came up to them and told them to go out of the store, as he never allowed little folks to disturb the people in the store with their noise.

The scene on Front Street was a sorry one: Baby Helen crying for mamma, Johnny protesting loudly, Frank laughing more loudly.

When Mrs. Brown came back she found no children in the corner where she had left her own four; but she saw only one small paper sack, containing one small apple, on the floor. She rushed to the door and looked outside. Seeing no children, she came back and began to search the store. Behind all the counters and under the tables she looked, but to no avail.

Finally the floor-walker appeared in that part of the building again and asked for what she was searching. When told, he thought only a moment before replying that he had sent some children away from the store because they were making a disturbance.

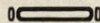
After hurried apologies on both sides, Mrs. Brown left the store. Glancing nervously around the corner of the building, she found the little rascals playing in a pile of sand.

"Children! Johnny! Polly! O come here, come *here!* Gracious what sights you be! Oh! Oh! What will I do with you. Come right along here and step lively. You are going right to Aunt Sue's and pile into bed, all of you. When I told you to be good children! You are the biggest trial of my life!"

Mrs. Brown, the justly indignant, hurried down the street not followed this time, but driving her flock before her.

Moral: Be good children always.

L. C.



The following comedy was written by the English III class and played in the High School library. It is considered one of the greatest successes of the year in the theatrical world.

The Escaped Criminal

Scene: Sitting room in small house. Two old maids sitting by the table. Names, Mirandy and Susan.

M—(*reading paper*) Mis' Brown's gone to the city to spend the day. Land Sakes! She goin' there again a spendin' all poor Abe's money.

S—Jes' so!

M—Listen to this Susan. Aint this awful?

S—(*Peering over glasses*) Jes' so!

M—Eddie Fay, a desperate criminal, escaped last night from the prison at Waupun, and is believed to be hiding in this vicinity. Inhabitants of Pumpkin Center are warned to be on the lookout for this desperate character. The governor of the state has offered a reward of \$5.00 for the capture of this miscreant. The editor wishes also to state that a full years subscription to the Pumkin Center Semi-Annual goes with the above stated liberal sum.

S—Jes' so!

M—We'll have to hide the old silver teapot and them tea-spoons mother had.

S—Yes under the mattress.

(*Knock heard at door—Both jump.*)

S—(*excitedly*) Oh, sister, can that be that dreadful man?

M—(*stoutly*) Nonsense! I'll soon find out. Mor'n likely it's Tabby a scratchin' to get in.

(*Goes to door. Susan follows hanging on to M's shawl.*)

(*Opens door and sees shabby looking man.*)

M—Jim-i-ny beeswax!

Tramp—Evenin' leddies. Could ye give a poor hungry fellah some-
thin' to eat? Got just a cup of cold coffee an' some bread?

(*Sisters consult aside.*)

M—Seein's it's Christmas Eve, I suppose mebbe we can.

(*Tramp steps inside and sits down while sisters set his supper on the table.*)

Tramp—Pretty frosty out!

S—Jes' so!

Tramp—Don't suppose ye got an old barn around here I could sleep in over night, hev y'? I walked clean up from Waupun t'day.

S—Why sister thets seventy miles. O sister Waupun! That's where the criminal escaped from.

M—(*quickly*) Well we'll give him a somethin' to eat anyhow. (*To the tramp*) Come, set up and eat a bite. 'Tisn't very much but mebbe 'twill appease that hungry feelin' a little.

(*Tramp starts to eat.*)

Tramp—I was the son of a wealthy old man but when I was about 16 years old, dad lost his chink, and then as the old story goes, I went to the dogs. I have tried to reform a number of times, but somethin' always drags me down as soon as I ever get started right. This is what it has lead me to. I am now a tramp, travelin' around, beggin' my livin' for nobody 'll give me work, say they can't trust me.

S—(*aside*) Poor fellah! Sister Oh an' the sheriff'll be comin' here to-night, as he always comes Xmas you know.

M—That's so, what shall we do? I'll tell you, let's dress him up as an old lady who is visitin' us.

S—Jes' so! sister, Jes' so!

(*Hustle out of room returning with clothes, which they put on the astonished tramp.*)

Tramp—What do you think you're doin'?

M—Never you mind. It'll be all right. Jes' you hustle and get these clothes on. There's the Sheriff comin' now!

M—You act jes' as if you were really a woman and behave yourself.

(Sheriff comes in.)

Sh.—How-de-do, Miss Mirandy and Miss Susan. Thot I'd drop around and see how you be. Susan, you look chirp as a cricket and Mirandy, ye look younger every day.

(Sees company for first time.)

Sh.—Oh, ye've got company. Mebbe I'd better not stay, as leddies allus hev lots to say to each other.

M—Oh never mind! Captain, this is Mrs. Simmins our great aunt. Aunt Nancy, Captain Antone.

(The two shake hands.)

S—Seems like old times, us bein' all together here, so sociable like. If we only had some music, we might have a little dancin'.

Cap.—Why not have it any-way. I guess I havn't forgotten my old trick of whistlin' Come'n dance with me Miss Simmins.

(Start to dance. Tramp's cap falls off.)

M—*(frightened)* Land o' livin'!

Capt.—I see thru this all right, Mirandy, ye might as well own up.

M—*(sobbing)* Well captain, we couldn't help it. We felt so sorry for him. What shall we do! What shall we do!

Capt.—Well what's the matter girls. No harm done, I'm sure. Guess I can take a little joke. *(laughs)*

M—A little joke? Why, we thot that he was the escaped criminal and we tried to hide him from ye.

Capt.—*(laughing)* This is certainly a good one, but I guess the joke's on you. Why that man was taken back 3 hours ago, by Si Higgins'.

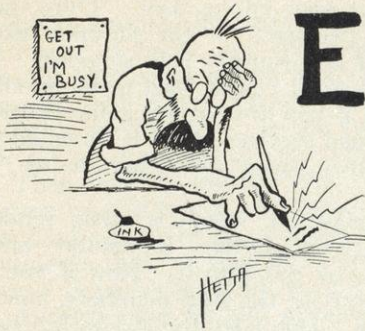
Yes sir, spared me all the trouble. Si can have an extra spree on that \$5 and enough reading matter for a couple o' months from the Pumpkinville Semi-Annual. Gee, but this does beat all.

M—Well, supper is spoilin' an' we might jes' as well go and eat it.

Captain escorts Susan, Tramp escorts Mirandy. Exit laughing.

The End.





EDITORIALS

Be a Booster

Altho we may brag of superiority, we are lacking in one respect; we plan never to contribute to the high school paper. It is a noticeable fact that those who are most liberal in their criticism, are the ones whom we dare not even approach for material. There are a few however, who are sufficiently broad-minded to do their best and at least try to write something when they are asked to contribute. Some pupils have the idea that the staff should edit the paper alone and unaided; write all the stories, create all the stale jokes, and to the student is left nothing to do but criticize. Each pupil ought to consider it an honor to be asked to contribute and not think he is imposed upon or taxed beyond endurance. There is also much good experience to be gained by such an effort and each pupil has ability in some line or other but whatever line it is it will be welcomed by the editors and please remember that the editors must have the co-operation of the entire student body if our high school paper is to be ranked along with the papers of other schools in the state, and to flourish and not to perish from this institution.



New Years Resolutions

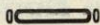
"Everything we do is a good or bad investment for future dividends. What we call the present moment goes over to the past, even while we are saying the word, leaving only the future in which to work and enjoy. Every action produces an effect. Consider, well then, the effect you wish to produce."

Nineteen thirteen has passed on into eternity leaving, we hope, the New Year untarnished with undesirable reflections. Many are the difficulties which must be overcome. Resolutions for good are made with no intention of keeping them.

Now there are many resolutions which you should make. Among these are: Resolved, first, to contribute freely to the Editor. Second, that whenever a staff member asks you for a contribution, not to plead innocent on the grounds of lack of time, as we have noticed that these

are just the people who are most often seen killing time. Third, never to say, "I can't," to a staff member, because it is the slimmest excuse ever voiced, and is the surest sigma of a downright lazy sluggard. You never know what you can or "cant" do until you at least make an effort. Fourth, never to criticize the Crimson, if you are not a regular contributor, for doubtless it is your own esteemed services which if we could possibly secure, would make for the perfect paper you expect to see, and place it beyond criticism.

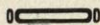
This is just a little fatherly admonition, which is being rendered for your own good, as is any other paternal advice. Remember, always that you get out of things, just what you put into it. Now if you put nothing into the paper, beyond your vote for the staff members, how can you expect us to return you dividends. Don't let the stocks fall below par value.



DEBATE

Come out and see the boys put it over Whitewater on Friday, February, 13th. Support is needed in a debate as well as in any other Inter-Scholastic event. It can be safely said that no other team has put in as hard and earnest work as has the Debate team, and the least you can do to reward them is to show them your face at the debate. The debate this year means a hundred times more than ever before, for we have entered an arrangement of schools whereby, state honors may await us. We do not want to stop at our first debate. And what's more we don't intend to. Every person who is not inattentance will be branded as an outcast and a parasite on the school. This must be the big event of the year. If you never did like to debate, just come along anyhow and show the right spirit. Remember The

DEBATE



What is Lacking and What is Not Lacking

In studying the quality of high school students, one can not regard such as a class, but it must be a study of the individual. Edgerton High School has its rule-breakers as well as its rule-abiders. Rules are not made to punish the unruly, but to reward those whose common sense allows no breach of honor. It would be well to bear in mind the fact that rules are made only as the actions of the students demand.

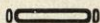
There is a certain group of people in every school who are not lacking in those silly, giddy, frivolous qualities which lower them in the estimation of the fellow students and faculty. Among this group, whose actions are not appreciated, the "flunkers" will always be found. They seem to think that they own all school accommodations, as their proceedings positively demonstrate. To these worthies it should be said that,

he who knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him. The course of study, and requirements thereof, should be made so difficult that this clique which is invariably made up of the laziest type of humanity, will either change their actions or drop from school. This fraternity we will term as the rule-breakers. I am happy to say that there are no examples of this type in our school.

Then there is another type of student who is too dead on his feet to know what a rule is and doesn't seem to realize that he will be a lone time dead and so he must make good use of life. It is among this sort of students that we find the person who knows and knows not that he knows. Somebody kindly wake him.

A third class we will recognize by their studious application to all honorable pursuits of school life. These people we will call the rule-abiding class. Among them will be found the all-around person, who leads in books, athletics, and in desirable society. Among them will be found persons, who, without vanity know and know that they know, they are wise; follow them.

By the above classification we have three distinct types of students. However there are numerous cases of persons who make a class by themselves and the character of these individuals must be carefully studied by the teacher in order to prevent misunderstanding. Rule-breaker, sleeper, and rule-abiders. Which are you? It's your own battle, fight it out.



New Years Resolutions

- 1 Mr. Holt resolved to reward the majority of the High School students by allowing them to take all examinations.
- 2 Mr. Small resolved to give up trying to curl his hair and devote the extra time to helping the Girls in the Laboratory.
- 3 Miss Anderson resolved that she would not pick on the Seniors of her German IV class especially certain of its members.
- 4 Miss Densmore resolved to establish a cheap lunch counter for the benefit of certain members of the faculty who do not get up in time for breakfast.
- 5 Gretchen Tallard resolved to reform with the New Year and will report anyone who has the audacity to whisper to her.
- 6 Marvin Johnson resolved to cut out the Norwegian brogue in German class as it causes too much excitement.
- 7 Gale Ogden resolved not to fail unless he gets below 75.
- 8 Charles McIntosh resolved to send a petition to the faculty to allow him to take all examinations on account of his conduct.
- 9 Ruth Lackner resolved to restrict her conquests of love to the Freshman class.
- 10 Frank Gokey resolved to limit his trips on Washington St., to not more than eight times in one week.
- 11 Rolland Kellogg resolved to stop conniving at the girls and to venture a trip to California for his health.
- 12 Miss Lucke resolved to protect "our little sisters."

13 Ella Lintvedt resolved not to fight again until she got into another scrap.

14 Humpy Marsden resolved to take a short course in Domestic Science because he is going to batch the sod next year.

15 Margaret Ellingson first resolved to be good during the second semester and then resolved to keep her first resolution.

16 Fred Kellogg resolved to keep under his mother's wing until he is of age.

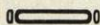
17 Leona Post resolved to smile once in awhile.

18 Lulu Scholl resolved to keep out of the front seat as her lease on the said seat expires with 1913.

19 Aileen McIntosh resolved that she has kept from whispering long enough and so from now on will whisper when she pleases.

20 Ada Davis resolved that she would not fail if her lowest mark was 80.

21 The Faculty resolved to give double amounts of work to the Seniors, because they idle away too much of their time.

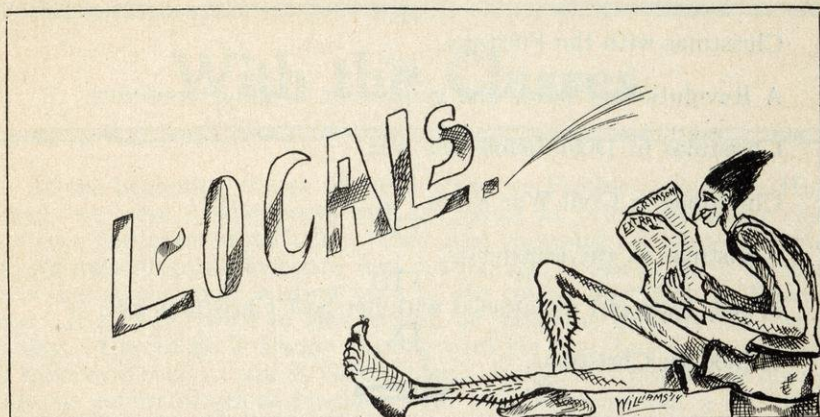


Resolve Right Now

to attend
the Debate

and then

Keep this resolution



The High School is again moving along nicely, after enjoying two weeks of Christmas vacation. The good, earnest spirit of everyone reveals the fact that we all have had a good time and are looking forward to a happy and Prosperous New Year.

On Wednesday, December 3, R. W. Roberts favored the High School with a talk for morning exercise. His talk was about "Habit". In his talk he compared habit to material things, as illustrations.

After the Stoughton-Edgerton Foot Ball game, Nov. 22, 1913, a delightful banquet was held in the High School Gymnasium in honor of the visiting team. The Gymn was artistically decorated in red and white, and purple and white. The banquet was daintily served by the Domestic Science Class. Very interesting toasts were rendered by members of the two teams. Miss Hoen was kind enough to allow the girls to abandon the kitchen work for the time being, and join the rest in dancing.

A very interesting talk was given to the High School, Friday morning December 5, 1913 by Reverend Gregory. The subject of his talk was "Purpose" and he sighted for examples many famous men; as Columbus, Lincoln, Burbanks, and others.

Mr. Black gave a talk on the Red Cross Society and the work it was doing in fighting tuberculosis, Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1913.

The High School received a Christmas treat on December 19, 1913 the last Friday before Christmas vacation. Reverend Gregory gave a talk in the afternoon on "The Christmas Spirit." Then followed the tableaux as listed below. They were given by Students of the School with the assistance of the Faculty.

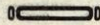
I

An olden Christmas-tree in the days when the spirits were believed to come and take the presents of bread and cake from it.

II

Christmas in old England.

- III
Christmas with the Puritans.
- IV
A Revolutionary dame and gentleman in minuet position.
- V
Christmas in Dixie before the war.
- VI
Christmas in Civil War times.
- VII
Christmas in the tenements.
- VIII
A rich little girl dissatisfied with her best Christmas gift.
- IX
A modern Christmas.



Smiles

NOTHING DOING

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

"Round," was the reply.

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right," said Willie; "it's square, then, I don't want to start any argument about it."

CURIOUS

Tommy—"Say ma, what are we going to have for Thanksgiving dinner?"

Mother—(*absently*) "Why, we're going to have company."

NOT HIS FAULT

"Didn't I tell you the last time you were here," said the magistrate sternly to the prisoner who had celebrated Christmas not wisely but too well, "that I never wanted you to come before me again?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the prisoner; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it."

TWO MEANINGS

He (*in a rage*)—"That man is the biggest fool in the world."

His wife (*comfortingly*)—"Henry, Henry, you are forgetting yourself!"

GETTING EVEN

A little boy had been punished by his mother one day, and that night at bedtime he prayed thus:—

"Dear Lord, bless papa and sister Lucy and brother Frank and uncle Fred and Aunt Mary and make me a good boy. Amen."

Then looking up into his mother's face, he said:—

"I suppose you noticed that you weren't in it."

With the Classes

At the beginning of last semester when we Freshies came into High School, we were looked upon with contempt as being the worst class that ever had entered its halls. They said we could not sit still a minute, we were always whispering and cutting up. Look at Rush Touton. He is one of the most austere boys in our class. Just look at Edwing Pope. If a Senior were to look at him he would be nervous the rest of the day. Harold K. is always playing with his dice, but never whispers nor talks out loud. Look at Gale Ogden. He never whispers; he always sends his communications by note. He will first write out a nice little note and bring it over to the dictionary and carefully place it in page 23, and a nice little girl from the Junior rows will come over and get it and put another one in its place. Look at Irwin Marsden. He only whispered once in his life and then Mr. Holt caught him talking and frightened him nearly to death by telling him to get to work, or he would take him across his knees. Look at Abner Hanson; such lovely dimples has he. With such a perfect line-up I can see no grounds for complaint.

Freshie—"I am five feet eight inches tall now."

Senior—"Oh! So you have grown an inch since you were five Feet seven, haven't you?"

Mahlon Ogden has lately joined the Juniors and has got a divorce from the seniors.

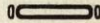
Miss Densmore—"Is there anything that you would like to be rather than a pig?"

C. Mc—"A hog."

Miss Anderson (Hist. II.) "While every man in the United States has the right to be president, he won't because every man has not the ability."

John F. (*loudly*) "I will."

Miss Anderson, Hist. II. "These Roman colonies were like Newville, Albion, Indian Ford, and Fulton."



THE REAL THING

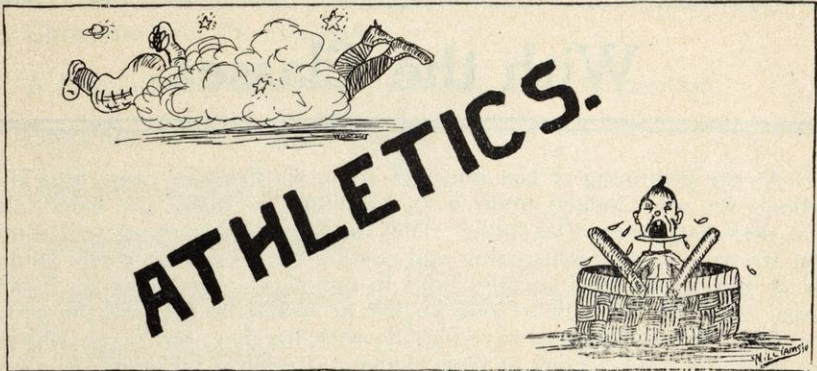
The cub reporter saw a hearse start away from a house at the head of a funeral procession.

"Who's dead?" he inquired of the corner storekeeper, who was standing near his door, gazing at the conveyances.

"Chon Schmidt" was the reply.

"John Smith!" exclaimed the cub. "You don't mean to say John Smith is dead."

"Vell, py golly," said the grocer, "vot you dink dey doing mit him—practicing?"



Starting the Season Right

Our first game of the season with Elkhorn proved to be as fast a game as we have yet witnessed in the High School Gym. Elkhorn as we learned before the game was a team of superior quality being in the running each year for the title.

The way Mr. Holt recommended their playing of the proceeding years created a queer sensation within us, a sensation which was very much like that one feels when he is not sure of the outcome of a quiz. This feeling was decidedly increased when after a hard struggle the first half ended with a score of 13 to 12 Elkhorn holding the larger score.

Roughness was perhaps the most prominent feature of the last half each team struggling for a victory. The game held about even for the first five minutes of the last half but after that the home team rolled the ball in so many times that the Edgerton end of the scoreboard crept far above that of the visitors. C. McIntosh lead the industrious league of basket shooters by netting six baskets a total of twelve points, Capt. Johnson playing against the opposing teams star forward, Lyon, put up his usual steady game while Whittet, Brown and Sutton formed a flying tri-umverate continually rushing the ball up or down the floor as needs required. Ohl the center representing Elkhorn was a very worthy opponent for Chick, Dooley the opposing forward acquired a trick of repeated side steps which baffled his guard, Brown for a short time.

The line up:

ELKHORN	V. S.	EDGERTON
Lyon	F.	Sutton
Dooley	F.	Whittet
Ohl	C.	McIntosh
Potter	G.	Brown
James	G.	Johnson
Houghton	Subs	Ogden
Hoppy		Gordini
		Pratt

Field: Goals: Lyon 4, Ohl 2, James 1, Sutton 2, Whittet 2, McIntosh 6, Brown 1, Johnson 1.

Free throws: Dooley 4, Sutton 3, McIntosh 1.
 Fowls: Lyon 3, Dooley 6, Potter 1, Whittet 3, McIntosh 2, Brown 1.
Referee—Mr. Holt *Umpire*—Porter *Time keepers*—Mr. Small and
 Houghton. *Scorers*—Hoppy and Earle.



W. N. 25, E. H. S. 14

With only a week of practice the Basket Ball team journeyed to Whitewater to play the first game of the season with the normal five. The game resulted in a defeat for the Crimson and White, but it takes more than a trimming of 25 to 14 to take the vim out of the fellows.

The game started with a rush Edgerton scoring first with a free throw. Dawe soon added a field goal to the grand total. Whitewater soon evened things up making it 3 all. From then on it was all Edgerton. At one stage of the game we lead with a score of 11 to 3. It looks like a walk over but the Normal fell back on some 1900 football tactic and the half ended 11 to 14 with Edgerton on the short end.

The second half was even rougher than the first and we had to bow to a final score of 25 to 14. During this half Agnew of Whitewater was barred from the game for using unsportsmanlike methods.

We were not entirely without rooters. Four or five of our Alumni attending the Normal rooted long and loud for their Alma Mater, and were warned time and time again for making so much noise. The beautiful city of Whitewater is not used to noise and Dawe proved its lifelessness by rolling a cannon ball down the main thoroughfare at the "Wee Sma" hour of 9:30.



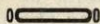
Orophilian Notes

The Literary Society Banquet, was one of the big events of the Semester. The Banquet was served at six P.M. The banquet was served by the Domestic Science class, and is indicative of the usefulness of the course in the school. Music was furnished by Harriet Lund and Clayton Williams. The bounteous menu was served in four courses. Much credit is due Miss Hoen for the way in which the event was executed. Glenn Gardiner acted as toast-master and the following toasts were rendered.

- Lowell Whittet.....To the Faculty
- Miss Anderson.....Reply from faculty
- Roy Marsden.....Single Blessedness
- Eugene Flarity.....Womans Suffrage
- Rollin Kellogg.....On Matrimony
- John Nichols.....To the Freshmen
- Clarence McIntosh.....To the Sophomore.
- Kenneth Earle.....Progress of E. H. S.
- Harold Pratt.....To the Feeders of the Hungry
- Francis Curran.....To the Girls

After the banquet the dancing started. The Literary Society, after making such a success of this banquet, have the intention of making it a regular annual affair.

The next meeting of the society was an open meeting for the Debate Team tryouts. The following were chosen. Glenn Gardiner, Harold Pratt, Kenneth Earle who make up the affirmative team, and Lowell Whittet, Eugene Flarity, and Francis Curran, who make up the negative team. This team will have a large amount of work to do this year and they deserve very much, your support.



Exchanges

"THE SPY" *Kenosha, Wis.*

Your paper is always welcomed here as one of our best Exchanges. Your Literary Department seems to be your prominent features.

"THE KODAK" *Eau Claire, Wis.*

The complete departments of your paper makes it an enjoyment to read.

"MERCURY" *Milwaukee, Wis.*

We regard your paper here as a rare treat, your Literary Department is especially good.

"THE WORLD" *St. Paul, Minn.*

The quality of a paper shows the quality of a school. Some school "World."

"THE TATTLER" *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Your Christmas Number deserves honorable mention. The snapshots from and around the school brighten up the paper. It would be a good example for some other schools to follow.

"THE HERALD" *Westfield, Mass.*

It gives us great pleasure in receiving a paper from so distant a school. Your paper furnishes an inside view of the manner in which school spirit is regarded in the East.

If you are not criticized here
Do not be vexed
'Cause I will tell you now
Your turn is next.

The following papers we are glad to receive:

"HILL CREST" *Burlington, Wis.*

"THE STUDENT" *Eastern Ky. State Normal, Richmond, Ky.*

"THE CRIMSON" *Goshen, Indiana.*

"THE NOOZ" *Stevens Point.*

"INCRESCENT" *Beloit, Wis.*

"ORACLE" *Broadhead, Wis.*

Exchange Smiles

ONE SHADE DARKER GREEN

Freshie: (*At book counter*) Have you 'Lamb's Tales'.

Clerk: This is a bookstore not a meat market.

A REAL ESTATE DEAL

Customer: "Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."

Waiter: "Correct you are sir, it was ground this morning."

THE REASON FOR THE WAR

Why should Austria be Hungary? Because there is Turkey just below it swimming in Greece.

SAME AS USUAL

Freshie: "Is that clock right over there?"

Soph: "You never saw it any other place, did you?"

ONE WHO KNEW

Teacher: "What is the plural of safety?"

Pupil: (*In under tone*) "Safety Pins."

WHO'D A THUNK IT

Old Maid: (*In a music store*) "Have you 'Kissed me in the Moonlight?'"

Clerk: "No'm it must have been the other clerk."

PRACTICING ECONOMY

Mother: "Oh Willie you bad boy you have been fighting again and have lost three of your teeth."

Willie: "No I didn't Mother they're in my pocket."

Freshman: (*In manual training class*) "How thick did you say that 2x4 was?"



Startling Facts

As the editor in chief is vitally interested and is opposed to any information being known, it is for us, innocent bystanders to expose the true startling facts of the case. It occurred on that unlucky day, Friday at the school house.

The bells calling the school to order rung, as usual but our great editor was absent from his seat and Mr. Holt came quietly down to one of the Senior girls and asked where Kate was. But all was a mystery as to the whereabouts of the missing pupils, and it was further discovered that three more Senior girls were absent.

It so happened that Miss Anderson had the main room and when queer noises and funny sounds in a language which belonged to the Editor in chief came down thru the skylight and numerous articles such as paper, pencils, etc., began to alight on the rostrum, Miss Anderson thinking that perhaps her life was in danger and that maybe the shades of M. Ellingsen were haunting the attic, immediately vacated and went to the

rear of the room all in a flutter. A short interval of time passed and then a great commotion was heard in the room adjoining the main room, a few more minutes passed away, when I walked our long lost editor. With fire in his eye and his way locks almost straight, he went to Miss Anderson and indignantly inquired why she had not answered his summons of help sent down from the skylight above. Then she politely inquired how it came to pass that he was in the attic with four fine Senior girls.

His first explanation was that it was his intention to investigate the sweated industries, by seeing for himself what effect a dark room and an unsanitary place would have on four fine Senior chickens. We realize that our editor is studying Minimum Wage conditions according to our way of viewing it we think that he thought he was in the domestic science department hunting for eatables, as his stomach is always his primary consideration even while studying the deep question of Minimum Wage, as was displayed at the Capitol city a few weeks ago, which recalled to our minds Oray Whitford's, then thought unsurpassable capacity, but it was put to shame in disgust. We often wondered why it was that he preferred chicken to beef or pork which is the farmer's staff of life, but it is all clear now. But this is getting away from the subject so we will come back to his story told to us in private: "The four girls were studying History for the terrible exam which was to be given that afternoon, and it seemed almost utterly impossible for them to find or remember the necessary facts. Excitement was high and their trouble great. When someone thought of the plan to secure aid from some other source and I (the editor) became the goat. As I had been in the attic before (not always with four) my mind naturally turned to the attic where it would be possible to teach my pupils all that I had ever learned or hoped to learn, there is absolute peace, quietness and comfort would be the ideal place. We studied hard??? until we heard the last bell ring and then,—when we tried the door it was locked. At first we were crest fallen and downhearted, (do you think the editor was??) but we decided to resume study and let events take their course. Then the girls got afraid one by one, thinking of a fire or that they might never see home and mother again.

So it was up to me to find a means of escape. The first thought that came to me was that we tie our coats together and descend the skylight but as there was only one coat it was impractical. We tried dropping notes down to the teacher but this was fruitless and then we obtained no result. Our last chance was to break the door in and as we were attempting this, a voice from the other side said, "Wait a minute and I will open it." But his key would not fit and a screw driver was finally obtained and we were released. All's well that ends well.

But we as bystanders fail to see the truth in the above story, first of all why should anybody go to a dark unsanitary, unhealthful, unlighted, without chairs, and lastly such a remote place from civilization and humanity? Secondly who but themselves could lock the door when nobody in the whole school had a key what could open the said door. Thirdly, the story is theoretical, to use his own term, and fourthly we demand that the school look into the matter so that a like occurrence

will never take place again. We would add that if the school does not take some action in the matter that a far greater calamity will befall them.

Committee of Investigation?



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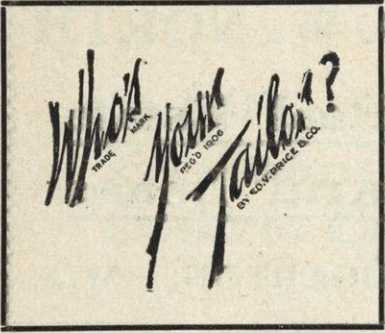
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