

THE NORMAL MESSENGER



November 1903
Monthly

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Normal Messenger

November

1903

Into the British Museum

Within one square of the great commercial artery of London, yet always within earshot of the dull, ceaseless roar of the business that pulsates from Hyde Park to Blackwell, sits the greatest library of the world and one of the greatest museums. It fronts upon a narrow bookstall street that now and then apes the noises flooding in through the transept alleys from the great competitor. At 9 o'clock every week day morning of the year—except four—the high, huge iron gates part and swing slowly open to the early readers. The creaking noise of the gates and the hurrying feet over the cobbled court disturb the quiet cooing of the numberless pigeons that take their late breakfast on the walks and steps. Some of the readers stop and make peace by adding a crumb to the frugal meal and then stand watching the pacified ones wind their flight to the frieze above to bask in the sun.

The energetic readers hurry at once across the hallway and through the narrow passage into the reading room or into the hall of MMS; some loiter to chat; others examine a curio or two before beginning work. The Museum is the sepulcher of the past—there lies Cleopatra and many of her Ptolemy and Pharaoh predecessors; a tomb of by-gone days—there hang the robes of an Egyptian princess and the deckings of an American chief. Here in this Walhalla, the common meeting ground of the great and the good, is assembled the sculptured masterpieces of Greece and Rome, the manuscript literature that won the applause

of the Athenians, the carved monoliths that awed the subjects of Persia.

The dry atmosphere of the spacious halls and the peculiar silence that reigns everywhere imbues one with a sense of finiteness that strives to break the bond of the present and fly to intimacy with the past.

Turning one's glance to the west it meets the fixed, stony gaze of a Roman emporor, who, by this fixedness, seems to invite a closer acquaintance with himself and his fellow Caesars. There at the head of this long line of rulers stands the first of the blood. Complacency marks the whole appearance, confidence in every feature, a mouth to command and a jaw to execute—Caesar. The child Augustus beside the bust of his golden days when the weight of the world's rule wrinkled his brow and the songs of Ovid and Horace wrote tenderness on his lips. A few steps beyond and one is in the insolent presence of the fiddling master of Roman tortures. Behind that broad, high brow was engendered the Christian persecutions; those are the eyes that looked pleasantly upon his burning subjects; the great nose that sniffed at the wine from every clime; the protruding, sensous lips that sang songs at the burning of Rome and that gave orders for the martyrdom of Paul—Nero. With pleasure one turns from this terrible Roman to the grandest Greek a few steps away. Old Homer—sitting high on his pedestal—all tarnished and soiled, except for the restored nose and an ear-lobe, directs his sightless eyes upward over the victors of the Olympian games and sees in his mind's heaven the campaigns of the Trojan war, and opens his lips to tell to the listening viewer the events of that one great day.

Through a door a black object in the center of an adjoining room rouses the curiosity—and curiosity must be satisfied. There on a low stand tilted like a school boy's desk lies the Rosetta stone. At this desk the world of today learned to spell the words of Egypt, to write in the language of Cleopatra, and to number out the hosts of the Pharaohs. The dark basalt seems blackened by the murky sleeves of this school boy in the learning of his lesson of the past, and even the base seems scratched by the restless feet as the plodding brain, conning ancient lore, seeks to keep pace with the physical energy of the modern today.

In returning, with another glimpse of this quaint text-book, another glance at the Greek bard, and a passing view of ambitious Caesar and the terrible Nero, one is filled with the spirit of the *then*, and passes by the statue of Marcus Aurelius, whose Danubian conquests seem *now* in progress, by the bust of Cleopatra whose sad life ended but yesterday, by the statue of Demosthenes whose crooked mouth is still telling over the Phillips of the day before. Feeling oblivious that the sun is shining and allowing habit to care for the nonce, one enters the great reading room under the dome one foot larger than that of Saint Peter's at Rome, there to draw from the 20,000 reference books or from the 2,000 volumes of catalogues to draw upon the 2,000,000 volumes lines in reserve upon forty miles of shelving.

J. N. BOWMAN.

A Time for Thanksgiving

The year was 1790, the time near Thanksgiving. The evening was chill and as Mr. Oliver entered the little, low room where his wife and two daughters were preparing the evening meal the mental atmosphere fell perceptibly. It was easy to see when things had gone wrong with "father," who a follower of the stern Puritan, kept his temper in "wholesome restraint," but in the doing contrived to make his immediate surroundings distinctly unpleasant.

The simple, almost frugal meal was nearly over when Mr. Oliver spoke.

"We will speak no more of John. He is no longer a nephew of mine; and," fixing a stern eye on Elizabeth, "no more a cousin of yours."

Again there was silence while Mrs. Oliver waited in gentle impatience and the girls in silent indignation for an explanation.

"In all the years I can remember, I have never heard of an Oliver being a thief. It is left for John who goes from ungodly pranks to thievery, to so disgrace the family. Last night after the festival at the Doctor's he stole the huge silver tankard. As I said," he added on rising from the table, "we will say nothing about this matter."

Elizabeth said nothing, but quietly busied

herself about the evening's work apparently thinking no more of the matter and disregarding the furtive glances cast at her by her mother. Mrs. Oliver had fully expected an outburst from Elizabeth, but the girl surprised her by her calm indifference, still there was no telling what might happen. Elizabeth "took after" her father. On the surface all was quiet; Elizabeth starting the next afternoon to carry a jar of preserves to old Mrs. Edkins was not unusual, nor was her mother's usual caution to be back in an hour, out of the ordinary. Elizabeth delivered the preserves and left with almost curt abruptness. Taking all the "short cuts," she soon arrived at the little village jail and demanded to see her cousin. After some parley her demand was granted, and Elizabeth stood face to face with her cousin who had disgraced the Oliver family, and asked shortly:

"John, did you do it?"

"Indeed no, Betty," was the firm reply.

"Then what made them say so, and how long will you have to stay here?"

The young fellow laughed shortly.

"They are brilliant, Betty. Some one saw me just after the party with a big bundle and shortly after the tankard was found missing, so of course I stole it. I had a package. It wasn't the tankard; but they wouldn't take my word as an Oliver for my honesty, so here I am and they shall suffer for it."

"Indeed they shall," said Betty, warmly, "I'm going right over to Dr. Bennett's and just *order* them to let you out."

John did not see the humor in her angry words and slowly answered.

"It would do no good, Betty, they would only laugh. Does your father know that you are here?"

"No."

"Won't you get into trouble when you get home?"

"Oh, I shall have a chapter, I suppose. I wish father didn't think I was such a baby. I'm not a baby any longer, am I, John?"

"No," he answered, gravely. "Why, let me see, you are almost fifteen, aren't you, Betty?"

Betty nodded. "Good bye," she said, "I must hurry."

Out of doors Betty's courage almost failed her. Dr. Bennett was very stern, although

she knew that he unbent at times and her heart beat faster when she thought of the possibility of his refusing to free her cousin. But she had not gone far when, hearing a phaeton approaching, she looked up and saw Dr. Bennett himself.

"Why," he cried, "here is little Betty Oliver. I was just going to see your cousin."

"And I," returned Betty, "was coming to tell you to let him out."

The doctor laughed. "Well, John didn't take the tankard."

"Of course not," put in Betty.

"Last we saw of it, it was on the side-board, and then it disappeared. Alice went home with her aunt and just before she left she sleepily murmured something about the pretty, big dish not being safe. Well, half an hour ago her aunt brought her home and the little shaver went to the clothes-chest and dragged out the tankard. She had hid it, aided by Nellie; for little six-year-old girls they have made a lot of mischief."

In a short time both Betty and John were hurrying towards their respective homes. Betty with a trembling heart, in spite of her good news; she had disobeyed her father's command. Her father met her at the gate.

"Elizabeth," he said sternly, his whole manner showing his displeasure, "I want no explanation of your disobedience—not a word. You may learn the twenty-first chapter of Matthew." And Elizabeth, knowing that the news of John's innocence would mitigate her punishment and delight her father above all else, took a peculiar pleasure in implicit obedience. In the house the "parson," who had "dropped" in, was catechising seven-year-old Agatha. He greeted Elizabeth as she entered, and beamed upon her as she took the Bible from the mantel in the kitchen, Mr. Oliver consulted his wife.

"Perhaps," he said, "the lass had best do without her supper." His wife glanced toward the other room.

"The parson?" she said. Better let a needed punishment slip by than show their lack of parental authority in the case of Betty proving rebellious, as she was very apt to do if so disgraced before the parson. So Betty got her supper.

The minister was saying grace. "As the day of Thanksgiving draws near, cause us to

be truly thankful." He prayed on, and Elizabeth with her little brown head devoutly bowed did not hear, for her tumultuous heart was fairly singing with repressed joy because her favorite cousin was not disgraced. Which was the more thankful of the two? Between you and me, it *wasn't* the minister.

By '08.

A Sunset on the Bay

Shimmering waters flecked by crested wavelet,
On high; a canopy, violet, rose and gold,
A burnished gleaming trail across the bay
And shadows lengthening into night.



The Normal Messenger

Published Monthly By the Students of

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
WHATCOM, WASHINGTON

MAY WILLIAMS, '04 }
WALTER WELLS, '05 }BUSINESS MANAGERS.

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VIVIAN SO RELLE, '07, Soronian.... }
EDNA BOLEY, '07, Aurora..... }Locals
LOTTIE GRAHAM, '04, Kulshan..... }
GRACE ICAS, '05.....Y. W. C. A.
CARRIE RISEDORPH, '04, Alcott.....Exchanges
GUY DUNNING, '06, Philomathean.....Athletics
SARAH VAN REYPAN, '06, Chilic.....Alumni

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VOL V

NOVEMBER 1903

NO. 10

The "Messenger" wishes every one a happy vacation and a good appetite for the Thanksgiving turkey.

One of the signs of a live school is a live interest in something lively. One of the best signs, at the Normal is the enthusiasm with which the boys have taken up athletics so early in the year. The wise tell us the best qualities of man are shown when he is contesting against forces which threaten to overpower him. So some lively contests on the athletic field will develop more patriotism among both the boys and the girls than anything else possibly can. Girls, don't let the boys be the only champions of the W. S. N. S.

We are glad to be able to partially outline the Bellingham Bay Lecture course for this winter:

Miss Clara Morris, lecture, Jan. 5, 1904.

Monteville Flowers, reading, Feb. 7, 1904.

Dr. Boyer, lecture, March 21, 1904.

The Mozart Concert Company, April 12, 1904.

Frau Schumann Heink, contralto, April 21, 1904.

The sixth number has not yet been chosen. All the numbers will be given in the Normal Auditorium except the concert given by Frau Schumann-Heink, which will be given in Beck's theater.

S o c i e t i e s

The Kulshans have begun their regular work for this year with all the members of last year together with a number from other years, among whom are Lillian Burk, Miss Shahan and Miss Roberts.

“Once a Kulshan always a Kulshan.”

The Kulshans have also their share of new members, among these new members is a large number of strong workers. It is the desire of this society to bring its work to a higher standard than ever before.



What a puckering of foreheads and elongated mouth parts you would have seen if you had looked in at the Alcotts one Friday. A society poet was to be chosen and the decision to be made in favor of the one who produced the best poem. This was no small task, for the room was full of talent and each soul hungered for the position. At the given signal after fifteen minutes' work, pencils were quiet, and papers were collected, read, and judged amid loud applause and great thumping of hearts.

We submit two. The first and best was written by our literary genius, Miss Henderson, The second by one who needs no introduction to the Whatcom public, Minnie Shumway. Others were highly commended and will be spread on the minutes of the Society for the authors to gaze blissfully upon at their leisure.

The Alcotts.

Who are the girls that work?

The Alcotts.

Who never will a duty shirk?

The Alcotts.

But with song and smile the hours beguile.
Or with mirth sublime or with jingling reyme,

The Alcotts,

The Alcotts every time.



The Utopians are more fortunate than the other societies in having *two* such excellent critics as Mr. Wilson and Miss Hogle.

At their home on Rose street, the seventeenth, Professor and Mrs. Wilson entertained

the "Utopian girls." At eight o'clock the girls began to arrive in twos and threes and from then until after ten lasted a round of merriment calculated to bring a cheery smile to every Nestor's face.

Ask one of the Utopians if she enjoyed herself and this will be your answer, "Oh, I had just the *best* time."



MY DOUBLE QUICK POEM.

I'm going to write
And there'll be a fight,
If I don't win.
I don't like to write,
But I do love to fight,
And that's a sin.
So, Judges, act wise
And give *this* the prize
Or you'll regret
That you ever met me
Or my fine poetry
In this contest.

Locals

Three new teachers were added to the faculty this year.

Miss Hays attended the institute at Seattle during institute week there.

Dr. Mathes, Miss Bratton, and Mr. Epley took part in the program at the institute.

A former student, Miss Rebecca Ann Fowler, was married in Seattle, Oct. 8, 1903 to Mr. Charles Rutherford.

One Normal girl went home Friday and returned wearing a diamond ring on her third finger. Explanations are in order.

We had a good many pleasant days the last of October, and as a result many parents came up to visit the training school.

Among the old students who visited Normal during institute week were Misses Charlotte Cochel, Blanch Miller, and Florence Hart.

Several of our last year Normal students are attending the university this year. They are Misses Biggs, Ethel Hunt, Martha Creuger, Messrs. Eason and Jones.

Mr. Teck and Dr. Minton, members of the board of trustees, visited the Normal Wednesday morning, Oct. 21, and Mr. Teck gave a very interesting talk at general assembly.

Miss Marie Lammon, teacher of physical culture in one of the Tacoma schools also visited the school at chapel hour, during institute week and gave readings from James Whitcom Riley and others.

On Monday, Oct. 5, Mr. Harris of the Warde and James theatrical company, visited the Normal, and read to the students scenes from some of Shakespeare's most noted plays, which were very interesting.

Miss Blanche M. Evans has been elected assistant in English. Miss Evans is a graduate of the Tacoma school system and also of Carleton, Minnesota. She had taught in Tacoma and at Carleton college before coming to the Normal school.

Mr. Coventry, pastor of the Congregational church in Whatcom visited the Normal school, Oct. 7. He gave the students a talk on the history of "Sky Pilot," and described the actual places in Canada from which different scenes were taken.

A beautiful picture of Francis E. Willard was lately presented to the school by the State W. C. T. U. convention. Dr. Mathes presented it to the students at chapel and we expect soon to have an address on Miss Willard's life by some member of the faculty.

Miss Kate Gompertz of Berkeley, California, was elected teacher of physical culture. Miss Gompertz is a graduate of the University of California and was an assistant teacher in the Hearst gymnasium in the University of California for two years before accepting her work in the Normal school.

During institute week several prominent educators visited our school. Among them being Professor Yoder of the State University and Mr. Boone of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Boone was formerly president of Michigan Normal College. He gave an address which should be helpful to all who heard him.

Friday evening Oct. 16, the Seniors gave a formal reception to the faculty, the students,

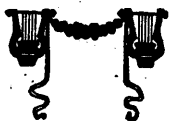
formal reception to the faculty, the students and their friends. The rooms on the upper floor were very tastefully decorated with maple leaves and fish net. Tea and waifers were served and every one had an enjoyable time.

On Saturday, October 17, the geology class went on an excursion to Chuckanut. They went as far as Chuckanut Station on the Great Northern noon train, and walked back in the evening. Among some of the things they did beside observing and examining rocks and soil, was climbing bluffs and walking logs.

A great many of last year's students are teaching this fall. Among them are Charlotte Cochel, Marietta; Freida Stark, Blaine; Helen Taylor, Ferndale; Alverna Richendrfer, Whatcom; Emily Dodd, Lynden; Amy Linnell, Van Zandt; Nora Smith, Deming; Fay Sivits, Deming; Lulu Simmons, Lawrence; Celia Jacobs, Tyman.

The vacancy in the music department was filled by the election of Miss Mabel Moore of Ironwood, Mich. Miss Moore studied music in Detroit and Boston and has been supervising music in the public schools of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, and Menominee, Michigan, for the past six years. Miss Moore is an acceptable soloist as well as a successful supervisor of music.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17, a most delightful little picnic was enjoyed by the members of the first year class. Boarding the 1:30 lake car, they went as far as the Whatcom Creek Falls where their first stop was made. After visiting all three falls, and admiring the beauties of the surrounding scenery, they proceeded to walk to the lake. About an hour was spent at the lake side, disposing of the good things with which they were well provided. A row on the lake ended the afternoon's outing, and the crowd returned to town tired but happy. If any one wants to know how to have a good time ask the first years and they can tell you.



A l u m n i

Miss Ethel B. Nelson is teaching in Chehalis.

Miss Fleming is teaching in Stanwood, not Everett.

At the '04 Senior reception a number of the '03 class was present.

Mrs. Anna Leque-Ordal is entertaining a little son in her home.

Miss Alice Carmen, '03, has a position as teacher in the schools at Norman.

Miss Margaret Schneider, '03, was a visitor at the Normal during institute week.

Miss Statira Biggs, '03, has been elected secretary of the Junior Class at the State University.

Miss Minerva Pettett of Everett was married recently to Mr. Love. They will reside in Everett.

Miss Lillian Miller, '01, was a visitor at the Normal recently. Miss Miller graduated from the State university last June.

Miss Hattie M. Dellinger, '01, is spending the winter in Chicago studying art. During the past summer Miss Dellinger enjoyed a trip to Europe.

Miss Belle Williams of the class of '03 has been elected supervisor of music in the Ritzville schools in connection with her work as teacher of the sixth grade.

Miss Hattie B. Thompson, '00, will spend the coming winter with her sister in Nome, Alaska. Since leaving Whatcom, Miss Thompson has been a teacher in the Seattle schools.

Miss Allie Muldoon was married Oct. 2d, to Rev. W. A. McCall of Davenport, Wash. Miss Muldoon has been teaching in Seattle and has received a life diploma from the state board of education.

Exchanges

To our exchanges: May you continue to be as profitable and entertaining throughout the year as your first issue proves you can be. We have enjoyed you all. Come again.

We welcome "The Pacific Wave" as the first survival of a summer's sleep to make its appearance and wave a welcome. The Wave—long may she wave!

To Lewis S., champion heavyweight: "When you wish a suit, go to Ferndale. There is a first class Taylor there."

We recommend to all homesick students the article "College Homesickness" in the College Independent.

Here is where I lose a little ground," said the tramp as he stepped into a bath tub.—Ex.

The average girl likes to be told that she is sensitive but she objects to being called "touchy."—Ex..

"There's room at the top," the Senior said, As he placed his hand on the Junior's head." Read the second editorial in The Kodak and—go thou and do likewise.

Eugene, can't you arrange to have your football team visit Whatcom? The girls would try to make it pleasant for you.

The article, "Choose Well Your Reading and Respect Your Speech," in the Normal Record is worthy of notice as is also the group of intelligent looking young men and women pictured on the fly leaf.

Three French boys were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render it into English. They came to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," and here are their three renderings:

"To was or not to am."

"To were or is it not."

"To should or not to will."

We wish to congratulate the editors of "The Enterprise" on the appearance of their enterprising little paper.

J o k e s

"Why am I like a camel?" asked one Philomathian punster to another. "Because you carry a load," wearily responded his companion. "No, because I get a hump on myself."

What makes Mr. Doran the most popular boy in the Senior class?

For information concerning boats and prices thereof, see Miss Evans.

Some Normal boy could not see why spoon in German is masculine gender and fork feminine. Truly, our fair laddie has much to learn.

I'm glad that Dr. Bowman's desk
Has so much room inside,
So that when I get beneath it
I have so much room to hide.
And when I'm underneath it
And the boy's club meets in there,
Dr. Bowman can never see me
When he sits there in his chair.

A-L-E.

German Teacher—"What is the German word for large? Miss Gross may answer."

Why is it the Senior class can never sing the musical scale? Because Do-ran.

Normal girl (passing in front of bashful Normal boy)—"Excuse me." B. N. B.—"You're welcome."

Heard in Zoology—"A grasshopper is like a railroad man—he always eats in a hurry."

A little boy in Fairhaven became angry at his mamma. "Mamma," said he, "do you believe in 'solidation?"

"Yes, dear," answered mamma.

"Well, I don't, mamma; I don't believe in anything you do."

When the Seniors leave next June, they will have endeared themselves to us so we may ask them to come back and settle here.

Signed: Senior Treasurer.

The supervisor of the training school, speaking to a little boy in class: "Little boy, you should never say 'yes,' but 'yes, Miss Tro-manhauser.'

Little boy, very timidly, "I can't."

In the geometry classes the boys must be accurate, but if one of the girls says "quadrilateral" when she means "parallelogram," Prof. Forrest excuses her on the ground that "girls do not always mean what they say."

If some one sits on a pin, what disease has he? Apindeseatis.

Practice Teacher, hurriedly whispering as she sees the supervisor approaching, "Gauzy means thin." Then more loudly, "Use gauzy in a sentence."

"My dog is a gauzy one," responded the youngster.



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Day and Night



The rising sun at daybreak
Smiled upon the sleeping earth.
O'er all reigned peace and silence
Neither sound of toil or mirth.
But the morning wind was wakened
And among the leaves it stirred,
Bringing sleepy notes of welcome
From the nest of every bird.
The blazing sun at noontide
Saw a happy, busy world,
For the miller sang right gaily
As his great wheel hummed and whirled,
And the birds sang in the treetops
And the mowers in the field
Whistled blithely as the long grass
To their sweeping scythes did yield.
The setting sun at evening
Ere he seeks his night's repose
Paints earth and sea and sky with crimson,
Tints each cloud with gold and rose;
Sees the swallow turning homeward
Weary with a long day's flight
Then he sinks behind the mountain
Bidding all the world, "Good Night."
The silent, deepening twilight falls on the sea
once more
As the slowly fading sunset
Dies away on yonder shore
And the fisher turning homeward
Like the swallow to its nest
Murmurs as his boat he anchors,
"After labor, sweet is rest."
The moon upon the mountain
Keeps watch o'er the sleeping earth.
Over all reigns peace and silence:
Hushed all sounds of toil and mirth
But the clock in yonder tower
Like a deep-voiced sentinel
Seems to say at every hour,
"God is with you, all is well."

—M. S.

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The Cry of the Forest



I stood by the boisterous ocean
Where the forest came down to the shore.
I heard in the pine trees behind me
A sad and disconsolate roar.
As if the sturdy old giants,
That had stood for the centuries gone
Were weeping and wailing in anguish
At civilization's dawn.
I could hear the axe of the woodsman,
As tree after tree he fell.
It seemed that a goddess of vengeance
Was working some terrible spell.
Till back in the grand old forest
I heard a wearisome wail
That mingled in sadness and longing
With the ocean's answering gale.
"Come back! O come back to the forest!
Come back! O ye red men of yore,
Come, dwell again 'neath the branches,
Come, fish on the still rocky shore,
Come, hunt again in the thicket
For the bear, the elk, and the deer
O, tell me the stories and legends
Of the days when your fathers were here!"
And then in the great old pine trees
'Twas more silent than ever before,
But my thoughts were away in the forest,
And I longed for the old days once more,
The days of the elk and the cougar,
The days when the Indian was here,
The days when the forest I loved so,
Had nothing—no nothing—to fear.
Then drive from our wild Western forests,
The hand that blights and destroys
And bring again to the woodland
The life that the red man enjoys.
Bring back the elk and the cougar,
Drive away him who e'er turns the sod,
O! let this land ne'er be for man,
But the hallowed spot of God!


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