

"AUF WIEDERSCHEN."

(By Lelah Palmer Morath.)

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Good Bye!

Why speak at parting
This word with grief or tears,
To hearts both true and trusting
No bitterness it bears.

Good Bye?

'Tis for the hopeless,
Who toil with earth bound eyes,
And miss the heavenly vision
Illumined in the skies.

Good Bye?

Why need we hear it,
With sad or anxious heart,
When nothing only distance,
Can sweep us far apart?

Good Bye?

No! "God be with you
Until we meet again!"
Robs parting of its sorrow,
And even death of pain.

LITERARY.

THE ANNEX.

Friends, the few minutes allotted to me tonight shall be devoted to the word annex, and what it means to us.

'Tis useless for me to dwell upon "to join," "to attach," "to affix," "a subsidiary building."

Annex should be an attractive word to Americans, because it is flexible, reaching out and entwining itself about situations, and embodying so many conditions in its meaning.

A much more enlightened and enlightening word than conquest, that harsh, unyielding, metallic word so dear to the Roman. Conquest belongs to the age of war, annex to peace and progress.

We love the word annex. We like to feel the pleasure which comes from its use and application.

The United States feels her magnitude magnifying when she makes a part of herself,—giving equal powers and rights to domains otherwise sub-powerful.

Witness a great tug-of-war, now we lose, now we gain. Texas is annexed. The fate of Texas is that of her sister states.

We look into the west—a dot appears upon the horizon. As we gaze, a land teeming with rainbow hues beckons to us.

Uncle Sam's expansiveness expands, and Hawaii is annexed. Hawaii has the rights of a great country, is a part of the same, a child of a common parent—Uncle Sam.

We find, if we continue this reasoning that annex means to the annexed that the annex will share the comforts, joys, educative values and sorrows of the great body to which the annex is annexed.

Once upon a time there was a Great Lady who had a great family. This Lady, with a lady's fine perception of the fitness of things, perceived that her natural resources were not comparable with the size of her family, and that there was no hope of perpetuity except through the intelligence and integrity of her children. Therefore, she devised a great system of instruction known as a school system.

Now this system had as its leader a ruler called Head.

Head directed the entire family through the intricacies of development until they arrived at intellectual attainment.

One day there came a rap on Head's door, and when he opened it, there stood Heart, seeking to become a part of this Great Family.

Heart made known his work, and Head, being pleased with

him, took him to the Great Lady, who at once annexed him to her system.

"Now," thought the Great Lady, "there's strength in union. I have now two leaders for this Great System of mine, which has for its purpose the perpetuity of my family, through intelligence and integrity."

Time passed. Times changed. Head and Heart worked diligently; but the Great Family cried: "The Great System is a failure."

Then the Lady answered: "Have I not caused to be organized and equipped at great expense this System, which has for its purpose the perpetuity of this great family of mine? Have I not caused to be passed laws which compel every member of my family between the ages of 8 and 16 to partake daily of this learning? Have I not organized and sub-organized this Great System into Universities, Colleges, Academies, Normal, High and Common Schools? Do we not spend fabulous sums of money each year to make this System a success?"

While she spoke thus, there came a gentle tap, then a tap followed by a loud knock at the door. The door opened, and there stood Hand seeking admittance to the Great System.

This Lady, knowing that she had inaugurated a great system, was great enough to recognize at once that the hand marks a great distinction between man and the lower animal. So she favored the annexation of Hand.

Now this Great Lady felt that with Head, Heart, and Hand as her trained helpers, nothing could prevent the perpetuity of her Great Family, through intelligence, integrity, and Industry.

Feeling thus satisfied, she began looking about to ascertain if each member of her family were receiving his fair share of time and care.

Yes; here were University, College, and Academy receiving the most careful consideration of her careful assistants.

Then she examined the larger members of her common children and found them amply fed, clothed, trained, and petted. She even noted that they had a special place, called Normal, where they prepared helpers to care for these larger children of her common family.

"Now," thought the Great Lady, "I have finished my work; I am needed no longer; I shall go away from these crowded places,—go forth into the woods and among the hills and there rest in peace until the end of time."

So away she wandered.

But when she had traveled a few hours she saw a strange-looking being, not unlike her own family. She went closer, and

lo, there were dark and light ones. She found that all were intended to be white. The closer she examined, the more convinced was she that these were a part of her own family. Yes, truly these were her own Ugly Ducklings. "Oh," said she, "these are the real swans. These are my neglected children. Why have they been left so unprotected? Why, these are most beautiful, and show signs of being my most wonderful.

"Has Head neglected these, knowing something must be done to prevent their excelling the rest? I must give them an equal chance."

Returning to her training school, she said: "Normal, will you care for my Ugly Ducklings also? They will one day be real swans."

Normal heeded the call, and now she is inviting the children of the woods to be annexed.

M. E. CARPENTER.

TO OREGON IN A PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

It is with some hesitation that I comply with your request, as any account of our trip seems personal and of little interest to any one but ourselves. Perhaps you would be most interested in life as seen from the standpoint of one traveling by wagon. And you would be surprised at the number of people "roading it."

There are the automobilists, whizzing by with the fixed idea that they need all the road. We were passed by one hundred and twenty-nine of them in one day, but our pride, which felt a little wounded at being left so often in the dust, was appeased when we hauled one back to town for repairs and later hauled it over Carrol's Point, which we had come up with tolerable ease.

There are the campers, with their rolls of tents and bedding piled high. There are the homeseekers, perhaps in a locating party hurrying over the mountains or coming back disgusted. There are the movers, with their crates of chickens and squealing pigs, jolting over the rocky hills, followed by dirty children and the family cow. And every time the wagon hits a rock the pigs squealed, causing a continuous performance. One party we saw going over the mountains consisted of an old man and two children, with all their belongings in a push cart. And there is that other large class of wanderers, the true people of the road. In this class are the gypsy, the horse trader, the peddler, and the high-class hobo, with his old cart and wind-broken horse. These last seem to keep in good touch with each other, for we never entered a town where horsetraders were camped without being hunted up, and when they found we were not traders and would

not trade, they inquired about all the others we had met, usually only to find that they already knew more about their whereabouts than did we.

Although their method of life has many drawbacks they have the advantage of viewing life on a much broader and more general scale than people of more settled habits—for towns, like people, have their own individual characteristics and you can almost know the people by the country in which they live. This is true of much of French Prairie. It has been worn out, and the people seem to have worn out with it. Now, these old pioneer places are being leased by Chinese hop-raisers, and the white people do the picking. Their houses are curtainless and their yards grown up with weeds. By the way, window curtains and front doors mean a great deal to the mere passerby. All the houses on the Samish Flats had window curtains and their lands and cattle corresponded. There were few cows on French Prairie. The same local individuality is shown in the towns. For example, the people of Woodland have a smart, "chip-on-the-shoulder" air; those of Kalama a sort of prison-like resignation (I don't blame them, for it is a hole in the rocks partially filled with tin cans); while the Oregon City people seem to be living on their past history.

The people we met were, however, all pleasant. Every one was ready to tell us about the roads, if they could, and the number who had formerly been "on the road" was surprising. They had come overland from Missouri, Kansas, etc., and nearly all intended to return that way to their "wife's people." The people in the mountains and over in this country are, however, much more talkative and friendly.

When we first started out we felt very much in the public eye, just like a boy with his first pair of trousers. When we entered Seattle all our curtains were securely fastened, but by the time we reached Redmond we were baking bread and sticking our heads out to see if the next juniper would hit our stovepipe. We even removed the last panful on the main street and in front of the hotel.

Speaking of Redmond reminds me that I ought to tell you why we came over into this country instead of going on to California, as we intended. Just outside of Salem we fell in with two teachers (a man and his wife) from the Salem State Reform School. They were on their way to land they had filed on 79 miles southeast of Princeville. They were so enthusiastic about this country that we decided to come over the celebrated Santiam road and see it.

I think Papa derived considerable pleasure from that road.

It was built for a grant of land and was made so as to obtain the best land, regardless of hills. Although it did very well for a mountain road, he would run it down to all the summer resort and hay station keepers, just for the fun of argument. There are two very bad hills on the road—Seven Mile hill and Sand Mountain. This last is the terror of the road as the sand is so deep a wagon can come down without locking. We doubled teams on both hills with our Salem friends. The double tree, by the way, was an invention of Papa's, and consisted of vine maple and baling wire. Papa drove, and as it was very steep and hot (the road is through a burn) the rest walked. The little, fat Dutchman was soon thirsty and footsore. Near the top he spied a tiny, cup-shaped spring, and rushed, panting, to the wagon for a cup. By the time he reached the spring he found our black dog sitting in it, and when he uttered an exclamation of dismay, Joe growled warningly. The crestfallen Dutchman sat down to rest. He was "tired."

Sand mountain is deep, volcanic ash, with steep jumps where the lava waves have cooled. As our friends were in a hurry to get through, Papa drove their wagon up first. He did not get back for ours until 6 o'clock in the evening—and we started over the lava. By the time we reached the worst part it was very dark and cold. Two of us took turns walking ahead of the front team to carry a lard pail with a candle in it. This light, however, proved of little use, as we could not see the rocks and logs until it was too late. To make matters worse, the horses were not trained to work as a four-horse team. It was 11 o'clock by the time we reached Big Lake, just over the summit, but everything was in good condition and we need no longer dread the terrors of that mountain. Teamsters, on being told that we had made that part of the trip with a four-horse team in the dark, looked at Papa as though they thought him a member of the Ananias Club.

Coming down the mountain we found an old dead crater in the big pine forest reserve. As we descended, the pines became smaller and finally merged into the sage brush and juniper that covers this Eastern Oregon country. And how different this country is from any in Washington or Western Oregon. It is comparatively level, with large buttes rising abruptly out of the plain. Here we have Powell Butte on our east, and on the west, in the Cascade range, we see the Sisters, Mount Jefferson, Mount Washington, and to the northwest, Mount Hood. The sunsets over these mountains rival those of Bellingham Bay. The soil is volcanic ash, with lava flows. The water is brought from the Deschutes, as it is about as far down to water as it is up. The

population is scattered, as the country is new to settlers, settlement having been discouraged by stockmen. Some idea of the scarcity of the population can be obtained from the fact that this school district is 40 miles long.

You may be sure that out here in the sage brush, 90 miles from a railroad and five miles from the stage station where we get our mail, we welcome any news of the Normal and its well-being with especial interest, and think of our friends perhaps even oftener than if we were at home.

VEDA FORREST.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Among the great literary men of the Eighteenth Century, Thomas Carlyle occupies a prominent place.

Carlyle was born December 4, 1795, in Ecclefechen, Scotland. His parents were very poor. When nine years of age, Carlyle began his work at a grammar school, against the advice of a neighbor who said to Carlyle's father: "Educate a boy and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents." Carlyle proved the falsity of this statement in his case.

At fourteen he entered the University of Edinburgh, and, after leaving in 1814, he became teacher of mathematics. Although he was faithful, he disliked his work at the academy. He wrote to a friend: "Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish, the wish of being known has been foremost. Oh, Fortune! Grant me that with a heart of independence, unyielding to thy favors and unbending to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame; and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born king."

Though Carlyle's parents had desired he should be a minister, he felt he could not conscientiously make this his life work, and took up the study of law instead. His later efforts, however, were devoted to literary work rather than to law.

In 1826 Carlyle married Jane Welsh. Carlyle had a grievous fault of complaining and fretting. He had done this early in life, and could not refrain from it now; as a result, his wife was sometimes rather unhappy. When Mrs. Carlyle died in 1866, "With tears of anguish he lamented this lack of self-control, when it was too late."

Among Carlyle's chief literary productions we find "Sartor Resartus," published in 1833-4; "The French Revolution" (1837), "Heroes and Hero Worship" (1840), and "Frederick the Great," the last two volumes of which were finished in 1865.

Carlyle died February 5, 1881. Westminster Abbey asked for

his body; but he was buried, at his own request, by the side of his father and mother in the old "kirkyard" at Ecclefechan.

Carlyle's life was a great struggle. His early works were ridiculed and pronounced the work of a "literary maniac." He was an incessant worker. By fasts and irregular meals he brought dyspepsia on himself, from which he was a sufferer all his life.

He was a keen observer and could portray mental pictures with so much veracity that, after reading, one seems to remember the reality and not the book.

Professor Tyndall says of Carlyle: "Carlyle was sternly real, but he was a gentleman—full of dignity and delicacy of thought and feeling." * * * "He loved humanity as few men have loved it. He thought the question of the future of the poor, their education, their fitness for earning a living, their comfort, their work, the all-important question for wise men."

Emerson says: "The great debt of the past generation, and of our own, to Mr. Carlyle is not so much for any specific piece of work, as for the general influence of his life and writings in promoting the spirit of intellectual independence and integrity. In this respect, his influence has been powerful, and is likely to be permanent."

M. R.

"THE SHEPHERD KING."

October 27 and 28 should be star days in the calendars of Bellingham theatergoers because of Wright Lorimer's offering of "The Shepherd King." The play is a serious study, and when one has witnessed the performance, its educational value must make itself felt in the mind of the student both of the drama and of history.

"The Shepherd King" gives us a wonderfully realistic portrayal of the life of David, the inspired shepherd of the hills, psalmist and soldier of King Saul, and eventually the King of Israel. David leaves his simple home in the hills to go to Saul's camp, where he is to play for the King. He accepts, in the name of Israel, the challenge of the giant Goliath, whom not one of Saul's soldiers dares face, and slays him. One triumph follows another, until at the death of Saul and his son Jonathan, David is chosen King by the soldiers. And then, through it all, is the friendship of Jonathan and David, one of the most beautiful stories in history, and the love of David and Michal, Saul's daughter—both portrayed with splendid mastery.

It can truly be said that the phantasmagorical scene in the cave of the Witch of Endor has no superior on the modern stage. It is a weird marvel admitting one into a ghastly nether world

such as we have instinctively shuddered from in our bravest flights of fancy. The light, the mystic caldron, the howling, shrieking winds, and the unearthly cackling voice of the witch, almost curdle the vital fluid in your veins. The splendid effect displayed in the scene of the battle field in the Vale of Elah, with its marvelous coloring, is an artistic triumph.

Wright Lorimer, who played the part of David, is a new star in the dramatic firmament, destined, we hope, to become a fixed one. Mr. Lorimer, who is also the author of the play, is an American by birth, educated at Oxford. He declined the chair of literature at Stanford University to accept the humblest stage opening offered, the position of a mere supernumerary, and labored to the light of stardom like all the other "toilers' long the road."

It is said that "The Shepherd King" has done more to bring the church and stage together than any other production of the generation. It is a timely, great Biblical play, decked with all the barbaric magnificence of the Orient. It is the sort of play that appeals to the lover of heroics in modern drama because of its remarkable fidelity to historic detail. It takes its place side by side with "Ben Hur," and is even considered by the great W. J. Bryan to have a higher class of excellence than that justly famous production.

M. S.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE.

In the political world of today there is, perhaps, no man who is more prominent than Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin. For a quarter of a century he has been a towering figure in politics—a strong, ardent worker for the good of the country. He has served his state as she has never before been served. As a representative, he wielded his influence for the welfare of his fellow men; as governor, he lifted Wisconsin high above the level of her sister states, until today she is the "mecca" to which students of civic reform come from all over the world. In Wisconsin the corporations are more nearly controlled by the government than in any other state in the Union.

As United States Senator, he has labored unceasingly for the honor of the Nation. Where he sees corruption he denounces it. It matters not to him whether a man be Republican or Democrat, if that man is not living up to the trust placed in him, if that man uses his office and position of power to further the interests of private individuals, if he does anything contrary to the welfare of the Nation, he brings that man out into the limelight of public opinion and, so far as he is able, strives to drive him out of the

political world. And now he is wearing his life away "talking it out" with the American people in order to arouse them from their lethargy.

It was indeed a treat to Bellingham to have the opportunity of hearing this man. His was the most logical, most convincing speech we have ever heard in our school.

He said that a great change is taking place in American government—a change so vital that far-seeing men fear for the liberty of the Nation, won at such a cost by our forefathers years ago.

Senator LaFollette took his audience back to the beginning of the Nation, to let them see things just as they were seen by the brave signers of the Declaration of Independence one hundred and thirty years ago. These men, who would have forfeited their lives had they failed, planned an America for Americans—not for the chosen few. These men planned the government, not to bring power and glory to themselves, but for the good of the American people. For seventy years this government moved on untainted, uncorrupted—a government of which it was said by the European, De Tocqueville, "In the United States I have never heard of a man using money to corrupt the people or their government."

The speaker divided the history of the Nation into four periods, marked by changes in business methods. For the first seventy-five or eighty years all of the business was carried on by individuals or partnerships. Then the business grew to be too big for the individual. More money was needed and the corporation was formed. A number of men would invest in a line of business and would elect a few men to conduct the business. Each stockholder had a vote, and the entire firm would be represented by the board of trustees. This period was the most progressive in the history of the Republic. Trade was governed completely by the laws of demand, supply, and competition.

Then came the third period, when the corporations in one line of business began to unite into combined corporations, governed by a board. Natural trade laws were overthrown and the trusts dictated prices to the people. The last period is the one in which we are now living, and whose problem we must confront. This period was characterized by the speaker as the period of the combinations.

It was only after long and careful study that the proof of this was discovered. Senator La Follette found that the stock market of America was controlled by ninety-seven men, and after more careful study he found that all but fourteen of these ninety-seven were dummies in the control of these fourteen. Then he took the floor in the Senate and gave the names of these dummies, several of the "chosen few" being in his audience. The names of

the fourteen controlling men he gave as Vanderbilt, Gould, Astor, Belmont, Schiff, Spire, Weyerhauser, Harriman, Hill, Frick, Ryan, Armour, and Swift. Then he went a step further and stated that all of these were controlled by two men. Rockefeller and Morgan. The speaker prophesied that if the present state of affairs continue, in ten years these two great powers will have complete control of every bit of business in the United States.

To further their own financial schemes these powers have bought up government officials and dictated legislation. When, in accordance with the pledges of the Republican platform, a special session of Congress was called to revise the tariff, the trusts controlled Congress. Senator La Follette believes "the tariff should be the measure of difference in conditions surrounding labor in the United States and abroad." This was Hamilton's idea, and it should be the idea of every American citizen. According to this, the revision should have been downward, but instead of this it was a revision upward to gratify the wishes of the big combinations. Mr. La Follette told of the corruption in the House, which is controlled by Cannon; and in the Senate, which is controlled by Hale and Aldrich. He told further how a very few honest men had tried to fight this control, to no avail, and how a few honest men, such as Sulzer, of New York, and Poindexter, of Washington, refused to be controlled by the trusts, and voted as they thought right, even though overwhelmingly opposed. He said that the United States is the only country that has not made reasonable changes in tariff laws—such as economic conditions demand. He did not hesitate to criticise President Taft for calling a special session of Congress to revise the tariff, for it took France and Germany years of careful study to prepare for the change, and what was true there is true here.

He closed with a strong appeal to the audience to rise to the occasion and do their best to oppose this evil. Every voter should exert his influence to elect the right kind of officials, and school teachers have almost as great a privilege—that of creating public opinion through their pupils. Surely, no one left the auditorium without resolving to strive to the uttermost against these monstrous evils that threaten our glorious Republic.

For Senator La Follette we have only admiration. He is untiring in his labors, convincing in his arguments, commanding in his personality. He is the combination of all that should make a statesman—honor, fearlessness, energy, and absolute faith in the American Republic.

YULETIDE IN SCANDINAVIA.

Christmas is looked forward to by every one of us, but in a very few places is it the signal for such a great festival as it is in Scandinavia. The Scandinavian who spends Yuletide for the first time in America inevitably feels a genuine longing akin to homesickness when the thoughts wander to the celebration as it goes on in the dear old Northland. Here we think of Christmas eve and Christmas day; there the time from Christmas eve through New Year's day are legal holidays, while in many places the celebration is continued for thirteen days, as was the older custom. Then, after a week's interval, on "tzugonde dagen" (the twentieth day), it was usual to give parties and balls in order to "dance ysile out," as it was expressed, although it included a general merry-making.

The preparations for this holiday season were many and various. First of all there is the house cleaning; everything must be thoroughly renovated. The work is not thought of as drudgery, as is usually the case here—for the thought of the good time coming more than compensates for the labor expended.

The larder, too, must be well stocked, for what would the holidays be without sufficient feasting. Special care is taken in brewing jul-olet (Christmas ale), and in preparing "lut-fisk" (stock-fish), for it could not possibly be like Christmas without these. Bread is also baked. This may seem like a very common thing, but among the country people the round cakes that you can buy here under the name of "Swedish bread" were used entirely as bread, while any that was made entirely of wheat flour was used only on special occasions. Bread, buns, cookies, and cakes were then baked; meats were prepared in many an appetizing way; cheese of all varieties (excluding limberger) were stored away. This work must all be begun at least two weeks before Christmas, as every home had open doors for any and all visitors.

By noon on the day before Christmas all of this work must be finished. The fresh fir boughs have been put outside of the doors and the sheaves of grain hung out for the birds—they have a beautiful custom of thus remembering the birds, and a pretty sight it is, too, seeing the birds flock gladly around and picking out the grain. Even in the cities this custom is prevalent, and it takes a very poor man indeed who cannot spare a farthing to feed the little feathery creatures.

Evening has come. Two events occupy the minds of all—the dinner and the Christmas tree. They get the first taste of the "lut-fisk" and also of "ju-graten," which consists of rice that has the consistency of very thick soup but is very deliciously pre-

pared. This rice is the occasion for a great deal of merry making, as each person in turn must say some striking little original rhyme about it before any one is allowed to put a spoon into the dish.

Then the tree! Every family must have one. The decorations may seem odd to you. Besides the candles and tinsel trimmings there were the funniest little animals especially "jul-boekar," and men, all made of cake dough, big raisins making the most charming black eyes. The children delight in eating these animals; in fact, they give almost as much pleasure as the presents. Will Santa Claus come? No, but "jul-boeken" will; this I suppose will have to be called literally the "Christmas goat," as it is a genuine goatskin, and horns, too. The little children are all very much afraid, but "jul-boeken" soon leaves, and the little eyes and lips cease quivering.

Neighbors sometimes gave each other presents by tying them up in a sheaf of grain and throwing it against a door and then disappearing before the lucky ones could see who they were.

We must not stay up too late on Christmas eve as every member of the family was expected to be at church the next morning at 5 o'clock. It wasn't a punishment to get out of bed before you really had time to get in, as the church had stronger attractions than the downy pillow. Many who had a couple of miles to come (and remember that one mile there is equal to seven here) had to leave home at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. Nobody minded it, they were all so well tucked in the pretty sleighs, the horses were all fresh and impatient to be off and the merry chime of sleigh bells was heard everywhere in the crisp and frosty air. Once you were on the main road there would be from fifty to a hundred sleighs all leading a merry chase. This was possible, as you must remember that the roads are in the best of condition and may not be compared with ours.

Arriving at the gray stone church, that has more than likely been a silent observer of Christmas scenes like this for the past two centuries, they are greeted by a flood of light streaming from every window. Step inside and see the cause. Large candlesticks brilliantly illumine the altar, while, in addition to these, there are two large candlesticks placed at every bench. Usually the churches had the benches divided into four rows, with aisles between them that were six feet in width. Imagine, if you will, the lights at the altar and then the four rows of benches with two lights placed at each bench, and you will probably not wonder why even the little tots who were not old enough to enjoy the service were so willing to leave their cozy beds so early in the morning.

Such bustling there was when the service was ended and all

were ready to wend their way homeward. Many a sleigh did not bring back the original occupants, as the young lads had planned it all, oh so nicely. The object now is to win in the race for home. What a merry chase they lead, every one trying to outstrip his neighbor. Many a sleigh takes a tumble, but that only adds to the merriment, and happy the one who has had that misfortune and still reaches home before the others. He will surely harvest his crops in good time for the ensuing year.

Once at home, the household settles down to a day of peace and rest, as this is a special religious holiday.

Now comes the second day of Christmas. The fun has begun in earnest. All the rest of the holidays are given up to visiting and merry making. Friends and relatives entertain in first one home and then another. No one is left outside of this circle of Christmas cheer. Those who are very poor are always looked after by those in better circumstances, so the humblest home is made happy. Even the live stock on the farm are not forgotten, as they are fed double rations to remind (?) them of the fact that it is Christmas.

Spend we Christmas in the Northland,
Spend we Christmas o'er the sea;
Let us extend a helpful hand,
And spread good cheer where'er we be.

C. A. N.

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

Two weeks after the Christmas holidays at Middleton's Academy, a school for young ladies in Massachusetts, two bright, vivacious girls were walking across the snow-covered campus. It was an ideal winter morning, the snow lay a foot deep and a freezing frost the night before had coated the snow with crystals which glistened in the bright morning sunlight.

Irene Dudley and Florence Hunt were in the best of spirits, and they chatted and laughed merrily as they tripped along the winding, snow-tramped walk. Finally, Irene said:

"Oh, Florence; you remember Lilly Mitchell, who was here at the Academy two years ago?"

"Remember her, indeed I do," said Florence. "She is visiting in England now; isn't she?"

"Yes. You know she had an aunt who wanted her to come and visit with her, and so she made use of the opportunity and went. She is attending a school near her aunt's home, and there she met a girl of whom she is very fond, and there are great chums.

So this Christmas she went home with her to spend the holidays; and oh, Florence, she just wrote the nicest letter telling all about her English Christmas, and I've got it here in a book, and I want to read it to you."

So the two girls found a seat in a corner of the reading room and Irene opened her letter and began reading:

"Dearest Irene:—I know you will like to hear about the manner in which I spent my first Christmas out of dear old Massachusetts. I rather dreaded thinking of Christmas so far away from home and all the dear ones, but even with all regrets of not being at home thrown in, I had a delightful holiday season. It is all so different here than at home, the English make so much more of Christmas than we Americans do. I told you of my friend, Helen Dolton. Well, I went home with her for the holidays. She lives seventy-two miles from our school. She has a very picturesque old English home, with hedges of hawthorne, box and ivy, which must make a beautiful appearance in the spring and summer. The homes here have the big, open fireplaces in all the main rooms, just the thing to help the Christmas spirit along. Now, I can't begin to tell you all we did and all the good times we had, but I do want to tell you some of the things which are novel to us Americans.

"In the first place, the English homes are elaborately decorated for the Christmas festivities; the rooms are beautifully trimmed with great quantities of holly and mistletoe. The old custom of being kissed under the mistletoe is still carried out, and as Helen has a mischevious brother, I had to be on the watch when I stood under a bough of the pretty green with its white, waxy berries. Nearly all homes have a large 'grandfather's clock,' which stands in the hall, and great pride is taken in trimming it with holly and mistletoe.

"On Christmas eve the great yule log is brought in and rolled into the huge fireplace. As the men carried it in and put it in place on the fire, all the folks sang a Yule song.

"The supper on Christmas eve was interesting to me, as they have a special spice cake baked for the occasion, and if you do not eat a piece you will break the good luck of the house. The supper table is lighted with large, various-colored Christmas candles about fourteen inches high. After supper one hears the jingling of bells passing, and it is then that the wealthier classes go around and distribute presents and a Christmas dinner to the poor; so every one is provided for.

"It seemed as if I had been asleep only a few minutes on Christmas eve when I was awakened by hearing voices below our window. I immediately awakened Helen, as I was startled. But

before she was entirely awake the words of that beautiful song, 'When Shepherds Watch Their Flocks at Night,' floated up to us. Helen laughed. 'You needn't have been startled; those are the choral boys, who go about singing Christmas anthems.' Beginning shortly after midnight, boys, and sometimes girls, sing these songs all Christmas day, and after they have finished you are expected to throw them some money, or ask them into the house and give them a treat. Bands of music and surpliced choirs fill the entire day with sacred music, and one is reminded continually of the Savior, who was born afar off in Bethlehem.

"On Christmas day every one who is able attends church, and a dinner is always given in some public place for the old folks of the poor.

"The Christmas dinner at 3 o'clock was a grand affair; but the most delightful part of it all was when the English plum pudding was brought on. The maid lights the spirits around it in the hall, and as it came on the table it was a blazing mass of fire. The little ones clapped their hands with glee.

"Christmas night there was seven of we young folks, including some of Helen's cousins, and we all sat about the hall fireplace and toasted chestnuts and told our fortune by the nuts which popped out at us. Then we sang some Christmas hymns, and all retired, knowing that it had been a very Merry Christmas. I knew it had been the most delightful I had ever spent.

"From Christmas to New Year's is a round of gaiety and amusement. There is skating, dances, parties and many other forms of entertainment.

"Well, Irene, I seem to have told you little except how I spent my Christmas, but hope you will enjoy hearing about it, and that you may some time spend a Christmas in England and find it as delightful as I have.

"Your friend,

"LILLY MITCHELL."

As Irene finished her letter, and before Florence had time to remark upon the contents, the gong for the classes sounded, and two merry girls brought their wandering thoughts back from a good, old English Christmas down to every day duties.

A. F. P., '11.

BILLY WATSON'S TRAGEDY.

One summer my chum, Jack Horner, and myself, both scientific students at Harvard, found ourselves, after a strenuous year's work, exiled from books, studies, and all our usual forms of amusement for at least one year. After much discussion of

the pros and cons of the case, we finally decided to visit the Hawaiian Islands, and, particularly, the region around the volcanos Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, for we decided that here we could combine some study of the earth's phenomena with our forced vacation without disobeying Dr. Flamborough's orders.

The last of June found us established in Kilo, a small hamlet within less than a league of Kilunea, a great seething lake of lava on the slope of Mauna Loa. This lake is in the habit of overflowing about once in every ten or twelve years, consequently there are many rivers of lava, now cold, and solid, running down the mountain side from this lake.

These lava beds were the acme of our ambition, so the very next morning after our arrival we hired an old native who could talk some English for a guide, and set out for the lava beds about 8 o'clock. The hill was high and the climbing hard, besides we each were burdened with a small prospector's pick and hammer combined, a large canvas bag to hold our specimens, and an army canteen containing water. In addition to this I carried a small folding camera. The guide carried the lunch, slung over his shoulder. It was almost noon when we finally reached the first lava stream. We, therefore, decided to eat our lunch before we attempted any prospecting. We were all too thoroughly exhausted to talk, and as we slowly ate our lunch we examined our surroundings.

The thing that especially attracted my attention was the lava flow, which, just a little way above where we were sitting, parted and ran on either side of a great boulder, only to have both streams meet a little below us. The space thus inclosed was probably, roughly speaking, one hundred feet long by fifty feet wide in the widest part and tapering to a point.

After eating our lunch, our guide, who had shown considerable distaste for the place, appeared very anxious to move on. But both Jack and myself thought we could obtain all the specimens here that we cared to carry back with us. And so, among our guide's many expostulations, we chose a place where the lava formed a slight mound, not unlike the mounds in unkept cemeteries.

Our guide now became fairly frantic, and amid many gesticulations made us understand that this was haunted ground. Being sensibly brought-up American boys, we merely laughed at his fears. With much headshaking and many warnings he retired into the shade of some tropical forest growth, from which place he could observe all our movements.

Being anxious to return to the village before dark, we vigorously attacked the lava at one side of the mound where the sur-

face was very rough, having the appearance of having been cracked or broken before it became solid. We were beginning to despair of being able to break through this surface with our light picks when, suddenly, a great piece came off, revealing to our horror-struck gaze the charred figure of a man.

The guide, whose curiosity was probably aroused by our strange actions, now arose and walked, for him, swiftly over to where we were. If I were an artist with my pen I might be able to describe the effect which the sight he beheld had on him. Finally, more through his motions than through what little of his harangue we could understand, he made it clear to us that we must leave here at once. We, in return, tried to find out, if possible, how the corpse came here. But all that he would tell us was that many years ago a man had been burned in the lava flow at about this place while it was still hot, and that now his spirit haunted this place, and was ever trying to get others into the warm lava.

At last he promised that if we would but go back to the village he would take us to a man who could tell all about it. We then carefully covered the body with the lava we had broken off, and silently, awed by this tragedy of the lava fields, took our way down the mountain side. None of us spoke until we reached the village. It was then about 5 o'clock, and the day was becoming a trifle cooler, so that the people, who remain indoors during the hottest part of the day, were now coming forth to attend to their various duties. Our guide, motioning for us to follow, led the way along the one street of the hamlet down into the poorer district, which lay at the farther end of the village and was quite swampy.

At last he stopped before the worst-looking hut in a row of not particularly inviting ones. He knocked once and an old, unkempt, stoop-shouldered white man appeared at the door, and after talking with the guide a few moments in an undertone, invited us into his house, if by any stretch of the imagination you could call it such. If you ever in your life saw a dirty, unsanitary place, this certainly was it. On a small, home-made table, directly under the only tiny window the hut boasted, was placed a bottle of whisky, beside it a glass, a dirty tin pail, partly full of muddy-looking water, and a small tin can nearly full of sugar, which was of a black-grey color. The table itself was so very dirty that I can think of absolutely no words to express its condition. In one corner was a piece of musty straw, with some old rags scattered over it. On the walls were tacked up several theatrical posters, and at the end farthest from the door were several jackal skins stretched for drying. The odor from these

skins, combined with a strong odor of whisky and tobacco, made—well, not a pleasant combination. The singular old man who lived in this singular dwelling is also worthy of description. He was under medium height, with piercing blue eyes that, combined with his long, unkempt, white hair, gave one an uncanny feeling. His rich brogue immediately gave away his nationality. He was dressed in a fashion all his own, quite in keeping with his dwelling. The same odor that pervaded his home hung around him, except that the smell of whisky and tobacco was stronger than that of the jackal pelts.

Altogether, neither Jack nor I were ill-pleased when Dennis O'Doole, for such he informed us was his name, proposed that we go out doors, for, as he said, "the house was stuffy."

When we were all seated in a circle on the ground and each had puffed away on his pipe for awhile, Jack said that he had been told that he (Mr. O'Doole) was an old resident, and being answered in the affirmative, went on to lay our entire adventure before him. As Jack advanced, the old man became more and more excited, until, when Jack finished, he was so excited he could hardly control his voice to ask one or two simple questions. At last he managed to say: "Be gory! It sure do be him!" And then he went on to tell, in language which I will not attempt to quote, the following story:

Twenty years before this, Billy Watson, the spoiled son of get-rich-quick American parents, had so far disgraced himself and family that his father, in a fit of temper, had made him an "allowance man" and banished him to Kilo, which he felt was far enough away from New York so that the family would never be bothered by Billy any more. O'Doole, who had been his valet, and who was really very much attached to his dare-devil master, readily consented to go into exile with him. Once Billy arrived at Kilo he sank lower than ever before, hardly drawing a sober breath from month's end to month's end. After about six months this brought on what O'Doole chose to call "jim-jams," more commonly known as delirium tremens. In spite of O'Doole's most careful watching, Watson escaped him and wandered off into the forest which abounds on Mauna Loa. While Dennis immediately did his best to organize a searching party, he found it very difficult, for no one deemed it his duty to inconvenience himself for only an "allowance man." He finally did manage to raise a searching party the day after Watson disappeared. After diligent searching for two days, they noticed what appeared to be running forest fires near Kilauea, and out of idle curiosity, little dreaming that Watson had ever gotten that far, they hastened off in the direction of the fires. Imagine their horror when upon

coming within sight of the stream of lava which was causing these fires they beheld Watson, a raving maniac, held a prisoner by the lava stream surrounding the piece of ground on which he stood. When he caught sight of them he stopped tearing his hair, and, gathering himself together, made a running leap, apparently in an attempt to jump across the lava stream, which was at least twenty feet wide here. Of course he failed, and landed feet first in the middle of the stream, where he disappeared, with awful and heart-rending screams. After examining things at a safe distance, the hunting party came to the conclusion that he had wandered as far as the lower side of an immense boulder where he had become unconscious, remaining in this condition for maybe a day, or perhaps longer. When becoming conscious he had found himself surrounded by molten lava, the huge rock having protected him. This was not as unreasonable as it appears on the surface, for a former stream of lava had flowed down one side of the island and partially down the other. The stream of lava into which he jumped was this old stream, which had been reheated by a very thin flow of the melted lava over it.

All this had occurred nineteen or twenty years ago and ever since this, so the natives firmly believe, Billy Watson's ghost has haunted this place, ever on the lookout for a chance to entrap somebody else as he was entrapped. Here the old man stopped, with an air that plainly said his story was finished.

After a few minutes he leaned forward and, addressing himself to Jack, asked if the next day he would lead him to the place where we had found the corpse so that he might see to it that his master had proper burial. We hastened to assure him that we would gladly do so.

Then, declining the old man's urgent invitation to stay and to partake of his evening meal, we arose, and after bidding him good evening, retired to our hotel and room, there to discuss our first adventure on the Hawaiian Islands.

GRACE HINMAN.

He who thanks but with the lips,
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true Thanksgiving
Comes from the heart.

—SELECTED.

THE GRAVE OF ALARIC.

(Translated from the German of A. v. Platen's *Haller-
munde* by I. A. F.)

From Bucento near Cosenza
Ghostly chants sound all night long;
Echoes from the whirling waters
Answer in a whispering song.

Still at night beside the river
March the Goths with martial tread,
Mourning Alaric, their chieftain,
Bravest of the nation's dead.

Where he met his death so early,
Far from home, his grave they made,
While his hair, still blond and clustering
O'er his youthful shoulders strayed.

On the banks of the Bucento
Ranks were formed, and side by side,
Soldiers worked to dig a channel,
In it turned the current wide.

Then a yawning pit they hollowed
In the river's empty bed,
Lowered deep his horse and armor
Laid to rest the warrior dead.

Chieftain and his proud possessions
With the earth were covered deep.
Where the water plants are growing
Alaric lies in endless sleep.

Then again they turned the current,
Once more in its bed so old
Flowed the waters of Bucento
Foamed the waves so strong and bold.

And a choir of manly voices
Sang, "O, sleep thou hero brave,
Where no greedy Roman's hatred
May disturb thy honored grave!"

While they sang the Gothic army
Chanted praises, strong and free.
Roll on, roll Bucento billow,
Bear their song from sea to sea!



THE MESSENGER

SCHOOL PAPER OF THE
BELLINGHAM STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

S. B. Irish & Co., Printing  1311 Railroad Avenue

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"Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are, and doing things as they ought to be done."
C. E. Stowe.

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TERMS—FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

Entered December 21, 1902, at Bellingham, Washington, as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. IX.

December, 1909

No. 3

Editorial.



The year rolls round its circle,
The seasons come and go,
The harvest days are ended,
The chilly north winds blow;
Orchards have lent their treasures
And fields their yellow grain,
So open wide the doorway;
Thanksgiving comes again.

—Tarbox.

Students, we must have your help. No, we are not asking for money this time. Mr. Myer will see to that. Have you noticed any improvement in the paper? Now we are not asking for "comps." But we do want you to get interested. You cannot expect that the staff can get up a paper without the support of every one in the school. If you write stories or poems, hand them in. Don't be bashful. If you know anything of the Alumni, tell us, we want to know, so that others may profit thereby. If you hear a joke, take time to write it down, the joke editors will

be duly grateful. There is a box just inside the main door for the reception of Messenger material. Use it. When it gets full, we'll empty it. We want the school paper to be a live one. Fellow students, it's up to you.

"All night cram;
All day exam."

Some one has very aptly put the whole matter in a nutshell. No, not quite the whole matter, for we might add: "All the rest of the week worry." "Did you pass? Oh, I'm sure not." Aren't they bugbears, those exams? You never can remember anything, somehow, when you are shut up in a room, all hope of escape gone, paper in one hand, pencil in the other and a most formidable array of senseless (?) questions on the board. All that cramming, too. Well, never mind, they're over now and next quarter—why—we'll have them all over again.

Motorman (to Conductor while they were resting at the end of the line)—Say, did you ever hear anybody use as much slang as those Normal girls?

Conductor—No, they are not afraid to use it; are they?

Motorman—Why, it would keep a man busy trying to understand them. The other morning a crowd of girls was on the front of the car talking about Saturday's football game and their talk was astonishing. I know slang, but I couldn't understand that talk.

Say, girls! Which ones of you were on the front seat?

Look at our advertisements; there are more of them than in most school papers of this size.

A new feature of the Messenger this month is the list of new books which are continually being added to the Library.

"B-r-r! My but it's cold." "My fingers are chunks of ice." "Twist my nose and it will break, it's so cold." "Not a 'spec' of heat anywhere." "Isn't the heating plant working?" These are the sort of remarks that filled the air during our cold spell. And it was cold, no one will deny that. Everybody hovered about the pipes. But it could not last. Puget Sound could not exist without rain.

The lecture course is certainly a "dandy." Are all the numbers like the first two? We are certainly getting good measure for our money if they are.



STATE NORMAL STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Report of Treasurer, November 1, 1909.

Receipts—

General Fund.....	\$ 332.21
Store Fund.....	941.92
Messenger Fund.....	55.00
In Cash Till, not distributed.....	164.32
	\$1,493.45

Expenditures—

From General Fund.....	\$ 162.85
From Store Fund.....	859.27
From Messenger Fund.....	5.51
Balance	465.82
	\$1,493.45

Distribution of Funds—

Cash on Hand.....	\$ 465.82
Total Deposits—First National Bank	
General Fund.....	\$332.21
Amount Withdrawn.....	162.85
	\$169.36
Total Deposits—First National Bank	
Messenger Fund.....	\$ 55.00
Amount Withdrawn.....	5.51
	49.49
Total Deposits Bellingham National Bank	
Store Fund.....	\$941.92
Amount Withdrawn.....	859.27
	82.65
Cash in Till.....	\$164.32
	\$465.82

CLARA M. JONES,
Bookkeeper-Treasurer.

Report of Store Manager, November 1, 1909.

Value of goods on hand September 1, 1909, when present management took charge—at cost price	\$ 163.19
Cost of goods purchased to November 1, 1909....	777.65
Balance	170.63
	<hr/>
	\$1,111.47
Cash sales.....	\$ 782.00
Value of goods on hand this day at cost.....	329.47
	<hr/>
	\$1,111.47

SYDNEY E. JOHNSON,
Store Manager.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

“What is the Students’ Association doing? Of what use is such an organization? ” Perhaps you are asking these questions and you have a right to know what the association is doing to better the conditions of the student. At present the question of a school pin is under serious discussion. Many have expressed a desire for a school pin, and why should we be behind so many schools of our size, who for some time have had school pins?

Another matter under consideration is the adoption of some sort of Hospital Association plan which will help the students in time of illness. Illness at any time is a serious drain on one’s financial resources and if students, away from home, could pay a small sum each month toward the time when they might have a large hospital and doctor’s bill to pay, it would lighten the burden indeed. Think about this, students, so that when it is “put up to you” you can give a good, clear sighted judgment upon it.

Because of the amount of business which the Board of Control of the Association must transact it has become almost necessary to have a room of its own. The room has not been decided upon, but will be in the near future.

Y. W. C. A.

As an instance of the practical work which the Y. W. C. A. is the school calendar of 1910, which it will publish in the near future. This calendar will contain six pages of fine views of the school and city. The designs are drawn by students, the photographs are by local artists and the work will be done by the Towner Printing Company, so we will be supporting a strictly

"home product" when we support this calendar.

Nothing of this kind has been attempted in the school before, but as other large schools and universities have made a success of this calendar we see no reason why we should not make ours successful. It is expected they will be ready for sale by December 10. The price will be 35 cents, within reach of every one. Buy some, send them to your friends for Christmas presents and see if we cannot establish the custom of a school calendar at the Bellingham Normal.

Another helpful department of the Y. W. C. A. is that of the Mission Study Classes. There are three of these, one on South America on Thursday at 11:25, led by Miss Jones, "Princely Men of the Heavenly Kingdom," Tuesday at 2:20, led by Miss Johnson, and a recent addition is the class in Christian sociology, under Miss Gray, which will study the book "The Challenge of the City."

November 14 to 21 is known in Y. W. C. A. circles as the "World's Week of Prayer." During that week the association of the school held meetings, bringing before the members the needs of Y. W. C. A. workers throughout the world. On Tuesday the subject was North and South America, Miss Johnson; Thursday, Japan," by Miss Jensen; Friday, Europe, by Miss Plummer.

An interesting and helpful phase of the Y. W. C. A. work is the Bible study classes. About one hundred and fifty girls have taken advantage of this opportunity to get a better knowledge of the Bible. The classes are open to all who wish to join them, as membership in the association is not necessary to admittance into the classes.

The following is a schedule of the different classes for study, and those who wish to join a class and can enter none of these because of their pogram are asked to hand their names to Miss Hillis or Olive Kale that some arrangement may be made for them:

Monday, 6:15, at Mrs. Plummer's; leader, Miss Johnson.

Tuesday, 6:15, at Mrs. Reese's; leader, Miss Hillis.

Wednesday, 3:05, at Normal Association Room, Dr. Mathes.

Wednesday, 3:05, Room 24, Miss Sperry.

Wednesday, 6:15, Dormitory, Miss Hillis.

Wednesday, 6:30, Dormitory, Miss Sperry.

Thursday, 6:30, at Mrs. Jenkins's, Miss Hillis.

Friday, 11:25, at Normal, Miss Kale.

Friday, 12:35, at Normal, Miss Hillis.

Dr Mathes has "Life of Paul;" Miss Hillis, "Life of Christ;" Miss Sperry, "Old Testament Studies."

The Young Men's Debating Club held its regular meeting on Thursday evening, November 11. The boys were glad to have Mr. MacCoubrey with them again to assume his duties as president.

After a short business session, every member took part in the debate for or against football. The debate was a lively one and was enjoyed by all.

This is the only organization in the school exclusively for young men and every boy in school is urged to come to its meetings, or, better yet, to join and take an active part. Mr. Bond is our faculty advisor. We have live debates on live subjects, and give every member valuable drill in public speaking and parliamentary law. We meet every alternate Thursday evening in Society hall.

Winter weather seems to be favorable to the growth of new societies, for two of these have recently sprung up in the school. One of these is "The New Society," which at present has no other name. The officers are: President, Mr. Stultz; secretary and treasurer, Miss Ethel Lawrence; sergeant-at-arms, Miss Sil-lux; attorney, Mr. Stinson. The present membership roll includes about forty students and Miss Jensen and Mr. Philippi of the faculty. With such working force, the New Society will surely make its presence felt among us and will count for good.

Another organization known as "The History Club" has come to stay. Of this Miss Hulda Petersen is the president, and Miss Dow the secretary. Although the organizing of the club is not yet complete, under the supervision of Mr. Bever the work is rapidly getting into shape. The main topics for study are those of Northwestern History, such as that for November 5, which was "The Voyage of Captain Cook." These subjects are presented in the form of papers or talks by certain members and are followed by a general discussion by the society. The membership is open to all and should prove very helpful. The program committee consists of Miss Petersen, Miss Johnson and Miss Allen. All those wishing to join may hand their names to any of these young women.

EXCHANGES.

What is the strange noise in the corner? Why it's the Exchange wire singing.

"Really, hummed the wire, I never dreamed while slumbering peacefully in my parent coil, way down in the dark basement, that such a glorious future was in store for me. At first I thought

I must be possessed of some strange magnetism because of the merry throng of students ever at my side, but it was only the "pride before the fall," for it was all because I bear along my tenacious length news from their "ain countrie." Such a bunch of gaily adorned numbers, almost as varied as a throng of suffragists, and all so welcome!

Here's the Tahoma, first to arrive, calling forth shouts of praise for its lively cuts, and I heard some one say the paper was absolutely free from debt. The Kodak from Everett High, full of gay and clever snap shots. The Polytechnic, Pasadena, Cal., has splendid technic (?) but would be more attractive with some good "fillers in." Our dear little friend, "The Spinistere," short and very sweet. Comus with all his dignity. Normal Student from Tempe, Arizona, complaining of its too Normal spirit in the Student Body, but it tells us in a delightful article that Arizona is a Fairyland, a place where all the nymphs of the spectrum hold carnival. Way down my spinal column I feel the weight of Kilikilek, a splendid bi-weekly. Rose said you felt way back there that our boys were woefully lacking in number. They are, too, more's the pity. Then here's Portland's Cardinal in his purple robe. You deserve a Royal one, Cardinal. Your Ah Ha's are making them all Ha, Ha, and say, there is always a vacant feeling on my back where the Orange and Black ought to be, but I wouldn't have the heart to complain for it is a regular feast. There "Directory of School Organizations" is one of its helpful individual features. Come again, Orange and Black. I have also another pleasant burden to bear. The Lakonian, from Laconia, N. H., a model of New England cleanliness and economy. I heard one of the girls say it was a genuine Puritan. It is quality by quantity—can't you cheer your pages up a bit? We need you in our midst Lakonian. I am becoming so accustomed to the Evergreen, from Pullman, that I hope it will become a regular visitor. I heard the boys say that you sure knew how to put out a weekly with something in it for boys to enjoy besides society, jokes and gossip. McMinnville Review is very welcome. However, your exchange page is very short but they all like your spirits, Review.

CALENDAR.

October 28—Practice game B. N. S. vs. B. H. S. on Fair grounds; score 5-0, in favor of Normal.

October 29—Hallowe'en party at Edens Hall. Sophomores have a party, chaperoned by a Senior. Enough boys to go round for grand march. Basketball game, Fourth Year girls vs. Second Year girls; score 19-9, in favor of Fourth Years.

October 30—LaFollette gives first lecture of the course. Best we have ever heard.

Presbyterian girls entertained at an afternoon party by Mrs. Macartney and Mrs. Simpson.

November 1—Dr. Mathes returns from lecture trip. Mrs. Samson talks before High School students on some interesting things in Hawaii.

November 2—Two loads of dirt taken out of High Street, corner of Oak. Do the city fathers really intend to grade High Street?

November 3—Shadow dance in the gym. Pie sale by Training School pupils.

November 4—Roll call in assembly.

November 5—Football rally. Juniors have party raid.

November 6—Football game between B. N. S. and B. H. S.; score 6 to 6.

November 8—Ten weeks' exams—"O, I know I'll flunk."

November 9—Mr. McCoubrey comes back, tall, gaunt and pale. We're glad to see you, Mr. McCoubrey. Junior clothes aired in Assembly Hall. Pay Streak classified by Mr. Deewester and advertised by Mr Bever and Mr. Philippi.

November 10—Grand Concert Company.

November 11—Exam. in gymnasium work by Miss Kanter. We stepped lively, I can tell you.

November 12—Students' Association celebrates the end of exam. week. Fun for everybody at the greatest, best, most gorgeous Pay Streak ever on the continent. Boys leave on boat for Tacoma.

November 15—New teachers in the Training School.

November 17—Week of prayer for colleges.

November 20—Y. W. C. A.'s birthday party at home of Mrs. Larrabee.

November 21—Y. W. C. A. anniversary sermon preached by the Rev. Macartney at High Street Presbyterian Church.

November 25-29—Thanksgiving vacation.

LOCALS.

Many thanks are due Miss Chelnesha Margaret Olsen, who very kindly sent a cover design for the Messenger. Miss Olsen is a former B. S. N. S. girl.

Miss Buel (in Browning)—"I think we all have the same temptations * as Constance had"

(*Read "In a Balcony.")

Miss Bertha Black of Everett spent the first week in November with Abbie Johnson.

Miss Gertrude Thompson spent the last of October at her home in Everett.

Mr. A. McCoubrey resumed his studies at the beginning of the second quarter.

Mrs. Fisher, nee May Marston, renewed old Normal acquaintances, October 28.

Miss Verna Boyd left last week for Spokane. She expects to enter the Cheney Normal.

Miss Mayme T. Roller has returned after two weeks of rest at her home in Seattle.

On Thursday morning, November 4, the 9:10 gong sounded and out poured that intellectual stream of Seniors from History of Education. But! What could have happened? Here was one, ghastly pale, one flushed red as a scarlet fever flannel, one uttering inaudible somethings, one chewing the end of a pencil, to say nothing of the indescribable expression on all the faces.

Has any one heard?

Does any one know?

The garbage man wonders what happened to last Thursday's cooking class.

Mrs. Morath's sudden leave for Denver brings many regrets to her Normal friends.

Mr. Stimson would like to get better acquainted with the Senior class. Will the members kindly hand him their names as soon as possible?

Mrs. Maude Dewey entertained October 29 for the young ladies who are staying at her home. A very enjoyable evening was spent at the end of which delicious refreshments were served. The girls are unanimous in agreeing that theirs is the best house on the hill.

Several of the girls gave spreads Wednesday evening after the concert.

The Training School students gave a pie sale November 3. It is needless to say that a great many of the students took advantage of the fact and sampled the pies "like mother used to make."

Miss Opal Spinning has resumed her studies after having substituted for a few weeks in the Fairhaven school.

Miss Ada Campbell entertained at a spread Saturday in honor of Miss Amanda Springer of Everett

Why did "Studie" hug the totem poles in Seattle? (See Mr. Bond.)

Mrs. W. J. Burton of Blaine spent several days with her nieces Bessie and Phila Nicoll.

Mr. Bond may not be color blind, but he is often absent-minded when in the presence of a beautiful maiden. (Rumor from last football trip.)

Miss Catherine Montgomery was one of the instructors at the recent teachers' institute held in Ashland, Oregon. Miss Montgomery reported a very pleasant trip and seems to be very favorably impressed with the energetic spirit shown by the Oregon pedagogues.

Miss Tyra Thompson of '07 is doing private tutoring in Seattle this winter.

Miss Lula Shircliffe is teaching in Ravensdale again this year.

Misses Louise Walker and Grace Hedger of '08 with several others of the class of '08 are in Walla Walla this year.

Prof. Patchen's lecture on "Culture" at Assembly was greatly enjoyed by all of the students.

Class spirit is becoming more evident each day and the few minutes before Assembly is usually spent in giving rival songs and yells.

The Senior girls have made the football boys' sweaters look very gay with a big white N on them. That is what is real true school spirit.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY AT EDENS HALL.

The elements contributed their share towards making the evening of October 28 most propitious for seeing ghosts, black cats and goblins. However, despite the rain and darkness, many of the faculty members and Mr. and Mrs. Cave responded to the unique invitation sent out by the girls of Edens Hall to attend a Hollowe'en party.

None of them have admitted that they saw ghosts on the way, but all are sure that ghostly visions were much in evidence the moment they crossed the dormitory threshold. As the different members of the faculty were ushered into the parlor and were made acquainted with the proper mode of conduct, by no words of mouth, only that awful finger of doom pointing out the way—they felt sure they had entered a gloomy sepulchre, for had not tradition recorded, since times immemorial, that no woman of flesh and blood could keep from talking for so long a time—then surely forty Normal girls could not be expected to do so.

The program began at once by the girls giving their teachers an examination in "catology," but as the category of cats was too great for any one to catalogue all of the cats, lots were drawn for the prize, which fell to Mr. Philippi

The guests were next led through the awful "Blue Beard" chamber where the heads of the unfortunate wives were suspended from the ceiling. Passing from this gruesome sight they entered the dining room where fortunes were told in enough different ways to verify the value of this great art.

The greatest event of the evening was the performance of the Virginia reel by the staid and dignified teachers. The girls furnished the music by singing the revised edition of "One Little Indian," and as the "one little, two little, three little teachers all in the faculty row" tripped gayly along with the "electric spanker" guided by a woman "by George," and "Deer Mr. Wester," following the "Cookie" through a series of most wonderful movements, the fun rang loud and merry.

This strenuous exercise was followed by a most bountiful feast, to which each visitor was escorted by one of the hostesses. Story telling, songs and wit kept the crowd merry until a very late hour. All agreed that the party had been one of the most enjoyable events of the year and voted the Edens Hall people royal entertainers.

How would the girls like a gym frolic? Why not plan for one immediately.

EXCURSION TO THE ORIENT.

The Seattle Commercial Club is organizing an excursion to the Orient for business men, their families and connections, to leave Seattle by the S. S. Minnesota on December 22nd, and return about March 5th, 1910. The Minnesota will touch at Koge, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Manilla and Hongkong. First class round trip will be \$250.00. Space for exhibit on board will be provided. Stops will be made of from one to three days at Manilla. Applications for full particulars and reservations should be made to J. M. Shawhan, chairman of the Publicity Committee, 700 Eiler's Music building, Seattle, Wash.

We hope some friends of the Messenger who read this may be able to avail themselves of the opportunity.

An educational event of importance to every teacher, both actual and prospective, is the annual meeting of the Washington Education Association, "W. E. A.," as it is frequently designated. This year's meeting will be held in Tacoma, December 28, 29, 30, and will bring together more than a thousand teachers from every county and almost every village and town in the state. Students who live near Tacoma will find it profitable to attend this meeting, to hear and see the noted speakers, and to meet the progressive teachers of the State of Washington.

The Central Grand Concert Company appearing as the second number on the lecture course was greeted by a large appreciative audience Wednesday evening, November 10.

The company consisted of Maximilian Dick, violinist; Miss Edith Adams, violin-cellist; Mrs. Aubi Pearle-Meyer, soprano, and Adolph Knauer, pianist. The selections given by the company as a whole and the trios won enthusiastic applause. The violin solos by Mr. Dick showed depth of feeling and almost perfect intonation. His unfortunate mannerisms detracted somewhat from the effect his fine playing produced. Miss Adams played with intelligence and feeling. All her numbers were pleasing. Her rendition of Schubert's "Serenade" was delightful. Mr. Knauer was an unusually fine accompanist. His playing was true and sympathetic yet always subordinate to the other instruments. His solo was well received though his selection, Liszt's Polonaise E major was perhaps not one that would appeal to the majority. Mrs. Pearle-Meyer has a clear, sweet soprano voice, but a voice that is not always under perfect control. Judging from the applause, however, her numbers were the most popular on the program. Her little children's songs were especially pleasing.

Pay Streak.

On Friday night, November 12, the hall on the second floor was resplendent with attractions brought from the Seattle Fair. There were the Crazy House, an ingenious arrangement, through which you stumbled in the dark, giving you an uncanny and "crazy" feeling; "A Trip to the North Pole," rivaling in scenery even the original; the far-famed "Streets of Cairo," displaying many wonderful and strange sights; then, too, there were the popular "Joy Wheel," the beautiful Bridal Scene, the theater wherein the famous step-dancers performed, Australian Ground Hog, wonderful panorama of the Red Sea with the plain beyond, the famous Curtis Indian pictures and the Incubator Babies and the Johnson twins.

Withal, it was a jolly fun-seeking crowd which gathered on Pay Streak to do and "be done," and if one goes by the general opinion, the concessions of the A. Y. P. Fair will need to look to their laurels when they are compared with the attractions offered on the Normal Pay Streak.

603 Marion Street, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 2, 1909.

Mr. W. L. Meyer, Business Manager, Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Mr. Meyer—Enclosed find fifty cents in stamps for my subscription to the Messenger. Please change my address from 310 West Howe Street to the above.

You are to be congratulated upon your first issue of the school magazine. I enjoyed it very much. I also like the size of it better than that we used last year. Very truly,

MARGARET I. CHAPPELL.

Dear Mary—Things seemed rather dull and formal to me until the other evening when "we Juniors" gave our acquaintance party—and we sure did get acquainted; so informal that everybody just joined in with every one else.

Oh! I wish you could have been there to see how perfectly "dear" the girls looked—one-half of the class were dressed as little boys, and the other half as little girls. Miss Hays, one of our class teachers, was there and looked for all the world like a school girl. Mr. Eply, our other class teacher, did not come, but Mrs. Epley did, and we were all glad to have her with us.

Dainty refreshments were served down in the Y. W. Cafeteria with tables just right for four.

But I must not forget to tell you about the so-called raid. Some of the girls left their coats down stairs and about ten of the Seniors got in and took them. Wasn't that a new joke?

Miss Ella Byers has entered Normal. Miss Byers was a student here last year.

Mr Deerwester read a paper before the School Masters' Club of Tacoma, November 6.

The number of students in attendance at the Normal is now considerably over four hundred.

Y. W. C. A.

An event truly of interest to the whole school was the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Y. W. C. A. in the Normal. This organization began its work when the school first opened, and has continued to grow and prosper with the years, until at present the membership is near the two hundred mark. The first president was Pauline Jacobs, now Mrs. H. C. Camp of Lakeside, whom some of us may remember, and since that time the association has developed into a helpful, progressive organization for girls, ready to bring as much development as possible to its members through service and happiness.

The celebration of the anniversary was in the nature of a birthday party, held at the home of Mrs. Larrabee, of Harris Avenue. One hundred invitations were sent out to former members and many of these were present. On Sunday, November 21, the association attended the Presbyterian Church in a body, when Rev. Macartney preached the anniversary sermon.

Mrs. George H. Alden of Seattle, former chairman of the State Board Y. W. C. A., will be entertained by Miss Sperry during her visit in Bellingham. Mrs. Alden came to this city to attend the reception given at the home of Mrs. Larrabee in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the Y. W. C. A.

Dr. Mathes has been asked to deliver an address on Mexico before the South Central High School of Spokane, some time during the year.

Dr Mathes is to give an address before the School Masters' Club of Chehalis County.

The High school students have been requested by their principal to return the pennants they "swiped" on the day of the football game between the High School and the Normal. It is up to us to return the ones we took.

Mr. Deerwester's Speech Advertising Pay Streak.

I promise not to talk more than 55 minutes. Last evening I was making a sidewalk when Mr. Bever came past and told me I had to make this speech, so I laid aside my saw, and saw to it that I had something to say.

I judged that you would desire me to approach this subject in a formal way, so I have made an outline of the points to be discussed.

1st—Definition.

2nd—Nature and attributes.

3rd—Origin of Pay Streaks.

4th—History.

5th—Classification (there are 57 varieties).

6th—Relation.

7th—Conditions favorable for the developments of Pay Streaks.

8th—The number—past and future.

9th—The management of Pay Streaks.

10th—The advisability of having a Pay Streak here.

11th—The influence—Politically.

Socially.

Financially.

Aesthetically.

On teacher.

On students.

(a) Those who attend.

(b) Those who do not attend.

12th—Seattle Pay Streak.

13th—Why every one should attend Pay Streak here next Friday evening.

There is a good reason why the first should be last and the last should be first, so I shall begin with number 13.

Reason 1—After frivolity of examinations you will need to get down to something serious.

Reason 2—To watch Mr. Moodie and Mr. Patchin. I hear that they attended the Seattle Pay Streak and the way they acted was—someful awful.

Reason 3—We are running this one ourselves and we should come to encourage ourselves.

I remember Mr. Philippi has something to say so I shall interrupt myself at this point and let him say it.

Sebastian G. DeGross of Seattle has entered Normal. Mr. DeGross comes to us from St. Cloud Normal at St Cloud, Minn.

ATHLETICS.

ALL IN THE GAME *R.H.*

Fourth Years vs. Second Years.

On October 29, at 3 p. m., the Fourth Years had a practice game of basketball with the Second Years. Both teams showed good form considering the practice they have had. The final score was 19 to 12 in favor of the Fourth Years

Teams, as yet, have not been picked, but the line-up that day was as follows:

Fourth Years.	Second Years.
Miss Verna Boyd.....	Guard.....Miss Reese
Miss Enger.....	Guard.....Miss Stewart
Miss Bergliot Everson.....	Center.....Miss Ellis
Miss Lois Pebley.....	Forward.....Miss Arnold
Miss Beatrice Ban.....	Forward.....Miss O'Keath

The Third Years have organized a team and have elected Miss Hilda Christianson as their manager.

Miss Verna Boyd, the former manager of the Fourth Year basketball team, has moved to Spokane. She is missed by the girls of the gym. Miss Edwards is the new manager.

The First Years have elected Miss Relta Nichols as their manager. All the other teams seem to be working hard. They have prospects for a splendid season and there are many promising stars.

In a practice game, October 27th, the Blue and White, for the second time this season, defeated their old rivals, of the Bellingham High, shutting them out with a score of 5 to 0.

The first of the month word was received by Mr. Bond from Gonzaga College, asking for a basketball game. As the Gonzaga boys are not allowed to play games away from the college, this means that Gonzaga is willing to contribute her share toward another trip east of the mountains by the Normal team. If our boys turn out when the season opens, there is no reason why we shouldn't have a winning team this year.

On November 2nd word was received from the umpire of the game played by the Normals at Sedro-Woolley on October 15th,

reversing his decision, giving the game to the Blue and White by a score of 6 to 5. The mistake was made by his confusing a safety play with a touchback. A safety was made by the Normals and Sedro-Woolley was given two points on it, the umpire thinking it was a touchback.

The second match game of the season was played with the local High on November 6th. Hundreds of people witnessed the game which was fiercely contested from start to finish, the umpire having no little trouble in getting the boys, in their eagerness, to comply with the rules of the game. Neither side was able to score in the first half. The ball was kept continually in High School territory and one place kick was tried by the Normal, but failed. The game continued much the same way in the second half until the last ten minutes of play, when Niles, the Normal right half, intercepted a High School forward pass and made a sensational dash of ninety yards through three of the High school's back field to goal. The goal was kicked, giving the Normal six points. Only four minutes were left to play; shortly after the kick-off the Normals got the ball on the High's ten-yard line, Niles punted but owing to his slick (?) shoes the ball went out of bounds on the twenty-yard line. The High recovered the ball and by a series of fierce line bucks pushed the pigskin over the goal. They succeeded in kicking goal, making the final score 6 to 6.

November the 9th Miss Hays presented the football boys with a box of candy as a token of her appreciation of the work done by the boys of the team in the High school game. The team feel very grateful to Miss Hays.

Manager McCoubrey and the Normal team feel much indebted to Proprietor Hadley of the Hotel Mason, corner Tenth and A Streets, Tacoma, for his generous donation of a fine suite of rooms for use of the team while in Tacoma. We would suggest that Normal students, when in Tacoma, patronize the Hotel Mason.

The football team of the Bellingham Normal left Friday, November 12th at 8 p. m. for Tacoma. They went as far as Seattle on one boat, where they changed to another plying between Seattle and Tacoma. The trip was pleasant until the boats rounded Alki Point, here she got into the troughs and the boys had a taste of boat rocking.

The team arrived at Tacoma about 11 o'clock where they were met by the captain and manager of the team from the

University of Puget Sound, who took them to the Mason Hotel, where rooms had been reserved for them.

After settling down and hearing the story of "Ole Sjarson," they went out to satisfy their appetites, which, from the looks of the bill, they certainly did. With a contented expression on their faces they returned to the hotel and donned their jerseys bearing the N, and started for the U. P. S. The team was met at the U. by students who escorted them to the dressing room, where they left their suit cases and then followed the U. boys through the gym, where they frolicked around for some little time.

The game was called at 3:15 p. m. U. P. S. kicked off. During the first half the ball was continuously in the U. territory. The Normal boys played good ball, but were not enough in harmony. The half ended 6 to 0 in favor of the Normal.

In the second half Bellingham kicked off. The ball was taken to the center of the field where it alternated between the teams until within eight minutes of the close, when by a series of line bucks and a delayed pass, or fake line buck, the ball was carried over Bellingham's goal for 5 points; four minutes later the Normal team's captain had to be taken out of the game. Here the team weakened and the U. scored 10 more points in the four minutes left play. The U. did not kick one goal. Bellingham tried a place kick, which was blocked and a drop kick which missed by eight inches during the first half. The game ended 15 to 6 in favor of the University of Puget Sound.

The game was one of the cleanest and most interesting the Normal has played in years. Every one played straight football, though U. P. S. was penalized a few times for being offside. All of the officials were as square as could be wished, there was not one argument, and with but one exception, a University boy who had his knee dislocated, no one was injured. The game over, the boys changed clothes and went to the girls' dormitory, where they had been invited to dinner. A good substantial meal was served; Judging by the smiling faces and envious flirtations, the Normal boys must certainly have enjoyed it.

After dinner the boys returned to the hotel, gathered their belongings and started for home, expressing themselves as having had a good time and ready to meet Sedro-Woolley on the next Saturday, November 20th. .

ALUMNI.

Dr. Mathes has appointed Maude Drake, '01; Minerva Lawrence, '04, and Miss Shumway, '04, a committee to revise to date the list of Alumni; this list to contain the addresses of each alumnus. It is to be published in the next catalogue—Miss Drake, as chairman, will be pleased to receive the addresses of former students and their occupations from any who read this notice.

A. D. Foster, of Quincy, Wash., has organized a lecture course in his community under the auspices of the High School. Dr. Mathes is to deliver one number.

Harriet Dellinger, '01, who has been supervisor of music in Bellingham, is spending the year in the University of Japan, at Tokio, studying art.

Ethel Peek, '06, a Seattle teacher, has a leave of absence for a half year. She is traveling in the east and has recently visited Boston and New York.

Georgia Ellis, '06, also graduate of University of Michigan, '09, is teaching in Douglas county to secure experience as rural school teacher.

Herman Smith, '09, is principal of the Greenwood school in Seattle. He has five assistants. His school is one of the centers for manual training and domestic science in Seattle.

Miss Lydia Breckett is teaching in the primary grades in a small town twenty-three miles from Boise, Idaho.

Dorothy Hughes is teaching second and third grades at Ilwaco, in Pacific county.

Miss May Greenman, who was president of the Y. W. C. A., '08, came up from Bothell, where she is teaching school, to attend the Y. W. reception.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The following are a few of the new books that have recently been added to the library:

On the Trail of the Immigrant—E. A. Steiner.

Following the Color Line—R. S. Baker.

American Race Problem—A. H. Stone.

Social Phases of Education—L. T. Dutton.

Departmental Teaching in Elementary Schools—V. E. Kilpatrick.

An Ideal School—P. W. Search.

Moral Instruction and Training in Schools—M. E. Sadler.

- Philippine Experiences of an American Teacher—W. B. Freer.
 Merry Adventures of Robin Hood—Howard Pyle.
 Structure and Development of Mosses and Ferns.—D. H. Campbell.
- Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist—F. M. Chapman.
 Collected Studies on Immunity.—Paul Ehrlich.
 Irrigated Lands of United States, Canada and Mexico—C. R. Price.
- Handbook of Domestic Science and Household Arts—L. L. Wilson.
- Selection and Preparation of Food—Isabel Bevier and A. R. Van Meter.
- The Plan, Decoration and Care—Isabel Bevier.
 Textiles and Clothing—K. H. Watson.
 Chemistry of Pottery—Karl Langenbeck.
 Working Principles of Rhetoric—J. F. Genung.
 Servant in the House—C. R. Kennedy.
 Cambridge Apostles—F. M. Brookfield.
 Story of Sigurd—William Morris.
 Dante and Collected Verse—G. L. Raymond.
 Works of Charles and Mary Lamb—E. V. Lucas.
 Andean Land—C. S. Osborne.
 The Northwest Passage—Roald Amundsen.
 Stars and Stripes—P. D. Harrison.
 History of Ancient Egyptians—J. H. Breasted.
 Expansion of England—J. R. Seely.
 State of Washington—E. S. Meany.
 History of Washington—C. A. Snowden.
 Pioneer Days on Puget Sound—Arthur Denny.
 Reminiscences of Seattle—T. S. Phelps.
 W. E. Gladstone—Justin McCarthy.
 Stonewall Jackson—J. E. Cooke.
 Robert E. Lee—J. E. Cooke.
 Abraham Lincoln—M. M. Miller.
 Alice Freeman Palmer—G. H. Palmer.
 Madness of Philip—J. D. Daskam.
 Wards of Liberty—Myra Kelly.
 Shepherd of the Hills—H. B. Wright.



Humoresques

Prof. Deerwester (in Hist. of Ed.)—"A piece of money was found in this room. f—"

Miss D. B.—"It's mine. Is it a quarter?"

Prof. D.—"In what year was it made? You will have to identify it."

Miss Brunson's classification of weeds: "Animals, bianimals and peranimals."

Burning midnight oil—
Working 'til we boil—
Why all this turmoil?
Geometry!

A poser for Mr. Epley: Why is it that it is the day that breaks when it is the night that falls?

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess:
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.

Dormitory Rules of Table Manners.

1. Always help yourself before you pass anything.
2. Don't come to breakfast table until three minutes after the bell rings. It shows a commendable unwillingness to lay aside books when imbibing at the fountains of knowledge before breakfast.
3. Never reach more than half way across the table.
4. Always take the biggest piece of cake on the plate. Experience has proved that if you don't the next person will.
5. Don't eat up all the meat at dinner, for if you do there won't be hash for lunch the next day.
6. When the next table has run out of milk, pass them your pitcher. It shows that you have cultivated the spirit of generosity.

Mr Epley (in an extremely serious talk to the Juniors)—All countries have a national flower. For example: Scotland has the thistle, Ireland the shamrock, and Germany (pause)—the cabbage.

THE BALL GAME.

On a sunny afternoon
The sixth day of November
A football game was played
Which I'm sure you all remember.
In the field stood the players,
Each nerve strained for the fight,
On the one side for the High School,
On the other for the Blue and White.
The signal now is given,
The ball tossed up and then
Caught by the leading Normal
For we have the swiftest men.
A rush, a fall, a scramble,
And so the game goes on
For very near a half an hour
And neither side has won.
But wait, where is the football?
Niles has it, yes, I'm right.
See! there he's making for the goal
With all his strength and might.
He's crossed it, made a touch down,
Now the Normalites are cheering,
Led by Mr. Laraway,
While the High School side is silent,
For they fear they'll lose the day.
So the first half is ended
And the other half begun,
The High School makes a touchdown
And the Normalites are mum.
Then after more hard playing
And Niles has been knocked out,
Time up—the score stands six to six,
So both sides now can shout,
Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!
Niles, Studebaker and Rogers,
You fought loyally today;
You Copenhaver, Reid and Odle,
You've been true to the blue and white,
And you've nearly won the fight.

A NEW RECRUIT.

Edens Hall Geometry.

1. A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.
2. All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.
3. A pie may be produced any number of times.
4. The landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.
5. The clothing of a dormitory bed, although extended indefinitely in both directions, will never meet.
6. Any two meals at the dormitory are together less than one square meal.

$$\begin{array}{rcccccccc}
 7. & \text{Mush} & + & \text{Dry Toast} & = & \text{Beef} & + & \text{Syrup} & + & \text{Spuds} \\
 & \text{Coffee} & & \text{Fried Spuds} & & \text{Pudding} & & \text{Bread} & & \text{Beans} \\
 & & = & \text{Hash} & \text{i. e.,} & \text{Breakfast} & = & \text{Dinner} & & \\
 & & & \text{Hash} & & \text{Lunch} & & \text{Dinner} & &
 \end{array}$$

Two rival commercial travelers in Leedo were trying to sell a merchant a fireproof safe.

The first said to the merchant: "A cat was put in one of our safes, and the safe was put in the middle of a fire for 24 hours, and afterwards the cat came out alive."

Said the second: "We put a cat in one of our safes, piled a fire round it for a week, and when we opened it the cat was dead."

"Yes," replied the traveler, "he was frozen to death!" Ex.

"Ah, I thought so," said the merchant.

"Twas cram, cram, cram,
 Senior, Junior, Freshie, all;
 Below eighty we dared not fall.
 Through our precious notes we ran,
 Class, family, species, kind
 We hustled in our mind.
 Grasped the theme of Saul,
 And Milton's angels' Fall
 And still that wasn't all.
 It was getting, oh! so late,
 But there were still some dates,
 On which all hung, sure as fate,
 Symbols and laws in Chemistry,
 Which no girl will ever be able to see,
 Higher Arithmetic with loganthum sums
 And Algebra and Geometry all in one.
 Slowly, sadly to the test we went
 Wondering what hermophroditic meant.
 But many questions on the board
 We had failed to hoard
 In the cram, cram, cram.

Mr. Romine (finding leg of a crab gone)—Leg pulling is a form of graft.

Miss Dubois (in grammar class)—Give a statement.

Miss Weber—I believe you are a widow.

Miss D.—What was the last part of that statement?

Miss W.—You are a widow.

Miss D.—That's right.

Dr. Mathes—Miss Drysdale, if you were to visit Wall street in New York, would you see the building wherein Jefferson was inaugurated?

Miss Drysdale—N-no; but I think the place where the building stood is still there.

“Now, little children, do you know what becomes of bad boys and girls who tell stories to the teacher?”

Up went little Arthur's hand, and he said: “I know, teacher. The junkman gets 'em.”

By actual count, Mr. Larraway's name appeared only seven-five times in the last Messenger. The poor dear will never survive such neglect.

“Professor,” said a Senior, “I am indebted to you for all I know.

“Pray don't mention such a trifle,” was the reply. Ex.

It is better late than never, but the student who acts on that assertion usually gets into trouble.

REVISED “HIAWATHA.”

He killed the noble Mudjekeewis
 With the skin he made the mittens,
 Made them with the fur side inside;
 Made them with the skin side outside;
 He, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside skin side outside;
 Put the warm side, fur side inside;
 Why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned the inside outside. Ex.

The Indian scalps his enemy, but the white man "skins" his friend.

He (pointing on the football field)—Reid will be our best man in a couple of weeks.

She—Oh, Royal! This is so sudden.

The man whistled joyously as he ground his teeth—he was a dentist.

Did any one see Miss Gray on the Pay Streak eating sticky popcorn?

A girl from the dormitory—Oh, dear! I had hash for dinner, and feel like everything.

Bessie McDowell (hearing Lake Mathes mentioned)—Lake Mathes; where is that?

When hired girls are scarce, remember, Normal girls; that your old schoolmates, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Trimble, can cook.

According to the bulletin board, Ancient History has been lost. Finder please return to Mr. Bever.

Training school pupil (writing a letter)—I have ate teachers, too.

Mr. L. (talking to earthworm in biology)—"Nice itto baby, tum to papa."

Mr Moodie (speaking of David in "The Shepherd King")—Who was it wrote that book?

(And we though Mr. Moodie went to Sunday School.)

Mr. Deerwester (calling roll)—Miss Nord?

Mr. Clifford—Ah—er; Miss Nord is coming. Here she is.

Mr. Deerwester (continuing)—Miss Parkyn? Is Miss Parkyn coming too?

From a Junior Exam. paper—The signs of the Zodiac are times which tell when certain times are coming.

Teacher—Tom, what is one and one?

Tom—Three, sir.

Teacher—You're a blockhead. Suppose you add yourself and me together, what will be the result?

Tom—Two blockheads, sir.

Ex.

First Student—What are you, a Third Year?

Second Student—They haven't classified me yet, so I guess I am a freak—otherwise known as a special student.

Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can. When that is done, pay what wages Thou wilt, and help me to say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen.—Henry Van Dyke.

I believe that no one can harm us but ourselves; that sin is misdirected energy; that there is no devil but fear; and that the universe is planned for good.—Fra Albertus.

H. S. (in Senior class meeting, after G. H. had left the room)—There is no use in giving these yells. Everybody has gone.

(Forty Seniors still remained.)

"A mothers' club!" exclaimed Mrs. Farmer Hayrick, putting the newspaper down. "The very idee o' sich a thing! I never use nothing but a shingle. Nice sort of mothers they must be that has to use a club."

Daughter—Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibli—

Practical Mother—Stop right where you are. I have arranged for you a thorough course in roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology and general domestic hustleology. Now get on your working clothes.

Ex.

"Have you a few moments to spare?"

"Young man," said the capitalist, severely, "my time is worth \$100 an hour, but I'll give you ten minutes."

"If it's all the same to you, sir," thoughtfully replied the visitor, "I believe I would rather take it in cash."

Ex.

*THE MESSENGER***SORE THROAT.**

"My, such a funny feeling
About this throat of mine!"
Quoth a pale and shivering maiden
As she sat down to dine.
Then, slowly, bravely, did she try
To eat whate'er she took,
But alas! her fate was plain to see.
In her agonizing look,
As slowly from her place she rose
And wearily climbed the stair;
Then silently to her lone couch went
With the peroxide on the chair.
Oh! who can tell the ache of it,
The pain and the dry parched lips,
That longing vain for a spud or bun,
As she her orange sips?
Oh, for some nectar, such as Jove
Drained from Hebe's glass!
Yet naught but that foaming "peroxide"
Will else restore the lass.
To three square meals and comrades gay
And all the fun at school;
So, in her lonely misery
She bravely she keeps the rule,
With dreams of spreads and fudge and fun
When she is well once more
And dashes the drained "peroxide flash"
To pieces on the floor. —M. S. '11.

