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All summer long, in sober green,
    They have stood in forest and vale,
Bending alder and slender ash
    And the oak tree sturdy and hale,
But now that winter comes apace,
    And the chill wind comes from the north,
Changing their garb, the sober trees
    In brilliant colours come forth.
Red and yellow, russet and gold,
    Wheresoever a good tree stands,
Made by the sun of summer long
    And a touch of the frost king’s hands.
Soon, too soon, will their beauty fade,
    And the wind sweep the leaves away;
To outlines bare against the sky,
    They will change in a single day.
—Dorothy Campbell
The Contest

She was the darling of the Oregon State Normal School, pretty Madge Eriington, with her saucy face, dark brown eyes, and wavy, raven locks. The only child of rich parents, who idolized her, she had always been spoilt, and the twenty years of her life had glided away without the faintest shadow ever darkening them. The girls of the O. S. N. S. made a pet of her, and it is not surprising that she should be somewhat willful and spoilt.

One afternoon in early June the students were all out on the campus, the boys playing lawn tennis and the girls promenading in the shade of the magnificent grove that shadowed the school building, while peals of merry laughter rang out, mingled with the voices of the tennis players.

There was one girl, however, who took no part in the amusements, but sat alone on one of the rustic benches, against a tree in the grove, with a book in her lap and her eyes bent upon it. She was a thin, pale-faced girl, with too weary and sad a look for a girl of eighteen summers. The only thing bright about her, for her dress was worn and dark, was her hair, a bright golden hue, hanging in a loose plait far below her waist. At a little distance was a group of girls, of which Madge Eriington was the center.

"I can't bear that girl!" said Clara DuBois, a blonde, with a cold look toward the quiet girl on the bench, "there is something so sullen about her."

"I don't like her, myself," said Madge. "There is certainly nothing attractive about her, and yet I don't think her sullen. She is of a nervous temperament, I should imagine, and is rather at a disadvantage here. Perhaps, under more favorable circumstances, she would make a better impression."

Clara DuBois tossed her head and spoke rather spitefully: "You needn't uphold her, Madge, she's running you pretty hard for the vocal music contest."

Madge flushed and curled her pretty lips. "Well, she hasn't
beaten me yet, and I don’t intend that she shall. I’ve set my heart on carrying off the prize, and it will take somebody better than that weak thing of an Ollie Vanderpool to win it from me.”

“I can’t, for the life of me, understand how her parents can afford to send her here,” said Clara, “and there are four or five other children besides Ollie.”

“Her expenses here are paid by a rich old uncle,” said Jennie Lee. “My papa knows him, and he is very rich, and just as queer as he can be. He must be frightfully mean, too, or he would give the girl some decent clothes, and not let her go so awfully shabby. Papa says that Mrs. Vanderpool will not get any of his money when he dies, for he has left it all to build some sort of a place. Of course, he must be half foolish. But look, girls, here comes Mrs. Vanderpool now, to pay Ollie a visit.”

A shabbily dressed woman, with a pale, tired face, was crossing the campus, and Ollie rose to greet her. They exchanged greetings and then turned towards the dormitory, at the other end of the campus. Some of the girls laughed, but Madge curled her lip as she looked after the two figures, the sunlight, as it flickered through the trees, catching the gold of the girl’s hair. The words of the president were rankling in her mind. She had always been very much flattered about her voice, of which she was not a little vain. She knew that Ollie Vanderpool had a very nice voice, but she had never for one moment suspected that it was in any way superior to her own, and the knowledge was a great blow to her pride. “But she shan’t have the prizes, anyway,” she thought to herself, triumphantly and a little spitefully.

A little later she had occasion to go to her room in the dormitory. As she passed Ollie’s room the door was partially open, and she involuntarily paused, as the sound of low, bitter weeping fell upon her ears.

“Don’t cry so, dear,” Mrs. Vanderpool was saying. “You may win after all.”

“No, mamma, there is not the faintest hope of that,” replied Ollie faltering, “You cannot imagine how I feel with all those cold, scornful, unfriendly eyes fixed upon me. None of the girls ever liked me. I haven’t a single friend in the whole school who would be glad if I should win, and I cannot have any confidence in myself. Now it is so different with Madge Erinton; they all love her and are ready to think the best of everything she does. Do you think my Uncle will really do as he says if I fail to win the prize.”

“I know that he will, dear,” was the sad answer, “he never changes his mind, and he hates anything like failure. He promised to send you abroad to have your voice cultivated if you won the prize for vocal music here; but he will not do so I am sure, dear if you fail.”
"And I shall fail," said Ollie with a fresh burst of sobs.

Madge started as if she had suddenly awakened, as indeed she had, for she was listening to what was not intended for her ears. With crimson checks she stole away, and for the rest of the day bright, merry Madge was very subdued and thoughtful.

The day for the annual vocal contest of the Oregon State Normal arrived, and the Chapel was crowded with friends and parents of the students. Among them, Mrs. Vanderpool in her well-worn black silk and shabby black hat, and beside her a little, dried up old man, with shrewd, twinkling eyes and thin, determined lips. Mrs. Vanderpool was pale, and her hands, in their carefully mended gloves, trembled. Her anxious eyes wandered from her daughter to Madge Erington. Such a contrast with the two girls. Ollie—so pale and unattractive in her plain dark dress, with her golden hair wound low on her neck; and Madge—her pretty face dimpling with smiles, clad in a dainty lace white robe, with blush roses in her belt and a diamond chain wound among her shiny black locks encircling her head. Was it any wonder that the mother's heart ached as she gazed?

At last the contest began and the two girls, Madge still smiling and entirely self-possessed, and Ollie pale as death and trembling like a leaf took their places. Madge was to sing first, and at once stepped to the piano. She looked so bright and winning as she stood there that a murmur of admiration went through the audience. The president decided that, to give the two girls an equally fair chance, they should both sing the same song, and the sweet Scotch ballad, "Annie Laurie," had been chosen.

The opening bars were played and Madge began to sing; and at once everybody was staring and the students were looking at one another in horrified amazement. What was the matter with Madge? Never had she sung so wretchedly. It was a relief to everyone when it ended. Madge turned away from the piano with burning cheeks and downcast eyes.

In the meantime Ollie had arisen and taken her place. She felt rather dazed, but she had forgotten her nervousness in the sudden hope which filled her heart. She listened quite calmly to the opening chords, and the next moment her voice rang out sweet, clear and strong. When the last sweet, lingering note died away, there was no more doubt as to who had won the prize. The students could hardly recognize their shy, pale classmate in the girl with crimson cheeks and sparkling blue eyes, who with that cloud of golden hair, was almost beautiful as she went to the center of the stage to receive the prize from the hands of the president.

There were only two, however, the mother down whose cheeks the tears were falling, and brown eyed Madge Erington, who guessed something of the happiness throbbing in the girl's heart.

C. M. EDNA GUTHRIE, '08.
The Courier

A Reverie

(Senior Chapel Essay)

I sit by the brook and dream of the past;
The ripples come and go;
Am I sure it is I who ponder thus,
And must it be ever so?

"Why droopest thy head?" the violets ask,
"Why look so solemnly?
Dost thou dream of the time that's long since past,
And never more can be?
Just open thy heart to us, distrest,
Perhaps we've balm to heal.
Pour out thy tale of woe to us,
Thy secret shall have seal."

I reason thus:

"That voice is so low and musical,
So pathetic and so sweet,
I ought to find rest for my troubled brain,
Yes, my tale of woe I'll repeat."

"Oh, dear little violets, do you know,
As I think of time gone by,
I long for the grand old master minds
With ideals soaring high?
I long to enter their temples of fame
Which enshrined their hearts' desires;
I long to partake of their revelries
To the tunes of lutes and lyres.
I long to hear one little word
To set my ideals higher;
Just one good word in a rich, full voice,
Would certainly inspire.
I long for the good Demosthenes,
The eloquent, the great,
O, would that he could come forth now,
Enshrined in his robes of state;
I long for the Grecian, Socrates,
With his tales of wholesome fun,
Each one with a noble purpose
From the rise till the set of the sun.
I long for Alexander
And Bucephalo, his steed—
Surely a moment at his feet
Would incite a noble deed.
The Courier

I long for Caesar, and Alfred, too,
And Joan of Arc, the brave,
And Charlemagne and Charles Martel
And many more I crave.

These are they I long to see
   And humble myself before.
These are they who strike the chords
   Of my heart forevermore.
O, would that I might see these souls
   As my mind’s eye pictures all:
O, would that I had lived each time
   Before each angel’s call.”

***

When I’d finished the tale I’d promised to tell,
The violet’s eyes shone brightly;
All lifted their heads with a modest smile
   And raised their voices lightly.
So sweet was the melody they gave forth,
   I wished it might prolong,
But the leader raised her gentle voice
   And silenced the eager throng.
I later learned they thought me rude,
   For wishing the ages reversed,
And each was eager to chide me well,
   And each wished to chide me first.
To my chagrin, no ere was shown,
   But in a very melodious voice
The queen of violets spoke to me:
    “Misguided one, do not thou wish
The heroes of old to return;
Around thee now are noble souls,
   Just listen and you will learn.
Heroes and heroines need no stage
   Or wars to make them great;
’Tis the noble purpose and goodly aim
   That values the personal state.
Just cast thy eyes to the right or left
   When thou leavest our woodland bower;
Go out among thy daily friends
   To seek true hearts and power.
With thy consent, one word of advice—
    Live not in the bright nor the dreary past,
But live today, today.”

Ruby Shearer, ’07.
Birds of a Feather Flock Together.

So do Vespertines.

Program

Song. — — — — — — — Society.
Roll Call — — — Answer with Quotations from Favorite Authors.
Reading — — — — — — — Genia Smelling.
Vocal Solo — — — Edna Guthrie.
Recitation. — — — — — — — Blanche Small.
Instrumental Solo — — Florence Bowden.
Good Will. — — — Ethel McKee.
 Funnygrams — — — Fern Butler.
Business Meeting — — Society.
Come one, Come all.
Our Literary Societies

THE DELPHIANS

The meetings of the girls' new society, the "Delphian," have been very successful. It was organized with eighteen charter members, and Mr. W. H. Mahoney as critic. We now have twenty-five members, but owing to the numerous candidates for membership the limit was raised, at the last meeting, to thirty-five. The first initiation, which was very exciting and amusing, will be long remembered by the girls. The programs have been very interesting, and the meetings held every Friday evening, have been a very great benefit to the members of the society.

THE NORMALS

As usual, the work of the Normal Society is based on a definite plan. It is meant to supplement the work of last year. The primary object last year was to introduce instruction and drills which would explain parliamentary usages, and impress them upon the minds of the members. This year more attention is being paid to logical debating, and the duties of judges as regards the careful weighing of points produced in arguments. In the capacity of critics Mr. Butler and Mr. Evenden are directing this work to a great extent. They are insisting that debaters carefully arrange their arguments in such a manner as to carefully analyze the question; select the most important points; co-ordinate them in the most forceful way; and substantiate all assertions by reference to good authorities.

THE VESPERTINES

The term opened with a goodly number of members, not only quantity, but also quality, considered. An interesting feature of the meetings is the initiation ceremonies. Our number of members has now swelled to sixty-one.

Each week a literary and musical program is given. The plan is to devote an evening exclusively to one of our many prominent American authors. Last Friday evening was devoted to Mark Twain, which afforded quite a pleasant and profitable evening.

The Vespertine room has been very cosily arranged by removing a part of the old benches and substituting the ever welcome chairs. The girls are looking forward to a time when all the promised chairs will be forthcoming. Each member of the society has taken a personal interest in the society room, and as a result many artistic and attractive pictures have been donated.
does not in any way exclude the alumni; indeed, we desire and need their hearty co-operation with us in our efforts. The school paper is one strong tie which binds closer the present student body with those who have gone from our Normal. It may be also an incentive to the upraising of more-stanch and loyal supporters. While we indulge in no prophesies as to our proposed achievements, we do pledge our most earnest endeavors to carry out the will of our supporters, so far as we are able to learn it; to insert such new or interesting features in our journal as will be pleasing to our friends, as well as creditable to our school. In any event, the present staff expects to work, and work hard, at all times, to perfect our paper; and we wish to get all others interested in The Courier to do the same. We believe many minds are better than a few, that to approach our ideals we must have the fruits of the most devoted labors of all. If work will avail, we pledge our best efforts for the continuance and advance of The Courier.

M. W. C.

The next issue of The Courier will appear about the tenth of February, and will contain the mid-year commencement write-up. Additional pages will be provided and numerous illustrations given of the class organizations, student societies and scenes about the Normal. No one interested in the Normal can afford to miss this number.

The conditions of the country at the present day, which have resulted from its varied commercial enterprises, demand that persistent effort be made to check graft, enforce laws, stay the all-engulfing onward rush of trusts and monopolies. The unearthing and exposure of the gigantic swindles and robberies in our financial and industrial systems through the medium of journalism is significant.

How remarkable that these things have existed for years and were never known by the public until now! Truly, we are approaching different times. It would appear that the pressure of unprecedented circumstances, the breaking light of a new age, is too great. These dark things can no longer remain hidden. There is a tremendous awakening of the people. Vast movements are already in operation for the purification of these conditions. Others are being launched, among them "Ridgway's Magazine," a combined journalistic movement, which seems to be an honest effort to build up a fighting machine, not for political power, not for profit, but for the common good.

Now this immense journalistic combine, published simultaneously in fourteen cities of the United States, championing the gen-
eral interests of the people, bodes the dawn of a glorious day when the Roosevelts, LaFollettes, Lawsons, Weavers, Jeromes, Hanleys, and Folks, will spring up all over the land and will be rushed on to victory.

Formerly independent newspapers were rare; the partisan papers only were influential in politics. The new age in journalism is ushered in, not alone with the increased number of established journals which are throwing off the shackles of partisan politics and manifesting the courage of conviction, choosing rather to support former enemies than surrender their principles.

Our citizens are coming to realize that patriotism is greater than party, and independent and fearless journalism is playing a large part in the new movement.

M. G.

The question which will be debated this year between Monmouth and Newberg is: "Resolved, that the United States government should own and operate the railroads." We at once recognize this question as being one in which the nation is taking a great interest. The two leading political parties have taken up the question and are trying to decide which side they will defend in the next campaign. At present the democratic party is divided, and one faction, led by Bryan, which is known as the radicals, is in favor of government ownership of all trunk lines; while the more conservative element of the party is opposed. The republican party, as a rule, is not in favor of the movement for a number of reasons. The question is, will, or can, the government operate the railroads on as cheap a scale as the companies? It does not seem reasonable to believe, when we take into consideration the number of railways in the United States. The government is too slow to act; new roads would never be built and new lands would never be developed. The deplorable condition of Germany's roads is a good example of government ownership. The roads would soon fall into the hands of corrupt politicians, and the conditions would be even worse than at present. On the other hand, the radicals hold that if the government owned the roads traffic would be much cheaper; that railroad companies are becoming rich at the expense of the poor, and in a short time will control the house of congress. This, in brief, is the question we have to debate with Newberg next March, our side being the negative. The faculty committee on debate is taking a great deal of interest, and is gathering material with which it is hoped to turn out the winning team. All students who feel that they have time are requested to take part in the try-out.

R. R.
An Oregon Pocahontas
A TRUE STORY

It was during the winter of 1842, that Tom O’Donnel with two companions, while trapping on Snake river and its tributaries, met the Indian maiden who saved their lives. They had camped longer than usual in one locality and had many pelts curing to be carried back to Fort Vancouver. They noticed that the Indians camped about them were not so friendly as they had been, but doing remarkably well at their trapping and being very busy taking care of the pelts, they paid little heed to the unfriendly attitude of the natives, till one day they were surprised by an Indian maiden coming into camp and warning them that they must leave immediately or be killed by her people. Their furs were not quite ready to pack and as they had plenty of ammunition they did not go at once.

The same maiden came next day with the same message and on the third day, she came, much excited, saying the warriors were getting stakes ready to burn them as soon as it became dark. The men noticed that some unusual preparations were going on in the Indian village, not more than three hundred yards away. They looked at each other then at the Indian girl, still standing in the tent door. They knew what it meant to run the gauntlet and be tied to the stake while the yelling braves set fire to the brush piled about the victim, and they had no wish to furnish such a spectacle.

They looked at the girl. “Is there no escape?” She shook her head, “if we could hide,” she beckoned them to come. They obeyed knowing that to stay where they were would be certain death. She passed swiftly up the mountain, they following in the gathering darkness till she brought them to a small cave where she left them saying as she put the bushes carefully back in place, “stay there I will bring you food.” This she did, gathering roots and cooking them, then stealing away in the night to the cave where they served to keep the men from starving.

For several days the Indians kept up the search and more than once came very near their hiding place. Finally they seemingly lost interest and one evening the girl came to the cave and motioned them to follow. She took them to where the Indians had tethered their best horses and told them to mount and ride for their lives.

Each chose a horse and mounted in an instant, but big, red headed Tom O’Donnel reached down his hand to the Indian maiden, who sprang up behind him. They were off for the Willamette Valley.

Tom married the Indian girl, whom he called Pocahontas and they lived in peace and plenty for many years on their farm on Tualatina plain, never going back for the furs left on the banks of the Snake.

Catherine E. Campbell, ’08.
EDITORIAL

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Meritorious contributions are solicited from all students, members of the faculty, alumni and friends.

Address all communications to The Courier, O. S. N. S., Monmouth, Oregon.

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"HE ONLY IS GOOD WHO IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING"

This first issue of Volume II is mailed to all of our old subscribers, to members of the alumni, to ex-students, and to other friends of the Normal. We sincerely hope that all old subscribers will promptly renew, and that others will subscribe. Naturally, The Courier must have the financial support of a good subscription list in order to be successful. Kindly send fifty cents in money order or two-cent stamps to the subscription agent. Do it now.

Appreciating keenly the standard we must uphold, the mark to which we must rise, we, the new Courier staff, take up the duties before us. The field is large, the interests vital. We desire that The Courier shall maintain a worthy place among the numerous good school papers, that the undertaking, now well begun, shall be fostered and pushed onward. To achieve our purpose, we must have the combined efforts of all friends of the Normal. The staff can not make the paper—it must be of the students, by the students. This
Music Notes

All who heard Mr. Ernest Gamble the last time he was here will be delighted to know that he and his company will soon be with us again. Mr. Gamble is one of the leading basses in our country, and those who have an opportunity to hear him, should not fail to do so.

The Normal Band has begun practice again under the excellent leadership of Mr. Robert Burns Powell, and we are looking forward to the time when we shall hear some more of those concerts, which were so thoroughly enjoyed by the people last year.

Both the Glee Clubs, as well as the Mixed Chorus, have organized, and from present indications we shall expect excellent results.

Miss Bowden has begun practice again with the Mandolin and Guitar Club. A number of additions have been made and the prospects are bright for a club that will be a credit to the Normal.

The selections rendered by the Boys' Glee Club, and also those played by the Orchestra, at the first reception to the new students, were highly appreciated.
Exchanges

With this, the first issue of the second volume of The Courier, we solicit a friendly interest in our welfare. We hope to make many improvements, and, believing in progression, invite your kindly criticism. All old exchanges have been gladly welcomed to our table. We desire to extend our exchange list, and will endeavor to prove ourselves worthy as an exchange. It is in the view of aid in the advancement that our comments are offered.

"The Clarion," Salem High School, is entertaining.

"The Crimson and White," Albany, N. Y., is a creditable paper.

"The Columbia Collegian," Milton, Oregon, needs some cuts to brighten its appearance.

"The Ilakawin," Pendleton High School, has a good literary department.

The cartoons in "The Student Life," Utah Agricultural College, are amusing. The paper is well edited on the whole.

We find no literary department in "The Crescent," Newberg.

The large proportions of the McMinnville "Review" and "Philo- math College Chimes," detract from their good appearance.

We are glad to receive the "Academic," Portland, Oregon. It is a very neat, up-to-date paper. The exchange department is especially good.

"The Arrow," from Alameda, Cal., was the first exchange received this year. Its cover design is very appropriate, as it keeps its aim high throughout.

Some people wear gloves to make their hands soft. Now what's the use for some people to wear hats?

There was a young fellow named Syd,  
Who kissed a girl on the eye-lyd;  
She said to the lad,  
"Your aim's mighty bad,  
You should practice a while;"  
So he dyd.—Ex.

Teacher (to composition class).—"Write me a composition on a tame monkey, leaving out all de-tail."—Ex.

The Sophs saw something green, 'tis true,  
They thought it was the Freshman class,  
But when they closer to it drew,  
They saw it was a looking-glass.—Ex.
Alumni Notes

R. L. Murphy, '84, who has taught for several years past in the Willamette valley, has moved to Hood River, where he continues his professional work. He is also interested in the raising of that which makes Hood River famous, the strawberry.

G. S. Wolverton, '86, a prominent hardware merchant of Spokane, attended the commencement exercises in June last. We are always glad to welcome the alumni of Christian College to our reunions.

We are pleased to note the growing tendency among our State Normal graduates, after having taught for a time in the public schools of the state, to better fit themselves for the work of higher education by a university training. Among those who are availing themselves of this privilege, we may mention H. K. Shirk, D. L. Lewis, and Willis LeMasters, all of '03, Mabel Cooper, '02, Frances Cooper, '05, Rush Clarke, '06.

Frances Galloway, of the class of 1892, is now employed as a critic teacher in the training department, having under her supervision the work in history and higher literature. Miss Galloway is especially fitted for her work, since she has taught for several years in the public schools of Idaho, has served as county superintendent of Washington county, Idaho, and has recently received her degree from Stanford University, where she made history and literature her major work.

As far as we know at the present writing, all of the members of our youngest class—'06—are teaching, save Rush Clarke and Frank Butler, the latter being in the mines of Kendall, Montana. We are not definitely advised of the location of all the members of this class, but understand that the following are employed at the several places mentioned: Rebecca Clifton, Lostine; Onie David, Malheur City; Mabel Matteson, Forest Grove; W. L. Arant, principal, Brownsville; Dora Baker, Forest Grove; Joel Wilson, Toledo; Graves Crowley, Gaston; Mina Glenn, Elgin; Curtis Johnson, Meacham; Louise McAlpin, Nehalem; Florence Marquis, Eugene; Minerva Neal, Monument; Ethel Robards, Hood River; Olive Rodlin, Gresham; J. C. Sturgill, Condon; Erma Thompson, The Dalles; Maude Yoder, Seaside.

It is the proud boast of the citizens of Independence that they have one of the banner schools of the valley, which, in a large measure, is due to the very efficient corps of instructors employed, most of whom received their training at the State Normal. The school
commenced its work for the year with the following graduates of Monmouth: G. N. Murdock, principal; William Smith, eighth grade; Flora Walker, seventh grade; Burns Powell, fifth grade; Ada Aldrich, fourth grade; Jennie Neal, third grade; Marie Church, second grade.

President Ressler, in relating the incidents of his extended tour of Eastern Oregon this fall, tells with pleasure of his hospitable treatment at the hands of Supt. C. J. Macintosh, of the class of 1893. Superintendent Macintosh, in addition to filling the office of county superintendent of Grant county, is editor of the "Grant County News," one of the leading newspapers of Central Oregon.

The many friends of W. R. Rutherford, '04, were pleased to learn of his election to the principalship of the public schools of Tillamook. All who were personally acquainted with Mr. Rutherford knew that in such a promising field he would not long remain in obscurity; so we were not surprised to read that, at the recent celebration over the starting of a new railroad, Mr. Rutherford and his school children were much in evidence. We are confident that W. R., with his oratorical accomplishments, and the emphatic gesture of his left hand, convinced his hearers that they were living in the "Eden of the Northwest."

A. E. Wheelock, '05, after spending the summer on the farm in such muscle-hardening occupations as could be followed in the hammock, with a fan and a glass of lemonade, has returned for his junior year to the Oregon Law School, at Portland.

Gertrude Vernon, '04, after teaching near her home at Lakeview last year, spent part of the summer in a visit to Monmouth and the seashore. Miss Vernon left many friends here, all of whom were glad to see her again.

Of course we could not write up the doings of the alumni without noticing our distinguished president, Fred Crowley, '04. Mr. Crowley is city superintendent of the public schools of Falls City, and during a recent visit to Monmouth he reported that, although he had not inaugurated many startling educational reforms, the work was progressing encouragingly. Supt. Crowley promises that, though his duties are many, he will yet find time to make elaborate preparations for the reunion in June.

Among our graduates holding responsible positions in the Polk county schools, who can not long withstand the varied attractions of the Normal School, and who find it convenient to return every week or so to Monmouth, are Dean Butler, William Moffit, Harry Stine, and Phil. Boche. We are glad to see this interest manifested in post-graduate work in "methods" and "nature study."
During the summer the class of '05 was honored by having chosen from among its number the queen of the annual Astoria regatta. All who are acquainted with Miss Esther Anderson are sure that the choice was well made, and that she graced the position in a most pleasing and satisfactory manner.

W. A. Petteys returns to his work in the Normal with many varied accounts of a pleasant and prosperous summer. Among other things, we understand that he courted and won "footlight fame" in the leading roles of the two classic operas, Queen Esther and Belshazzar.

Frank Cooper, '05, who attended the summer school during the entire session, is principal of the school at Creswell. From the energy and vim with which Frank attacks everything he undertakes, especially tennis, we are sure that he will succeed in his new position.

Owed to the Dining Hall

Now, who will dine with me today?
Then hasten to the hall away;—
Our cook serves meals on time you know,—
We have a clock that isn't slow.

You'll find girls lean, plump, short and tall,
And one, I must admit who's Small;
By candle light they eat of late,
Yet deem this but a passing fate.

For, to their joy, a glimpse of Gray
Gives hope of a returning Day;
And brightly burns the fire here,
Altho' our girls say Wood's so dear.

The boys will find incentive here
To occupy the White House chair,
For daily Bechen(s) from Fame's hand
Will lead them to a future grand.

We decorate our table neat
With Pansy and with Marguerite,
And Hammond eggs, you will agree,
Is just what suits both you and me.

M. O. D., '08.
The Normal School football team played its first game on the home field on Saturday, October 27. The opposing team was from Independence. The Independence boys were a gentlemanly set of lads, and although they played a hard, clean game, they were not in the same class with the Normals. The game belonged to Monmouth from the start, the first touchdown being made in two and one-half minutes. The overwhelming defeat of the visitors was largely due to the superior team work of the Monmouth boys. The final score of 28 to 0 tells the story of the game.

The second game of football between Independence and the Normal School eleven was played on the Independence field on November 3. Independence had greatly strengthened her team since the game at Monmouth, by the addition of several old-time players. In the first half Monmouth kicked off to Independence. By short gains Monmouth carried the ball within a few feet of the goal, where it was held until the end of the first half. In the second half Independence kicked off. Monmouth lost the ball on downs, and Independence, being unable to get through the line, punted. The ball was downed within a few feet of the goal, but was slowly carried back by Monmouth. A place kick by Independence failed, and the ball was carried back to the five yard line, when time was called. Score, 0 to 0. Owing to the bad day, only a small crowd witnessed the game.

An exciting game of football was played on the Normal School campus, between the Normal School team and an Albany eleven, on November 10. The score was 27 to 0 in favor of Monmouth. The game was played almost entirely in Albany territory, and only once did the visitors get within twenty-five yards of the Monmouth goal, having failed to make yardage at any time during the game. The team work of the Normal School eleven was excellent. Several well
directed punts and long runs were features of the game. The day was fine and a large, enthusiastic crowd witnessed the contest, which was free from wrangling and unmarred by serious accident.

The Oregon State Basketball League was organized at Salem on November 3rd by representatives from four colleges, two Y. M. C. A.'s, one athletic association, and one normal school. The members of the league are: Willamette University, Pacific University, Dallas College, Pacific College, Portland Y. M. C. A., Salem Y. M. C. A., Multnomah Amateur Athletic Association, and Monmouth Normal School. A schedule of games was arranged, and the following rules adopted: The college teams shall guarantee the association and club teams $20 for expenses when they travel, and the college teams shall have all the net profits of games played with association and club teams when the college teams travel. In games between the M. A. A. C., Portland Y. M. C. A., and Salem Y. M. C. A., the teams pay their own expenses. In games between the colleges the home team pays the expenses of the visiting team, allowing seven men. In games between Salem Y. M. C. A. and Willamette University, and between M. A. A. C. and Portland Y. M. C. A., the receipts shall be equally divided. Any team failing to play according to schedule will forfeit $10.00, and the game will be counted against it. All men who play in games shall be registered in either the A. A. U. or the A. L. N. A., and that all games shall be sanctioned by these leagues. All officers who serve at games are to be chosen from a list agreed upon by the representatives of the members of the league. It was recommended that all organizations shall, as soon as possible, secure a free field with out of bounds on four sides. The following is the schedule for the Monmouth basketball team: Monmouth plays Pacific University at Forest Grove December 14; Portland Y. M. C. A. at Portland December 21; M. A. A. C. at Portland December 22; Pacific University at Monmouth January 5; Pacific College at Newberg January 11; Dallas College at Monmouth January 19; Salem Y. M. C. A. at Salem January 25; Willamette University at Salem January 26; Pacific College at Monmouth February 1; Salem Y. M. C. A. at Monmouth February 15; Dallas College at Dallas February 16; M. A. A. C. at Monmouth February 23; Portland Y. M. C. A. at Monmouth March 2; Willamette University at Monmouth March 9.

The following girls have been selected for this year's basketball team: Dora and Mary Murdock. Banna Ball, Lottie Sired, Carmen Sears, Zona Mulkey. Miss Dora Murdock, whose record of last year is most creditable, not a goal having been thrown over her head, has been chosen captain of the team.
The first social event of the season was the reception to the new students of the Normal, October 28th. It was held in the Normal chapel, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. The new students were cordially received and all spent a pleasant evening.

One of the jolliest affairs of the month was the tally-ho ride, given by the members of the senior class, on the evening of October 24th. Promptly at 7:30 the large tally-ho, crowded to its utmost, and drawn by four spirited horses, dashed from the livery stable, amid the cheers and yells of wide-awake seniors. The ride extended through Independence, returning by way of Rickreall and Dairy. The party reached Monmouth about 11:55, and departed for their separate homes, all agreeing that they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

Hallowe'en spirit was at its height this year. Each class had carefully laid plans for an eventful evening, and jolly students armed with rice, beans and confetti, could be seen hurrying mysteriously about the streets at all hours of the night. The delightful candy pull planned by the seniors in the gymnasium was seriously interrupted; for, while the candy was cooking, juniors and freshmen broke into the gym, and had it not been for the great generalship of the seniors, their candy would have been divided among the greedy throng. The defenders at last succeeded in frightening their besiegers away, and they were compelled to flee to Cupid's Knoll, where they made a bonfire and enjoyed themselves as best they could—thinking of the pleasant time the seniors were having in the gym.

HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL

The largest and most successful event of the first semester was the Hallowe'en party given in the chapel on the evening of October
31st, under the management of the Delphian, Vespertine and Normal societies. The chapel was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, evergreens, Oregon grape, and "jack-o'-lanterns," while in one end of the hall was a cozy corner occupied by two charming Gipsy maidens who unravelled the mysteries of the future.

The program consisted of an escapade by about twenty ghosts, carrying jack-o'-lanterns, who marched through the chapel bowing from left to right and cutting all kinds of figures upon the stage.

A terrible ghost story was delivered by one of the spooks, at the close of which the ghosts became frightened, and with a frantic shriek disappeared from the stage, leaving the visitors in charge of the amusement committee, who entertained them for the remainder of the evening by diving for marshmallows and playing various games.

At about 11:00 o'clock the guests were treated to Hallowe'en refreshments, consisting of pumpkin pies, doughnuts, and apple cider served with straws. The prize offered to the gentleman who could write the best recipe for pumpkin pie was won by Mr. Sam Evenden. The guests, after spending a most enjoyable evening, departed for their various homes.

JUNIOR BANQUET

On the evening of November 10th, in the Woodman hall, the juniors gave a banquet, which was attended by nearly the entire class. The two members of the faculty who kindly consented to be with them were Miss Galloway and Mr. E. S. Evenden.

The table was spread early in the evening, and by 8:00 o'clock the majority of the juniors were present. As they entered the room a tempting sight met their eyes. The table, which was spread on the north side of the hall and reached its entire length, was loaded with good things.

The early part of the evening was spent in playing games. When time for supper came, pieces of cardboard were distributed, cut in such a fashion that a part held by one of the boys would match one held by the girls. When the strips of cardboard were matched, the couples marched around the hall and took seats at the table.

The supper was made very enjoyable by toasts which were given. The first toast was given by the toast-master, Mr. Fred Evenden, his subject being "The Junior Girls," after which followed "The Junior Boys," by Miss Patison; "The Class of '08," by Mr. Day; "Our President," by Miss Wood; "The Faculty," by Miss Whitehouse; "The Freshmen," by Mr. Owen; "The Seniors," by Fern Butler; "Albany Football Team," Hubert Goode; "Our Team," by Miss Wheeler; "Roast, Jim the Janitor," by Mr. Wallace.
Yes, we have heard of the custom of taking off your hat when you meet a lady. We suggest that it become popular among the men of the O. S. N. S.

Why does Louie resemble a sage? Because he lives for Goode.

Why was Wallace late at the game? Bee-cause.

Why do we have good meals at the dining hall? Because we have a good Cooke.

What keeps the dining hall warm? Wood.

What makes it dark nowadays? Its Day is gone.

Miss Tuthill — "What is Wordsworth's most famous work?"
Mr. Goode — "Ode to Immorality."
Miss Tuthill — "Oh, Mr. Goode!"

Bad habits of the country:
- The grasshopper chews "tobacco."
- The quail gets out his "pipe."
- The fish-hawk is so awfully poor,
- He has to hunt a "snipe."
- The rooster has his "cocktail."
- The orchard gets "plum" full;
- The onion squanders every "scent."
- And the radish has a "pull."

Why is the railroad Allen's favorite mode of travel? Because he's fond of Car-men.

Martha (who had recently purchased a book bag). — "Oh, Miss Smith, wait till I get my pencil from my suit case."
Miss T.—“Describe an exercise for placing the tones in the nasal cavities.
Mabel.—“The sounds come out from the center of the face and fall over each other.”

Several members of the alumni return to Monmouth every Friday night. For particulars ask Miss Mc., Miss G., Miss H., Miss C., Miss S., or others.

Roy.—“What makes your eye black?”
Fred.—“Some one hit me with a shoe.”
Roy.—“Couldn’t you dodge it?”
Fred.—“I did after the first shower.”

A couple of girls, bunchgrassers, walked from Independence the other day in twenty-five minutes. That’s “coming some.”

Mr. Buckham.—“Do you think one man is just as good as another?”
Miss W.—“Yes, sir.”
Mr. Buckham —“Even better, I suppose.”
Miss W.—“Oh!”

TO THE CLASS OF ’07
Lives of great men all remind us
We can be as great as they,
And, departing, leave behind us
All we can not take away.

NORMAL CONUNDRUMS
(Answers to be found at the O. S. N. S.)
Who is the most diminutive person in school? Small, of course.
What is the largest river in Canada? Lawrence.
What colors lead in our Normal? Gray, Black, Brown.
Where does Roosevelt live? At the Whitehouse.

OUR FACULTY
Used at most weddings—Rice.
A fighter or athlete—Ressler.
Please lend me your Pen, nell.
A baby robin—Robin-son.
A dinner bell at camp—Campbell.
What do you want, Ma’ honey.

Don’t blame the editor, kind friends and true,
But just imagine that the editor was you;
And if you’ve not been hit more’n two times, or three,
Just try to contented and hopeful be.
Remember the old saying, there’s as good fish to be caught;
Maybe next time you’ll be hit just as much as you ought.
The Courier

A crowd of students, chaperoned by different members of the faculty, have been spending Saturday afternoons very pleasantly out on walking excursions. A party led by President Ressler, assisted by the Misses Smith and Galloway, raided the orchards, vineyards, and cider barrels, in the territory south of town on the afternoon of October 13th, and a week later a party led by the two latter invaded the vicinity of Lucas' grove. They reported delightful times.

The spirits that visited Monmouth the 31st of October were not evil ones. The different classes met, and each went their way until late in the evening, when they all called on Mr. Tharp at the gymnasium. Games were played for a while, and on becoming tired of the simpler frolics, the seniors decided to have something sweeter. They quickly and cleverly locked themselves up in the back room of the gymnasium and spent the rest of the evening in boiling and pulling taffy. There was a great attraction for juniors and freshmen in that direction, but they soon gave up the ghost and went their way to their slumbers.

Our football team played the hardest game of its schedule with the O. A. C. second team, at Corvallis, Nov. 17. A large crowd accompanied the boys on a special motor, and their rooting was much appreciated by the team. Notwithstanding the fact that Corvallis greatly outweighed us, we held them down to a score of 2 to 0. The field was very heavy, which was a disadvantage to our lighter men. A return game will probably be played on the Normal gridiron, when Coach Tharp thinks we shall have the big end of the score.

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<tr>
<th>LINE-UP</th>
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<td>O. S. N. S.</td>
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The graduates of the Normal will be interested to know who are the student teachers in the T. D. The following assignment was made for the first ten weeks: Ninth grade, Edwin Dunton and Nellie Beckett; eighth grade, Freda Gist and Wm. Wiest; seventh grade, Ray Ragsdale, Pansy Maurer and Lelah McGee; sixth grade,
Milton Force and Evelyn Wing; fifth grade, Mae Tracer and May Goode; fourth grade, Carmen Sears, Marie Helmick and Hilda Stenholm; third grade, Lulu Keller and Ada Chapman; second grade, Ellen Laurence and Carrie Brown; first grade, Isabelle Elliott and Minnie Blough; kindergarten, Ellen Nelson; Cochrane district, Alice Markart.

WHO GOT THE BITE
A moonlight night,
A darkie bold,
A rooster,
And a bulldog old.
'Twas one of them
Who got the bite;
Could not have been
The moonlight night.
The darkie said:
"'It was not me,'"
It must have been
The bull dogie.
—G.E. M. O., '08
S. M. DANIEL

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Have your trunks, boxes and other hauling done by

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See Him

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Full course of five entertainments for $1.50. Students, $1.00.

Motor Line Time Table

Independence and Monmouth Railway Company

Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Airlie........ 7:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m.
Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Dallas....... 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 6:15 p. m.
Leaves Monmouth for Airlie.........................

............. 7:50 a. m., 8:30 p. m.
Leaves Monmouth for Dallas.........................

............. 8:20, 11:20 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
Leaves Airlie for Monmouth and Independence........ 9:00 a. m., 5:05 p. m.
Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence ...... 10:00 a. m., 1:00, 7:30 p. m.
Leaves Monmouth for Independence........

............. 9:40, 10:30 a. m., 1:30, 2:40, 5:45 8:00 p. m.
Leaves Independence for Monmouth........

............. 2:05 p. m.

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