The COURIER

Vol. III

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 1
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UNIFORM COURSE OF STUDY

Under the new law governing the State Normal Schools of Oregon, a single Board of Regents is in control of all the schools and a uniform course of study is now in force. Students who have completed the Eighth Grade are admitted to the Freshman Class and those who have completed one or more of the High School Grades are given credit in all subjects in which they present grades certified to by their instructors.

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The Way of the Will

Late Indian summer was upon the land, the purple haze hung low along the West and hid the far horizon of the sea. The mountains were dreamy-blue and indistinct, and the mists upon the quiet waters of the bay veiled the nearer hills and left the far summits suspended against the clear autumnal sky.

It was a Sunday morning. The service was over and the congregation of fisher folk and seamen had scattered. The windows and doors of the little church were open, so that the sunlight flooded in and gave an added goldness to the chrysanthemums on the altar. At last the tardiest lingerer had departed, and the missionary stood alone on the tiny porch. He looked forth on a scene of surpassing beauty; the bay, with its circling hills, the sweeping current past the brown sand-spits to the white-capped bar, and beyond the purple-blue ocean. The gentle lap of waves came faintly from the shore below. There was the sound of an oar and a boat crunched on the gravel of the beach; a moment and a stalwart young seaman came swinging up the bluff path to the church. He caught sight of the missionary in the porch and came directly toward him.

"Good morning, John," the missionary said.

"Good morning," was John's reply, and then he paused. He evidently had something he wished to say, but did not know how to begin. So the missionary attempted to help him.

"You were looking for me? Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked. The question loosed the seaman's tongue and he answered quickly:

"Yes, sir,—oh! yes; it's mother. She's dying again. She says will you please come."

The missionary was somewhat taken aback by this rather unusual speech. He knew the seaman's mother had been ill, but that she was dying "again," or that she had ever died before.—Nevertheless, he went.
Long strokes of the oar sent the light boat swiftly over the water. It was very still. Hardly a ripple stirred the surface, and a widening wave alone showed where the boat had come. Under the influence of sea and sunshine, the missionary forgot, for the time being, the errand on which he was bound, and gave himself over to enjoyment of the beauty round about him. Ten miles up the bay where the shores began to narrow and the mountains came down steep to the water's edge, an old scow that rose and fell with the tide was anchored for a wharf. Here also was a small settlement of oyster fishers, and here the missionary and his guide landed.

The woman he had come to see was more than eighty years old. Of late she had suffered from frequent attacks of illness, and tired of living, had made up her mind to die. She would not have a doctor however ill she was; her voice was still vigorous and her appetite good. Her husband was an old sea captain. Many and varied had been his experiences, fearful and wonderful were the stories he could tell. His wife's refusal to see a doctor troubled him greatly.

"Folks'll blame us, mother," he said. "They'll say when you're gone, we didn't take care of you," and because of that argument she consented at last to see the doctor, and also the missionary if he would come.

So the missionary had come. The doctor was there before him, and sat at the table making up some sort of medicine. This he finished, and then, after a few words of direction to John, left. The missionary went to the bed where the sick woman lay. He spoke to her kindly and she responded by a slight movement. Then he talked gently and persuasively, and she lay quiet. Finally, she turned her face to the wall and lay so quiet he thought her asleep, so he went out of the room softly.

As he stood outside the door, awaiting the boat that was to take him home, he heard a voice within, a voice that was high-pitched and querulous.

"Father," it said, and there was a low murmur of answer. Then the voice went on full and strong, "You've had your way, and folks won't blame you now. The doctor's been here and the missionary's been here. Now you can just take the medicine and throw it out of the window. I'll have none of it, I tell you. I'll have none of it. You can say what you please. I've lived long enough; I've made up my mind; I'm going to die."
Song of the Wind

The wind is singing through the pines
A melody soft and low.
The words of its song are old, old words,
Yet they that I long to know;
And I wonder, will life ever hold for me
The words of the song of the wind in the tree?

The wind is sighing through the pines
A harmony sad and slow,
And the sound of its chant is a dirge in my ears,
And I would that I did not know.
Oh! life come back to me full and strong,
And I will not ask for the words of the song.
The Planet Mars

(SENIOR CHAPEL ESSAY)

“I stood upon the open casement
And looked upon the night
And saw the westward going stars
Passing slowly out of sight.

“Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led on his clan;
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.”

Mars leads on his clan until he becomes but a scintillating point in the heavens; a wanderer, yet he follows the path set for him by the Creator around the sun, the next planet in order exterior to the earth. At intervals of two years, he may be seen rising in the southeast, as the sun goes down, the reddest star in the heavens. About every sixteen years Mars is in opposition to the earth and is then five times nearer us than when in conjunction. On July 13th of this year, he reached the nearest point and for weeks was the star of greatest splendor in the sky. He shone then with a bright, steady, fiery light, and while he was interesting to all, to the astronomers who are seeking for indications of intelligent life upon the neighboring planets, he was the object of constant observation.

Mars was long thought to be without a satellite, but in 1877, two moons were discovered, one of which crosses the disk of the planet three times every day, the other taking two days and a half to do this. These were called Phobos and Dienia, Fear and Terror, very appropriate names for the companions of the god of war.

Mars was named by the Greek astrologers from the fiery god of war, whose history is recorded among the Greek myths. The first we are told about the god Mars is that he was the god of warlike shepherd people. He was not always true to one side in battle like Athena, nor was it impossible for him to be wounded. It is said at one time he was wounded and Homer tells us that he made noise enough over his wounds for ten thousand wounded men. The Romans are proud to claim him as the founder of their city.

Mars once fell in love with a beautiful vestal virgin named Rhea Sylvia and later married her secretly, because vestal virgins were not allowed to marry. The first the king knew of this marriage was on the birth of twin sons, Romulus and Remus. Rhea Sylvia was condemned to death, and the twins were set afloat on the Tiber. Their little bark was finally carried far in-
land by a flood, and as the waters receded they left the twins on dry land. Here a she-wolf, attracted by their cries, and having lately lost her own young, went to them and nourished them until they were picked up by a shepherd. When they grew to manhood the twins decided to build a city and thus Rome was founded.

Although Persival Lowell, the astronomer stationed at Flagstaff, Arizona, declares that Mars has passed the age when it might have been the abode of intelligent life, others not so prosaic, have without the slightest reason given wings to imagination and declared that intellects vast and unsympathetic were looking from Mars with envious eyes toward the earth and drawing up plans to destroy its inhabitants. One author has gone so far as to write a novel which he calls the "War of the Worlds." Since the discovery of wireless telegraphy the keepers of the stations on the eastern coast have sometimes been annoyed by three taps, thrice repeated, which came from no earthly station. A weird fancy took possession of them that Mars in opposition was trying to communicate with the Earth. They failed to catch the meaning and Mars rolled steadfastly on leaving with us the lesson so beautifully told by Longfellow:

"The night is coming, but not too soon,
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.
There is no light on earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of the night is given
To the red planet Mars.
Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh, no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.
And earnest thoughts within me rise
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.
Oh star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.
Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars."

—Catherine Campbell, '03.
Past, Present, and Future

Thinking of the past of life?
The past that has gone by?
But the mem'ry of the past of life
In our minds will never die.

If we should live for ages on,
The past is with us yet;
And though we gain new knowledge,
The past we can't forget.

So let us build the present,
And prepare for the future too;
That the past in life's rough pathway
Bright beams behind us strew.

Bright beams and flowers for another,
Who treading life's same way,
May have the stones from his weary feet
By flowerets and joy turned away.

Still thinking of the past of life?
No! something better far;
I'm thinking of the present time
And the future's shining star.

I'll try to use this shining star,
So when life's gone at last;
My friends will look with pleasure
On the memory of my past.

—C. M. Edna Guthrie.
Tillamook Light

Tillamook Light, one of the most famous light houses on the American coast, is situated on a rock in the midst of the surging ocean, a mile southwest from Tillamook Head and eighteen miles south of the mouth of the Columbia.

The summit is eighty-eight feet above sea level and from forty to sixty feet wide. It is an irregular column of basalt, apparently separated from Tillamook Head on the main land by centuries of erosion. The rock is precipitous and there is a depth of ninety feet on all sides except the west. The summit, in the center of which is located the dwelling house, is enclosed all around the outer edges by a strong iron railing. The building is built about the base of the stone tower and the entire enclosure contains seven thousand square feet.

The island is usually reached by means of a small boat. The passengers ascend in a basket or cage, four and one half feet square and two feet deep, to a platform or landing on the north-eastern side. Sometimes, however, the basket is omitted and the station boat is derrickd up instead.

The light in the tower is one hundred and thirty-six feet above sea level. This light is a Fresnet light of the first order. There are one thousand thirty-two pieces of glass in its lens. The lamp is five hundred candle power, but by reflection and reflection the power is increased to eight thousand. The light is forty-eight feet above the base of the tower. The apparatus is incased in a lantern and gallery which crown the tower.

Tillamook Rock light is one of the chief guardians of Columbia river commerce. The necessity of the light in this place cannot be better illustrated than by the loss of the ill-fated British bark Lupota, which went down with all on board just before the completion of this structure.

This light house was begun October, 1879, and finished February, 1881. The completion of this magnificent structure was accomplished under circumstances of the greatest peril. The rock is situated in a storm center; the worst storms are the sou'-easters and the sou'-westers of mid-winter. Then the waves of the Pacific, in its angriest moods, dash high above the tower and at times the gales lash the Head, the Rock and themselves with terrific fury. The most furious and most harmful storm in the history of this region took place in 1894. The hurricane lasted for two days and a night. The waves, in their fury, dashed great boulders against the plate glass, smashing many of the panes and thus exposing the lenses and clock work to the storm.
Tillamook light house is really the high school of the Light House Department on the Pacific coast, for when a man has served five years as keeper of this light he is entitled, by way of reward, to become the keeper of a more desirable station.

At low tide, a row of smaller rocks can be seen southwest of Tillamook Rock, half way to shore. An Indian legend says those were a giant Tillamook Indian and his wife and children of the earliest ages, who started to wade across the water to the north side of the Columbia, instead of using canoes and were changed by the God Tali pas into these rocks, as a monument to their folly and as an object lesson to navigation. —B. G. '11

**Blackberry Vines**

All along the road that leads to the hills
That are part of the mountains blue,
On the fallen rails of the zig-zag fence,
'Twas there the wild black berries grew.

And the leaves as they downward drooped, half hid
The black berries ripe on the stem;
We tore our hands on the cruel thorns
As we scrambled and reached for them.

But the berries are gone with the summer,
And autumn has painted with gold
And with red and with russet and yellow,
The leaves, as the year groweth old.
This, the first issue of Volume III, is mailed to all old subscribers, to members of the alumni, to ex-students and to other friends of the Normal.

We hope that all former patrons will renew their subscriptions and use their influence to gain new names. We wish The Courier to be broader, to contain even more interesting features this year than heretofore. To accomplish such a result we must have your individual financial support. Do not forget us but kindly send fifty cents in a money order or in two cent stamps to the subscription agent. Write today.

* * * *

Another year has passed and we, the new Courier staff, assume our duties with the hope that we may send forth a paper that shall favorably compare with any from our sister schools, and at the same time be a credit to our own Normal.

We wish to bring before our readers a thought, perhaps not new, but still indispensable to every well regulated school,—the necessity of system in school work. It has been found by careful observation that regularity is essential to the health and progress of the student.

In our Normal, the plan of making out schedule cards has been
stated time in the day to study a certain subject; then when this is mastered, by referring to the schedule no time is lost in deciding what is to be done next. In this way all the energies of mind and body can be centered upon this one thing at a time.

A set time for rising makes a good beginning for a day, which may be fittingly closed by retiring at a fixed time. Everyone knows that regularity in eating is necessary to good health and, since this is true, it is easy to understand how it may be applied to school work. To carry out this idea, one need not get into a rut and remain there. On the contrary, by pursuing this methodical course he will have more time for outside work and greater strength to put into it. Thus the student may broaden and develop his physical, social and mental powers and be aided in enjoying to its fullest extent the opportunities and advantages of life.

—G. W. W.

* * * * *

As students in a Normal School and prospective teachers, to be—as it were—moulders of characters in the future, we are here for work. Few of us are permitted to spend the entire four years in completing the course, yet to get the best of what is offered, that is none too long. With the rest of the world of today, we must hasten, study hard while we are here, so that when we leave we may enter with confidence upon our chosen profession. To accomplish this some of us are obliged to carry more courses than would be allowed at a university. Obviously, our preparation must be at night. But we cannot work all the time—every night, for if we do the neglect of our physical needs, while providing for our mental development, will soon become apparent in our classroom efforts.

Concentration must be our watchword, one thing at a time—giving our whole attention to that thing for the time being. Through concentrated attention, we shall become interested and completing our task say that the lesson was not too long.

Five minutes of such effort will accomplish more than twenty of half-hearted, aimless wandering. If, when ready for study, a slip of paper and pencil be at hand and a written note made of the important topics, the subtopics also noted mentally,—then, the text may be easily and quickly reproduced. The lesson will be learned and the impression firmly made.

Now, there will be some time for the play which we all must have. But, we are teachers, in fact, or to be. What shall we do? Shall we engage in some recreation which in our actual teaching our patrons might not approve? Even if all do not object to our disposal of our leisure time, shall we risk the dis-pleasure of a few? May we not lower our own professional value by so indulging in this, our formative period? Is the pleasure we
get worth the energy expended in its pursuit? Can we do justice to ourselves in recitation and to our pupils in the classroom, after a night of insufficient and unrefreshing sleep?

We must decide for ourselves. Our work will be evidence of our efforts; our instructors will judge us by what we accomplish. The problem is for us; we must solve it.

—R. G. S.

* * * *

Daniel Webster's statement, "There is always more room at the top", was never more true than now. There is more room now than ever before. The room is growing and is to be occupied, not by people with royal blood but by those who have the courage to believe in themselves and the ability to struggle until they reach it.

The great demand of today is for good men. Seemingly there are not enough of such men to go around. There is a growing competition for men of this type that are available. There is plenty of room and opportunities for the worthy no matter what business they are following. But natural ability or diversified talents will not suffice to qualify you for the demands of the present. These qualities must be energized. As water in the locomotive must be made to boil to generate motive power, so one must be thoroughly enthused to generate the energy and motive power requisite for the accomplishment of anything noteworthy. It is this force that enables one to outride obstacles and dare dangers in order to reach his ideals. This fire revives slumbering forces, stimulates energies that are inactive and arouses resources of strength heretofore undiscovered.

—H. O. G.
Literary Society Notes

THE NORMALS

The work of the Normal Society is prospering very commendably under the critical eye of Mrs. J. B. V. Butler. Parliamentary usage, the arrangement and presentation of argument in debate, the training of judges in carefully weighing points in the arguments, are some features receiving special attention. The judges are required to summarize all the arguments presented, showing their relevancy to the question as well as their authentic and corresponding weight and the decision is rendered accordingly; this method has proved very valuable to the debaters themselves, to the judges, and to the members, for they all receive a direct benefit.

This is the first year that the society has introduced a secret initiatory service and the result is very gratifying. A secret ballot is taken together with mysterious signs, cabalistic words, and weird incantations. The goat is in good condition. Some of the new members say he is too high a stepper for comfortable riding and that he should be placed on shorter rations. But others hold that since it is always a “fresh-man” that rides, it is best to give him something of his own nature, a “fresh-goat.”

To the excellent speeches, recitations, music, both vocal and instrumental, and the spirited debates, is due the large number of visitors who attend the meetings. The earnestness with which the members are taking up the work promises to make this one of the most successful years in the history of the Society.

THE VESPERTINES

At the opening of school, the Vespertine Society had a very small enrollment, there being only twelve active members. By their united efforts, others were interested in the work and at the first initiation, twenty-seven girls took the oath and promised that, “As long as water flows and grass is green I’ll be a faithful Vespertine.”

As these prospective members entered the college on that memorable evening, they were greeted by a ghost and directed to a sister specter in the hall above. She in turn bade them continue on their journey until they should be met by a third apparition who would direct them to a fourth. Thus they found their way to the third story where they were allowed to enter the sacred portals of the society, there to receive mysterious signs in a strange language. Since that time the number has continued to increase until now we may boast of fifty earnest members.
A Hallowe’en party was given by the Delphian Society, October 30, in their society hall. The room was beautifully decorated in autumn leaves, grape vines, chrysanthemums and “jack-o-lanterns” while in one corner of the room, a cozy nook was occupied by a gypsy maiden, who unravelled the mysteries of the future. After a short program, Hallowe’en refreshments were served. The party then adjourned to the gymnasium where the remainder of the evening was spent in playing games.

'Twas a happy thought on the part of one of the Vespertine girls that resulted in a good time on Cupid’s Knoll on the evening of October fourth. With the aid of some of the Normal boys, a huge bonfire was laid in the afternoon. A general invitation was extended and about a hundred came to enjoy the games which were played on the hills and among the trees. Music by the Boys’ Glee Club sounded unusually sweet in the still night and a reading by a visiting friend was greatly enjoyed. The girls served refreshments, after which Mr. Robinson and Miss Galloway led the grand march around the fire, and on and on down the hill until the tune of “Tramp, Tramp” died away and the fire smoldered alone.

As an event to celebrate their triumph over the tests of the previous days, the students were invited, by the social committee of the faculty, to spend the evening of November 28 in an informal good time at the Normal Assembly Hall. The sphinx on the stairs gave each a slip of paper with a number on it, which told him where to be seated. Tables, seating not less than four, were arranged in the hall and such shouting and fun when some one found a “Sherlock Holmes” or made “a corner on wheat.” The faculty quartet, Messrs. Ressler, Petteys, Traver and Powell made the evening more pleasant by singing several well-chosen selections. Rosy-cheeked apples were distributed and the company finally broke up with murmurs of thanks to those who so kindly planned the evening’s entertainment.

A pleasant event of the season was a frolic given by the social committee of the faculty, at the gymnasium, November second. The evening was spent in playing games and bowling, after which all engaged in pulling taffy. Every one seemed much pleased with the evening’s sport.
Alumni Notes

E. S. Evenden, '03, who has for the past three years been a critic in the State Normal Training Department, is now attending Stanford University. From all reports Mr. Evenden is enjoying his work and having a very pleasant time.

The University of California has a representative from the State Normal in the person of Miss Eva Walsh, '05 class.

The Alumni of this school are well represented in Salem schools by Misses Emma Kramer, '04; Constance Whealdon, '04; Eva Savage, '05; Helen Gleason, '05; and Orletta Krause, '05.

Miss Olga Boatman, '04, was married to Dr. Ruedy last summer at Tacoma. They now reside in Portland, where Dr. Ruedy is a prominent physician.

Other graduates of the O. S. N. S., who are teaching, are: Miss Gussie Burns, '05, Medford; Mr. Marion Carter, '01, Holmes Business College; Mrs. Mary Meador, '02, Patterson School, Eugene; Miss Mabel Snelling, '05, Seaside; Miss Rosa Smith, '00, Portland; Misses Lora Foster, '05, Forest Grove; Dora E. Baker, '06, Forest Grove; Mabel Matteson, '06, Forest Grove; Edna K. Jensen, '04, Klamath Falls; Mary Simonson, '05, Newberg; Joel Wilson, '06, Toledo; Edith Harrison, '04, Toledo; Alice Fleming, '05, Toledo.

Mr. J. C. Sturgill, '06, is now principal of the Condon Public and High School. Mr. Sturgill has for the past several years been a prominent teacher in Eastern Oregon, and since he has finished his Normal training, we feel assured that he is capable of filling any prominent position as a teacher in the state.

We are pleased to know that Harry Belt, '03 class, has been appointed to the position of school superintendent of Yamhill county. We are still more pleased to know that he was fortunate enough to secure Miss Martha Paldanius, '05 class, for his wife.
Mr. A. C. Hampton, '02, is principal of the Pendleton High School. We all give Mr. Hampton our hearty congratulation on securing such a good position and we feel sure that he will be able to meet all emergencies.

Mr. A. E. Wheelock of '05 class, completed his law course last spring and has now opened an office in the Marquam building in Portland. We all extend to Mr. Wheelock our best wishes.

Mr. R. B. Powell, '05, who has for the past two years been teaching in Independence, is now principal of the Moro school.

Mr. Curtis Johnson, '06, is now a prosperous real estate agent of Moro. Graves Crowley, '06, is principal of the Rickreal school. Harry Stine, '06, is still principal of the Perrydale school.

Philip Boche, '06, and his sister, Miss Lottie Boche, '05, are teaching at Monument. From all reports they are teaching a good school.

Miss Ruby Shearer, '07, is back with us this year as Primary Critic in the Training Department. Miss Shearer has made a specialty of primary work and the student teachers regard it a privilege to observe her teaching.

The February and June classes of the Normal are well scattered among the schools of the state. Of the February class, Nellie Beckett is in Tillamook, Freda Gist in Newberg, Ellen Lawrence, Canyon City; Ellen Nelson, Salem; Dora Neilson, The Dalles; Lula Kellar, Pendleton; Minnie Blough, Portland; Florence Bowden, Independence; Mae Tracer is completing the four years' course and Milton Force is manager of the Acorn Book Store at Monmouth. From the June class, William Wiest is principal at North Yamhill; J. E. Dunton, at Ballston; Sarah B. Gray, Astoria; Maude W. Cooke, Pendleton; Nora J. Sorensen and Alpha Donaca, Newberg; Martha Bartell, The Dalles; Pansy Maurer, and May Goode, Independence; Gertrude Cobb, North Yamhill; Bess Hammond, Portland; Alice Markart, Parkplace; Hilda Stenholm and Ada Chapman, Marshfield.

It is rumored that William Weist has rented a furnished house which they will occupy about the middle of December.
Music Notes

A novel and interesting diversion from the usual Chapel essays was given on Wednesday, November the thirteenth, by Mr. David Campbell in the form of the Peer Gynt Suite, a musical play, transposed from the original score to duet form for the pianoforte, in which form it was played by him and Mrs. Babbitt on the Grand piano. It was preceded by a short essay descriptive of the composition.

The Peer Gynt Suite was composed by Edward Grieg, a noted Scandinavian composer. It consists of four parts: Morgen-Stimmung (Morning Mood), Aase's Tod (Death of Aase), Anitra's Dance, and In der Halle des Berg-Königs (In the Hall of the Mountain King.) Aase's Tod has been simplified into the form of a piano solo which is very popular at the present time. The theme of the whole series is very odd. Mr. Campbell and Mrs. Babbitt are skillful musicians and rendered the piece very artistically. It was enthusiastically received and they were called upon to repeat it. We are always glad to be surprised with such a musical treat as this.

A faculty quartet has been organized consisting of Messrs. Ressler, Pettys, Traver and Powell. They sang at the lecture given by Mr. Glenn O. Holman and gave evidence of their excellent ability.

Great interest is being taken in music this year, both vocal and instrumental. Glee clubs and choruses are organizing and the piano may be heard from the first in the morning to the last in the evening.

The Girls' Glee Club has for another year organized under the instruction of Mrs. Babbitt. All who know Mrs. Babbitt's ability in training for singing can expect great results. Those in the Glee Club are Misses Lois Powell, Edna Guthrie, Myrtle McReynolds, Lora Craven, and Ruth Fugate. The girls are greatly interested in the music with which to greet their hearers in the near future. The Boys' Glee Club has also organized with President Ressler as instructor. The President and the boys furnished some good music last year and from all appearances it seems as though we have some treats in store for us this year.
The basket ball season was opened by a game between the Senior girls and a picked team from the rest of the school on Saturday evening, October twelfth. The game was said by many to have been the fastest girls' game they had ever witnessed. At the end of the first half the score was 5 to 5. In the second half, by shifting players, the Seniors made one more basket. The game resulted in a final score of 5 to 7 in favor of the Seniors.

Another very interesting game of basket ball was played in the O. S. N. S. gymnasium Saturday evening, October 26th, between the Seniors and school girls. The Seniors took the lead in the first half and kept it during the game. Each team received its share of applause, and the best of feelings prevailed throughout the game. The final score was 7 to 14 in favor of the Senior girls.

In the Normal gymnasium, November 29, the Monmouth basket ball team met and defeated the Capital Business College team from Salem. This being the first game of the season, it was somewhat rough but in every department of the game Monmouth proved her superiority. The official's decisions were never questioned, and a friendly spirit prevailed among the players throughout the entire game. The final score—Monmouth, 35, and Salem 13—tells the story of the game. The Monmouth line-up was as follows: Lorence and F. Butler guard; Craven, center; Force and Goode forwards. The Monmouth team appreciated very much the large attendance at the game.

At a meeting of the Gridiron enthusiasts, held in Normal Gym., it was decided to form a football team for a Thanksgiving game with a team from Independence. It was thought that such ex-
cellent material would be available that the very mention of the members of the team, with their well known prowess, would strike terror to the hearts of all opponents. Accordingly, Ray Murphy was elected captain and Darrel Stump was made manager. Between the hours of 3.45 and 6.00 P. M., an interested spectator may see a number of pig-skin warriors, clad in full mail, charging back and forth under the capable direction of Coach Tharp, cheered on by the applause of the Normal lasses on the side lines. Woe to the unwary opponents who are first scheduled to meet our champions.

Nearly five hundred people witnessed an exciting game of football on the Normal campus, Thanksgiving day, between Monmouth and Independence. Both elevens were evenly matched and the result of the game was doubtful until the whistle blew at the end of the second half. Although no long gains were made, both teams seldom failed to make yardage. The ball had been in play only a few minutes when Independence scored two points on a touchback. No more points were made until late in the second half, when Independence fumbled on their ten yard line, and Murphy, who recovered the ball, made a dash for a touchdown. Riddle easily kicked the goal which made the score 6 to 2 in favor of Monmouth. The feature of the game, however, was the stand with Monmouth made during the last few minutes of play. The Independence eleven, which had gained thirty yards by straight line plunges, seemed determined to make a touchdown; but, when they reached Monmouth’s ten-yard line, not a hole could be found through which to make gains, for Monmouth’s line stood like an iron wall. Monmouth secured the ball and, in the dark, easily kept it out of danger till the whistle blew. A gentlemanly spirit prevailed among the players during the entire game. The Monmouth line-up was as follows: R. E., McNeill; R. T., C. Day; and Huber; R. G., W. Day; C., Stuart; and C. Day; L. G., McConnell; L. T., F. Butler; L. E., Churchmen and Murphy; Q., Stump; R. H., Riddle; L. H., Murphy and Stine; F., Lorence.

The Association meets every Sunday afternoon. The program for each month is: one missionary meeting, one lecture by some member of the faculty or advisory board, or a minister, and two devotional meetings.

A class has been organized for systematic Bible study with Mrs. L. A. Robinson as teacher. The class meets every Saturday afternoon at Mrs. Robinson’s home to study the life of Our Savior from the four Gospels.
Miss L. (In Physics)—When sound waves strike people it breaks them up.

Miss T. (in English Literature)—Explain the result of King Arthur’s meeting with Guinevere.

Miss G.—After they met it was impossible for King Arthur to banish from his heart and mind the beautiful—

Miss T.—Why don’t you say, “Cupid struck him with his arrow?”

Professor R. hits “the high places” in Physics.

Mollie P. is rushing the season. She thought it was leap year and asked a young man for his name.

In Economics—Mr. B. is coining new words. His latest is “transportating.”

Mr. O. (in Economics)—It seems to me—

We believe Mr. C. has succeeded in carrying in “carrying himself back” to the time of the Hyk (Hicks) sos kings, perhaps we should say queens.

Normal conundrums: Who is the ex-mayor of Portland?

Williams.

What is the country seat of Gilliam County? Canton.

What is a good material for a foundation? Stone.

Who made the first American flag? Miss Ross.

What is a large city of Texas? Houston.

What member of the President’s cabinet teaches in the T. D.? Evans.
Happened at the Skating rink:
"He sits apart,
They skate along;
With wistful gaze
He eyes the throng.

Nor answers he,
But sighs aloud;
When called to join
The merry throng.

The cause; he's wrecked
By one he trusted,
His last suspender
Button's busted."

We understand that Percy will operate a hand holding ma-
chine in opposition to the skating rink. He claims his experiment
in that line last Sunday night was a complete success.

Mr. C.—Do you love anyone? If so, whom?
Miss H.—None of your business.

Mr. J. B. V. (playing tennis)—Oh! that was out without the
shadow of a doubt. (A moment later.) Where is that line?

Mr. R. (to Miss D. in Physics.)—Did you ever see colorless
steam that you couldn't see?

Mr. O. (in General Methods)—Why, it seems to me—

Miss T.—"What became of Delsarte, the famous French elo-
cutionist?"

Peter—"Why—a, I believe he—er died."

Miss S. (in Arithmetic methods)—I'm sure you would find it
much easier, students, if you would subtract your sense (cents)
and then go on with the problem.

Percy—Yes, I love the West and sketch by the light of the
moon.

Wanted:—Some one to do studying on skating-rink nights.
Terms liberal—Nettie Rankin.

Monmouth has the Shepherds,
But where are the sheep?

*Monmouth has the Fishers,
But where are the fish?

Monmouth has the Days,
But they are both sonny (sunny);

Monmouth has the Bakers,
But Joe makes our bread.
The physical director does not come to school now until about two o'clock. We suppose he wipes the dishes.

R. M. (in Normal debate)—My goodness! A Jap tried to go to school in San Francisco and he stirred up quite a fuss.

It is suggested that the English Literature class play "Authors."

Mr. H. A. G. (at 2 P. M. in T. D. library on Monday)—I wonder where Mr. Tharp is. He hasn't been to school today.

Miss S.—Why this is the first wash day.

Percy has decided to settle near the West, so that he may hear his Echo.

Myrtle has chosen her life-work. She intends to be a Baker.

Mr. O.—(In Physical Geography)—It seems to me—

Mr O. (teaching Physical Geography)—What deposits are made by the glaciers, Miss G.?

Miss G. (who just woke up)—Where?

A new plan has been adopted in the Normal Training Department this year; the student-teachers teach by subjects instead of by grades. The assignments for the first ten weeks were: First and second grade subjects, Esther Fisher, Nellie Christensen, Mabelle Ross, Delta Dillard; third and fourth grade subjects, Maud Maxwell, Dorena McPherson, Delta Dillard, Zona Mulkey, Mabel Muddrick, Mary Murdock, Alma Stone, Catherine Campbell, Agnes Campbell, Blanche Small; fifth and sixth, Catherine Campbell, Gladys Houston, Dora Murdock, Mary Murdock, Laura Purcell, Florence Stoddard, David Campbell, Roma Stafford, Mabelle Ross, Blanche Small, Ethel Gross; seventh, Chester Day, Hubert Goode, David Campbell, Gladys Houston, Myrtle McReynolds; eighth, David Campbell, Charlotte Evans, Gladys Houston, Myrtle McReynolds, Roma Stafford, Docia Willetts, Mabel Lorence, Hilda Tooze; ninth, Hubert Goode, Chester Day, Roma Stafford, Agnes Campbell, Adrian Owen, Paul Baker.

“The Troubadour”, Portland Academy, has been added to our exchange list. The paper is very good. It has many neat, catchy cuts in it which add very much to the general appearance of the paper.

The cover of the Thanksgiving Oregon Monthly is very neat, pretty and suggestive. The inside material is also good and well arranged.

Exchanges

This is the first issue of the new year. Many of our old exchanges have been received, and we hope for more. New exchanges from different schools will also be welcomed to our table. Our criticisms are made in friendly interest and we are glad to profit by criticisms made upon the Courier.

The Clarion, Appleton High School, Wis., has been received. The interesting article, “A Trip to Greece,” is very good.

The Student, Columbus, Kansas, is to be commended on its neat cover design. It has no exchange column.

A very pretty poem, “College Days,” appears in the Cooper Courier. An account of six weddings is given in this paper, which fact seems rather odd for a school paper.

Among the exchanges are the O. A. C. Barometers, papers we are always glad to receive. One of the numbers announced that the entire Student Body condemned hazing, pronouncing it a relic of antiquity.

The High School Budget, Rushville, Ind., is among our exchanges.

The Oregon Weekly has been received and we see that it still maintains its former standard.

The Recorder is a neat, orderly paper.

Student Life has been received. No exchange column appears.

One of the exchanges received this month is the Orderly from Hill Military Academy, Portland. It is a good paper and is welcomed by all.

This month’s issue of the Albany High School Whirlwind does not print a list of exchanges, although it has a page given to exchange work.

The Eugene News is very well gotten up. One of its features is a separate department for Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior.

The Waynesburg Collegian is probably the best paper that has come to us this month. Its literary department is excellent.

The Philomoth College Chimes contains a department headed Exchanges, but no exchange list or exchange criticism could be found.

The Crimson and White is a very interesting paper.

The Oracle is enjoyed very much. It is rather odd and a change from the usual school paper.

The Seattle “Whims” was received this month. The material in it is excellent, but the arrangement could be made very much better. It has a separate department for each of the classes, an idea that is good.
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