

THE MESSENGER

Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith, let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—A. LINCOLN.

SCHOOL PAPER OF THE
BELLINGHAM STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

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TERMS—FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

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Vol. VIII.

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No. 4



The Messenger staff wish you, one and all, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Have you seen the "Messenger Clothesline" in the Library? Read the Exchanges.

If you want to read something good, turn to Mr. Romine's article on Bermuda.

The following motto comes to us from Dr. Padel-ford of the University: "To make my students sane, vigorous, and sensitive, through a balanced training of the intellectual, the ethical, and the aesthetic life; always

working with reference to the individual, that he may be wise, humane, and gentle; such is my ideal as an English teacher." The spirit and thought is beautiful and helpful and may become a part of our creed no matter what line of teaching we may take up.

From Mr. G. Allison, of Tacoma, our former Editor.—
"Mr. Foster writes me that the school is in a prosperous condition, and judging from the Messenger it seems to be true. It does me good to see the students taking an active interest in the life of the school. After all, I sometimes think that it is the school atmosphere which determines to a greater extent than we think the real benefits. I know that my work in the various activities of the school gave me as much working power as my class work gave."

What we need in our student body is co-operation, a means by which all things survive or develop—a means to an ultimate end. For such co-operation we must have boosters, not knockers; workers, not idlers; strong fighters, and not quitters. Every member must be as a cog in a wheel, always ready for duty, and never ready to shirk. Be at assembly societies, at the lecture course numbers, and on athletic field, to show your loyalty and appreciation of character building ideals. If we have lost by a decision or by score, don't think we have lost all, for to those who know how to take defeat it is oftentimes the noble victory. Is not this our standard and aim? Do we not feel the necessity of working together? Let us make our life the school's.

Two more things would put us on college standings in the athletic sphere—a tennis court and a baseball diamond. Tennis playing especially is a most scientific and beneficial sport for both men and women. Some mention has been made of a court, but nothing definite as yet has been done, so lets get together and work for this court. We want a good one, one that can be used rain or shine. Get to work on the matter, students—boost, boost, boost, is our motto.

It is only when an institution is brought to a realization of its power that it is useful. The Bellingham Normal is no exception to this rule, as is evident by the different things which it has successfully promoted. There is still

one activity, common to college life, which might now successfully be taken up—that of an orchestra. Of the material right in our midst we could form an orchestra such as any school in the land might well be proud of; every day some one is found who can play well on the violin, guitar, cornet, trombone, or snaredrum. All that is necessary is to assemble these persons together three or four times a week for an hour's practice. Not only would this talent be developed, but it would be quite an addition to our assembly by giving it a smack of culture that can be procured in no other way. Fifteen or twenty years hence when this institution has climbed in the scale of fame and efficiency equal to that of any other school in our land, who would not be PROUD to say, "I assisted in organizing the orchestra in the Bellingham Normal."

STATEMENT OF ASSOCIATION FINANCES.

The finances of the Students' Association are far better than was anticipated. The stock of the supply room purchased to date amounts to \$1,297.46 cost, and in spite of the low prices charged for it, the earnings already amount to \$187.36 over and above all expenses. The total expense of operating the supply room thus far has been only \$75.53.

The following statement is taken from the books of the supply room, December 23, 1908:

Assets.

| | |
|------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Owed by general fund..... | \$ 12.05 |
| Students' accounts | 2.95 |
| Messenger | 4.40 |
| Inventory of stock at cost, Dec. 23..... | 386.38 |
| Cash | 15.68 |
| Balance in bank | 42.66 |
| | \$464.12 |

Liabilities.

| | |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Accounts not due until goods are sold.... | \$197.84 |
| 30-day accounts | 78.92 .. |
| Profits | 187.36 |
| | \$464.12 |

The financial management of the Messenger is most efficient. Mr. Herman Smith, business manager, has se-

cured in advertising and subscriptions a monthly revenue of about \$110.00 as against not to exceed \$75.00 last year. As a result of this and the advantageous contract of this year, the Messenger is much larger and more attractive than last year's, and yields a monthly profit of about \$25.

The general fund is also in splendid condition. There was \$306.65 from student fees in this fund at the opening of school. Football used, above receipts, about \$150.80, and expenditure more than justified by results. About \$50.00 was spent in paying last year's bills and incidental expenses, leaving but \$100.00. But the football game Thanksgiving day, which made up \$44, and the Faculty-Normal Boys' game, have left a total in the general fund of \$141.66. The receipts from entertainments and basketball games will undoubtedly restore this fund to the condition it was in at the beginning of the season.

JAMES O'SULLIVAN.

FUTURITY.

Closed, is the silent tomb of the past;
 The stone can ne'er be rolled away.
 Open, is the gate of the future
 By the fair New Year today.

Ah! well for us, as the ages roll,
 That there is a Hand, strong, sublime,
 That marks the path to our destiny
 In our onward course, through space and time.

Then though the world is tired and old
 Let the heart be fresh and young
 And bright, with glorious hopes,
 For the year that is just begun.

—Goldie Wreston Brown.

LITERARY.

A Seven Weeks' Sojourn In Bermuda.

“Father Neptune one day to Dame Freedom did say,
 ‘If ever I live upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on would be little Britain.’
 Says Freedom, ‘Why, that’s my own island:
 O. ’tis a snug little island,
 A right little, tight little island!

Search the world round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.' "

The above sentiment expressing the poet's approval of Britain might apply with equal propriety to Bermuda.

It would hardly be possible in the compass of this article to give more than an impressionistic sketch of Bermuda. While having the latitude of middle George and Alabama, the beautiful little archipelago has a decided sub-tropical climate, and its vegetation in many forms is tropical. To one who has not been privileged before to see a southern clime with all that it connotes in story and in song, in the grace and hospitality of its people, and in the color and beauty of its landscape, Bermuda holds a peculiar enchantment.

The Bermudians have a happy way of saying to the sojourner that when the great Architect created the world, he built the last and therefore the best part of it in the form and reality of Bermuda. And those leisurely and accomplished people seem to live as if they believe their happy statement. Crime is infrequent, the poverty that bites is only occasional, and the maddening strife for commercial and social supremacy for the selfish eminence of the individual is not worth the game.

Bermuda has the contour of an open gauntlet in profile with the thumb view clearly in definition. Its area is $19\frac{1}{4}$ square miles. The nearest land is Cape Hatteras. From New York harbor to her only dock for deep-draught liners is 704 nautical miles or 44 hours' sail, and after many varying graduate to post-graduate degrees in gastronomic feats, the sight of Bermuda to the voyager is like a medicine bearing a picture of paradise upon its label. The population of Bermuda is roughly 18,000 people, two-thirds of whom are negroes. When the New York steamer slows up to Hamilton dock the passengers aboard note Sambos and Dinahs with visages gaping as if employed for dentifrice establishments lined up galore to welcome the good ship's safe arrival. Though the negro outnumbers the white man two to one, and though there is no discriminatory statute against, he understands that Bermuda is a white man's government. The two races get along on terms of harmony, and Sambo is rapidly substituting the Gillette safety for the old-fashioned long blade razor.

The Bermudans are good politicians in the best sense of the term. They are quite alert as to the political affairs of their country, and yet there is little or no align-

ment into parties. A year ago, however, the little island empire was shaken from her rocky ribs to her ridge pole by a question of mighty import. There was automobile and non-automobile segregation of Bermuda's law givers. The NON won by a bare majority vote of one, and as a result no skunk-wagons profane the beautiful, but narrow serpentine roadways of Bermuda.

Bermuda is really a collective name, for there are said to be 365 islands—one for each day in the year—according to the last census. The little group is of interest to the student of physical geography. It is low-lying fringed by reefs that bode ill to the innocent mariner. If the whole area to the margin of the reefs should be elevated some 200 or 300 feet, there would be a little continent approximately 230 instead of the present $19\frac{1}{4}$ square miles of extent. The geology is all limestone of aeolian accumulation. This rock enters into all the structures of Bermuda residences, shops, public edifices, fortifications, etc., and the effect is quite pleasing to the eye. The Bermuda homes are creations of simple, yet chaste, elegant designs.

There is no running fresh water of any kind in Bermuda. The water for drinking, cooking and cleansing is rain water. By means of carefully whitewashed expanses of surface lime rock serving as a catch-all the rain is led to cisterns and reservoirs not always too carefully guarded for he, the most deceptive of all singers, monsieur mosquito propagates prolifically in these artificial wells, and by night he shrills a pesty lay into the ear of him who explores for that "sweet sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

The vegetal and animal life of Bermuda teems in luxuriance. The oleander is in flower from early spring to December. The royal poinciana, the poinsettia, the tamarind, palmetto, palms of many species, huge century plants, the plantation, the banana and many others are in striking evidence on every hand. And these generic relations, the very antitheses in aroma, the lily and the onion, the latter hygienic talisman of Sambo, should not be omitted from the floral lists. And as if to give a solace akin to northern climes, the Bermuda cedar clothes the low lying hills with nature's ever restful green.

The animal life, barring some beautifully plumaged birds, is restricted to the reefs which, abounding with corals that rival the beauty of the rose, and waving sea-fans and sea-plumes, look like veritable sea-gardens. So rich and beautifully blended are the colors of the fishes

that it would seem as if they have done naught else in life but to make millinery of the rainbow.

The hues of the water and the tints of the sky are the artist's Eden. They charm by this soft, gentle blending, and variety of effect, yet in gergoousness and striking grandeur the cloud effects at sunset do not equal those of Puget Sound.

A. P. R.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

A recently received list of questions prepared by the United States Commissioner of Education, Mr. E. E. Brown, was submitted to me and presented to the school at the Monday morning assembly, December 7, as the students present on that occasion will recall. A total of 283 usable reports was obtained and it has occurred to me that the readers of The Messenger may be interested in reading the summaries. The questions covered two subjects, age and teaching experience, and the results are as follows:

Fifteen years of age or less, 5; sixteen years, 18; seventeen years, 30; eighteen years, 42; nineteen yars, 50; twenty years, 29; twenty-one years, 28; twenty-two years, 24; twenty-three years, 13; twenty-four years, 7; twenty-five years or above, 27.

The teaching experience was reported as below:

| Year | No. Reporting | With Experience | 1 Year Experience | 2 Year Experience | 3 Year Experience |
|--------|---------------|-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| First | 38 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Second | 47 | 7 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| Third | 27 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Fourth | 11 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Junior | 111 | 30 | 14 | 6 | 10 |
| Senior | 49 | 21 | 5 | 6 | 10 |
| Totals | 283 | 71 | 27 | 20 | 24 |

This table shows that almost exactly three-fourths of our students enter the Normal without teaching experience.

Another list of questions was submitted to twenty-five students of the First Year class, with the following results:

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----|
| Fathers are professional men..... | 2 |
| Fathers operate farms worth over \$5,000..... | 11 |
| Fathers operate farms worth under \$5,000..... | 5 |
| Fathers make annually over \$2,000 from manufactur- | |

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| ing, trade, office work..... | 0 |
| Fathers make annually \$1,000 to \$2,000 from manufacturing, trade, etc..... | 1 |
| Fathers are skilled laborers, making \$750 or over..... | 1 |
| Fathers are unskilled laborers..... | 2 |
| Fathers are dead..... | 3 |

Numbers of the twenty-five students who engaged in gainful employment or assist in home work while attending school:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Four hours or more per week..... | 15 |
| From 5 to 9 hours per week..... | 2 |
| From 10 to 14 hours per week..... | 5 |
| From 15 to 19 hours per week..... | 2 |
| From 20 to 24 hours per week..... | 0 |
| More than 25 hours per week..... | 2 |

CHRISTMAS AT THE NIGHTHAWK MINE.

Christmas day at the Mine had always passed just like any other day until one eventful time of which I shall tell you. The Nighthawk is in an isolated region far back in the Cascade mountains, where the winters are long and severe. The snow is often six or eight feet deep and communication with the outside world almost impossible. Clustered about the mine are a few cabins, some bunk houses, a store and a saloon. The rough miners lived base, degraded lives. After the day's work was ended they would congregate in Big Dan's saloon and make the night hideous with drinking, gambling, and fighting. But few women lived in the camp. Only one family, the O'Neals, ever observed Christmas. They had a pretty little girl with blue eyes and golden hair, and for her each year they had had a tree.

The summer preceding the winter of which I write, Mr. O'Neal had been killed by an explosion in the mine, and ever since Mrs. O'Neal had been struggling bravely to keep the wolf away from their door, but Christmas eve found them face to face with starvation. She explained to little Donna that they had nothing more to eat, and no wood, so she must not expect a Christmas tree that year. The dull aching of her heart was almost unbearable when she saw the look of disappointment on Donna's face. Presently the child looked up and said, "Mamma, if I ask Jesus won't he give us something to eat and some wood to make a fire? I am going to ask him anyway," and she

slipped down from her mother's lap, where she was sitting, and went out of the door and into the empty woodshed.

"Scotty" McFarland, one of the miners, was slouching past the O'Neal cabin, and thinking he heard some one speak, paused to listen. A child's voice lifted in prayer; she asked in childish faith for the necessities of life, and then she added, "Dear Jesus, I do want a little Christmas tree." The softer nature of the man was awakened and blinding tears sprung to his eyes. He hurried on to the gathering at Big Dan's and told them what he had just heard. "Fellows," he said, "I ain't goin' much on these here Christmas doin's, and I aint any betterin' the rest o' ye, but that kid's gotter hev a tree—pass round the hat."

The miners responded with their usual generosity and one five-dollar piece after another went into the hat to keep company with those already there.

The next morning little Donna went to the door. What could it mean, scattered all about was wood, sacks of flour and innumerable parcels and in their midst stood a little fir tree decorated with ribbons and bright paper. Unspeakable, unutterable joy filled the hearts of mother and child, but this was not all, a little sack hanging on the tree was found to contain gold coins. The child's prayer had indeed been answered—Christmas had come to the Nighthawk Mine.

O. A.

A Second-Year Student.

JIMMIE'S CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas eve—an ideal Christmas eve! Snow was falling softly, flecking the pedestrians with its large white flakes. The street lamps were but obscure stars. The hour was seven and the streets of Chicago were crowded with happy people on their way to the churches, which, with very few exceptions, were brilliantly lighted for the services. Street cars were crowded and many carriages conveyed their share of the people. Everyone seemed happy and glad that it was Christmas time.

No, not all; for wandering along the street, scarcely noticed by the passersby, was a little boy. His clothes were ragged and worn, his face thin and haggard, and his body shivered from the cold. By his side trotted an ugly little dog and from time to time the little master would

stoop and caress him and whisper something in his ear. As they passed a brilliantly lighted church Jimmie's face wore a wistful look. How he wishes he could go to a Christmas tree! Last year mother had dressed him in his Sunday clothes and had taken him to the services. But since then mother had gone to heaven and his father had taken Jimmie's Sunday clothes and sold them to get money for rum. Now he scarcely had enough clothes to keep him warm and many times he had gone all day without anything to eat. As he thought of his mother he wished he could spend Christmas with her.

On he wandered, not knowing where to go but compelled to walk to keep warm. At last a kind-faced man stopped him.

"Don't you want to go to a Christmas tree, little boy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmie; "but I can't, 'cause mamma's dead and I hain't got no good clothes."

"There's a place four blocks from here where they want all little boys like you to come. "Yes," he added in answer to the questioning look, "those clothes will be all right. They want you to come."

With a new hope Jimmie hurried on. What would there be for him? And would there be anything for Trip? Visions of beautiful Christmas trees crossed his mind.

They had reached the corner now and Jimmie could see the lights of the hall shining through the snow. Soon he would see the tree. As they crossed the street a carriage dashed around the corner and Jimmie saw that Trip was directly in its path. With a cry he sprang forward and caught up the dog. But he was too late. The horses struck him and he was thrown down beneath their feet.

Tender hands carried the unconscious boy within the mission. A doctor was summoned, but to no avail. As consciousness returned he opened his eyes and looked inquiringly at the faces above him. The unhurt dog was brought to the pallet and Jimmie, satisfied that his pet was safe, shut his eyes and became very still. There was a silence in the room, for Jimmie had gone to spend Christmas with his mother.

HARRY F. HEATH.

Noble blood is an accident of fortune; noble actions characterize the great.—Goldoni.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

It was in the land of shades where the spirits of good trees are assembled.

“And what did you do on earth?” asked the Great Voice of the stately fir.

“I builded homes, and the great buildings of cities; I furnished masts for ships that sail the seas, and I made warm fires for man’s comfort,” said the fir.

“I, too,” said the cedar, standing close to the fir, “protected man and helped him civilize the world. I kindled his fires.”

“I, too,” said the pine, and the oak, and the maple, and the birch; “we all helped him build the ‘house beautiful.’”

“And what was your work?” said the Voice, as the beautiful fruit trees brought their offering.

“We furnished man food,” said the orange, the apple, the walnut, and the chestnut.

Thus, in answer to the Great Voice, all the trees of the earth—the beech and the birch, the pine and the palm, the cotton wood and the banyan, from the north and the south told of the deeds they had done on earth.

At last came the little Christmas tree, all decked in silky tinsel and tinkle and pretense.

“And why are you here?” said the Great Voice, gravely.

“I do not know,” said the little tree lightly. “There is nothing that I do but be happy.” After a pause, “But when they look on me all the little children laugh and clap their hands, and grown people nod their heads and smile through happy tears. Sour faces grow loving and sorrowful ones, happy.”

Then spoke the Great Voice, and it was heard through all the forests of shade-land:

“It is well to warm man’s body, but it is better to warm his heart. It is a good deed to give man food; but it is blessed, indeed, to waken the soul.”

I. R. B.

I can think of no seasonable sentiment more inspiring than the hopeful prayer that the world of nations and of individuals may realize more and more fully than ever the spirit of that first Christmas: Peace through good will.

FRANK DEERWESTER.

We help our friends to celebrate their birthdays in the ways they like best. How shall we honor the Christ child's birthday?
ERMA MISEL.

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his gift feels three:—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

“SIR LAUNFUL” LOWELL.

To be happy, and to radiate my happiness for the good pleasure of others.

MARGARET F. BRYANT.

In this favored country Mother Nature adds much to the good cheer of the yule-tide festivities in bestowing so lavishly her wealth of holly, hemlock, fir, cedar, fern and ivy for the holiday decorations. In thus giving a part of her very self she symbolizes the real spirit of Christmas giving. Truly at this season “the gift without the giver is bare—any other gift is mere merchandise.

ROSE BAXTER.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward all.—Luke 2:14.

BASKETBALL.

When the whistle blew announcing time at the close of the football game on Thanksgiving day, the boys of the Normal began the practice of basketball. Contrary to custom they are doing their chief practice in the evenings, and every evening you can hear the whistle in the Gymnasium. The Normal is putting out three basketball teams.

On Friday, December 18th, the second team played at Everson against the first team there, the score being 12 to 9 in favor of the Normal. The second team promises to take care of the teams of the small towns of this and Skagit County.

The first team, composed of Umbarger and Becker, guards; Davenport, center, and Goodell and Petheran, forwards, promises to be a strong quintet. Games have been scheduled with Lincoln High, Mt. Vernon, Sedro-

Woolley, Ellensburg Normal and Anacortes High. The schedule is by no means complete and a tour away is anticipated.

Let us all "boost for" the team.

SOCIETY.

A number of the enterprising students have organized a new society, which will be known as the Normal House of Representatives. The idea of the organization is to develop the power of debate and expression. It was thought that this unique way would present more novel features and thus insure more interest. All the business will be carried on similar to that of the National House of Representatives. If the number is sufficient there will be a representative assigned for each state. Bills will be brought in and discussed by all who gain the recognition of the speaker.

The first meeting will be held in the Normal Society Hall, in evening January 8th, at which meeting Attorney Foster, of the city, who has been elected speaker, will preside.

The Thespian Dramatic Club entertained the students and faculty just before the holidays with "A Christmas Chime." There will be several more pleasant programs given by this club before the close of the term. This club is developing some strong talent along dramatic lines.

The Athenian Society will resume work early in the new year. This is the society with which many of the new students, who wish to do general literary work, should ally themselves.

The Alkisiah Club met Friday, December 11 at 2:30 o'clock in the Society Hall. An excellent program was rendered in the presence of a large number of the students. The program opened with a song meet in which all those present joined heartily. Miss Baker presided at the piano.

After several songs had been sung the subject for the day, "Play-ground Organization," was taken up.

Miss Walborg Olsen gave an excellent talk on the "Conventions of the Play-ground Association." Following this was a very entertaining presentation of the High-

land Fling, by Misses Isabelle Williams and Lucette Mc-Kechne in illustration of one phase of play ground instruction.

The next number was a remarkably well given talk by Miss Annie Nord on the subject "Play-ground Organization."

As a closing number the play-ground work was farther illustrated by a series of very unique folk dances in which several of the club members took part. Miss Mattie Stanton furnished the music for this number.

After the program the guests were excused and the members remained for a business session.

The Alkisiah Club includes a number of the most earnest and ambitious students in school, and every member realizing the value of society work in school, is striving to make the club come up to a high standard. An excellent program is rendered every two weeks, to which all of the students and teachers are cordially invited.

W. G.

The Bible Institute—Y. W. C. A.

Because of the great help derived from the Bible Institute of last year, we feel the need of another such institute this year. While as yet the plans are not complete, the time has been set and several of the speakers selected. The sessions will begin the second Thursday after vacation, January 14th, and end the following Sunday. Appropos of the work being done in the Bible classes, the thought of the Institute will center around the life of Christ. Miss Hillman, of the Tacoma City Association, will be with us in all of the meetings, and different pastors of our city will speak. Every member of the school, whether a member of the association or not, is urged to share the benefit of this Institute.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

True to the prophecy, merely a small fraction of the great throng of people seeking admittance at the doors of the Normal Gymnasium could be accommodated Friday evening, December 11th, when the much talked of and already famous game of basketball was to be played by the sedate and stately men of the Bellingham State Normal school faculty and the boys of the student body.

Those fortunate enough to gain admittance were obliged to restrain their eagerness for minor things came first on the program. An exciting game of basketball was played by the Juniors and Third Years, the proud and mighty Juniors winning, but not without a decided effort, for their opponents were of such mettle as to make the skirmish for the ball a lively one.

The spectators were afforded a rare (?) treat in the minstrel performance. This was composed of musically talented members of the school, and the soul-inspiring tones sent forth from the various instruments caused the hearts of the listeners to swell with pride when they realized that these performers were fellow students.

The exhibition of strength by the world-famed Sullivan would have been much enjoyed had the heavy weights not rolled lightly from within reach of the great man as he was preparing to lift them.

No less interesting was the black bear caught in the wolds of America by Theodore Roosevelt and trained to be as docile as a child. The creature showed almost human intelligence in some of its tricks.

It was finally announced that the long-looked-for game was to take place, and amid the thundering cheers the players took their positions. As the game progressed the excitement waxed strong. Mr. Forest held the audience spellbound until they decided which basket he was playing for. Mr. Deerwester made one basket and Mr. Epley very nearly had the same good fortune befall him. Mr. O'Sullivan, as center, played with the zeal of a true athlete, and for a time even football speeches were forgotten. The extreme nervousness displayed by Mr. Bond caused him to lose several baskets, but as the game advanced he grew more calm and played with greater ease.

At the close of the game, while the echoing cheers were still ringing, Miss George, in behalf of the ladies of the faculty, addressed the generous but defeated gentlemen in a speech of appreciation for the loyal support they had given the faculty colors. She presented each with a huge candy cane, which it is hoped will serve them as a support in their higher aspirations in the athletic field.

A. HOLM.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.



"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each and every Exchange. Our line is full this month and we thank you for remembering us. We feel that we have reason to be proud of our "Messenger" this year, and we hope that each of our readers finds something interesting. Uncle Si is quite sick, but he joins in the holiday greeting and wants all to remember the true meaning of the Christmas Tide.

"Tempe Normal Student," you have a goodly number of editorials. Your paper is not very large, but you never leave any empty spaces. Have you read the editorials of the "Normal Pannane" (San Jose)? My! but they are spicy. We like you "Pennant," and we thank you for your well wishes.

Read "The Heroines of Scituatue," in "Comus;" it is a most pleasing story. "Comus" prints good material on good paper.

Why that empty page, Students of McMinnville College? Help your staff; don't expect them to do all the work. The "Spinster" cover is always dainty. Have you read its Thanksgiving story? It is good.

Did you receive the "1908 Skagina" annual? You ought to have one; it is splendid. I must take these Ex-

changes over to Uncle Si now, for he does enjoy them. I hope he will be able to write next month. Every one get rested while you are at home and make the home folks glad you came.

SALLY.



Miss Mary O'Laughlin, '06, is teaching the Fifth and Sixth grades at Dryad, Wash.

Miss Margaret Stark and Evangeline Burns are teaching in a Sisters school in Seattle.

Miss Grace Griffiths is teaching at Tumwater, one of the suburbs of Olympia.

Miss Lottie Vercoe, sister of the proprietor of Vercoe's Pharmacy, of this city, died December 1st in California, where she had been taken by her parents for her health. Miss Vercoe fell a victim to tuberculosis, after an illness of less than four months. The body was brought back to Burlington, Skagit County, for interment.

Miss Zelma Blackburn is teaching at Hartson, Oregon.

Miss Ranghild Thoen is teaching on R. F. D. No. 2 out from Stanwood.

Miss Maude Whipple is teaching at Mount Vernon, Skagit County.

Miss Amy Harned is doing fine work in the school at Richmond, Indiana.

A. G. Stevson is teaching at Kelso, Washington.

Miss Frances A. Des Aulniers is teaching this year at Pleasant Valley.

Miss Jennie Byington is teaching in the school at the head of Lake Whatcom.

Henrietta Bucklin is teaching at Seabeck.

Miss Blanche Clausmeyer, who was a Junior last year,

is teaching the Second grade in her home school, Castle Rock.

Bertha Johnson, Sec., is teaching at Belleville; Mable Braydon, Sec., at Oakville; Grace Heaton, at Ten Mile, near Bellingham, and Belle Mornstock, at Toledo.

Miss Annie Keene, '04, and Miss Sadie Lewellen, '01, are teaching in Bellingham.

Miss Ethel Luce, '01, is now Mrs. J. S. Yuill. Her home is in Bellingham.

Mrs. Robert Oakley, nee Miss Maude Woodin, resides in this city.

Miss Clarice Witter, of the class of 1901, is living in Steilacoom. She is now Mrs. A. McLean.

Miss Susie Arnett, '02, has been teaching several years at Spokane. Her work is very successful.

Miss Ada Pence, '07, and Miss Evva Eckerson, '02, are teaching in the city schools.

Miss Ellen Nickell is teaching at Concully; Miss Maude Plummer, near Mt. Vernon, and Miss Selma Beckstrom, at Startup.

Mrs. Tressa Flesher Ashby is living at Pullman, Washington.

Miss Effie Fish, a last year Junior girl, is teaching near Olympia.

Mr. D. H. Campbell is teaching in Arichat, Nova Scotia.

Miss Mary Etienne is teaching at D'Escousse, Nova Scotia.

M. J. MacNeil is inspetcor of schools at River Bourgeois, Nova Scotia.

Miss Katie Stewart, who was a Junior last year, is teaching at Bow, Skagit County.

Miss Bertha Thayer was recently married to George Thompson. Their home will be in Cashmere.

Miss Sadie Fasken, '08, is teaching at Cashmere.

Miss Florence Sears, '04, is teaching at South Bellingham.

Miss Ruth Sears is teaching at Lynden.

Miss Olive Maxson is teaching in Dist. 58 in Cowlitz County.

Miss Althea Nuttall is teaching the primary grades in the Oak Harbor school.

Miss Anna Grasser is teaching the Clover Valley school, near Oak Harbor.

Miss Elsie Ware teaches in the Franklin school of this city.

Miss Maggie McKinnon will graduate from the Normal at Ellensburg this year.

LOCAL.

Santa Claus visited the girls of Jenkins Hall December 17th, and found elaborate preparations made for his reception. The rooms were prettily decorated in the Christmas colors and bells. There was an abundance of candy, nuts and apples, and each received a useful gift. The girls were pleased to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins with the tree and impromptu program.

Misses Moore, Jensen, George, Gray and Baxter expect to spend their Xmas vacation in Spokane, attending the State Teachers' Association. Miss Moore will read a paper before the Music Department of the Association.

Mrs. Dower, of Olympia, has been visiting her sister, Warrenna Thayer, since Thanksgiving.

Miss Bennett, of Marysville, has been visiting Mary Shoultes.

Loleta Risely, Hazel Lauers, and Frank Alsop have left school.

CALENDAR.

November 30—Monday, after Thanksgiving vacation!

December 2—Senior pins appear.

Don't cry, little Junior; don't cry,

You'll wear a Senior pin by and by.

December 3—Corn Flake Day. Inquire of the boys, or J. O'S.

December 4—Junior Party. Mrs. Wiggs introduces her daughters to society.

"I had a hand in it on December 3."—D. H. Smith.

December 7—Practice basketball game between Second Years and Third Years. Score, 0-57.

December 8—Faculty B. B. team holds full sway in the gym.

December 9—Y. W. C. A. comes to rescue of the cold

lunch eaters.

December 10—Odds in favor of the faculty team.

December 11—Lecture by Dr. Johannan.

Class spirit very much in evidence in Assembly.

Elias Bondus exhorts the student body to improve their grand and glorious opportunity and attend the great faculty.

B. B. game.

The Alkisiah Club presented a program in Society Hall. Good time enjoyed by all.

December 14—"I had a hand in it, December 3."—Morris.

December 15—Mr. Epley—"School clases Friday, December 18. That means Friday."

December 16—The mighty Seniors make candy for the little tots.

December 17—Thespian Club presented a pleasing Christmas play.

Alkisiah flower and candy sale.

December 18—Christmas tree! Curling irons, guns, dolls, stoves, rachets, whips, horns, razors, every thing for the faculty and the rest of the children to play with.

Did you see Smith's doll?

Everybody happy. 'cause it's Christmas.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Each young lady, belonging to the Y. W. C. A., who was fortunate enough to have had a birthday since September, was pleasantly surprised by receiving an invitation to a birthday party in the association parlors on Friday afternoon. An hour was spent in playing birthday games, and when the birthday cake was brought in each girl succeeded in blowing out her candle. Each guest was given a souvenir birthday card containing her birthstone—and an appropriate verse. A GUEST.

The Lunch Counter.

Hurrah! At last the lunch counter under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. girls, has been opened and a most successful beginning made. It is in charge of Miss Moy and her able assistants. Enough praise cannot be given these expert cooks. The dishes they serve are "fit for a king;" just think—tomato soup, baked beans and brown

bread, apple pie and biscuits just like mother makes, and coffee with cream sent daily from father's farm.

To get an idea of their success one has only to see the crowd of hungry-looking students that flock around the counter; then to see the satisfied expressions when they have finished.

A PATRON.

ASSEMBLY ON FRIDAY MORNINGS.

On Friday, December 4th, Mr. J. W. Clark, who was to address the students, was unable to be present. The ever-ready Mr. O'Sullivan filled the gap and gave a talk which might have had for its subject, "First One Thing and Then Another in Politics." In spite of the fact that Mr. O'Sullivan had no time to prepare, his review of current events was very instructive.

On December 11th Mr. Bond delivered an inspired oration on the subject of "What the Faculty Are Doing and What They Intend to Do." He informed the students in the most eloquent language that a selected faculty team had consented to appear on the gymnasium floor to show the merits and demerits of the great game of basketball. In following sentences filled with flowery words he eulogized the members of the faculty "five" and exhorted the students to attend the game. The other feature of the program was an allustrated lecture on "Persia," by Dr. Johannan, a native Persian. The lecturer kept the audience laughing most of the time, but his talk was too personal. Parts of it were overdone, and beyond having a good laugh, the students were for the most part disappointed.

On Friday, December 18th, occurred the annual Normal and Training School Christmas Tree. After a short musical program Santa Claus appeared and helped distribute the presents, which were found on the beautifully decorated tree. The Normal and the Training School exchanged gifts, as they have done in previous years.

H. F. H.

Thursday, December 17th, the Alkisiah Club had a sale of blooming bulbs and candy. The flowers sold rapidly; in fact, nearly all were engaged before the time set for the sale. The venture was new, but was so very suc-

cessful that the club members are planning to make such a sale an annual feature.

A large quantity of first class candy was contributed by the members, and it found a ready sale among the hungry students during the lunch hour.

The contest between the three Normals will be held at our own school this year—probably some time in the latter part of March. Students, let us make this meeting one of the great events in the history of the B. N. S. First and foremost, we must give our guests a royal welcome and a good time, and send them home with none but words of praise for our hospitality and school spirit.

The Junior party, Friday night, December 4th, was a great success. Each member of the class came representing, either by actions or dress, some well known book. Mrs. Wiggs was there in all the glory of one who is conscious of having just completed an elaborate toilette—hair arranged in the latest style, freshly ironed calico dress, and new second-hand shoes (with only one hole in the sole which didn't show). Her children, Asia, Europa and Australia, also came to see and enjoy the wonders of a party given by the Juniors of the Bellingham Normal.

The first part of the evening was spent in a guessing contest, Alice Tigie receiving the prize, a souvenir book, having guessed forty-seven books represented by as many persons out of the some seventy Juniors present.

Then followed a short programme, after which all were served to cocoa and cake. Mr. Beal, as toastmaster, called on Mr. Deerwester to speak, who responded with a short but spicy speech which might have been somewhat longer had not Miss Sperry given a timely warning that he must not steal ALL of HER speech. Being a gentleman of peace he immediately took his seat amid the hearty applause of all present.

Miss Sperry was next called upon, and gave us a very interesting talk, remarking (as is usually the case whenever the Juniors are concerned) that she was pleased to see such a high standard of learning as was displayed tonight, for she had not read or even heard of nearly all the books represented.

The President and Secretary next gave short speeches

expressing their appreciation of the evening's entertainment. As the Treasurer had wisely made herself scarce she was not called upon to give a toast.

A LONE DWELLER.

Slower and slower we wound our way up the mountain trail. Our packs were growing heavier and we were impatient to be rid of them. No suitable place for camp had yet appeared, and since the nights were cold we would be uncomfortable indeed unless some friendly roof offered its shelter.

Suddenly, as unexpected as an apparition, there stood before us in the trail a man, apparently a miner. He was as startled as we were, but quickly recovering from his surprise, he asked us about our journey. Upon learning that we were shelterless he insisted on our going to his house and spending the night there. We needed no second bidding, but fell in behind our guide. He led the way with long swinging strides. We were glad when we reached his cabin on the mountain side. We entered and threw down our packs. The cabin was a roomy one of cedar logs. It had one peculiarity which we could not at first understand. Two rows of heavy posts reached to the roof where they were fastened to huge rafters. These, we learned, were a support to the roof during the heavy snows. They were warped and twisted from the weight they had borne.

Meanwhile our host was busy getting the meal. The savory odors of ham and coffee were very welcome, as our fare for days had been the simplest. A feeling had been growing on me, ever since we had submitted to his guidance, that our new friend had a remarkable personality. His face and figure were very impressive. His eyes were most noticeable. They protended from their sockets in the effort to see through and beyond you, for they did not seem to stop at the physical, but to stare on into the distance. They had the look of one who was not familiar with human society, closely resembling the eyes of the wild animal. His hair was slightly gray. The features of his face were regular and strong. His shoulder were broad and he towered up above the usual height. Tremendous strength and agility were written all over the man. His personal characteristics were well set off by a

plainness in dress which was, of course, necessary in his walk of life. A suit of brown khaki, high topped boots and a fur cap constituted his every day wardrobe. I wondered again and again what manner of man he was. He spoke little, though we felt that he was enjoying our stay as much as we were. After we had spread our blankets in one corner and retired for the night I noticed that our host had left the cabin. He had been absent for some time when I rose softly, went to the door and looked out. It was a brilliant moonlight night and everything on the bare mountain sides stood out as plainly as by day. A few yards away, on a projecting rock, sat our host. He was apparently enthralled by the magnificent display nature had made when these jagged mountains were piled together. As I watched him there gradually entered my consciousness the reason why he lived in this wild inhuman fashion. He was a lover or rather worshipper of nature. Here the faithful child of nature watched year in and year out. If one could understand the wild call of the place some little indulgence would be granted him. I seemed to see the seasons come and go. When the white night would be changed, when the whirling mist should come over the pass in great valley-filling masses and down the great ravine on the left would come the wildly driven wind from the north to catch this mist and swirl it ferociously around till it crystallized into snow which would fall and cover the earth even to the tree tops.

I do not know how long the hermit remained at the watch, but in the morning he rose early and set us on our way. Not content with this much hospitality, he guided us to the summit of the pass and bid us godspeed down the mountain. We had gone some distance when, coming out on a sort of promontory, we looked back. Our strange entertainer was standing with feet spread wide apart and eyes on the distant fields of jagged, spiked mountain tops, which stretched away so far as eye could reach. And, thus, we left him.

NOAH DAVENPORT.

JOSHES.

Seen on the Bulletin Board.

Lost—My Psychological Development.

Wanted at once—Three chicken catchers. Apply room

Is it possible for a "plumb" to thrive when the "gardener" has gone into the coffee business?

Herman Smith wants a cook.

Mr. Stone (German)—This is the third time today that you failed to answer.

Mr. D.—t—Give me some time for consideration, Mr. Stone.

Mr. S.—Certainly, Mr. D., do you think two semesters will be enough.

Miss C.—Life would be awfully funny without any pleasure.

Prof. D.—No, it would not be funny at all.

Miss Moore—I should like to give this ((Christmas song)), but it will be impossible to make it effective unless then young men sit by themselves.

Miss K.—Mr. Epley, can I close the door?

Mr. E.—Why, I suppose so if you push hard enough.

Mr. Epley (calling roll)—Speak up lively or you'll have to call on Lady Grey.

At the Faculty B. B. Practice.

Miss Abild, surrounded by a tall Forrest, made a very artistic picture.

Miss George (Observ. Class)—Mr. Deerwester, you needn't go, we will be out of here in just a minute.

Mr. D.—So will I.

Teacher—"What three words are heard oftenest in the Senior class:

Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—Correct.

—Ex.

Mr. R.—Elna, where were you this afternoon?

Elna—Why, I was taking a Knap (nap).

Mr. Deerwester (speaking of mechanical schools)—There was a growing decrease in that class of schools.

Comparison of Adjectives?

Ill—sick—dead.
Die—dead—buried.

F—ierce lessons.
L—ate hours.
U—nexpected company.
N—othing prepared.
K—nocked understanding.

—Ex.

Prof. Forest—I don't know how true it is, but it was told to me by an Indian from "down below."

Wouldn't the Normal Seem Strange

If Kitty didn't talk|
If Miss George used her Xmas present.
If C. A. talked to the girls.
If nobody flunked in Eng. Grammar.
If there was no one on hand to eat the things made in room 1.
If the training school "kids" behaved.
If Mr. Stone's red ink gave out.

Small dog
Railroad track
Toot—toot
Sausage.

—Ex.

Mr. Forrest (in Methods Class)—Bee to the front in everything. Study and use all the new methods. The only time you don't want to ride in the front wagon is when you are at a funeral."

Training school pupil writing an invitation to Friday morning Christmas exercise: "I write asking your presents at our Christmas exercises on Friday morning.

Charlie looked at —
Oh the pretty Miss —
He drew a little nearer,
'Then gently stole a—Way.

Enthusiasm is the height of man; it is the passing from the human to the divine.—Emerson.