

V. 10 No. 2



Messenger

November, 1910

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TERMS—SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

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Vol. X.

• November, 1910

No. 2

Editorial



The Messenger is ready again for your inspection. We hope that it will be a source of pride to you as a school for we are surely trying to make it worthy of your commendation. This paper is a student publication "of the students, for the students and by the students." It's our paper to be proud of or ashamed of—ours to read, talk about, laugh over, and contribute to. And it's ours to encourage and support,—“to make or mar.” And so let us “make” it by standing by each other nobly and our success as a School paper will be assured.



Have you bought your Lecture Course ticket yet? Well, hurry up! We wonder if you appreciate the pleasure in store for you. We who heard last year's talent are certainly anticipating much from this season's attractions. We were so delighted with Madame Langendorff, that we are more than anxious to hear her again. And there are others on the Lecture Course this year, equally good in their lines of work: Judge Lindsay, Hubbard of

the Chicago Tribune, Champ Clarke, and Mrs. Davenport-Engberg. We extend to the Committee our highest appreciation for their care and good judgment in securing these artists and promise our most loyal support.



We hear that the Football boys are having financial troubles. This is partly due to the fact that we haven't turned out as we should to the games. It comes back to that old question of School spirit which we so painfully lack;—that same spirit which prompts us to discourage the Students' Association and forget to subscribe to *The Messenger*. Let's plan some way to help the Football boys, for they need it and it's our duty and pleasure to help them.



We are glad to see the bulletin board adorned with Basketball practice notices. The teams are responding to the call of their Classes enthusiastically. Who is going to win the Kline Cup is the burning question of the hour.



The thanks of the Staff are extended to those who helped us in last month's publication, especially to those who aided us by criticism. If this issue is better than last—we hope it is—it is due to you who have given words of encouragement. Please do not be afraid of hurting our feelings, for it is in the interests of the paper we are working and will welcome criticism favorable or unfavorable that will tend to the betterment of the paper.



Almost vacation time, Normalites! How gladly we will welcome a few days' cessation from our School cares. Home, and the home folk, a little rest,—and the Thanksgiving turkey will send us back renewed and strengthened for better work.



THE NERVOUS CHILD.

Miss Arabella Annabella Wilhelmina Wild,

So everybody says, is a very nervous child.

When asked to mind the baby,

She says she'll do it, maybe,

If she doesn't have a headache when she's finished with her play.

When told in school to mind the rule,

She says she thinks the teacher cruel;

She says if she must do such things, she really cannot stay.

O, Arabella, Annabella Wilhelmina Wild,

So everybody says, is a very nervous child.

—May Turner in *Woman's Home Companion*.



A REMINISCENCE.

Manual, the captain-elect of next year's foot-ball team; Meacham, Ellery and Pilling sat in their den in the Beta Kappa fraternity, at the University of M.—, talking over the prospects of a championship football team for the coming year.

Every position on the team could be filled with a capable, experienced man, excepting that of center. This position could not be definitely filled, because of the opportunity there might be of developing a better candidate out of the raw material that would graduate from the High Schools of the State and enter the University the following year. In the meantime if, during their Summer vacation, they should meet some big, husky young man who seemed promising as a football player, it would be advisable, they thought, to persuade him to enter the University and try out for the Eleven.

At last their year of hard, grinding study at college was over. Manual went to the city to assist in his father's business. Meacham went to the mountains of the West. Ellery and Pilling betook themselves to the country, to bask in the sunshine and to assist with the work on the farms.

They corresponded with each other and, among other incidents, narrated Summer experiences. Pilling reported to his captain that he had found a very likely candidate for the position of center, in the shape of a big, tow-headed fellow,—Storberg by name,—who tipped the scales at one hundred ninety-seven pounds when in good condition. Manuel decided to come down, to look him over and question him concerning his plans for the future.

Storberg had played a star game as center during the season passed on his High School eleven. After considerable weighing of the opportunity, he decided to enter the University of M.—, and try-out for the Eleven. He was coached on some points of college life by Pilling, who, from past experiences, realized the struggle a new man at college has in getting settled properly into the swing of college life.

The vacation days came quickly to an end, and the prospective candidates for the football squad were urged to register early to be on hand for the first practice.

Each train brought bright young men to dabble in books and study athletics, and young maidens to learn how to blush most becomingly and how to curl their hair after the latest approved fashion.

Nearly all the former squad were present, among the new men being Storberg, who found the environment of the University novel, and a considerable contrast with that of his country home. His great physique was admired by the boys, and his shock of tow-colored hair was commented upon daily by the co-eds. The coach issued orders for all men who expected to try for the Eleven to turn out in suits this afternoon.

There were present at the turn-out, long and short, lean and sleek, tow-haired and red-haired,—all the shapes, styles and sizes that go to make up the sterner sex. Some were pugnacious-looking fellows,—others a little more meek in appearance.

Out of this conglomeration of a typical college football squad were to be developed, disciplined and coached, eleven strong-limbed, mighty-muscled, cool-headed, young men, to endure the grind and toil of the gridiron in honor of their University against the other Universities of the conference, that were trying equally as hard to overcome the odds and turn out a winning team.

Storberg did not have clear sailing in toil for the position. There was present a young man from a different part of the State, who had as good a record, but in weight and development didn't equal Storberg's physical build. After long deliberation, the coach and officials decided to let Storberg play the position at center, and use this other man as a substitute, because of Storberg's seemingly superior ability to plunge through the opposing line and break up the plays.

After a few weeks of toil in practice, they met the University of C's Eleven in the first game of the season. The side-lines and yard-lines on Northrup Field, soon to become the scene of battle between two human machines of bone and sinew, lay in their staring whiteness.

The grand-stands at each end and side of the field were filled to overflowing with spectators and rooters of the respective Elevens. The yell-leaders were each coaching his band as to how to render with the most appropriate solemnity the yells and songs for the occasion. The megaphones, in the hands of enthusiastic rooters, gave vent to deep-voiced, touching exclamations of praise or disgust. Pennants and colors were in great evidence.

The teams were lined up for play. The University of C's

Eleven had the kick-off. The air vibrated with the yells of the rooters.

M.— had the ball, and by the brilliant line plunges of her back-field, gradually forged her way close to the goal line, but C—'s men were giants of mould and mettle, so M.— lost the ball on the third down.

The directions of the coaches were followed to the limit, but the first half closed with neither side having scored and C's. ball within two yards of her own goal.

The rooters again resumed their everlasting din between halves, vieing with each other in rooting for the individual members of their team.

Time was up and the second half begun with M— at the kick-off. Smith, of C—s. team, received the ball and carried it back in a sensational run to M—'s forty-five yard line. Ralston of C— then took the ball and was endeavoring to circle around left end, when Storberg, by a plunge through the line, got the ball by forcing it out of his grasp and made a dash for the goal. On and on he sped, the rooters yelling "touchdown!"—a mass at his heels trying to overtake him. Every muscle was tense; every eye riveted on the fleeing figure of red and gray. He reached the thirty-five yard line; one man stood in his way. It was C—'s quarterback. Storberg sped on, coming nearer and nearer to his opponent. His man was crouching for the tackle, when with a dodging side-stepping trick, Storberg passed him and had a clear field for the goal. On and on he sprinted. To cross that single line of white, with the ball, was the object of his flight. Nearer and nearer he drew. The rooters yelled, "Touch-down!" drowning out the official's whistle. Meacham kicked goal, and the score stood 6 to 0, in favor of M—, with twenty minutes left to play, and bedlam reigning in M—'s grand-stand.

Only a few minutes were left in which to play. C.— had the ball and was on M—'s five-yard line. The rooters yelled, "Stone-Wall!" The very air seemed tense with suppressed excitement. The ball was passed to full-back on the first down; but Storberg, by a heaving, plunging motion of his herculean frame, broke through and tackled him. The referee called "Second down and five yards to gain." Left half then took the ball for a plunge through right tackle, but was downed. "Third down and one yard to gain. "Stone-Wall," was the word hurled across the sidelines through the megaphones.

The ball was passed; full-back took it and in one mighty effort endeavored to plunge through right-guard,—but Storberg was there,
N. W. A., '12.

THE MESSENGER

THE MOUNTAIN VALLEY.

O, I love the mountain valley
 Filled with thrills of chirping birds;
 On every tree they rally
 In little fluttering herds.
 O, I love its trees and flowers,
 Tall pines, forget-me-nots,—
 Its rills and leafy bowers
 Entwined by tangled notes.
 I love to pluck the flowerettes
 That grow beside the stream;
 On little grassy jetts
 I love to sit and dream.
 O, the echoes of the valley,
 From hill to hill rebound
 And fill the mountain valley
 With sweet and gladsome sound.



BERTRAM'S TALE.

In the engine-room of a mill were a few men, seeking shelter from the falling trees of the forest. Among them was an old Indian named Bertram, who was fond of telling about the country as it was before the white man took possession. The wind did not abate and, while the men waited they started to "swap" stories. Soon it was the old Indian's turn, and this is what he told:

"It was in the good old days, before the mills were so thick in this section. I started out from the cabin, telling my squaw to cook what she had for dinner, as I did not think I would shoot anything that morning. I walked down the hill, at the foot of which was the entrance to the forest. I had taken my gun, in case I should have a chance to get some fresh meat which we needed.

Walking aimlessly through the woods, I came to Bertram Creek, and, glancing across, saw a deer in front of a large fir tree. Raising my gun, I aimed and fired, but the deer never moved, so, without changing the position of my gun, I emptied all of the five remaining bullets into the deer. It never fell, and I began to think some one had worked a practical joke, so, rolling up the legs of my overalls, I waded over, found that my first bullet had passed through the deer's heart and into the tree. As the aim had not been changed, each bullet had passed through the heart into the tree, and the force had been such, and the aim so perfect, that there had been a leaden nail formed which reached from the heart of the deer into the tree, and held the deer in the upright position.

“Putting the deer over my shoulder, I carried it back across the creek and, as I could carry it no farther, I decided to go home after my cart and horses. I started to unroll my overalls, when, to my surprise, fish began to fall out of the creases and, as I kept unrolling them, more fish fell out, till I had so many I couldn’t possibly have carried home my load. So, leaving the fish and deer near the trail, I went home, and soon came back with the horses and cart.

“The roads were only trails then and the horses were hitched tandem style, with raw-hide harness, and a cart just wide enough to get through the trail. I rode the front horse and trusted that the second horse and the cart would get through all right.

“I got off the horse and loaded the deer and fish into the cart, then, getting back on the horse, I started for home. When I reached the foot of the hill that I had to climb to reach the cabin, it started to rain. Looking back to see if I still had my load, I started up the hill. It kept raining harder and harder, but I kept right on. When I reached the door, I jumped off the horse and, looking back, saw the cart sitting at the bottom of the hill, with the harness still hitched to it, but the horses were at the door. When it started to rain the raw-hide had become wet, the harness had stretched and, the cart having such a load, had stayed at the bottom of the hill.”

The old Indian, when asked what he did then, said: “I just took the straps off the horses and hung them on a stump, put the horses in the barn and went in the house. Pretty soon it stopped raining, the sun came out and, as the harness dried, the cart came toward the cabin. When it reached the door I unloaded the stuff, and we had fresh deer meat for dinner and spring trout for supper.”

RILLA BALL, '11.



VACATION EXPERIENCES.

Some writer has told the story of a man who, while making a trip in foreign lands, thought much of the pleasure he would give his friends by telling them of his experiences. But when he reached home, he found his friends so much engrossed in their own affairs that they would not hear him. So, finally, he hired a man by the hour to sit quietly and listen to him.

Having no money left to employ a paid listener, and fearing that my friends might not take any too willingly to the martyr’s role, I have said little since my return about my vacation experiences. What longings have filled my heart, however, for someone to whom I dared say, “That reminds me of when I was down at——”; or, “You will be interested in hearing——” etc., I shall

not confess; nor shall I record here the feelings with which I heard the Editor say to-day, "Will you please write about your vacation experiences for *The Messenger*?"

Long ago,—that is to say, some time ago.—I was taught, while undergoing an initiation into the mysteries of the English composition that one of the secrets of good style is to leave something for the imagination of the reader. Dear Reader, if any such there be, you have here something to work upon.

A writer, whom I hesitate to mention in student circles, won immortal renown by describing one of his trips in the classic, "I came, I saw, I conquered." A modern and recently adopted American, has perpetuated his name unto the ages by reporting his railroad experiences as, "Off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in, Flan-nigan." My own story might be condensed into, "I went, I stayed a-while, I came back." were it not for the feeling that possibly my remuneration for these services may be measured by the Rooseveltian standard of one dollar the word, in which case silence would not be golden, nor brevity the soul of wisdom. In justice to all concerned, however, it should be said that the Editor has laid no restrictions upon me; not even saying, as one editor has been quoted as replying to a reporter's request for instructions: "Tell the truth, this ain't no lion business." Lacking such instructions, I am able to give the reader's imagination a second helping.

My vacation experiences were embraced within the limits of a trip to Southern California and back as to space, and from the eighteenth of June to the twenty-third of August as to time. Once upon a time, when a man with seventeen children, tried to negotiate with a showman for the privilege of taking the family in to see the elephant, the showman, with a keen appreciation of the fitness of things, said: "Hold on! I'll bring the elephant out to see the family!"

My entire family accompanied me on the trip, yet its size is such that I am confident of my right to say that "we" went to see California. The experience was an interesting one to me, because it was the realization of a childhood's dream. Growing up in an interior state, with no more of travel than falls to the lot of the average farmer boy in a family which has a fixed habitation; yet with the opportunity to gratify to some extent a hunger for books and reading, I early developed a strong desire to "see California."

Friends and neighbors "moved" occasionally to that far-off region, and one of the pleasant incidents of my vacation was renewing acquaintances at Santa Barbara and elsewhere with some of the good country neighbors and playmates of thirty years ago.

One of the interesting experiences of a "newcomer" who has spent his previous years in a staid Eastern community is to realize that so large a percentage of his new neighbors, like himself, "have come from somewhere." This seems as true of California as of Washington.

California, therefore, was new to me. I had never seen it before. New, also, was the mighty sweep of the Pacific westward, as its billows rolled in from their journey of 7,000 miles. But two things troubled me, somewhat. One was the fact that "the top of the map" wouldn't locate the north star and, consequently, I was somewhat mortified to find that, frequently, when I'd "look away across the sea," in the supposed direction of the Orient, I'd see some decidedly American hills in view. The other annoying thing was the unlearning of the etymological lesson of long ago, that *pax*, *pacis*, *pacific*, signifies "peace." On neither voyage, up nor down, were we troubled by a violent storm, but "upheavals" were sufficient to lead us to believe that Neptune has in the Pacific no ground for complaint. And after a novice has had pointed out to him the scenes of the tragedies of the ill-fated Valencia and the Rio Janeiro, he listens with interest, when, in the darkness of the night, he is roused from sleep by the solemn and frequent sounding of the fog-horn.

One of the most interesting features of a trip to Europe, or even to New England, is the opportunity to visit literary shrines; the places immortalized by the residence of the great makers of literature or its great characters. No less surely has the world-famed harbor of San Francisco, with its "Golden Gate," obtained a place in the imagination of man. Few ships enter the Bay of San Francisco, and few leave, whose passengers do not throng the decks to catch a first or last glimpse of that charming ensemble of water and land, of hill and sand-dune, of cliff and dashing wave, of houses and groves, of smokestack and Mission cross. A few ask in disappointment, "Where is the gate?" but to the majority the view is one of the most charming in any land.

The stranger's interest, however, does not die with his entrance into the great harbor. San Francisco herself, the apparently helpless plaything of the giant forces of earth, of the devouring flames and of that human vulture, the spoilsman, proves none the less absorbing. San Franciscans shun all mention of "the quake." They feel the humiliation of their graft exposures and condonement trials. But as they watch the tourist's wonder grow as he begins to comprehend the stupendous building operations of the last four years, they warm with pride over "the fire." There are a few places, however, where "the quake" comes in for its deserts. Out at Palo Alto, the seat of the great

Leland Stanford, Jr., University, in the cracked walls, fallen arches and demolished Memorial Church bear mute testimony to the great architectural tragedy.

The Puget Sound country endeavors to appropriate the phrase, "playground of America," and in scenic features none dares dispute her claim. But she lacks the warm sun and warm sea waters which enable Southern California to contest her title. That wonderful city, Los Angeles, is some twenty miles from the seashore, but when her hundreds of thousands of people, and the ever-present, ever-changing tourist army, afternoons, evenings, Sundays, Saturdays and holidays, flock to the miles and miles of neighboring beaches, one feels that here is a region cosmopolitan, a meeting-place of the nations, a play-ground for the world.

The Eastern tourist, after traversing the hot, dusty plains of Nevada or Arizona, is delighted with the occasional areas of green, the groves of orange, lemon and peach. But to the traveller from the North, the one whose eyes are accustomed to look upon the restful, refreshing foliage of the Evergreen State, California, in the summer season at least, is disappointing.

And thus, while he may bear away pleasant memories of generous hospitality of citizens, high admiration of constructive enterprise, restful and yet invigorating contact with warm waters under sunny skies, refreshing alternatives of green groves with brown or barren wastes, he comes back to the land of the towering fir and the matchless rhododendron, of snow-capped peaks and mirror lakes; of dashing streams, gem-decked bays and unequalled sunsets, thankful for the opportunity of living amid such scenes and thus, through rest of body and peace of mind, blessed by his vacation experiences.

FRANK DEERWESTER.



NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

At the recent meeting of the National Educational Association, in Boston, those having the meeting in charge advertised Boston as a most fitting place for the teachers of the country to gather together. I heard a lady from Philadelphia object to this statement which, by the way, many of the speakers used to introduce their speeches, saying that Boston was not the center of learning, and that her historical and educational advantages were not greater than those of many other cities, mentioning Philadelphia as an example.

Be that as it may, the teachers of Boston made these old historic spots very attractive to her visitors. It's about some of

the things they did for us I am going to write, rather than about the real work of the convention. I just want to say in passing that the most noteworthy feature of the Association, was the election of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young as its president.

The Fourth of July celebration was planned with reference to visiting teachers. There were two attractive features. In the morning there was a parade of the school children of Boston. They had worked out the periods of United States history in floats, some of which were very unique.

In the afternoon was President Taft's address at the Harvard Stadium. He began his address by saying he was delighted to see us, etc.

There were the usual receptions, one in particular for Mrs. Young; the usual concerts and lectures.

They planned walking parties to visit the old landmarks in the city. These were very delightful, in spite of the heat. Our party was very fortunate to have for a guide the President of the Historical Society, who is a Boston teacher and a thoroughly delightful woman. These parties were all conducted by teachers from the Boston schools. These trips included visits to the old burying grounds. There are three of these: King's Chapel burying grounds is the oldest; was established about the time of the settlement, and contains tombs of many Colonial families. The Granary contains tombs dating from 1660. Here are found tombs and graves of Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Hancock, Paul Revere, Peter Faneuil and many others of distinction and interest. The Kopp's Hill was the second burial place established. It was first used for interment in 1660. The Superintendent of these grounds has written histories of the people buried there. He related very many interesting stories of them.

We also visited the famous Old South Meeting House. Those wearing the N. E. A. badge were admitted free of charge. The present building was built in 1729. The place is used as a museum of historical relics. It is owned by the Old South Preservation Committee, composed of twenty-five Boston women. We were then taken to the Old North Church or Christ's Church, as it is commonly called. We sat in a pew and cooled off while the sexton told us the history of the church. He showed us the kind of lantern which hung in the steeple on the night of Paul Revere's famous ride. The church is still used as a place of worship. We were taken to the old State House,—also the new one,—Paul Revere's home, Faneuil Hall and many other old landmarks.

Then there were excursions to out-of-town points of interest. One day we went to Lexington, Concord and Sleepy Hollow. We

passed the homes of Emerson and Louisa M. Alcott. At Lexington our guide showed us the battle field and the position of the Minute Men. At Concord we lunched at a Colonial Inn, a building used by the American forces as a store house. Here we saw the Old North Bridge, the Battleground, the graves of the British soldiers, and the statue of the Minute Men.

There were other excursions to Plymouth Rock, to Salem, to Harvard College, to Elmwood, and many other places of historical interest.

I cannot speak too highly of the courtesy and attention shown us by the teachers and citizens of Boston.

M. D.



SENIOR NOTES.

The Senior Class of the B. S. N. S. were at home to the School and Faculty on the evening of October 22, 1910. The Senior reception has become one of the annual affairs of the School, and the present Class outdid the former Classes by their genial hospitality to Students and Faculty.

The rooms in which the Class entertained were very prettily and artistically decorated with sprays of Oregon grapes, branches of Autumn leaves and chrysanthemums.

Dainty refreshments were served in Miss Hay's room, which was lighted by candles, the artistic holders of which were made by the Senior girls in the Art department. The tables were bedecked with clusters of grapes and Autumn leaves.

The blackboards of the Music room were covered with clever

little sketches by Miss Hogle, representing popular songs. In hidden nooks were found names of the Faculty in "Senior hieroglyphics." Mr. Stark and his orchestra of Normal students furnished delightful music during the evening. Miss Busby, who has recently come to the Senior Class from an Iowa Normal, rendered several charming selections.

Party favors were tiny pennants of the Normal colors, with the Class number upon them. A GUEST.

Miss Florence Plumb has been visiting at her home in Seattle.

We are glad to report that Miss Lee Dickson is able to walk again. Miss Dickson sprained her ankle several weeks ago.

Pearl Hightower spent several days at her home in Seattle this week.

The Seniors "got acquainted," not only with themselves at their informal little party the first of the month, but with a couple of Juniors as well. The rest of the Junior Class was entertained by the Seniors on Schome Hill. The Seniors and Juniors, with the possible exception of two of them, enjoyed themselves immensely, and hope that another opportunity will be given them to show their commendable spirit of generosity.

Out Basketball girls have begun their regular practices. Miss Abercrombie tells us that the turn-out and material promises well for the glory of the Seniors. We certainly accept Adelaide's statements when basketball is the subject in question.



HEART THROBS.

With hair disheveled, unkempt,
 Eyes burning, and aching head,
 A maiden sits through the sma' wee hours
 Cramming History of Ed.
 "Cram!—cram!—cram!
 For the wicked there is no rest,"
 She sighs, and eats a chunk of fudge;
 "Tomorrow we have a test."
 Cram!—cram!—cram!
 While daylight dawns in the East.
 And cram!—cram!—cram!—
 Both fudge and facts are the feast.
 And it's "Oh! to be a bird
 And fly to the farthest West!"
 For the saddest song that ever was heard
 Is "Tomorrow we have a test!"
 So she looked up all the Schools
 That lived in the years gone by,
 And the men and their favorite rules;
 The "where," the "when," the "why!"
 Cram!—cram!—cram!—
 'Till she thought her task was done—
 But of all the questions she had crammed
 He asked her—never a one!



JUNIOR NOTES

Oh! Seniors dear
 And did you hear
 The news that's going 'round.
 The Juniors have you beat a block—
 They've run you to the ground.
 The other eve
 The Junior Class
 A party they did give,
 And, Seniors, you shan't ever know
 What things the Juniors did.

—N. A. C., '12.



Myrtle Egtvet, while spending the week-end at her home in Seattle, attended the Queen Anne-Broadway game.

Esther Franson spent the week-end with her parents in Seattle.

Miss Felt (in Junior Class observation)—How would you rather be executed; as Mary, Queen of Scots, or Joan of Arc.

Class (in unison)—As Mary, Queen of Scots.

Miss F.—No, that's not right, for a hot steak is better than a cold chop.

The Junior basketball team has been organized. Those turning out are: Anna Hadeen, center; Lucile Nicols and Era Franklin, forward; Lillian Cook and Miss Crossman, guards; Era Franklin was elected manager. With Mr. Bond as coach, we ought to do some good work. Get busy, Juniors!

FRESHMAN NOTES.

On Wednesday, October 19, at Students' Hour, a meeting of the First Years was called for the purpose of Class Organization. The following officers were elected:

- President Mr. Gubbins
- Vice-President Mr. Odle
- Secretary-Treasurer Mr. Lidell
- Sergeant-at-Arms Mr. Vandermei

The Class teachers are Miss Dawson and Mr. Moodie.

Mr. Sloan was appointed by President as Chairman of Constitutional Committee to revise and act upon old constitution; or if necessary, to draw up a new one.

In order that members of the Class might become better acquainted, it was suggested that we have a party in the near future. Miss Allen was appointed as Chairman of entertainment committee.

A Committee on Class Colors was also appointed.

In meeting on October 26th no report was given by Committee on Constitution.

Miss Allen reported favorably for a party and Class voted on Friday, November 4th, as the most convenient time.

Orange and black were chosen as the Class Colors.

The matter of a girls' basketball team was discussed. It was decided to let the girls who desired to play list their names on bulletin board. A number of girls responded and also a number of boys of other Classes, desiring to be conspicuous, added their names to the list and some were so persistent after fame that they added their names a second time after they were scratched out the first time.



A FOOTBALL COURTSHIP.

I.

Autumn maiden
Full of fun;
Football player,
Chapter one.

II.

Maiden waves a flag of blue
From the grand-stand—
Chapter two.

III.

Foot-ball player turns to see;
Down he tumbles—
Chapter three.

IV.

Lost some hair and what is more
Lost his heart—

That's Chapter four.

V.

And he says as surgeon mends,
 "I've won my goal," and that's the end
 Except there'll be a wedding soon
 And then a happy honeymoon.—Ex.

❖ ❖ ❖



A little boy went into a drug store and asked for some pills.
 "Anti-bilious?" inquired the clerk.
 "No; uncle," said the boy.

❖

A small girl went into a store for some red dress goods. She knew what color she wanted but could not make the clerk understand. Finally she turned and went out into the street, where she stopped an old man. "Will you please come with me a minute?" she said. Bringing him to the dress goods counter, she said triumphantly: "It's just the color of this gentleman's nose."

❖

E. F. (Cupid) was heard complaining that she couldn't play her role any more since her bow (or beau) was stolen.

❖

"There is no good in the devil." Proof: Drop the "d" in spelling his name and you have "evil"; drop the "e" and you have "vil" (long sound of i); drop the "i" and you have "1" (giving the sound as in cockney English) and you have what Billy Sunday calls H-E-L-L. Here's the devil from A to Z. Devil—Evil—Vile—Ill—Hell.

❖

Mr. Bever (in English History)—"What was the attitude of Henry toward Thomas a Becket, Mr. Holcombe?"

Mr. Holcombe—"Why, he was very sorry after he died."

❖

Mrs. Figgers (with newspaper)—"Do you know, Henry, that every time you draw your breath somebody dies?"

Mr. Figgers—"Well, I'm sorry; but I can't help it. If I quit drawing my breath I'll die, too!"



"Do you know that a gaseous emanation from radium is transformed into belium, Miss Elderly?"

"Now, Mr. Jinks. I'll just bet you are talking love to me in Latin."—Ex.



Mrs. Thatcher (to Section C)—"What are you singing over here?"

Answer (from Section A)—"Terrible!"



WANT ADS.

Wanted:—To take advanced zoology course this semester.—D. D. and T.

Wanted:—To know why some of the Junior girls are so anxious to meet the "Lord."

Wanted—To know what kind of gum A. H. invests in.

Wanted:—Exact information as to the best way to get "nickels" (Nichols)—Apply to N. A., Jr. Class.

Wanted:—To learn how to dance.—E. P.

Wanted:—To know why A. R. always helps N. C. get her books out of her locker.

Wanted:—Some one to write "See Me" on plans for Miss Drake. She is much overworked in that line.

Wanted (by the Seniors):—Knowledge of the postal laws.

Wanted:—To know who belongs to "that" smile.—C. L.

Wanted:—To engage the same locker next year.—N. A. C. R.

Wanted:—To find a good shoe store.—A. R.

Information Given:—Everyone should have an "Aim"—er—two in school.—L. N.

For Sale:—Cheap! Hair ornaments. Special line of scarlet bands.—Row Guineas.

Wanted:—Short stories for The Messenger.

Wanted:—To know why L. N. studies so hard after school.

Wanted—Some one to call me dearie.—M. F.

Wanted:—To learn how to sing bass.—A. R.

Note—We wonder why?



"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"

Said one of our best poets:—

But a "gallant youth" at the Normal

Is a prize and the girls all know it.

—M. F. '12.

I send this message thru' pity
 To one that is dear to me,
 In hopes that a Senior laddie
 Buys "Herpicide" in quantities.—Jr.



She—"Why do they always cheer when a fellow is hurt in a football game?"

He—"So the girls can't hear what he's saying."—Ex.



Our Normal is so large
 And the Seniors are so small,
 That the Juniors have an awful time
 Escorting them through the hall.

—M. F., '12.



Applicant at the Golden Gate—"Pray, let me in."

St. Peter—"Hast thou fulfilled the commandments and done good without ceasing?"

Applicant—"From my earliest recollections."

St. Peter—"Didst thou subscribe for The Messenger?"

Applicant—"No; I read the other fellow's."

St. Peter—"Go below!"



HEARD IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Mr. B (discussing the church of England)—"There was a bishop, and in this bishop was a cathedral."

Miss B. (discussing the court system)—"They were fined for breeches of promise."

After this Mr. Bever remarked that he thought a Messenger correspondent might be getting some material.



A wise old owl lived in an oak.
 The more he heard the less he spoke.
 The less he spoke the more he heard,
 Why aren't we all more like this bird.



Girl—"Miss Gottlieb, your medicine is no good."

Miss G.—"Did you buy the peroxide for a gargle?"

Girl—"No."

Miss G.—"Did you buy that quinine?"

Girl—"No."

Miss G.—"W-e-l-l !"

You can imagine how Miss G. said "Well!"



Miss B. (to American History Class)—"You might just as well talk to a block of wood as to a block-head."

Clifford's heart is in a whirl
 At the sight of any girl;
 Be she young or be she old
 She to him is just like gold.



Heard in a Class Meeting—"The committee on basket ball; is she here?"—G.



Mr. Philippi (in Physics I)—"Miss Prichard, you may put problem three on the side board."



Modern Shakespeare:—"How much did Romey owe?"
 "That depends on how much July et."



He who knows, and knows that he knows. He is a Senior.

Revere him!

He who knows and knows not that he knows. He is a Junior.

Honor him!

He who knows not and knows he knows not. He is a Sophomore.

Pity him!

He who knows not and knows not he knows not. He is a Freshman.

Shun him!



CHORAL CLUB.

The Choral Club of this year appeared for the first time in public at the musical program given at Assembly hour, Friday, October 28. The girls were greeted with hearty and enthusiastic applause and being unable to satisfy the Assembly with two numbers, were called back to repeat the second number, by a special request from Dr. Mathes. The enthusiasm shown by the student body as a whole speaks louder than any written praise that can be given the Club.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Report of regular meeting held September 28th, 1910.

Board advanced \$76.50 to Mr. Holcombe to pay the expenses of the football team on its trip to Tacoma, on condition that the University of Puget Sound reimburse Mr. Holcombe the same amount after the game had been played.

Messrs. Rogers, Heath and Gibson were appointed on the Boys' Entertainment Committee.

The application of Miss Victoria Thibert for the position of Business Manager of The Messenger, to succeed Mr. Becker, was accepted by the Board.

Misses Rexroth, Caldwell and Gray were appointed as a committee to see about a School pin.

Salary and store bills to the extent of \$1,168.72, were allowed.

At regular meeting held October 5th—

Mr. Johnson allowed \$7.50 for extra help in the store for the month of September.

Mr. Deerwester authorized to join our Business Manager in drawing up a contract with Mr. Irish for printing The Messenger.

Owing to a misunderstanding the game with University of Puget Sound was not played. Mr. Holcombe's report of the expenses of the team—\$68.50—approved. Mr. Holcombe refunded balance of \$8.00.

Mr. Whipple was authorized to investigate the misunderstanding with the University, and see why the game was not played.

Mr. Johnson's Summer School report accepted.

Special meeting held October 8th.

Mr. Holcombe was authorized to draw \$60.00 from the general fund to defray expenses of the Broadway games.

At regular meeting held October 12th—

Mr. Holcomb's reported of the Broadway game accepted. Mr. Holcombe returns \$16.90 as a balance of the \$60 allowed.

The Treasurer was authorized to pay to the State Normal School \$159.54, for text books.

At regular meeting held October 19th—

Board decided to arrange for the taking of an Xmas offering for the Tulalip Indian School.

Store bills to the extent of \$87.89 were allowed.

At regular meeting held October 26th—

Athletic Manager's report for the Bellingham High game accepted.

Store bills to the extent of \$27.14 were allowed.

Adjournment.

HISTORY CLUB.

The History Club has been holding its regular meetings every Wednesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bever. There are twenty members enrolled and they are all enthusiastically working. At present each member is preparing the history of their home town or surrounding country, or perhaps the sketch of some man prominent in the Northwest. October 12th, Elsie Gabbert gave a sketch of Harvey Scott, who recently died, and is prominent in the history of Portland, Oregon. October 19th, Olga Olson gave a history of Bainbridge Island, and October 26th, Gertrude Gabbert gave the life and expeditions of Ezra Meeker.



Y. W. C. A.

The regular weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on Thursday, October 20th, was on Conference Echoes with Miss Violet Parker as leader. The meeting was followed by a social time at which refreshments were served and about one hundred girls received into membership, making a total of 145.

Next Thursday, November 3rd, we hope to have the Rev. Mr. Macartney at our Y. W. C. A. meeting to tell us about the World's Conference of Missions which was held in Edinburgh last summer.

One day last week each member of the Y. W. C. A. of the Normal School was the happy recipient of an artistic invitation, bearing the suggestive Jack-o-Lantern face and these mysterious words—

"Vampires and Jack-o-Lanterns jolly,
Bid you unto All-Hallow's folly!
Hither come by dark o'moon!
You cannot join the fun too soon!"
Gymnasium, Oct. 28, 8 p. m."

And there they all assembled—ghosts, witches, hobgoblins and the rest—and enjoyed one of the happiest parties of the season. If you don't belong to the Y. W. C. A. you don't know what you missed.

The Mission Study Committee offers a most attractive course in that work for this year. Listen!! Doesn't this sound interesting? "The Sunrise Kingdom," led by Miss Hillis; "Korea," with Miss Lucy Norton, Miss Carrie George and Miss Caldwell as leaders; "South America," with Emma Rexroth, and "Princely Men of the Heavenly Kingdom," under the leadership of Geneva Johnson.

We are proud to tell you that we have one hundred and four

girls engaged in active, systematic Bible Study. But we want more. Are you not interested in studying "The Life of Christ," "The Life of Paul," "Old Testament Heroes," or "The Old Testament by Books?" See the poster.



ALKASIAH.

Several weeks ago the members of the Alkasiah Society planned to give a party. This plan was carried out on Tuesday evening, October the twenty-fifth, when a crowd of young people were ushered into the Faculty Room by a silent but awe inspiring ghost.

The room was prettily decorated with yellow crepe paper and Autumn leaves. On the mantel were several jolly looking jack-o-lanterns.

When the lights were turned low, the room, with its decorations, made a very pleasing Hallowe'en picture.

The evening was spent in telling fortunes, playing games and telling weird ghost stories.

Apples, doughnuts, and marshmallows, toasted before the fireplace, were enjoyed by the guests.

After one last story all departed, declaring that they had enjoyed one of the most delightful of Hallowe'en parties.



PHILOMATHEANS.

On the evening of October 6th, the Philomathean Literary Society held their second meeting and gave a very interesting college program, followed by a business meeting and the initiation of the new members. The following were welcomed into the Society: Misses Inez Gibson, Geneva Johnson, Grace Devereaux, Gertrude Scott, Johnson, Anna Bachman, George Birney, Gilbertson, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Lidell.

The next meeting was held October 20th, and the following program presented:

PROGRAM.

DuetVirginia Mathes, Dorothy Deerwester
 Roll Call—.....Members answering with quotations about Autumn
 Debate—Resolved, That Organized Labor is more detrimental to the
 Country Than Organized Capital—Affirmative, Mr. Lidell; Nega-
 tive, Mr. Whipple.
 Recitation (Humorous)Miss Opal Spinning
 Questions to Be Settled by Our State at the Coming Election.....
 Miss Scott
 National Questions To Be Settled Miss Flowers
 Instrumental Solo Miss Laura Mellish

The program was well given and showed good work. The debate was won by the negative speaker, Mr. Whipple.

Last week the new Philomathean bulletin board made its public appearance. It is very suggestive and does credit to the makers.

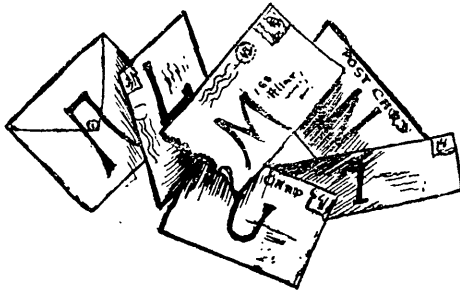
At the next meeting, Thursday, November 3rd, a Field-Riley program will be given. The Philomatheans are planning for several festivities in the future.



THE JOYS OF SCHOOL DAYS.

(Apologies to R. B.)

Oh, our school days' prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew unbraced.
 Oh, the climb to the Normal! The leaping up steps made of rock,
 The fast rushing of feet through the hallway in a race with the clock,
 And the plunge in the Training Department—the bad boys all there,
 With their sulkiness making the teacher jump out of his chair.
 Then the meal to be had in the Girls' Hall—the price is a dime—
 There's none ever left on the table despite the short time;
 And the sleep in the History of Ed Class—it's needless to tell
 That the instructor is wont to go warbling so softly and well.
 How good is this life, the mere living! How fit to employ
 All the time and the brain of the senseless forever—O, joy!



Miss Rossie Elzey, '10, is teaching at Chehalis.

Miss Mary DuBois, '09, is teaching again this year at LaConner.

Royal Niles is attending Whitman College.

Miss Winona Williams is teaching the 4th grade in the Ferndale school.

Miss Edith Fouts, '01, and Mr. George M. Dress, of New York City, were married in Bellingham Oct. 11th, by Rev. Father Ferland, of the Church of the Assumption.

The Misses Bessie Prickman and Lucy Crockman, '09, are teaching in Olympia.

Herbert Studebaker, '10, is teaching at Laurel.

The Misses Juanita Ambrose and Betsey Stenberg, '10, are teaching in the Bellingham schools.

Miss Margaret Bird is teaching again this year in the Primary Department of the school at Monroe.

Miss Margaret Walton, '10, is teaching in her home town, Snohomish.

Miss Josephine Augustine is teaching near Monroe.

Miss Esther Parkyn, '10, teaches at Hillyard, near Spokane.

Mrs. Grant Conley, nee Goldie Brown, who was married last winter, resides at Williston, North Dakota. Mrs. Conley will be remembered as being the author of a book of verses, entitled "Heart Songs."

Miss Bessie McDowell is teaching the South Sultan school.

Miss Gertrude Thompson is teaching at Silver Lake.

Miss May Pillman, '05, was married this summer and resides in Seattle.

Miss Clara Garrison is teaching at Belleville.

Miss Katie Westley is teaching the Primary Department of the Marsh school, near Everett.

Mr. Herbert Stinson is supervisor of a consolidated district in Lewis County.

Miss Mary Piltz is teaching at Lowell.

Miss Elsie Phillippi is teaching six miles from Walla Walla. She has four pupils and is reported to be almost "worked to death."

Miss Mary Smith has a school near Walla Walla.

Miss Florence Currier, '10, is teaching the Sixth Grade in the Ellensburg Public Schools.

The Misses Ethel Nichols and Frances DesAulniers, both members of the class of '10, are teaching at Arlington.

Miss Grace Armstrong, '10, has a position in the Blaine schools.

Miss Annie Bowie, '10, is teaching in the City Schools at Goldendale, and her sister, Miss Margaret, '10, is working in the County Superintendent's office at the same place.

Miss Emma Currier, '09, was married last June to Winifred Burch, a prominent business man of Ellensburg.

Miss Audrey Arline Carnine and Mr. Albert LeRoy Chapman were married at Kalama, Wash., October 30th.

Miss Bess Nichols, '10, is teaching at Leban, Wash.

Miss Elizabeth Hemphill, '10, who is teaching at Auburn, spent the week end of October 14th visiting here with Hedwig Utzinger.

Misses Laura Souders and Ethel Agen, both '10 graduates,

are located at Woodland, Wash., where Ethel Gerding, '09, is teaching also.

A Bellingham visitor this month was Miss Ethel Nichols, '10, who has a position in the Arlington schools.



“There, but for the grace of God, goes Jonathan Edwards.”
 —Jonathan Edwards, on seeing a criminal passing to his fate
 “Not one of us but might look at any fallen fellow-being and say:
 ‘There, but for the grace of a myriad of accidental circumstances,
 goes myself.’” —Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

A PLEA.

We know not, in life's humble way,
 The force which blunts our brother's lance;
 Men's souls striving in agony
 Against the walls of circumstance:
Have Charity!.

We dream not of heredity's bonds
 That bind and bruise our fellow-men,
 We see but halting, stumbling steps
 As they confront the world again:
Have Charity!

Be not thou, then, a pharisee
 Boasting of thine immunity,
 We—creatures all,— of circumstance,
 Must needs pray all for Charity!
—Goldie Wreston Brown.



CALENDAR.

- Oct. 5.—Heap big powwow in Normal camp at Students' Hour—
 Football Rally—
 Did we whisper? Oh, no.
 Did we talk? Yes, some.
 Did we sing? Just a few.
 Did we yell? Well, rather.
- Oct. 6.—Miss Baker lectures on Equal Suffrage. Cheer up, we may vote yet.
- Oct. 8.—Broadway High Boys visit the Dormitory. Was everything happy? Well, I guess.
 Our boys put their lives on the altar for the Normal.
 For once in a lifetime there are nearly enough boys to go around at dinner.
 On this rainy night Our Dean returns.
 Quiet reins once again at the Hall.
- Oct. 10.—Lecture course on “How to Eat” “begins to start” at Edens Hall. The mystery of the bread and butter plate is explained in full.

- Sedate Seniors are somewhat surprised when Jovial Juniors journey up Sehome Hill—Thrilling capture made—
Which stairs did Myrtle fall down?
- Oct. 11.—Joking Juniors swipe the wrong penant from Assembly
—Naughty!
Dr. Stanton Coit lectures.
- Oct. 12.—Miss Lawrence entertains at dinner
The Normal cooks distinguish themselves.
- Oct. 13.—In search of information, Mr. Deerwester gives a Psychology test.
More etiquette at the Hall—The Seniors (poor dears) hear how to play “pa” and “ma.”
- Oct. 14.—Assembly.
The Juniors try to be funny.
To do something classy and bright,
To see them all so neatly quelebed
Was certainly a sight.
(How did they get it down?)
The Tenth Grades enjoy themselves by entertaining and feeding themselves
- Oct. 15.—Our gridiron heroes take a trip to Seattle—Cheer up! the worst is yet to come.
Once more again our instructors enjoy themselves when three of the ladies entertain. It behooves the students to get busy. The faculty is certainly setting a hot pace in the social line.
- Sunday, Oct. 16.—Dinner is served. Edens Hall dines in some style!
- Oct. 17.—Mrs. Frances Headlee talks with lantern slides on Hawawii—Lets save up our money and go.
Why this unwonted activity in the region of the rest room? Why this rush? Why this scurry? —The final roundup for physical exam. of High School, and recreant Seniors, takes place!
- Oct. 18.—The Board of Trustees presents a fine picture of Mr. Edens to the school—The Senior girls begin to “do things” in the basket ball line.
- Oct. 19.—First penant raising on campus by Seniors.
- Oct. 20.—Henry East, by mistake, recognizes a Normal girl—Said girl carried away on a stretcher.
- Oct. 21.—The Juniors gave a party.
The feed failed to arrive.
Who swiped that Junior ice cream?
It's not hard to decide.

Oct. 22.—Big game at the Fair Grounds—Our captain gets excited.

The Seniors give reception to faculty and students.

Oct. 24.—After careful deliberation and serious thought, as well as much discussion, we are allowed time to eat at noon.

Oct. 25.—The Alkasiah Club gives a jolly Hallowe'en party—Who was the ghost? The boys certainly had a close shave.

Oct. 26.—Mr. DeGross forgets to wear his striped sweater—Five inmates of the Hall are found in a dead swoon.

Miss Hayes talks on Nazimova—Tears are everywhere in evidence.

Oct. 27.—For recreation Mr. Deerwester gives a History of Ed. test. Weeping and nashing of teeth among the Seniors.

Oct. 28.—Students' program in Assembly.

The Y. W. girls give a Hallowe'en frolic. We are sorry, boys, but this is one time when you're not invited.

Oct. 29.—A large(?) crowd climbs Mt. Chukanut.

We occupy choice seats in the Normal box and enjoy Nazimova.

Oct. 30.—Five of the boys call at the Dorm. Mr. Becker's flirtation with a certain young lady is the feature of the evening.



The football season is at its height now all over the country and no little interest is being shown in this sport at the Normal. The boys are still turning out regularly for practice, and although they have been defeated in the three games they have played, yet they have put up a fine game in every case. There is no bright and shining star on the team such as we had last year, but the general line-up is far superior to that of last year. The line is strong and holds its own with any team the Normal has played this year. The forward pass which is being used a great deal this year, has not been mastered by the Normal team, a fact that is due to insufficient time and men for practice. The boys are playing with a

class of stronger teams this year than ever before, and considering the difficulties they encounter in putting out a team, they are doing remarkably well.

Games with Whitworth College, Everett, and the local High are talked of, but as yet no definite schedule has been made.



Royal Niles, who was captain and star halfback of the Normal team last year, is making a great name for himself on the Whitman College eleven. In the game with the U. of W. on Oct. 27, he did great work forward passing and kicking, and executed a clever drop kick for goal within one minute after the game started. The Normal school friends of Mr. Niles are proud of the showing he is making in college football.



BROADWAY HIGH, 29; BELLINGHAM NORMAL, 0.

On Saturday, Oct. 8, the Normal eleven met defeat at the hands of the fast Broadway High team of Seattle. The game occurred at the local fair grounds and the gridiron was a veritable sea of mud, consequently the players were treated to a fine mud-bath, and because of a wet ball and slippery field, good playing was almost impossible.

Broadway kicked off to the Normal and Brenizer got the ball and worked his way back to the center of the field before being downed. It was the longest gain made by the Normal team, for they were clearly outclassed and were placed on the defensive throughout the entire game. They put up a plucky fight, however, and were always in the game to the very last whistle.

Broadway resorted to loose plays and used the forward pass successfully a number of times. They had an excellent interference, which made their end runs good ground-gainers. The result was five touchdowns, two goals and a safety for Broadway bringing their score up to 29.

The Normal line-up: Odle, c.; Marshall, r. g.; Sloan, r. t.; Fritz, Krouse, r. e.; Tidball, l. t.; Thomas, l. e.; Copenhagen, l. e.; Cade, Johns, q. b.; Gubbins, Cade, r. h.; East, f. b.; Brenizer, l. h.



QUEEN ANNE HIGH, 20; NORMAL, 0.

On Saturday, October 15, the Normal eleven played the Queen Anne eleven at Seattle. For the first quarter the score stood 0 to 0 in favor of the Normal, for our boys had the better of the argument. The Normal line was stronger than Queen Anne's and could pile of the line-bucks of the Seattle boys quite easily.

In the second quarter Queen Anne adopted loose playing and

used the forward pass. This was responsible for their end of the score, for they were more experienced in this phase of football than the Normal boys. Queen Anne made four touchdowns, but did not kick a goal.

For the Normal, Krause and Fritz, our whirlwind ends, played star games, although "Stub" Cade at quarterback played in his usual consistent manner, and put up a brilliant defensive game.



BELLINGHAM HIGH, 11; NORMAL, 0.

On October 22nd, the Normal team played their old rivals, the Bellingham High eleven. Each school was represented by a large aggregation but for some reason the Normal crowd did not do as good cheering as usual. The weather was ideal, the Normal team was in fine trim and would have won the game but for the field officials. These worthy gentlemen either never knew the rules or had forgotten them, for they made a grand display of their ignorance in several important decisions; and the peculiar part of it is that the High School always profited by the ignorance of the umpire and the referee.

The teams were pretty well matched, although the Normal had a little best of the argument on straight line bucks. The Normal line held splendidly, and especially when the ball neared their goal. In the first quarter the High had placed the ball on the Normal's five-yard line, and then the Blue and White warriors held the line, the High thus losing the ball. The Normal then kicked out of danger. Again, later in the game, the ball was on the Normal's one-yard line, and our boys held for three downs and the High failed to carry the ball over the line.

The one play in which the High excelled was a fake, in which Gaffney, their quarter-back, carried the ball in a quick plunge through the line. This was the play which they used time and again, and was the one which gave them their first score. This was in the second quarter, and their other touchdown came in the fourth quarter, after the Normal team, in an attempt to play both the High eleven and the officials, had somewhat gone to pieces. In this last quarter the game was devoid of good football playing, and was marked only by constant disputes and occasional slugging and rough work.

The line-up:

High—	—Normal	
Tidball	center	Hawkins
Otto	left guard	Marshall
Howard	left tackle	Moultray

Wheeler	left end	Copenhaver
Meade-Aiken	right guard	Sloan
Thiel	right tackle	Tidball
Peters	right end	Krause
W. Southerland	right halfback	Gubbins
McPherson	fullback	East
Morgan	left halfback	H. East
Gaffney	quarterback	Cade



BASKET-BALL

“How do you feel after the game?” “I can hardly navigate, how are you?” “I love to play Basket-ball.” “Doesn’t she play dandy?” “I wonder who will make first team?” “Don’t forget practice tonight!” These are a few of the remarks that can be heard as you pass through the halls.

Basketball season has started in all its glory; and each athletic girl is going to take advantage of her opportunity in helping win the Kline Cup for her Class.

The Seniors were the first to make their appearance for practice on the evening of October 17. The line-up was excellent. The old players who have not played for years went into the game, as enthusiastically as if they had never stopped, and some of the new girls, who have never handled the ball, played like old players. Under the excellent management of Miss Stark and their coach, Mr. Holcombe, the Seniors are looking forward for some good playing.

The Juniors are out in full force with all their old and new

players. They are working hard and will give any team a hard fight to win. What Era Franklin, their manager, lacks in size, she makes up in enthusiasm and Class spirit. Mr. Bond, the Junior's stand-by, is out with his smile and good will to coach them, and with his assistance they will climb the ladder and print their name in the "Hall of Fame."

The First Years are the third in the line to go out into the field of Athletics. Although they are light that is no sign they cannot play; for last year we had as an example when the Second Years held their ground so bravely.

Wake up!!! other Classmen, and organize your teams. The Final games will be here and you will be sleeping.



EXCHANGES.

We are always glad to receive Exchanges and will see that none are neglected or overlooked. We received many Exchanges too late for our last issue, but will send our "Messenger" this month.

It is the privilege of the students to ask for other papers to be placed on our Exchange list. We want you all to take an active interest in this department as we know everyone enjoys reading the many good Exchanges which we receive.

The Whims, from Broadway High School: Your cuts and photographs are especially good; your directory of "Whim's" advertisers and system of coupons is the best we have ever seen in any of the papers.

"The Bugle," from Monroe, Michigan: Your paper, though small, is very interesting. Your jokes and editorial cuts are good.

"The Mankatonian," from Mankato, Minn: Your two poems were very good. Poems always add greatly to the attractiveness of the papers. You need a few good cuts.

"The Booster," from Chadron, Nebraska. You have the right spirit. Just keep on boosting.

The "Eh Kah Nam," from Walla Walla High School: You are a good, breezy little paper. We like your style and cuts.

"Vox Studentis," from Union City, Tenn.: Your material is good, but some good cuts would add greatly to the appearance of your paper.

"The Kodak," from Everett: Your literary Department could be worked up, but your class notes and jokes are especially good.

We hope to receive many more exchanges next month than we did this one.

IN THE AUDITORIUM.

Mr. John J. Edens, one of Bellingham's most noted pioneers, was born in Kentucky, from whence his parents moved to Missouri, and thence to Puget Sound, and for about forty years, Mr. Edens has resided in the Puget Sound region in the vicinity of Bellingham and has watched its marvelous growth.

Early in the settlement of this region good schools were established and in 1895 our own B. S. N. S. was started. Mr. Edens, as one of the first trustees, worked laboriously for its construction. All these years he has labored cheerfully and willingly on the Board and still remains the honored Senior member.

The past Summer, Mr. Edens made a trip to the East, the first since his residence in Washington, and in Atlantic City joined 15,000 veteran soldiers in their great encampment in that city. With pride he tells how for three hours, the 15,000 veterans marched in procession, and less than two hundred dropped out of the ranks because of fatigue. Spurred on by memories of former days and refreshed on the way by cooling drinks of ice water from the hands of daintily white-gowned children, who stood ready to serve them, they marched gallantly on, amid the vast throngs who assembled to do them honor. On former battle fields he again stood and with old comrades and old friends, some of whom, strange to say, wore the gray, he drove over the fields and in memory went back to the '60's.

Just before his departure, Mr. Clark, the registrar, camera in hand, visited Mr. Edens in his home and succeeded in securing an excellent photograph. This he quietly showed to the other members of the Board, and with their heartiest co-operation, had it enlarged.

Upon his return, Mr. Edens, with Mr. F. F. Handschy and J. J. Donovan, the other members of the Board of Trustees, were asked to visit the Normal that they might meet the students, so that the students might know them. A secret, draped in "Old Glory," was seen on the platform, as all gathered for morning assembly. Dr. Mathes presented Mr. F. F. Handschy, the Junior member of the Board, and after a short address to the students on Mr. Edens' work as a member of the Board, at his signal the Misses Richard and Freeborn tore back the drapery of "Old Glory," and there stood unveiled the splendid enlarged picture of John J. Edens.

It was a genuine but pleasant surprise to Mr. Edens and the School. The picture now hangs in the Trustees' Room, an inspiration to all.

The regular long assembly of Friday was postponed on Oct. 14th, until the following Monday when Mrs. Headlee very charmingly gave a stereopticon lecture on our own fair, balmy Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Headlee has recently made the trip and the pictures she presented were those secured during her sojourn among the islands.



We were delightfully entertained by Mr. Bond and Mr. Bever at the Assembly period of Oct. 22. Mr. Bond and Mr. Bever told their vacation experiences. We are always glad to hear from faculty members.



We hardly realized that such talent was in our midst until last Friday morning, when we were agreeably surprised by a program given by Student talent. The rendition of the following program was so much appreciated that we want a repetition of a Student program:

STUDENT PROGRAM.

Normal Auditorium, October 28, 1910.

Football Day	Veazie
	Chorus.
Flowers, Awake!	Warner
	Emma Rexroth
Cutting from "Madonna of the Tubs"	E. S. Phelps
	Alma Neilson
For a Dream's Sake	Cowen
	Willard Holcombe
Piano Solo, from "Lucia di Lammermoor"	Donizzetti
Absent	Metcalf
Kentucky Babe	Geibel
	Normal Choral Club



HIGH SCHOOL.

The Second Year Class of the High School was organized early in September. The last year's Constitution was amended and adopted and the following officials were elected:

Evelyn Newell	President
Horace Mather	Vice-President
Irma Wright	Secretary-Treasurer
Franklyn Sly	Sergeant-at-Arms

The First Year Class was organized Oct. 1, 1910. Officers were elected, as follows:

Mary Riordan	President
Darrell Williams	Vice-President
Fred Horst	Secretary
Thomas Allison	Treasurer
Thomas Bulmer	Sergeant-at-Arms

With fifty energetic boys and girls (more than twice the number we had at this time last year) the Normal High School seems to be a success in every way, with long years of prosperity stretching before it. Although not many of last year's pupils are back this year, the new Students bring new ideas and hopes with them and we are more fortunate than before. Both grades are working for the betterment of all, physically, mentally, morally and socially. There is much Class spirit in each organization, and several harmless clashes have occurred. Both grades are in the race for The Messenger pennant and each intends to win. On the whole, the High School seems to be flourishing and becoming an important factor in the School. We all feel that no small amount of our success is due to the guiding hand of Mr. Patchin. He has given unreservedly of his time and energy to bring us where we are today.

The first social event of the season occurred about three weeks ago when the new Class was entertained by the Tenth Grade. Although the gathering consisted chiefly of chaperons, they were all so interested in each other that both Classes had a most delightful time.

For various good reasons the boys have attempted nothing in the line of football this season. But basketball is not slighted. The boys are turning out for practice and expect to be in good condition soon. What they lack in weight they gain in speed; and although some of the fellows never saw a basket-ball before, all handle it like experts. Swartz, forward on last year's team, plays the same position and was chosen captain for this year.



NEGATIVE THANKFULNESS

Ma says 'at tomorrer's Thanksgivin'
 An' we ought to be thankful a lot;
 But in tryin' to count up my blessings
 I'm thankfullest fer what I ain't got.
 I ain't got the mumps ner the measles
 An' I ain't got hair that'll curl,
 An' I'm thankfuller 'n all creation
 That God didn't make me a girl.
 I'm thankful that all days ain't Sundays
 An' that all the fish haven't been caught,
 That Fourth of July ain't in winter,
 An' that Pa don't do what he ought.
 Fer he allus says he ought to give me
 A wallop in' right on the spot;
 But he don't—an' then he fergits it.
 Oh! I'm thankful fer what I ain't got.

—'11.



Misses may come, and misses may go,
 But old maids stay forever.—Ex.

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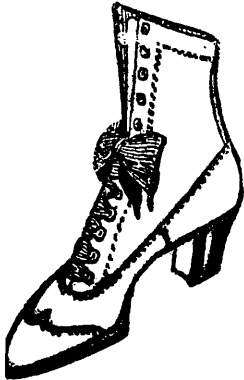
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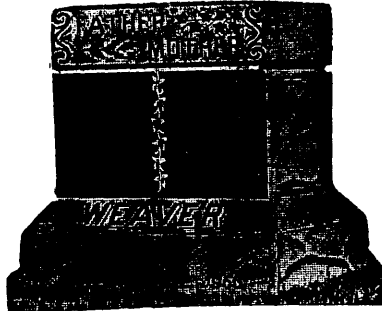
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