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Mrs. V. F. Daniel
## DIRECTORY OF THE CLASS OF FEBRUARY, '08.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age (Inaccurate)</th>
<th>Alias</th>
<th>Haunt</th>
<th>Favorite Color</th>
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<td>&quot;Dea&quot;</td>
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<td>Adrian</td>
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<td>Lovers' Lane</td>
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<td>Essie</td>
<td>The Library</td>
<td>Green</td>
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Class of February, '08

OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
ASSEMBLY HALL, FEBRUARY 10, 1908

PROGRAM GRADUATION EXERCISES

Music ........................................NORMAL GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
Invocation ............................................REY. J. A. GOODE
Oration ........................................ANNA GODBERSON
   The Schoolmaster's True Status.
Oration ........................................ADRIAN B. OWEN
   The Teacher in Politics
Piano Solo ........................................MRS. MAY BOWDEN BABBIT
   Ballade A Flat .........................Chopin
Valedictory ........................................GRACE W. WHITEHOUSE
Baritone Solo ........................................MR. S. W. DOUGHTY
   a. Noon and Night......................C. B. Haveley
   b. Hidden Dew.........................Muriel Nelson
Class Address ........................................PRES. P. L. CAMPBELL
Presentation of Diplomas ........................PRES. E. D. RESSLER
Music ........................................NORMAL GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

PROGRAM CLASS DAY

Music ........................................FACULTY QUARTETTE
Opening Address .....................................CHESTER DAY
Class History .......................................MAE TRACER
Piano Solo ........................................MABEL BOYDSON
   Abendlied .........................Schumann-Raff
Oration ........................................EDITH FUGATE
Class Prophecy .....................................DORA MURDOCK
Vocal Solo ........................................LOIS POWELL
   a. My Dear .........................Ball
   b. You and Love ...............d'Hardelot
Class Will .........................................ESTHER FISHER
Piano Duet ......................................DAVID CAMPBELL AND BURTON ARANT
   Spanish Dance No. 5 ...............Moszkowski.
Class Prophecy

One day as I was slowly walking along the railroad track on my way from Cochrane, thinking over the day’s work, also of the coming Commencement and of my classmates who were to start out in life leaving the “Old Normal” behind them forever—perhaps, the following adventure befell me:

I saw what appeared to be a robin’s egg under the edge of one of the ties. I picked it up and was examining it more closely, when I very awkwardly dropped it. On looking down, I was greatly surprised not to see the broken fragments of the egg which I had expected, but a little elf, standing there looking at me solemnly.

Before I had time to recover from this surprise he had picked up his wand, and leaning slightly on it, began to talk to me in his shrill, piping voice: “You have been gazing into the mists of the future, yet you see nothing; come with me and I will lead you to the year of 1938, where you may see each of your classmates in their different stations of life.”

We first seemed to be going through a long dark tunnel, but on coming out I found that we were in the great city of Q——.

Being rather hungry, we at once sought the best restaurant, and on entering were met by the proprietor, our class president, Mr. Chester Day, and his chief Cook(e).

This scene quickly changed and I was entering the castle of the Princess of Hess. The little elf motioned for me to follow him. He led the way through many long and winding halls, but at last he stopped and by touching a ponderous door with his wand it quickly, but quietly swung back. There before me I saw what proved to be the governess of the Princess, eight children, and on looking more closely I recognized my classmate, Esther Fisher.

I then seemed to be walking along a road which was strangely familiar, yet I could not tell where it was or when I had been here before. We went through an iron gate and down a long walk; on going into the building we could see directly into the parlor. There seated in an easy chair was a lady holding in her arms a large, white Teddy Bear, which seemingly was her idol and only care. This proved to be the Fugate Mansion, one mile north of Monmouth and the inmate on whom I had been gazing was another classmate, Edith Fugate.

This vanished and in my ears was a deafening roar. I quickly looked about to discover the cause and found myself in one of
the largest skating rinks in B——. I at once looked for the
door manager, who was a lady, and as she glided past me I
saw the face of another classmate, Anna Godberson.

This scene vanished and I found myself in a rural district. As
it was warm, we stopped at a large farm house to get a drink.
We stepped on the porch and could hear the scurrying of feet in-
side; the door opened—and I saw before me a small woman and
five rosy-cheeked urchins hanging to her skirts. When I looked
into her face I recognized Mabel Muldrick, now Mrs. Z——.

Again the scene changed and we found ourselves about to
enter the yard of the “Craigie House,” when much to my dis-
appointment the elf stopped, and placing one finger over his lips,
sat down on a large pebble near by and as he slowly shook his
head, I once more heard his piping voice: “This we cannot enter,
but that you may not pass one of your classmates I will tell you of
its occupant, ‘Adrian Owen.’” He sat pondering for several mo-
m ents, then with a mysterious look, said: “It seems to me——;
that he was always a model boy—true, high minded, and noble;
remarkably solicitous always to do right; handsome too; quick
tempered but as quickly appeased; kind-hearted and affectionate,
the ‘Sunlight of the Hall.’ We now find him Longfellow’s equal
in every respect.”

Next we were ushered into the presence of “The First Lady of
the Land,” at Washington, D. C., and here I recognized our class-
mate, Mae Tracer. We then entered a large opera in Paris, where
we saw a scene from “The Merry Widow,” in which Grace White-
house was starring. As we left this place of amusement the Elf
slowly turned toward me, “And you—your future you will know
soon enough.” He vanished and I found myself again standing on
the track between Cochrane and Monmouth. D. M., ’08.
The Violet Meadow

On the road that leads to the haunted house,
There's a meadow broad and fair,
With a brook that laughs in the clear sunlight—
But beyond in the woods are the shadows of night—
In the grasses the violets grow there.

When we were children, we used to fear
The goblins that lived in the wood;
And we were filled with a childish fright,
That was only half fear and half delight,
As knee-deep in the grasses we stood.

Then, as the Spring times came and went,
We strayed 'neath the forest trees;
And in every trunk dwelt a dryad maid,
Who laughed at us from the forest shade,
But we thought it the evening breeze.

And the violets we picked in the scented grass
Were the sweetest that ever grew,
That lifted their heads to the sunshine bright,
Or folded their leaves at the coming of night,
All yellow and white and blue.

—A. C. '08.
Old Rosin the Bow

The month was August and the day had been almost unbearably hot; the drooping leaves of the great maples that shaded the quiet street, hung limp and dusty in the yellow sunlight of the late afternoon. In the house the air was so stifling, that for the sake of what little coolness the evening might bring, I opened the long windows of my room upon the balcony without, that is shaded by a big tree.

It is here in the balcony that I usually have my tea. All the neighbors more fortunate than myself, had left the hot town for the cooler mountains or seashore, and only I was left on the street. Therefore the windows of the great house across the way were boarded up, its doors all shut, its gate padlocked, and the flowers in its garden dust-covered and recklessly going to seed.

There was no one in sight when I opened my windows, nor yet when tea was brought to the balcony—I used to dream, when I was a child, of a Romeo-Juliet affair over this balcony and planned to be a Shakespearean actor, but that's another story, as Kipling would say.

I always have my tea hot; that is peculiar no doubt, but it makes one feel cooler afterwards than a cold drink would, I argue. And this particular day as I sipped my tea, and thought how lonesome the house across the way was—in fact how lonely the street and the whole town was, while, to say the truth I was feeling decidedly disagreeable with myself and the world—my unpleasant thoughts were broken into in a most decidedly pleasant manner.

From far away up the street I heard the strains of violin music, at first at such a distance that only the loudest notes reached me. But gradually the music came nearer, and presently I saw the player coming slowly along the other side of the dusty street; and when he was near enough I could see that he was blind. He stopped playing and touched the fence with his hand till he reached the gate of the empty house across the way, then he began to play again.

With his violin under his chin he stood, fingering the notes with surety, his sightless eyes turned to the silent house. The tune was “Rosin the Bow,” and he played it as if he himself were Rosin, and as the music of the old song rose and fell on the quiet evening air one could almost hear the words:

“I've travelled the wide world over,
And now to a better I'll go,
I know that kind friends will be waiting
To welcome Old Rosin the Bow.”

He paused when the verse was ended and turned expectantly
toward the boarded windows. When no response came he played again. This time it was "Robin Adair."

"What's this dull town to me,
Robin's not here."

While he played I listened, but when he had finished, I went down into the street, and as he turned disappointedly away from the empty house, I spoke to him and pressed a coin into his outstretched hand. The smile that lighted his face was thanks more than enough. Then I watched him go down the street toward the river and the sunset, playing softly as he went the tunes of auld lang syne.

When the last lingering note had died away upon the quiet evening air, I betook myself back to the balcony and the cooling tea, and thought as I watched the last rays of the setting sun sift through the still leaves and lie on the ground in a light still mosaic, how blessed I was in my balcony with my teacups, how happy I should be, not how envious. All my jealous, cross thoughts fled away before the music of the violin, and the blind player never knew how much peace he left or how much good he did, when he played to the sightless windows of an empty house.

There, that's everything there is to tell; did you expect a story—well, there isn't any. I am sorry if you are disappointed; you might come and have tea with me to-morrow evening though I'll not promise you any music to drive dull care away.

June Senior

Pearl to Miss S. (10:30 p. m.).—Call me in the morning, wont you? Be sure, now.
Miss S.—How many times?

Frank C. (secretary of Normal Society).—Mr. President! I keep a record of everything I take!

Have you seen Chester's ring?
No, is it new?
Sh! You ought to (Otta) know, it's leap year.

At Normal Society. Mr. S.—Ladies and gentlemen, the program was not posted long enough for me to prepare a lengthy discourse, so I will do the best I can. I will recite.
"I saw a rat run up the wall. (Gesture)
I saw his tail and that was all." (More gesture)
(Great applause).

Mr. R. (In physics).—Have you ever kneaded (needed) any dough. Miss S.?
EDITORIAL

STAFF

Editor in Chief
First Associate
Second Associate
Literature
Alumni
Locals
Exchanges
Athletics
Society
Music

GRACE W. WHITEHOUSE, '08
HUBERT A. GOODE, '08
ROMA G. STAFFORD, '08
AGNES CAMPBELL, '08
FRANK BUTLER, '06
MERLE SHANNAHAN, '11; EDGAR MUNSON, '09
NETTIE RANKIN, '08
ANETTA MILLER, '09; EDWIN LORENCE, '09
ETHEL GROSS, '08; F. E. BORNEMAN, '10
RUTH FUGATE, '09; BURTON ARANT, '10

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

PAUL BAKER, '08
RAY MURPHY, '09
MYRTLE McREYNOLDS, '08
ARCHIE MCNEILL, '10

The Courier is published four times during the school year, in the months of December, February, April and June, by the students of the Oregon State Normal School, at Monmouth, Oregon. Subscription price, fifty cents a year; single copy, fifteen cents.

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.

Entered as second class matter, December 16, 1905, at the postoffice at Monmouth, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

What should be the teacher's attitude toward certain forms of amusement—dancing, card-playing, etc. Should she welcome these as friendly helpers, as stepping stones toward nobler heights in her profession? Or should she pause and consider before taking part in these recreations—consider whether she can afford the expenditure of time and strength, consider how she may influence others weaker than herself?

Have you ever had the knowledge thrust upon you suddenly, that because you were indulging in these pastimes others would feel that they might do likewise? Have you ever had a mother come to you, as her daughter's Sunday-school teacher, and say, "I objected to my daughter's joining a whist-club and she justified herself by saying that you, her Sunday-school teacher, belonged to one"? If you have, you remember what followed. You discontinued your card-playing, not because you did not care for whist or euchre, but because you were convinced that your influence for higher things would be lessened if you took part in questionable amusements.

Teachers, in respect to their fellow men, hold a position of pe-
culiar publicity and responsibility. They are looked up to in the community; their pupils copy them and not infrequently the parents do the same. Since this is true, the teacher’s profession should be above reproach.

We are not obliged to be teachers, any more than we are obliged to be bookkeepers, doctors or lawyers. We are not forced to be citizens of the United States, for there are other places in which we may live, but because we are such, we regard our privileges as citizens and do not overstep them. By this same course of reasoning, we may choose our profession, and if it be that of a teacher it is our duty not to lower it’s standard.

There are some laws that we must observe, even as free citizens of this republic. We are obliged to consider the lives of others. We must not shoot a gun within the city limits for perfectly obvious reasons. Why, then, if we live under state laws and obey them, should we not remember the unwritten laws in the teacher’s profession and hold fast to them?

Our personality should be such that all coming in contact with it shall be raised, not lowered. Such a personality may only be possessed by one whose acts are above criticism, whose ideals are high, whose life is pure.

We believe that we should “think on these things.”

G. W. W.

***

“To do the common duty of each day uncommonly well—that is success.”

To the February Class of 1908 we, in all sincerity, extend the best of wishes.

The tide of fortune does not rise and recede by any planetary law, and the one who wants to take that tide at the flood will find when it does come of what value has been the time of waiting. He who is contented at first to avail himself of each small advantage, may at last be repaid by a great opportunity and be able to grasp it. It is not necessary to be an idealist—one should not be that—but to have an ideal; to have some definite aim, and to let every effort toward the fulfillment of some ambition.

When far away from the shelter of the mother college the time will come when one must guide his own steps. Since the height of every great structure depends upon the depth of its foundation, every stone in that foundation will be appreciated then. There will come days of cloud and storm, but like another house, this one will be founded upon a rock and it will not fall.

Whether in the tiny school among the hills or in the best equipped building of the land, let us “strive to do better than well,” to do our best and when the great time comes we will be deserving of the reward.
The Courier

Classmates, we shall miss you. The highest wish that we can make for you, we do—our wish, our hope, is your success.

R. G. S.

So long as we live for ourselves or endeavor to honor ourselves, we are associated with forms of selfishness which are degrading, but the moment we entertain desires to be of general good to others we part company with all lower orders of human life and enter a better, richer life; one thus benefits and blesses society.

We are architects of our own fates, for good or evil, and our structure will never be effaced. Every stroke of virtue or vice leaves its impression on this edifice. We may be like Rip Van Winkle, excuse ourselves for each mistake by saying, "I won't count this time!" We may not count it and our friends may not count it, but it is counted nevertheless. The molecules of our nerve cells and fibers are counting it. They register it against us for the next temptation to come. Nothing we ever do is altogether wiped out. This principle is equally as good as bad, for, as we become permanent drunkards by taking drink after drink, so we become upright characters and of permanent good in the community by our several acts and hours of work.

—H. A. G.
Alumni Notes

Mary Harrison, '97, who has spent the last two years on her homestead in Harney county, has secured her title, and is now teaching at Port Orchard, Washington.

Paul Johnson, '05, is teaching at Walla Walla and William E. Smith, '06, at Hubbard.

Linnie Murphy, '08, lately of Walla Walla, has returned to Monmouth, her home.

Minerva Thiessen, '06, at Arlington, and Zella Henkle, '06, at Hood River, are both doing good work in primary grades.

Onie David, '06, has risen to the position of principal in Malheur City.

Emma Lammers, '96, a former teacher in Portland, after traveling two years abroad, has returned and has resumed her teaching.

Constance Wheelock, '04, holds a position as teacher in one of the Salem schools. Her sister, Martha, '03, because of ill health is not teaching.

J. G. Mohrweis, '96, of Mohrweis, Wash., reports that he is well situated and is still teaching. We are indebted to Mr. Mohrweis for being instrumental in adding three students to the Normal.

On account of ill health M. G. S. Wolverton, '83, of Spokane, has for a time retired from active business, and is now living on a homestead near Salmon River.

With regret we learn that the debating team from Tillamook High School, where Mr. Rutherford, '04, is principal, was not successful in the recent contest with the high school of Astoria. We congratulate the Astoria team on their success and we know the spirit of determination that prompted the Tillamook school to do good work in the past. Mr. Rutherford should receive the credit of having organized a team which is able to contest with a sister school.

We learn that Mrs. H. H. Belt, '05, is teaching in the McMinnville schools.

Misses Beuna McCoy, '04, and Stella Marple, '03, both teachers, made an extended trip during the past summer through the South and East. They visited the Jamestown fair and saw many other places of interest.

From current reports, Mr. C. W. Hawley, '89, will enter the race for representative from this county, in the coming election. Mr. Hawley having proved such a successful farmer will surely be a worthy person to enter our legislative halls.

Sarah B. Gray, '07, who has been teaching in Astoria, will be in the Pendleton schools after February.
Visitors here during the holidays were Mrs. Mary Meador, '92, now teaching in Eugene; W. L. Arant, '06, critic at Weston Normal, and Viola Gymne, '06, who teaches at McMinnville.

Since our last issue one of our alumnae, Velma Ground, '05, has married, Mrs. M. A. Ford now being her name. They live in Portland.

T. C. Allen, '02, and Mrs. Allen (nee Anna Grimsley, '05,) are teaching for the second year at Grangeville, Calif. Both are successful teachers and have been promised larger salaries for next year.

Mrs. M. B. Hogue, '99, is teaching in Portland. We know her as one of the editors of the "Home and School," a teachers' magazine published in that city.

Eva Wash, '05, formerly a student at Berkeley, is now in Portland with her parents.

Mrs. Viola E. Godfrey, '02, who has been a principal in one of the Oregon City Schools since her graduation, is this year principal at Willamette Falls.

Normal Society

Since the last issue of the Courier several new members have been initiated. In the election of officers which took place a few weeks ago, not one of the old officers was re-elected (believing it to be a good policy to "rotate the officers" so that all may benefit from experience). Nevertheless, the business of the society is transacted with the usual dispatch. Some of the members have been trying our new president, Mr. A. R. Owen, with a labyrinth of parliamentary rules. Thus far he has shown them their way out so clearly that we are of the opinion that he will have little trouble in the future.

On December thirteenth our tryout was held to select debaters to represent the Normals in a final tryout with members from the girls' societies who had been chosen in a like manner. Mr. Stroud, Mr. Goode and Mr. Munsen were selected.

The final contest took place a week later in the Normal Chapel before a good crowd of students and townspeople. The debate was marked by good, strong argument well sprinkled with sparkling wit as the several contestants verified their arguments and challenged their opponents. Mr. Goode, Mr. Stroud and Miss Whitney were selected from the contesting teams to represent the Normal School in the first intercollegiate debate with McMinnville College, February twentieth at Monmouth.
Vespertine Society

A plan lately adopted in this society is the study of authors. Holmes, Burns, Lowell and Charles Lamb have each occupied an evening. The "Whitney Chorus," another feature of our programs, will go down through the annals of history as "a whistling success."

The room is always clean and in perfect order, for at each meeting three members are appointed to see to its arrangement for the next Friday evening. Post cards have been sent out to former Vespertines (if you haven't had one let us know) who are to return one with a message for the society. These are to be read at some meeting and then placed upon the wall.

In the tryout contest for the intercollegiate debates, the successful team from the Vespertines comprised Miss Mabel Robinson, Miss Pearl Simmons and Miss Mollie Petre. After the contest with the Delphian girls, Miss Robinson was chosen leader of the team to meet the Normals. Although we lost out in the last debate, we do not feel discouraged, and we are confident that in Miss Robinson we have a worthy representative in the debate with Corvallis in March.

The Vespertines wish to thank the members of the faculty for their kindly interest in the work of the society during the past semester.

Delphian Society

In the tryout contests of debaters for the intercollegiate debates the successful team from our society was Miss Blanche Goodwin, Miss Mary Whitney and Miss Laura Purcell. In the finals, with the other societies, Miss Whitney was again victorious and will represent this society in the coming contests. Miss Goodwin will also represent us in the debate with the Oregon Agricultural College which is to be held in March, while Miss Purcell will enter the Oratorical contest. Our society takes just pride in the ability and efforts of these members and they will render a good accounting of themselves.

The weekly programs are definitely arranged upon some unique plan; either for music, art or literary effect, and the result is both very pleasing and instructive. While debating is given its full share of time yet it is not so regularly engaged in.

Miss Mary Whitney is the newly elected president and assumes the office in her usual serene and dignified manner. In parliamentary law she is well read and gives her decisions with promptness, a rare quality in presiding officers.
Some definite plans have been matured to decorate our hall and soon we shall take pleasure in receiving our guests in our cozy corner.

We take this opportunity to thank the members of the faculty for their assistance and encouragement during the past semester; their presence, sympathetic and instructive talks have been a source of strength and help that all the members appreciate.

_A Plea for the Christian Associations_

When young women—or young men—go out as teachers, into a country or village school, perhaps, they are naturally looked upon as leaders not only in school life but also in social and religious matters. Therefore, the young man or woman who has taken an active part in these matters in his or her own school life is best fitted to assume these responsibilities.

In every up-to-date high school and college today may be found both a Young Men's and a Young Women's Christian Association. The object of these associations is primarily a social and religious one. The members do—or should—assist new students in becoming acquainted with others and in becoming accustomed to their new surroundings.

But the greatest benefit accrues to the student who does this work, he or she is gaining executive ability which may be put to practical use when college days are over; and, furthermore, is learning to apply Christianity in everyday relations with others. The members may attend Bible Study and Mission Study classes, thus getting an insight into these matters.

Last, but not least, each little local organization is a part not only of the state organization but also of the great National Association. Nearly every city of any size has a Y. M. C. A. and often a Y. W. C. A. building. In these buildings are provided lounging places for young men and comfortable rest rooms for women and girls. In fact they are working out the problem of practical Christianity.

—M. W. '09.
Music Notes

The students of the O. S. N. S. have been favored with music of different kinds since our last issue of the Courier.

Mrs. Babbitt played two Liszt Nocturnes and the famous Chopin Scherzo in chapel one morning for a part of the Christmas exercises; we enjoyed a solo sung by Mr. Ressler in his usual pleasing manner; then the Girls' Glee Club favored the students with a song entitled "The Shepherds."

In the place of her chapel essay, Myrtle McReynolds rendered a beautiful solo entitled "Life."

During the Christmas holidays we were delightfully entertained by Mr. Ressler and Miss Tuthill at Mr. Johnson's residence. The evening was spent listening to a program consisting of music by the Faculty Male Quartette, Mr. Doughty, Girls' Glee Club, piano music by Mrs. Babbitt, 'Cello solo played by Miss Bowden, and reading by Miss Tuthill. After the program, refreshments were served. Mr. Ressler and Miss Tuthill proved to be very good entertainers.

About the middle of January the students and the general public listened to the Robley Male Quartette and Meneley Mixed Quartette given in a series of entertainments provided by the Citizens' Entertainment Course. In the Robley Male Quartette, the audience listened to some great music as well as the readings rendered by the great impersonator, Bayard T. Robley. The special feature of the Meneley Quartette was the musical chimes. Mr. Ricketts, the impersonator, greatly entertained the audience.

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Mr. C.—How do we know Percy hasn’t got the money?

Chester.—I know he hasn’t got any money, because he stays in the same house with me.

President of the Prohibition League.—We will now have the report of the Program Committee.

Paul E. (Chairman of committee).—I, er,—er,—that is—we left it at home, I guess.

Miss H. (In elocution).—Mr. Radical says, "The clear murr—dock not only———", etc.

Percy. (Overheard when thinking aloud on some great question)—I mustn’t give up hope.

Chester. (In the midst of a crowd of girls, as usual).—I’m sweet sixteen and never been kissed.

Ada.—Oh, I know better than that.
Athletics

Monmouth 12-Chemawa 5. The Monmouth girls met and defeated the Chemawa girls in their gym. Jan. 3, '08. The lineup was as follows: Murdock and Burt, forwards; Dunahoo, center; D. Murdock and Strong, guards.

Monmouth, 17-Silverton, 12. On Jan. 4, in the Silverton gym, the girls scored their second victory on their vacation trip. Monmouth played an easy game in order to be in good condition for the Portland game. The feature of the game was the rooting by the chaperone, Mrs. Tharp.

Monmouth, 18-Portland, 2. The girls crowned their vacation trip with success, in Portland on January 5. The game was a decided walkover for Monmouth. The girls showed their superiority in every department of the game. They played a fast game from start to finish and with the encouragement of their captain, Miss Dora Murdock, won the three games which gave them a straight line for the championship of the state.

The girls' team was defeated in their gymnasium by the Chemawa team, February 1. The score indicates the closeness of the game. Monmouth, 11, and Chemawa, 13. A third game will probably be arranged for, to be played on a neutral floor.

Dallas, 37-Monmouth, 12. Although Monmouth met defeat in the Dallas gymnasium December 7, 1907, she scored more points on the Dallas team than any other Oregon team this year. The Monmouth lineup was as follows: Lawrence and F. Butler, guards; Craven, center; Force and Goode, forwards.

University of Oregon, 7, and Monmouth, 22. The Monmouth aggregation defeated the crack U. of O. team, December 13, in the Monmouth gymnasium.

Salem Business College, 13, and Monmouth, 35. The Salem bunch met defeat at the hands of Monmouth in their gym, Jan. 4. Salem played good ball at times, but were playing out of their class.

Philomath, 4-Monmouth, 60. The score tells the story of the game. It was a practice game for Monmouth. The line-up was the same as in the U. of O. game.

Chemawa, 10-Monmouth, 30. In the Monmouth gymnasium, January 25, the fast, snappy team from Chemawa met defeat. The lineup was as follows: Force and Goode, forwards; Craven, center; F. Butler and C. Butler, guards. Monmouth has a winning bunch, which can give any team in the state a "run for its money."
Locals

Rev. Seiwert, of Portland, gave a very pleasant talk to the students, January twenty-seventh, in the Assembly Hall.

I. M. Howell and William Stewart, of Tacoma, former students, were here last week renewing old acquaintances. It was their first return for twenty-two years and they were greatly pleased with the change.

Mr. G. R. Huff, '99, of Arlington, visited the Normal shortly after the holidays.

Miss Martha Whealdon, '03, of Salem, came to see us in the latter part of January.

The smiling countenance of Mr. Julien Hurley, '05, now editor of a paper in Vale, was seen in our halls during the middle of January. Mr. Hurley has studied law and expects soon to be admitted to the bar.

All who were present at the jollification in the gymnasium on December twenty-third enjoyed the evening thoroughly. Bowling, marching and games formed the evening's amusement which was fittingly closed by the distribution of the fruits of the Xmas tree by J. B. V. Butler, who acted the part of Santa Claus.

Mr. Paul Baker made a flying visit to Forest Grove about the middle of January.

We are glad to see Miss Esther Fisher back among us after her long illness.

Col. Hofer, one of the members of the new Board of Regents, accompanied by Secretary Starr, made the Normal a pleasant call December 6. They spent the afternoon in visiting classes and addressed the students as a special assembly. We were glad to hear the words of cheer they brought us.

Mr. C. A. Simonton, '91, now a prominent business man of Crestline, Ohio, spoke to the students in Assembly December 11.

During the past few weeks the students have listened to the following interesting chapel talks: "Christmas and the Observation of Christmas Day in Commemoration of Christ's Birthday," by Miss Tuthill; " Athletics for Girls," by Physical Director H. Zophar Tharp, and "The Value of the Historical Novel," by Mrs. Pennell.

Mrs. Kidder, of the Oregon Library Commission, has completed the classification of the Normal Library books. The library is now in splendid condition for research work and the students are becoming acquainted with books hitherto unknown to them.

W. J. Spillman, a former professor in this school, now occupying a prominent position in the United States Department of
Agriculture, of Washington, D. C., gave a talk December 18, which was much appreciated by those who attended.

The following chapel essays have been given by members of the Senior class, "Universal Peace," Miss Stone; "A Review of Waverly," Miss Hazel Seeley; "Prohibit the Saloon," Miss Thum.

The February Seniors elected the following officers: President, Chester Day; vice-president, Grace Whitehouse; secretary and treasurer, Adrian Owen. The Senior class colors are orange and black, the class flower, white carnation, and their motto: "Perseverance is the price of success."

Such a peculiar thing has probably never happened before in the history of the school; with the outgoing class we lose the presidents of the Y. W. C. A., the Vespertine Society, the Prohibition League, the Normal Society, and the Physics Club.

Mr. Hubert A. Goode of the June Senior class, has been elected president of the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, to succeed Mr. J. M. Woods, resigned. The state contest will be held in Monmouth in March.

In the local tryout for the State Oratorical Contest, Monmouth had but two contestants: Miss Laura Purcell and Mrs. C. A. Bryant whose subjects were "The Brotherhood of Man," and "A Prophetic Record," respectively. Both acquitted themselves creditably but only one could be first. Mrs. Bryant received the medal and Miss Purcell was rewarded with a beautiful volume of Keat's Poems.

**Senior Reception**

Whickety whack, whickety whack—
Naught eight, naught eight;
Orange and Black.
Tiger, tiger, Hooga hoom—
Senior, Senior, Senior.........Boom!

Kiko kissawasti, don't you
Hampshire argy you.

On the evening of December fourteenth the annual Senior reception was given in the Normal Assembly Hall. Decorations in keeping with Christmas time were used, evergreens being effectively combined with class colors. The windows were prettily latticed with sword ferns and big bunches of the ferns banked the rostrum. In each corner of the room was placed a Christmas tree hung with paper chains in class colors, while in the middle of the room was a tiny tree bearing little red apples for the alumni. In the Senior tree crouched the class tiger, and each member of the faculty and of the Senior class wore a little burnt leather '08 tiger as a souvenir.
Wise and Otherwise

J. B. V. (Phoning to the bookstore for season tickets).—Milton, keep three tickets for me to the sober-whiskey (Sobieski) business.

Student—What made Adrian look so happy when called upon to take the president’s chair in Prohibition League?

Miss F. (Eng. Literature).—Describe John Keat’s personality?

Miss T. (quickly interrupting).—Well, his face was the best part of him.

Dell Butler is very enthusiastic over his electric work. What is his favorite part? The meter (meet her).

Frank Butler skipped chapel. Why? Because he was waiting to get Strong.

Mr. O. (in Physical Geography).—What is thunder, Miss W.?
Miss W.—I do not know.
Mr. O.—It is the Echo in the clouds.

Leap year seems to be having a bad effect on the boys of Monmouth; they prefer the logging camp or farm.

The alumni of Monmouth are noted for their wisdom. Inquire of Miss M. R. for full particulars.

A young girl of the Normal was heard to say, “I wonder if Chester thinks I am struck on him because I act that way.”

Edgar, when asked if the skating rink floor was slick, replied that he knew it was mighty hard.

Peter says he can get algebra if he tries, but that it all depends on “how you see things.”

“It seems to me” students ought to keep awake in physical geography, but Mr. C. does not believe in it. The same Monday was a bad day for Miss H. too.

Mr. R. (In Physics class).—What is meant by horse power, Miss S.?
Miss S. (dreamily).—It is the amount of energy a horse exerts in one minute.

Miss G. W. W. (looking for a word in a small dictionary).—Why, this dictionary isn’t large enough to give the desideratum, what it comes from, is it?

Miss S. (to students in arithmetic “cram” class).—Do bills ever trouble you?
Exchanges

We have no criticisms to offer you, Tahoma. Your cuts are clever, your literary department excellent, and your arrangement of other material splendid.

The Normal Wireless from our sister Normal School, Weston, has been received. We are very glad to exchange. You have made a good beginning.

The Columbia Collegian—a newsy little paper.
The Troubadour is very attractive. It is full of life and school spirit, the material is well arranged. Its stories deserve special mention.

Academian—Add more editorials; not sentence, but paragraph editorials.
The Columbiad is too sober on the whole to be a good school paper. Some jokes and other light material would add much to your paper.

High School News, Berlin, Wis., is interesting.
The Holmes Business College Journal is an odd little paper, but worth your reading.
The Eugene High School News is one of our best Exchanges. Your arrangement is good and each department is excellent.
The Orderly has made marked improvement in its last issue. Clever cuts have been added, each department enlarged, and three good stories appear.

Hesperian—You should add an exchange column. Otherwise your paper is good.
The cover of the Greylock Echo is very pretty and attractive. It is suggestive of that within.

Aurora—Your paper would be very much better if the arrangement of material were improved. You have good material to work with.
The Student, Columbus, Kans., now prints an Exchange list. You are improving.
The Portland Cardinal is a joy to the poetically inclined. It is sure to contain at least one good poem, and more often several. The "Without Prejudice" always contains some new idea that makes it exceedingly good. The only criticism that can be made is that your Exchange column and "Old Man" column are not as long as they should be.

Couper Courier Editorial page should contain more material.
The High School Recorder—Your literary department is very good, but your other departments should be enlarged.
The "Smiles" in the Philomath College Chimes is very well gotten up and full of wit.
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For Independence—Daily 1:00 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 8:15 p.m., arrives Independence 9:00 p.m.; connects at Monmouth for Airline.
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