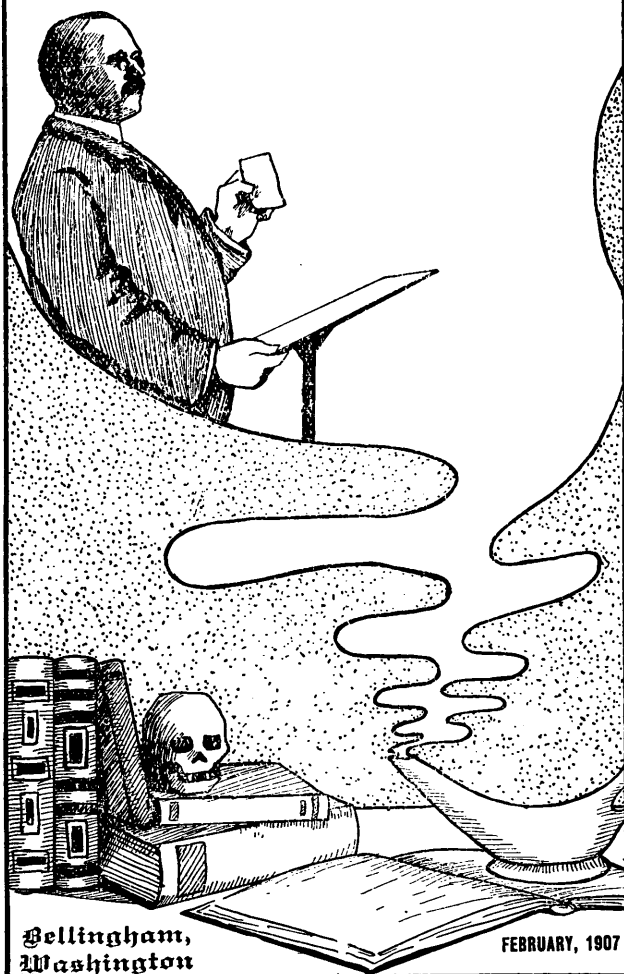


THE MESSENGER



Bellingham,
Washington

FEBRUARY, 1907

MARIE OEGAARD-06

State Normal School

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

TWO ANNOUNCEMENTS

SUMMER SESSION

The Fourth Summer Session of the Normal School will open June 10th and close July 20th, 1907. Classes will be offered in some thirty different subjects including reviews in several common branches and classes in many required subjects in the regular courses of study. A class in almost any required subject will be organized if four or more students request it. Students may receive credit toward graduation if not more than three studies are taken.

A moderate tuition fee is charged for the Summer School. Text books are loaned free of charge. Only morning sessions are held, and several lectures and excursions are provided during the session. The March Bulletin will contain full announcements. Send for a copy if interested.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The Music Department organized last September is prepared to give superior instruction.

Students may enroll for Piano Sessions without taking other work in the Normal School. Beginning pupils will be received and given special attention. Hours for lessons will be arranged to meet reasonable demands of students. Pianos for practice are provided. Terms are reasonable, only seventy-five cents per lesson. Miss Elena Bateman is in charge of the Piano Department.

Instruction in Voice Culture is offered by Miss Mable M. Moore, regular teacher of vocal music in the Normal School. Students may also enroll for this work alone. A course of eighteen lessons in voice culture costs \$13.50.

Students entering as special students in music may arrange to secure the privileges of the library and gymnasium.

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EDWARD T. MATHES

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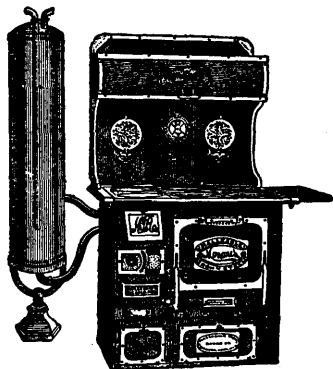
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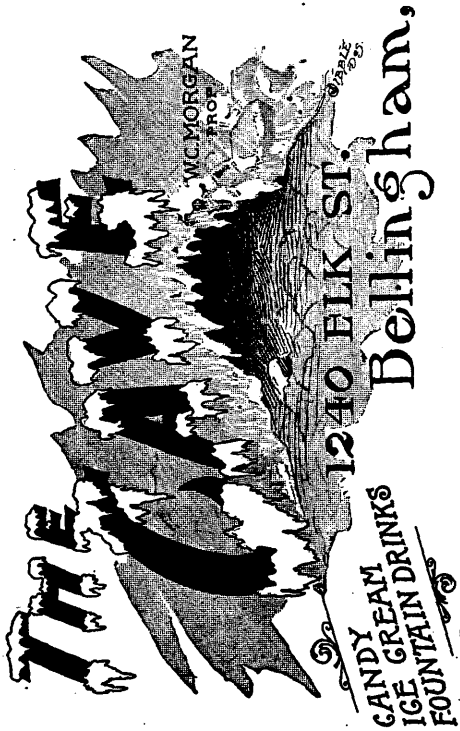
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THE NORMAL MESSENGER

FEBRUARY, 1907

A NORMAL LEGEND.

Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this legend and tradition,
With its clamor of class spirit,
And its frequent repetitions,
And its wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains,
I would answer, I would tell you
From the Great Land of the Snow Pearls,
From the Bay of Bellingham,
Where the Normal, the Great Normal
Stands upon the lofty hillside.
I repeat it as I heard it
From a Junior who was there.
He it was who told this story,
Told me this pathetic story
Of the triumph and the downfall
Of the Seniors and the Fourth Years.

2.

In those days the evil spirits,
All the classes of the Normal,
Fearing the great Junior wisdom,
And their mighty strength and numbers;
Jealous of their might and power
And their great class spunk and spirit,
Made at length a league against them
To molest and destroy them.
In this league there were united
All the classes of the Normal,
All the Freshmen, the great greenies,
All the Freshmen with their captain,
With their great and mighty captain,
He who flirts with all the maidens,
All the Seconds Years and Third Years
Who were not so fierce or fiery,
But who filled up space and volume
With their mighty lung expansion.
All the Fourth Years, the great Blowers,
Who conquered not the green-eyed monster
And on every provocation
Showered forth their hate and envy,
Showered forth their hate and malice
On the mighty band of Juniors.
Then at last, but no means leastly,
Came the flock of crowing Seniors,
Came the Seniors full of wisdom,
To whom little grace was given
To see themselves as others saw them,

And whose heads were swelled so tightly
 That they scarce could study nightly.
 Mighty boasters were these people,
 Mightiest of all boasters were they,
 Like a flock of geese they gathered,
 Cackling out their threats and terrors
 At the mighty band of Juniors.

3.

Patiently watched the Juniors,
 Listening to these people's boasting,
 With a smile they sat and listened,
 Uttered neither word nor menace,
 Neither word nor look betrayed them.
 While they listened they were saying
 In their minds with silence o'er,
 "Take my bait and wait no more!
 Thinkest thou this feign of quiet
 On my part is nothing more
 Than the lack of proper spirit
 To fight you, I implore?
 Well we know our strength and power,
 Well we know our skill in war,
 And we are merely waiting
 For your conceit and your bleating
 To become so loud and heating
 That the battle may be fiercer
 And your downfall yet more greater."

4.

Thus the Juniors, wise and wary,
 Waited for their gentle nibbling
 With their hooks well sharpened and baited,
 Till a day came when these boasters,
 Puffed up with conceit and pride,
 Gathered all their mighty warriors,
 All their mighty warriors gathered,
 Crept in silence and in quiet
 To the classroom of the Juniors,
 Where a council was in session,
 A very grave and solemn council,
 Thinking they need only display
 Their austere faces in the doorway,
 And the council would be broken.
 They were poor mistaken children,
 Poor mistaken children were they.
 "Boastful breath is not a bowstring,
 Taunts are not as sharp as arrows,
 Deeds are better things than words are,
 Acting mightier than the boasting."
 Then began the deadly conflict.
 Hand to hand among the benches,
 Fierce and fiercer waged the conflict,
 Till the earth shook with the tumult,

The confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of cheering
And the clapping of the maidens.
On they struggled in the conflict,
Heeding not their cuts and bruises,
Fearing not their bones to sever
Or the anger of the teachers,
Who stood by in horror helpless,
Till at length the valiant Juniors
With the strength of gods unnumbered
Pitched the Fourth Years and the Seniors
Far into the spacious hallway,
Far into the hallway pitched them.

5.

You shall now hear how the Seniors
Prayed and labored in the nighttime,
Not for skill in reading Browning,
Not for higher grades in teaching.
Not in writing plans of lessons
Nor in planning farce recitals;
But for greater skill in fighting
And the advantage of the Juniors.
Well they saw in open combat
That their triumph was unheard of.
So they sat themselves to thinking,
Sat themselves to violent thinking
Of some means, or plan, or method,
Be it good or be it evil,
Of some means, or plan, or method,
That they might retain their power
And the dignity of the Seniors,
Till at last a brighter Senior,
More original than the rest,
Thought himself a plan of campaign
That would cover all their weakness.
"I will write a great big paper
Telling of our mighty power,
Of our spunk and of our spirit,
Of our wisdom and our valor.
I will search in every corner,
Search in every nook and corner
For some joke upon the Juniors,
For some means to ridicule them
And to make them seem less mighty.
I will search and I will labor
For these aids and these devices."
So he sat himself to labor.
Many nights and days he labored,
Till at last he had together,
All together on his paper
These imaginary virtues,
Also the slander of the Juniors.
On one assembly morning,

When all the faculty had gathered
 With the Normal students there
 For to hear some words of wisdom
 From someone assembled there,
 This great Senior, this great boaster,
 Stood upon the rostrum floor.
 "I will tell you of our power
 And our many deeds of wonder."
 From his pocket drew his paper
 And began to speak in this wise:
 "When we blow our breaths about us,
 When we breathe upon the landscape"—
 All the teachers stopped to listen,
 All the students paused in wonder—
 "When we shake our heads of wisdom
 All the Juniors flee in terror,
 Flee in silence and in terror,
 Flee away to distant classrooms.
 For we speak, and lo! they are not,
 And where'er our footsteps wander
 All the people of the nation,
 All the classes of the Normal,
 All the children in the schoolrooms
 Bow their heads in grace to listen,
 Bow their heads in meditation."
 And thus he spoke and thus he sputtered,
 Many were the words he uttered,
 This great Senior, this great boaster,
 Would you listen to his story,
 Would you only give him credence,
 No one ever sprang a joke
 But his class had sprung a greater.
 No one ever slammed a Junior
 But themselves had slammed him harder.
 No one ever was so witty
 But themselves were thrice more witty.
 No one ever showed some spirit
 But themselves had shown much greater.
 No one ever told a story
 But themselves could tell a greater.
 No one ever was so funny
 But themselves were much more funny.
 None could think so fast as they could,
 None were half so wise as they were,
 None had done so many wonders
 As this mighty band of Seniors,
 As these marvelous story tellers.

Thus their name became a by-word
 And a jest among the people,
 And whene'er a boastful student
 Praised his own great work too highly;
 When a First Year or a Third Year

Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried "A Senior!
Here's a Senior come among us!"

ALMA WHITTIER.

TOMORROW.

The pages drop one by one; now they seem to fall by twos and fours. Though their passing is unnoticed, silently they pile up behind us to mark our progress or mockingly deride our careless touch.

Structures rise, take form, become the center 'round which pace the busy human throng. These structures came not in a day, they grew not in the night, as did the plant of last summer, or the rosebud that opened at daybreak. They were the accumulation of daily human effort, fashioned after hours of deep thinking, and marvelously they stand before us a living mechanical question.

The lives of our classmates, the books we have read, our thoughts from day to day along with the time element—all taken together—were forces of construction; working within us and molding our lives for the onrushing time.

A few more excursions across the campus, a few more rushings to the whirring class bells and the story will have reached a new chapter in the Normal book of life.

In our lives the chapter may tell of caroling birds, gentle spring showers, the bursting buds, the fragrance of the dewy clover, skies of azure blue interspersed with clouds, fringed and shaded with the varied colorings of the rainbow.

It may introduce the trumpet call to battle-field, clashing swords, rattling musketry and the deep, thundering, bursting cannon.

In this chapter may come the gentle, peaceful hours of noonday. It may be long, leading through winding vistas, beside foul morasses, where shiny creatures crawl and vultures shriek.

But whichever, we will not be alone in it all. The kind words of fellow-classmates may not be heard directing us the way through the perplexities we meet; but we know that around, on every side, thousands who have come from like experiences in life, silently, earnestly, righteously are meeting perhaps the same questions shaped in different shades of color and intensity of meaning.

Nothing we have done in these classrooms will make our lives stand out with our fellow-man to be remembered long after time's pages are turned. Possibly nothing we can do will so mark our existence here. But the seal is not fixed; the day is yet scarcely begun. If we can accomplish this much, if we can hold our convictions right, our consciences clear regarding truth and honor, our faith in humanity, our trust in the Supreme Ruler of the Universe—if we can hold fast to one of these, we shall not have lived in vain, nor shall the future mock or deride us.

B. M. ANSLOW.

LANCELOT.

Wild through the night the winds are sweep-
ing,
A voice of wailing, a sound of weeping;
Like fitful tears, the autumn rain
Beats on the darkened window-pane,
While lowly bends the black elm tree
To the turret-casement, as if to see
The wavering shapes and shadows tall
That the firelight pictures within on the wall.

Who lingers here at this cheerless hour?
Who sits alone in the desolate tower,
While the firelight fades and the gathering
gloom
Deeper and deeper enfolds the room—
Sits and watches the hearth-fire die,
Lists to the wild storm hurrying by,
To the anguished sobbing of the elm
Struggling with blasts that overwhelm,
And through the wailing of wind and tree
Hears from afar the moaning sea?

Come, mark him well; wouldst thou think
that he
Was once the flower of chivalry—
That this wasted form, this silvery hair,
This face, from which long years' despair
Its ancient nobleness cannot blot—
Wouldst thou deem that this was Lancelot?
Lancelot, Arthur's friend and peer?
Lancelot, lover of Guinevere?

What visions are they that move through his
brain,
Now clouding his face with the shadow of pain,
Now casting there a passing gleam
Like the fleeting light of the pale moonbeam?

I.

He sees a northern battlefield;
There the Round Table slowly yield
To the countless might of a heathen host.
Few are the knights, and hope is lost.
But slowly, bravely, down the hill
Toward a shallow, brawling rill
They hew their path, till the King's red sword
Crimsons the waters of the ford.
Then across the battle rings a cry—
"Lancelot! Lancelot is nigh!"

And the knights that were crossing the blood-
stained rill
Turn at that shout and seek the hill;
And lo, the dying, who even then
Were fording that River feared of men,
Look back from the darkening waves of death
And swell the cheer with their last, faint
breath—
"Lancelot!" And the foe has fled.
Then amid the low ranks of the dead
Sir Lancelot and King Arthur the Good
Swear eternal brotherhood.

Ah, Lancelot! Lancelot! Arthur's friend!
How shall that compact have its end?

II.

Then he hears the song of the birds of Spring,
The lark and the mavis caroling;
The leafy whisper of budding trees,
The joyous voice of the southern breeze,
As through the young year's gladness they
ride—
Lancelot, Guinevere, side by side—
Guinevere, Arthur's chosen bride.

Queen of the beautiful is she,
And he the pride of all chivalry;
Why does she falter when she speaks?
What brings the red blood to her cheeks?
What gives his voice a tenderer ring
And a deeper thrill, as together they sing
An olden song of the days of Spring?

"The winter days are over,
The storms and clouds are gone;
Rise up and seek thy lover,
My love, my beauteous one!

"On moor and grassy meadow,
On hill and mountain gray,

The darkness and the shadow
Tremble and pass away.

“The happy streams are springing
Adown the valleys fair,
And now the sound of singing
Is with us everywhere.

“The days of gloom and sadness,
The winter days are gone;
Now is the time of gladness,
And it is Love’s alone!”

Ah, Lancelot! Love speaks many a tongue,
But the truest words of love are sung.

III.

Then the long, long days at Camelot,
When they loved, and as yet men knew it not;
The stately pleasures of the court,
The dance, the hunt, the tourney’s sport;
The passing smile, the whispered word,
The meetings, where none saw or heard;
And, sharper to them than a serpent’s sting,
The trustful smile of the blameless king.

Then that last, fatal winter night—
Their love betrayed, the hurried flight,
The ride together through the mist
To the parted roads, where they mutely kissed,
Then through the darkness and the sleet
Went their own ways—that should never meet.

IV.

Long, long ago—how long he cannot tell.
He only knows that years have come and
gone,
And yonder in the cypress-shadowed dell
They sleep together in their house of stone,
Arthur and Guinevere, his king, his queen;
He knows that he for many a year has come
To that still shrine within the forest green
And wept and prayed beside the marble
tomb;
And now he knows that in the better life
Her love of Lancelot must wane and cease,
That Arthur knows her now for his true wife
And in the heart of Lancelot there is peace.

The storm has passed, and rain and wind are
still,
From breaking clouds the fair, white moon-
light falls,

A glimmering mist comes creeping up the hill,
And silvery sparkles gem the turret-walls.

The skies shine down with multitudinous
lights,
And earth is hushed as yonder heavens be,
Save that beneath the thunder-beaten heights
Throbs, like a mighty heart, the sleepless sea.
E. N. STONE, 1898.

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF NORMAL SPINSTERS.

On the evening of February 8, in Assembly Hall, was held one of the most successful class entertainments of the year. Spurred on by the double impetus of remorse for inaction and a yearning to express openly their sentiments upon the slowness of the Normal boys, the older Junior girls, assisted by Mr. Ray Smith, as Dr. Makeover and Mr. Stinson, as Sam, the Flunkie, met in the solemn conclave of the "Young(?) Ladies' Single Blessedness Debating Society."

Dressed in the proverbial styles of bygone days, the score of "old maids" came down the aisle in their usually orderly way and opened their meeting by congratulations and re-adjustments of costumes. After the meeting was called to order by the sedate Miss Shircliffe, and the business part concluded, a program, consisting of songs, poems, orations, resolutions, and a thoroughly renovating process, was given.

Mr. Romine, our estimable member of Bugology Fraternity, seemed to be the center of discussion throughout the evening, and from all reports he seems to be invincible to the fiery darts of Cupid and the winning smiles of the Junior girls. Messrs. Herman Smith, Roy Goodell and Roger Williams seem to be the only willing and available boys; consequently since the convention they have been greatly harassed.

Among the most striking old maids were: Misses Shea, Bryant, Hedger, Eaton, Walker and Thompson.

BASKETBALL.

Seattle Y. M. C. A. vs. Normal Boys.

For the first time in two seasons the Normal basketball team has lost a game. It was played with Seattle Y. M. C. A. in the Normal gym, score 14 to 42. A goodly crowd of rooters filled the house, but much to their disappointment, the boys could not run up the score. The Seattle lineup averaged over six feet, and, in the language of a spectator, "They were too tall for us." They won out by keeping the ball high in the air and caging the ball at every pass for the goal. The Normal team had as many shots for baskets, but rarely succeeded in scoring. The game was interesting throughout and Seattle earned all they made. A group of rooters from the local Y. M. C. A. and the High School added some zest to the game by "whooping it up" for Seattle.

The Senior-Junior Game.

Had an outsider gone into the gym the Friday evening after vacation he would have been astounded at the noise and confusion.

The Juniors had borne the taunts and slams of the other classes, especially the Seniors, and on this night had resolved to "get even." They had already lost two games and the loss of this one meant so much. It would disbar them from the contest for the Kline cup. Consequently, rather reluctant to begin the game, they came upon the floor, while confident of their impending victory the Seniors faced them.

Soon this feeling of unsteadiness wore off, for the Juniors seemed to be gaining. The Seniors realized it all, and though their forwards were quick and alert the Junior guards blocked every throw. The Junior center seemed to be at all parts of the field at once. The Senior guards kept to their duty splendidly, but could not prevent their opponents from making several goals. Excitement ran high, for the teams were evenly matched and at no part of the game was one more than two points ahead of the other.

At the end of the second half the Juniors were found to be winners by but one point. It was all that was needed, and the Juniors

went wild. They were so rejoiced over their victory, little though it was, that they did not even try to control themselves. One of the faculty afterwards remarked: "What was the matter with the Juniors?" and to an on-looker it certainly did look like an Indian pow-wow.

The prospects of the team are very good at present. If arrangements can be made a game will be played with the High School in the near future.



THE NORMAL MESSENGER

Published Monthly by the Students of

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

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FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 5

EDITORIAL.

As the second semester is swiftly passing we notice that the student body is more and more taxed for time; that class functions become rarer; and that everyone seems to be rushing as if her life depended upon that day's attainment. Why is the condition so? Is it because the studious habits are becoming more intense or the work becomes harder? It is sometimes remarked by students that the teacher expects too much from them. Is it probable that teachers sometimes forget that upon the shoulders of the young grow not the heads of sages? If it is true that they forget, then the student is not mature enough for Normal training, and hence she overtaxes herself; if it is not true, then the student either has too much work assigned, or she does not properly utilize her time. Whatever may be the cause, it is evident that the work becomes less pleasant than it should.

It seems to the writer that we fail to make it as pleasant as it should be because we do not use system in our school work. How many of us spend our day in the schoolroom, then rush home to study; then a few minutes to eat dinner; then back to study until our heads become weary and we fall asleep. Thus day after day, we sleep, study and eat.

Some one has said, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It seems that our power of concentration would become greater if we gave a just portion of our time to meeting our fellow-students. The men and women who today are the real factors in the world's advancement are those who, amidst the busy hours of each day, find time for intercourse with others. We, as prospective teachers, owe a portion of our time each day to the development of our social life, and this cannot be accomplished by continually poring over our books. Do not think that we disparage the value of close study. We realize that most of us are here to get every bit of knowledge we can and that the time is short, but there is too strong a tendency to let our social, physical and spiritual life give way to the intellectual side.

As the days are lengthening, then, let us loosen our minds from the study just for an hour. Take a walk, laugh awhile, breathe deeply, visit our neighbor, climb Sehome to watch the sunset (one of the most inspiring scenes in Nature's art gallery), then go to our rooms prepared to study and we shall find that we shall be less rushed, and consequently happier.

Our next issue will be an art number, and any one who has a contribution to make, whether in drawing, painting or poetry, will please hand that work to their class editor by March 20. Several drawings are already in. Let us make this issue a banner number.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Groundhog sees his shadow.
2. Seniors begin thesis work(?) upon Browning.
3. "Jim Jinks" Masquerade announced. (Boys engage girls' gym suits.)
4. Mr. Lemach succeeds in maintaining a temperature of 22 degrees in boiler room.
5. Mary Lee Pemberton sings solo at Boys' Debating Club.
6. Grace Hedger defeated for Junior sergeant-at-arms.
7. Building comfortably warm.
8. Junior Old Maids' Convention.
9. Alice McCullough and Frances Moncrief get to breakfast on time.

10. Miss Moore gives a gentle calling down in assembly.
11. Roy Goodell confiscates only two oranges at breakfast.
12. Short teachers' meeting, closes 6:30 p. m.
13. Lincoln honored in assembly by Young Men's Debating Club.
14. Nora and Mary Lee announce their engagement.
15. Seattle Y. M. C. A. defeated our boys at basketball.
16. Nora Corbett and Mary Lee Pemberton begin to batch.
17. Roger Williams gets a black eye.
18. Nora and Mary Lee eat dinner at "dorm."
19. Preliminary debate.
20. Mr. Epley shows off in physics class.
21. Masquerade in Assembly Hall. (Girls only?)
22. Miss Wilson "calls down" library for talking.
23. Seniors decide to give "As You Like It."
24. Miss Moore hurls "Philippics" at boys in assembly.
25. Ada Myers doing janitor work for faculty.
26. Senior girls confer upon graduation togs
27. Dr. Mathes returns for a two days' visit.
28. Roy Goodell confiscates only one piece of cake.

A TOAST.

I wish to drink a toast to the Juniors
 Fat and lean,
 But I surely drink most deeply
 To the Junior basket team.

Here's to Ruby Bergman,
 Who's not afraid of Myers.
 She wouldn't try to swamp you now
 For all the Senior hires.

Here's to Lillian Arke,
 The Junior stout and tall,
 Who made the natives wonder,
 "Ah, where is Mickey's ball?"

Here's to Grace Willey,
 That center jumping high.
 Whene'er a ball went by her
 She caught it on the fly.

Here's to Maybelle Dargon,
Who shares our loud applause.
She surely was a bargain
From dear old Santa Claus.

Here's to brave Van Curen,
Who made the Seniors moan
When she sent the ball a spinning
From the clutches of their Sloan.

Yes, we drink to all the Juniors,
We drink their glory up,
And we'll drink again most deeply
From out that silver cup.

ALMA WHITTIER.

CLASS ELECTION.

The Junior class met for their regular semi-annual election of officers and chose as class representatives Marie Nettleton as President; Louise Walker, Vice-President; Edna Audett, Treasurer; Inez Wynn, Secretary; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ray Smith; Lula Shircliffe, Basketball Manager.

LITERARY.

Owing to the already large, yet increasing, number of students in the Junior class, it was decided, at an early date, to organize a new literary society in the school composed of Juniors alone. To that end an enthusiastic meeting was held early in December, at which a constitution was adopted, and the society placed on a firm basis. The organization became known as the Tyee Society, and it has surely proved that among its members there are many talented students. Beth Shoemaker is President and Eva McDonald is Secretary.

JUNIOR SOCIETY NOTES.

A serenade of the most touching character was sung by a crowd of Juniors one evening in front of Miss Sperry's home, after which, Miss Sperry joining them, they surprised Mr. and Mrs. Lull by a call. They were heartily welcomed by both and spent a delightful evening. The evening's entertainment took an original form, each one performing some stunt for the amusement of the others; all being done in as quiet a manner as possible lest they

should waken the baby. These considerate young people took their departure at an early hour.

PERSONALS.

Miss Essie Warner spent a few days at her home in Seattle.

Miss Ella Thompson has been quite ill at her home on Twenty-first Street.

Grace Willey has returned from a short trip home.

Roger Williams has been nursing a black eye—the effects of a practice game of basketball.

Misses McCullough and Moncrief entertained a few friends after the B. B. game Friday evening, February 15.

Miss Nettleton entertained the Cidgmell Reading Club at the home of Mrs. Knowlton, Monday, February 18.

Misses Payne, McCullough, Corbett, Shircliffe and Walker entertained the Gamma Tau Beta's at a spread, Saturday, February 9.

A number of changes have been taking place at Normal Hall of late. Hash!!!!

Mr. Charles Petheram gave an oyster supper to a number of his young men friends and their escorts. Those present were: Misses Moncrief, Nuttall, Shircliffe, Dickey, Sillix and Jennings, Messrs. Petheram, Allison, Davenport, Smith, Stinson and Foster.

Miss Louise Walker entertained the Cidgmell Reading Club at the Dorm, Monday evening, February 25.

Mary Lee Pemberton and Nora Corbett are at home to their friends, 723 Indian Street.

Dr. Mathes, Miss Gray and Miss Hogle attended the Institute at Chehalis, February 18 to 22.

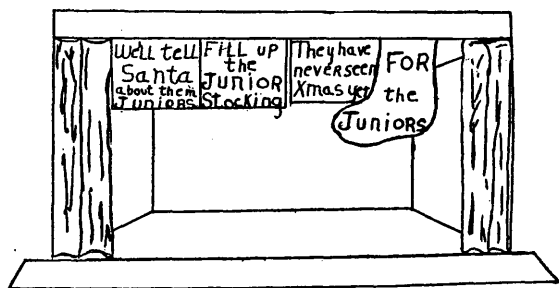
Bertha Elda Payne made a flying trip to Mount Vernon several days ago.

Minnie La Sourd, who is teaching at Blaine, attended the Junior reception.

Laura Silliman has returned from a short visit to Seattle.

Miss Schuh's father visited her a few days last week.

On Thursday evening, February 21, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, gave a delightful lecture upon Oliver Cromwell.



December 19, 1906.

7:30 a. m.

I see a man.

Do you see a man?

His name is Herbert.

I see a woman.

Do you see a woman?

Her name is Faith.

What is the man doing?

He is hanging up a stocking.

Faith is putting up little Christmas verses near the stocking.

Lots of little people are watching them.

9:15 a. m.

See those two great big men?

They don't like that stocking and so are going to take it down.

What are those little people trying to do?

They are trying to keep those big men from getting that stocking.

No use, little people, you needn't even call the teachers, for the big men have the stocking now and are going away.

THE PRELIMINARY CONTEST.

The preliminary debate held February 18 was a credit to all the students who participated. While the unsuccessful candidates showed inadequate preparation in delivery, their closely knit, logical arguments proved that they had given careful study and thought to their subjects. Preparedness in delivery as well as in thought undoubtedly led to the selection of the Misses Pence, McDonald and Patrick and Mr. Allison as the contestants for the final debate in May.

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