

THE NORMAL MESSENGER



June 1904

Monthly

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Class Song

Tune, "Anona."

From pleasant times and Senior rolics,
 On many an eve,
From merry days and jolly frolics,
 We take our leave.
Merry were the times we had,
 Filled with joy to make us glad.
Aims so bright, spirits light,
Though the work we had
 Was sometimes most disheart'ning.
All the Seniors know it,
Juniors taste it, others sigh,
 Escaping it they try—
 Time passes quickly by,
But 'tis not mere frolics bright,
Which win our mind and might,
But a noble aim which 'minds us of the tho't.

Chorus:—

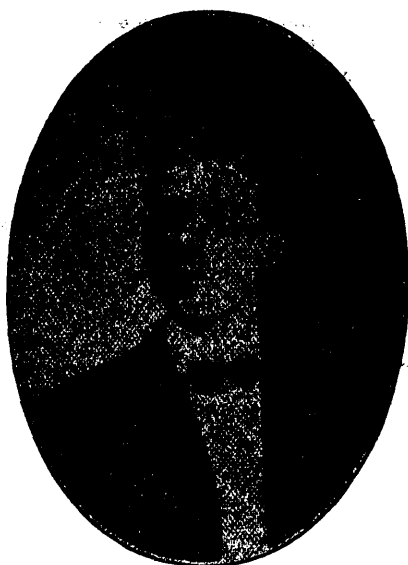
Farewell, O Normal, O Whatcom Normal,
There is no other school we love so dear.
 With mem'ries teeming
 We'll e'er be dreaming,
Of thee for years, dear Normal School.

We are known as Seniors with our color.
 Gold, purest gold.
We are called original and studious,
 So we're told.
Students, teachers, love we leave.
Schoolrooms, books—for thee we'll grieve.
Seniors, we leave with thee
All the aims and records.
 You aspire to make you Seniors.
But 'tis not the "club house" grand
 Which wins our heart and hand,
But the school so dear from which we take our
 leave.

Chorus:—

Farewell, O Normal, O Whatcom Normal,
There is no other school we love so dear.
With mem'ries teeming,
We'll e'er be dreaming,
 Of thee for years, dear Normal School.

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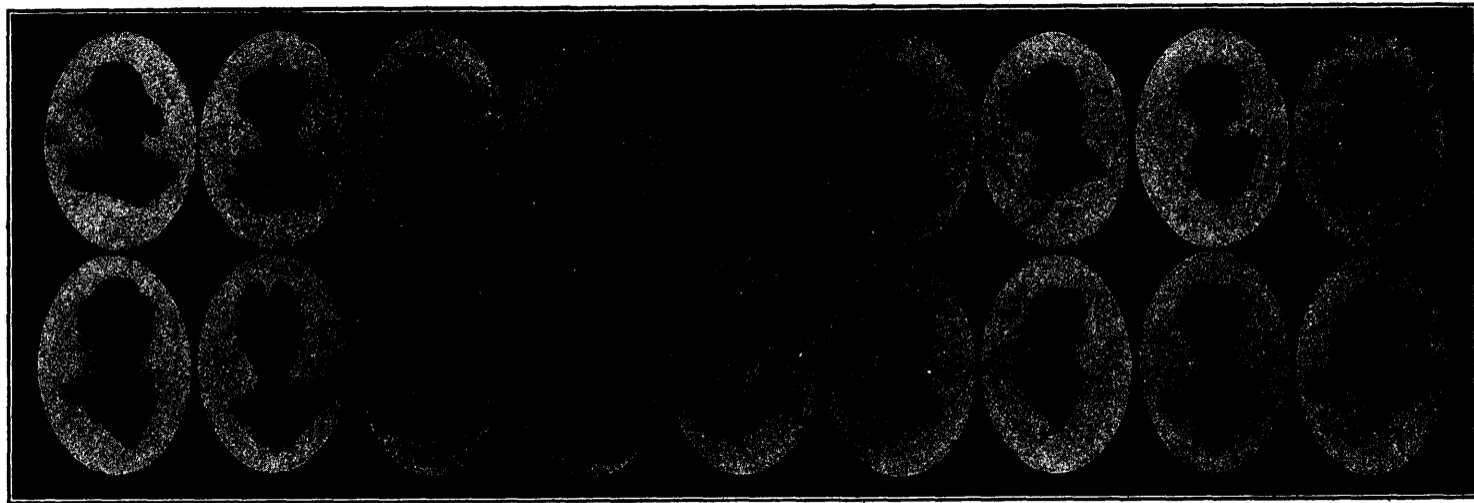
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Bottom row, right to left—Nellie Jones, Beryl Shahan, Laura Grant, Lena Kohne, Burton Doran, Lottie Graham, Frieda Stark, Emma Aldridge, Alice Kellogg.

Normal Messenger

June



1904

In the Land of Flowers

To one who has never viewed the wild and rugged, yet picturesquely beautiful scenery of California, it is an inestimable privilege to look upon nature, seeing in her smiling face wrinkles unnoticed before, and sparkling crowns of glory hitherto only dreamed of. How old she must be, we fancy, for every mountain seems hoary with age, while gray moss, from tree and shrub, speaks of staid and somber moods. Even the mountains wear dark dresses, and from the distance we see the snowy locks falling profusely on their shoulders, while perhaps a kindly cloud gently veils their scarred visage from our eyes. Having recently had this pleasure, a few words—yes, quite enough to worry you,—may not be inappropriate, since the editor requests it.

The sixth annual Pacific Coast conference of the Y. W. C. A. was held as usual from May 11th to 25th, at Capitola, California. This summer resort is situated at the northern portion of Monterey Bay, and is a remarkably beautiful spot. There are few permanent homes but many summer cottages, the porches of which are covered with roses, geraniums and fuchsias. The streets are bordered with palm trees and pepper trees. The hotel is admirably situated, being directly adjacent to the beach. Above it, reached by a winding stairway a block distant, is the Cliff. Its sides are almost sheer walls, and lest a too daring climber venture too near to its edge, a stout wire fence hems it in. Gardeners, to rid their gardens of the unsightly branches of shrubs and flowers pruned away, have cast them over the cliff, where they, eager for bare existence—how human a trait—have clung to its rocky walls, and bloom profusely making that barren spot beautiful. Along

the Cliff is a walk bordered by rows of pines and eucalyptus trees.

The purpose of this conference is to train young women for Christian service, and by contact with the best minds of our association, broaden their views and give them higher ideals. From thirty-two delegates in 1899, its growth to over two hundred in 1904 attests its success. It is one of four conferences in the United States having like aims.

On reaching Portland we boarded a special car, and we thirty-four delegates from the Northwest proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for our long journey. Such a jolly party it was! What college yells, songs, laughter and nonsense! For who ever saw a party of college girls who did not appreciate nonsense and mirth? Then the praise services came and how all joined in the old time hymns, till those from the adjoining car came in to listen, almost filling the aisles. The following day was spent in enjoying the view, and scribbling messages to home friends. At evening we reached Shasta Springs and enjoyed it beauty more than the taste of its waters. Mount Shasta, queenly in her bearing, had been so long in view that she had become a cold and distant, yet a sincere, friend to each but the playful cascades and tiny geysers—the bubbling springs and tiny streamlets, each tinted by its mineral solution, somehow won our hearts as cold Shasta never could, though far more sublime. Night drew her window curtains then, but left open to us her glorious skylight, and in the cloudless sky we saw a new significance, and cried with David, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The following day at about two o'clock we reached Berkeley, which we had planned to visit. The Art Gallery, the Library, the Amphitheater, and many other places of interest were inspected. Perhaps one of the most interesting things to many of us, regarding mere beauty in architecture, lay not in the beautiful brick or stone buildings, but in the fact that these buildings are more than half covered with glossy green vines, giving them a look of antiquity quite beyond their years—they were, to say the least, beautiful. We reached San Francisco about noon, and went at once to the Emporium, the largest department store on the

Coast. After resting awhile, we visited Cliff House, near the city, so as to see the famous "Seal Rocks." Cliff House is on a sheer cliff above the sea, and is an imposing structure. From a window in the Cliff House we could watch the seals at play on the rocks a short distance away. They remind one of nothing so much as a family of lively puppies or kittens, clumsily, biting and falling over each other. Some thirty were to be seen. In the evening we reached Capitola, and were greeted most heartily.

The evening service was short, as all were in need of rest.

On reaching our rooms, we found the "rules of the house" posted on each door. They were as follows:

1. No snoring aloud.
2. No conversation after 9:30 p. m. except by invisible signs
3. Don't press the button; there are no bell boys here; only belles.
4. Guests who care to take a drive will find hammer and nails down stairs.
5. Guests fond of athletics will wish to see the waves race in.
6. Those interested in baseball will find a pitcher on the wash stand.
7. If you are not afraid of wild animals open the window and hear the wild waves roar.
8. If you have trouble with the electric lights, take a feather from the pillow—that ought to be light enough for any room.
9. If you are thirsty go to bed—the bed springs are excellent.
10. If you don't want your matches to go out leave them near the fire escape.

It is needlessly to say the rules were scrupulously obeyed—for they were not. At 10:00 p. m. a seeming panic was produced by the sudden extinction of the lights. Candles were procured, and peace restored. Early the following morning a light tap at each door was followed by a call for the candles used the evening before, and the girls, dreaming of hair uncurled, returned them with a sigh. Each night we were wrapped in Egyptian darkness at 10:00 with candles forbidden. One by one the girls framed nightly resolutions, and in spite of condemning conscience, whenever in their pilgrimages from kitchen to office, or deserted halls, a

stray candle was seen, it was quickly seized and consigned to the shelter of a modern sleeve. Such is the degrading influence of withholding light (candles) from young and erring maidens—smuggling candles is an evil, but uncurled hair is surely better.

The chief speakers before the conference were Miss Paxson, National Student Secretary; Rev. Patter, Oakland; Mr. Hochkiss, of Africa; Miss Cole, State Secretary of Illinois; and Miss Barnes, of Chicago. Four national secretaries were present.

Among the strong points brought out were the following:

The world contains only two standpoints: "first, our view, and second, God's view. Our view is self; God's of sacrifice for us." Miss Conde.

"When God seems far away, examine the principle of love." Miss Conde.

"Our aim should not be to make a living, but to make a life." Thos. E. Taylor.

"No mob ever hanged a man—it takes an individual to do anything." Rev. Potter.

"Foreigner is a movable term—Japan is about as near God as Oakland is." Rev. Potter.

"To pray without praying is impudent; to pay without praying is impotent." Mr. Hochkiss.

"Post mortem examinations can't take the place of ante mortem stinginess." Mr. Hochkiss.

"Christ had the power to come down from the cross, but had that still greater power to stay upon it." Mr. Hochkiss.

"The world doesn't need more religion—it's swamped by it already—what it wants is the love of God shed abroad in men's hearts." Mr. Hochkiss.

"The whole world is crammed with heaven, if we could see it—every bush is a flaming fire, but only those whose eyes are opened take off their shoes." Mr. Hochkiss.

An informal reception at a little glen near by was a most enjoyable afternoon affair. An informal missionary reception, preceding the evening service, was made more than interesting by the fact that so many returned missionaries were there, together with a little Chinese girl, Suey Leen, dressed in costume, and talked their various

languages in a "model mission class." Suey Leen sang throughout the conference. She has a beautiful manner and a remarkably sweet voice, and was the especial admiration of all.

The most amusing feature of the conference was the athletic contest, on college day, consisting of a basketball game, and a base ball game. The former was between the northern and the southern schools, the north winning. To arrange the yelling fairly, the girls were chosen on two equal sides, and each side chose a color—red was for the southern team and yellow was the northern color.

The base ball game was upheld on one side by the national secretaries and leaders, and the other side consisted of state and general secretaries. The former wore short red skirts, red sashes and ties; while the latter wore like costumes of yellow. The fact that the players were unusually scientific, was at once shown from the bat and ball, which were of the genus tennis—the racquet serving them nobly. During the first inning, the players forgetful of such minor trifles as rules, made some marvelous runs, and although not knowing just when to start nor where to stop, made some good plays. The second inning had but nicely started, when one of the girls, Chloe Anderson, fell, struck by a deadly ball. A Red Cross doctor, and a corps of nurses rushed upon the scene, and after some time she was led back to the field with an arm in splints—no, bandaged and tied to a long shingle. The stretcher provided and the appliances prepared bespoke thorough hospital training, and the Red Cross badges were hailed with joy. Again the game proceeded, but toward the close Miss Cole, of Illinois, was struck down by a ball. After carrying her from the field her eye was found damaged, and after long and tedious efforts, her eye was protected by somewhat less than a foot of projecting bandages, and she was led back. No substitute had been provided, but the heroic girls declared they would play even with these injuries, and the brave Chloe Anderson, with her left arm, wielded the tennis racquet to the glory of her team. Even Miss Cloe, half blind, won honors and joined in the cheers of victory, for the dignitaries won with a score of fourteen to nine, and the general secretaries defeated yet unscathed, marched back to the hotel sadder but wiser girls. All

united in praise of the skill of the Red Cross corps, for the injured were apparently fully recovered by dinner time. Miss Paxson was the champion player.

Tuesday, May 24th, the banquet occurred. The dining room was beautifully decorated with marguerites and ferns, and the occasion was one of those never to be forgotten ones, for it seemed one great, loving family gathered at a common board. At the close of the banquet was the farewell service in the rotunda. Wednesday morning came the ever sad goodbys, and we set out for home. At Palo Alto we stopped for a few hours to visit Stanford University. The grounds are beautiful and the palms and tropical foliage, the beautiful statuary and marble fountains, make one dream of far away Rome or Greece.

The church is one of solemn beauty and sanctity. High above the church is the "All Seeing Eye." of mosaic work, which seems to view your every act. Beautiful mosaic windows show forth the life, sufferings and death of Christ. The twelve disciples in marble are seen at the rear of the church. Tablets upon the walls, carved in stone, seek to draw thoughts from earth to heaven. The very air seems holy.

The museum deserves weeks, instead of hours of exploration. The Egyptian collection is unusually good. Japan, the Indians, Venice and Rome are also well represented. So we left Stanford, sorry to leave, yet glad we had come, and pursued a prosperous and uneventful journey homeward.

Less than three weeks had passed, yet we had seen and heard that which would go with us through life. We had seen much, but who shall say that the impulse gained by contact with minds alive to all of life's highest interests, with lives whose every tendency is upward, did not surpass it all. We had heard much, but can we doubt that it was the clearing away of much of that which shuts out heavenly music, which was of greatest good to each? Capitola is the very mountain top of vision to those who are enabled to go. This is its mission.



A Baseball Triumph

"It's a downright shame, and we oughtn't to stand it," rang out a boy's strong voice. "A downright shame," echoed the others. "Between girls and faculty, we never do a thing. But that's the way it goes; boys *never* get fair play in a crowd of girls. For my part, I wish I was at Pullman, and away from the whole confounded set."

A passer-by would have thought that this was a political meeting, so excited was the group. There stood a crowd of fifteen or twenty boys of all shapes and sizes. In the very center stood a young man, about six feet tall, talking wildly.

"The first thing they did was to send that cup up here for the girls to play for; that took the gym. Then they joined the Athletic club, and ever since we've been ruled by a set of girls, who bought us balls and bats without our consent; and now, the faculty have built a fence half way across the campus and spoiled the baseball ground! I tell you, fellows, it's too much; we oughtn't to stand it."

"Oughtn't to stand it," echoed the others.

The smallest boy in the crowd solemnly made himself known by, "Say, fellows, I've got a scheme"—just then the bell rang and they marched in, leaving the "scheme" to develop later.

As the littlest boy in school sat in algebra class, deeply interested (?) in the mysteries of that science, his plan took a more definite form. One of the city schools had a fine ground, but their boys were all too young to play baseball. He was acquainted with most of the boys and the principal, and why couldn't he get the privilege of practicing on the grounds for the boys.

"What answer did you get for the seventeenth?" suddenly rang in his ears. He raised his brown eyes, then smiled vaguely and shook his head.

When he told the boys of his plan they agreed to it, unanimously. "We'll show 'em," they said. Soon they were practicing night and day on the borrowed grounds.

In a few weeks they announced to the girls and faculty that they would play the Everett High school at the Fair grounds, admission 15 cents. Six girls attended. But such a score,

—10-0, and not in Everett's favor, either.

Two weeks later a game was announced with the Seattle High school. One hundred girls and five of the faculty attended, and the admission was 25 cents, too. Score—6 to 3, against Seattle, remember. The faculty began to get interested. "The boys ought to be encouraged," they said. They would drain the frog pond back of the Normal, and fix a ball ground.

But another game was announced, this time with Tacoma. The faculty and all the girls, with the exception of two who had the mumps, attended it. The boys won again. Score 20 to 8. The girls began to appreciate the boys "We must do something to show our appreciation," they agreed. One sweet little girl, with blue eyes and a big pompadour, generously suggested, "Let's get them *twelve* balls, *six* bats, and let them have the use of the gym." They all agreed; the balls and bats were bought and presented to the boys the day before Commencement, "Just to let you know we appreciate you," the girls said.

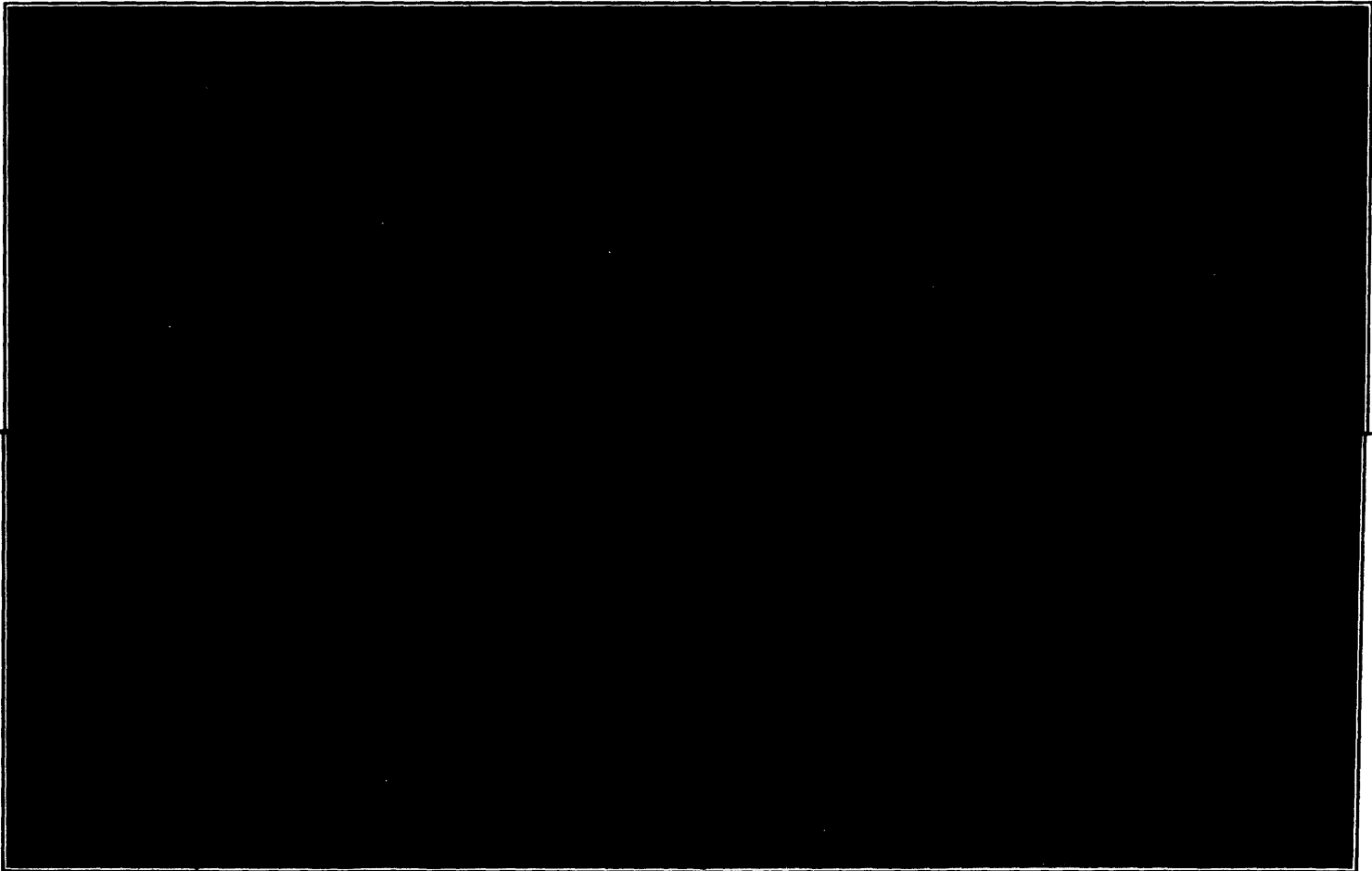
The boys turned red, then laughed, then swore a little. "Confound it," drawled the captain of the team, "haven't the girls got a doggoned bit of sense?"

"I guess not," echoed the others.

MORAL.—If you are a boy do not come to the Normal school; go to Pullman.

N. E., '08.





SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM—WINNER OF THE KLINE CUP.

Reading from left to right—Elsa Schneider, guard; May Williams, guard; Mabel Steen, goal; Effie Wheeler, center; Carrie Risedorph, guard; Ethel Everett, (captain) goal; Leah Lovejoy, touch center; Ida Charroin, goal; Lottie Graham, center; Florence Sears, guard.

The Normal Messenger

Published Monthly By the Students of

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

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TERMS—FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

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VOL V

JUNE 1904

NO. 16

The Normal School is characterized by the aims and ideals of its students, as these are shown by practical activities. Since the first year of school we have ben the happy possessors of a flourishing Y. W. C. A. Next year, although our boys are few in number, we are glad to know they have laid their plans for a Y. M. C. A., with all departments and bureaus necessary to a school organization of that kind.

The Senior class of 1904 consists of thirty-seven members. This is the pioneer class of the Normal School, as it is the first class which has completed the entire course of five years. When the school opened in September, 1899, there was a first year class with an enrollment of about 125. Of these, but three, Misses Ethel Everett, Julia Frits, and May Williams, have been in constant atendance for the past five years. Most of the Seniors are graduates of four year high schools. Nearly all the class have positions as teachers for next year.

The Senior classes have always made it a custom to leave the school some gift by which they may be remembered. The class which originated it, gave the statue of "Victory," now

in the principal's office. The next class left the panel which decorates the auditorium stage; last year's class gave a handsome oak platform set for the Society Hall. This year's class has departed from the custom of leaving some ornamental furnishing for the building, but has left instead a fund for the benefit of unfortunate students. Students who may lack a small amount of money to finish the school year may borrow from this fund and pay a small rate of interest. This fund has been raised by means of the Senior class play, written up elsewhere. The amount raised this year will be limited to the use of the Senior class of coming years.

Locals

Many of the alumni returned for commencement.

How about that cape, Lottie? Did he get it unfastened?

Miss Bertha Kale spent commencement week in Bellingham.

Miss Bessie J. Lloyd, an elementary graduate, will attend the summer school.

Misses McMillan and Hopkins, '02, visited Miss Ethel Everett during commencement.

The members of the first-year class spent a "jolly" afternoon at the falls and an evening at Lake Paden.

The third-year class spent a very pleasant day climbing Chuckanut, but the day after was not so pleasant.

We are glad to hear that the health of Miss Duckworth, who left school a few weeks before its close, is much better.

Teacher—What kind of letters may we write besides business letters?

Little Boy—Capital letters.

Teacher (reading)—"The dew sparkled on the grass like gems." What is a gem, Mary?

Mary—Gems are little biscuits.

Teacher — What does correlate mean, Thomas?

Thomas—The process of making coral.

On the evening of May 6th the Seniors spent a very pleasant evening at the home of the class president, Miss Effie Wheeler. The object of the gathering was to meet and become acquainted with the Reverend Mr. Wark, of the Congregational Church. Mr. Wark preached the baccalaureate sermon and desired to know the class before preparing his message to them.

The Y. W. C. A. will hold a fair next fall, some weeks before Christmas. Anyone willing to aid their work can do so by furnishing one or more articles for this fair. Handkerchiefs, cushions, dainty collars, baskets, aprons, dusting caps, sleevelets, pin cushions, laundry bags, and other articles too numerous to mention may be made. They should be sent to the president of the Association by September 15th.

The following students are elementary graduates: Else Anthon, Miriam Darwin, Daisy Anderson, Alice Johnson, Elsie Ware, May Johnson, Anna Drummond, Ruth Mallett, Ida Currey, Winnie McMullen, Annie Noble, Jean McRae, Ethel Peek, Pearl Peime, Edna Whitney, Birdie Winchell, Charlotte Stewart, Elizabeth Williams, Jessie Winger, Edith York, Otilia Pottner, Elizabeth Ramsey, Anne Hannebohl.

On the evening of May 14th, the first-years had a bonfire picnic at the foot of Sehome Hill. They arrived about half past eight o'clock arrayed in sheets and pillow cases and it took some time for them to become acquainted with one another. The boys lit a large fire and they all had a very enjoyable evening, playing games. However, one of the young men, thinking they were playing a kissing game, kissed a girl and went home with a black eye.

Saturday, May 21, Miss Elisa Schneider entertained the Senior class with a lawn party. The class took the 2 o'clock Lake car and arrived at the Schneider home in rollicking good spirits. The rest of the afternoon was spent devastating the flower garden and annoying the rabbits. At 5:30 a delicious dinner was served on tables in the shade of the trees on the lawn. After dinner a walk in the woods and games until time to take the 8 o'clock car made a pleasant finish to a most delightful afternoon.

On Wednesday evening, June 8, in the Normal Auditorium, the Cecilian Club gave their annual concert to an appreciative audience. The chorus work was exceptionally good in "Oh, Italia, Itala Beloved" (Donizetti) and "Hark, Hark, My Soul." (Shelly). Mr. Henry Honlin, who was to have assisted as vocal soloist, was unable to be present. Miss Alberta Munro, the piano soloist, delighted the audience with the "Spinning Song," from "The Flying Dutchman" (Wagner). She also supplied two other numbers. Miss Mabel Moore sang "Betrayal" (Chaminade) and responded to an encore. The entire performance of the club showed thorough training and did credit to Miss Moore as director.

It was a beautiful, clear, moonlight night in May when the Philomathians gave their spread. It could hardly be called a spread, for it was more than that. The Society Hall never before, as on this night, looked so inviting for a jolly time. For a while such exciting games as ilinch, pit and up-Ginkens occupied the merry crowd. Then followed a short program which was impromptu, and furnished by those who were so honored as to be chosen (by lot). There were two piano solos, three select readings, a whistling solo, a masterful and eloquent speech, a bass and a tenor solo.

Now the Philomathians gave the Alcotts a great treat by showing them how to conduct one of their regular society meetings. We only hope, for the Normal's sake, that things were exaggerated somewhat. Each young gentleman impersonated some other member of their society. But the president by yelling "sit down," and vigorously pounding the table, could institute no order. Chaos was everywhere except on the severe faces of the faculty. Almost all of the business transacted was the expulsion of a certain prominent member and adjournment.

Now came the most important part of the program of the evening—the spread, and it was a spread. Who imagined that boys could make such good coffee? Beside the many other good things there were cherries—the first of the season.

Again altogether joined in for some more lively games until behold it is midnight! The last car goes rushing down the hill and the red

moon casts her long glittering reflection on the bay.

The last of the Senior committee parties took place in the shape of a trolley party Saturday evening. Last January the Seniors decided that it would be well if they could become better acquainted as a class; as there had never been much time for social intercourse during school hours, and as the members of the class are scattered over both North and South Bellingham, there was not much chance of frequent meeting outside of school hours unless something were deliberately planned. Accordingly it was decided to divide the class into five groups or committees, one committee for each of the remaining five months of school. Each committee was to entertain the class once. The first party was given on Washington's birthday by the South-side girls at the home of Mrs. Barnum. The hostesses of the evening were daintily gowned in colonial costume, while colonial games furnished amusement for the evening. The next party was March 17th, being a "shate and pillow kaze parthy on the avening of Saint Pathrick's Day." It was given in Society Hall, the size of which permitted a grand march to be a feature of the evening, beside the blarney stone osculatory contest, which for a time proved quite a mystery. The third party as a picnic at Whatcom falls, at which no games were played but all sat about the big bonfire and enjoyed themselves. The committee for May and June united their efforts (and funds) and gave a trolley party, which was a howling success, as can be testified by the passers-by of Holly street, between 7 and 8 p. m. The car was well decorated with the Senior color, a banner, bearing "Senior, '04," while on the other side waved several yards of bunting. Inside and outside were the Seniors with their canes. The entire line was covered in the course of the evening. All declared it was one of the jolliest parties of the season.

The Junior class presented the "only great original burlesque—A Dream of Fair Seniors," at the Normal Auditorium Friday evening, May 27. Although its first night was a marked success in every particular, all were surprised and disappointed at the following announcement on the program: "Positivey no ap-

pearance will be allowed after the first appearance."

A good and appreciative audience appeared almost promptly at 8:30 and were duly ushered in by some charming third-years. The Seniors came in force and were armed with their canes. They were the happy possessors of the front rows of seats in the middle section, which were decorated with gold bunting.

The first part of the program consisted of musical selections by several of the best vocalists and musicians of the Bay. Although these were not the stars of the evening, that they were well appreciated was shown by the repeated encores. The second part was a burlesque on the commencement exercises of the Senior class of 1904. The program rendered was as follows:

Part I.

1. Les Adieux Sarasati
Prof. J. B. Warran.
2. Solo Selected
Mrs. L. L. Berens.
3. Love's Sorrow Shelley
Harrison Raymond.
4. An Open Secret..R. Huntington Woodman
Miss Nettie White.

Part II.

"A Dream of Fair Seniors on Commencement Day, 1904."

1. Class Song.
2. Salutatory Address.
3. Class Poem.
4. Normal Chimes (new) (Composer's name withheld for fear of arrest.)
Mozart Sympathy Club.

Snyopsis: Scene is laid on Sehome Hill. The cocks crow. The clock strikes 4 a. m. Alarm clocks are heard. A janitorette tries to whistle and is admonished. A practice game in the gymnasium. With the twilight comes the Sehome cows. The Seniors have a moonlight ride in Larson's new Tally-ho.

5. Our Arboreal Relatives, the Anthropolithecii
6. Valeictory address.
7. Classic Air from Grand Opera .. Adapted
Senior Class.
8. Presentation of gift to School.
9. Address by distinguished guest from abroad.
10. Presentation of Diplomas.
Farewell.

When the curtain was pulled apart there was revealed a stage plentifully set with chairs and benches—the camp-chairs (as was soon learned) for the use of the “fair Seniors,” the chairs from the primary department for the “dear (?) Juniors,” and the benches for the “visitors.” Immediately appeared some half dozen girls in juvenile costume (representing Juniors they were, by the way) bearing the floral and other gifts for the fair graduates of '04, prominent among which gifts was a wastebasket full of green diplomas tied with yellow ribbon. The exit of these was succeeded by the entrance of the visitors, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, second cousins, third cousins, and the World's Fair photo agent. Mingled with the visitors were the Juniors, who flocked to their appointed places, and eagerly and impatiently awaited the next number, which was the entrance of the “Fair Seniors,” marching with a proud and stately step. When they were seated Dr. Mathes (Lillian Burke) introduced them to the audience assembled (on the stage) and announced that the program would be furnished by the graduating class with the exception of the commencement address, which would be furnished by a distinguished guest from abroad. The class song led by the musical genius of the class of '04 (Miss Annie Drummond) was then very artistically and enthusiastically rendered. The salutatory address (by Miss Cassie Gifford) was well given, together with the class poem (by Miss Annie Drummond) and the valedictory address (by Miss Winnie McMullin) was particularly appreciated by that portion of the audience in the decorated front rows of the middle section mentioned above. The “Normal Chimes” were certainly “new.” It also received due appreciation, the last few measures seeming to please Mr. Doran's fancy mightily. “Our Aboreal Relatives, the Anthropopithecii,” rendered by the “Only Senior Boy” (Mr. Harry Raymond) was certainly a masterpiece among the scientific treatises of the last few days. The classic air from grand opera (being “Mary's Little Lamb”) has caused quite a sensation in the musical circle of the school. This was encored, and was responded to with “Just One Boy.” The presentation of the gift to the school was accompanied by a very graceful speech by the

president (Miss Miriam Darwin). When the veil was lifted there was revealed a picture of the graduating class, which was certainly a dream. The audience had hardly recovered from its breathless admiration of the gift when there pattered in upon the stage, "the distinguished guest from abroad," (Mr. Maximillian Hipkoe). After delivering the address to the Senior class in his native tongue, he translated such parts of his speech as he deemed fit for the ears of the awed and trembling little Juniors. Thereafter the diplomas were delivered over to the band of workers who had so well earned them. Each "Fair Senior" and the "Only Senior Boy" shouldered his sheepskin and marched back to his seat.

Curtain: followed by yells from the "Fair Seniors" in the audience and a reply from the "Fair Seniors" on the stage.

In the Lecture Room

I sit and look out of the window
On the hills so far away,
For the mountains which are behind them
Are hidden for today.

While the good professor is talking,
And talking himself so hoarse,
I sit and look from the window,
But it only makes him worse.

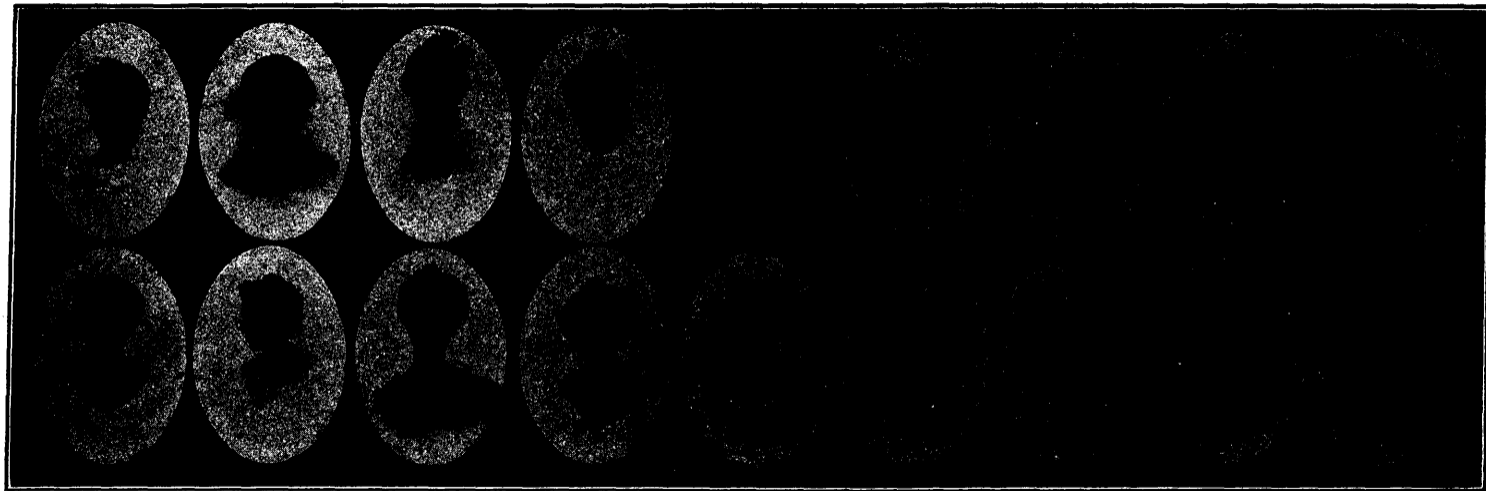
But hold, he asks me a question,
And O, he's made a good hit,
For I have to confess that I haven't
Studied my lesson a bit.

I don't know where the lesson began,
And I don't know what comes after,
But I always hear, when we leave the class—
"For tomorrow, the rest of the chapter."

At home the book lies buried,
Beneath an inch of dust,
For the dry thing I seldom study,
And then only 'cause I must.

And now to come back to the question
Which he asked me today in the class,
I didn't know it and I shook my head,
And, of course, to the next it did pass.

But, anyway, the professor
Is as good as he can be.
He's the youngest and the best looking,
And this all the girls can see.



Top row, from left to right—Jessie Havens, Carrie Risedorph, Vinnie Winchell, Minnie Shumway, May Williams, Margaret O'Keefe, Alice Bowen, Katrina Anderson, Mabel Steen.

Bottom row, from right to left—Wilhelmina Haack, Ella Barbo, Julia Frita, Grace Auld, Ida Charroin, Loretta O'Laughlin, Abbie Lynn, Bessie Stearns, Elsa Schneider.

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Life's Storm

The sun was shy and hid her face;
And far as the human eye could trace
Appeared no sign or hope of aid
To the boat with which the wild waves played.

The white caps 'rose on the stormy sea;
The day was dark—and far to see
Were angry breakers and rolling waves,
Threatening skies and yawning caves.

Yet thro' it all was felt a peace,
No earthly joy could e'er increase;
A peace so sacred, true and rare
No earthly joy could e'er compare.

For in the wind was rest profound,
A joy that gold could never found,
But only love and faith could span;
A trustful peace with God and man.

Our Senior Boy

When others ask,
By way of fun,
To name our Senior boys,
You will agree
A task 'twould be,
For we have only one,
That one takes place
Of all the rest
Whoever they could be.
For by his size,
And bright blue eyes—
But you've already guessed.

We kindly vie—
As we are prone
On evenings gay to do—
To catch his glance
By luck or chance—
'Cause he's just all alone.

When comes that week
When work is done
In this, the Normal school,
We wildly guess,
I must confess,
What will he do—just one.

'04.

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Commencement Week

On Friday morning the students began to realize that the end was near, as nothing but exams. was on the program. Friday afternoon the closing exercises of the training school were held in the Society Hall. The parents and students missed the exhibition which has heretofore been a feature of the last day of school, but those who attended the reception given by the eighth grade to the pupils of the grammar grades and their parents enjoyed it very much.

On Saturday evening the Juniors and Seniors buried the hatchet and thoroughly enjoyed the banquet tendered the Seniors by the Juniors. At 7 o'clock the Seniors, Juniors, faculty and trustees with their wives gathered in the reception room of the beautiful new P. L. F. Clubhouse. After a pleasant social hour they passed to the banquet room, where it is needless to say, another very enjoyable hour was spent.

Miss Miriam Darwin, president of the Junior class, was a most tactful and witty toast-mistress.

Sunday afternoon the baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Rev. William Orr Wark, of the Congregational Church to the largest congregation ever gathered in the Normal Auditorium for that purpose. At four o'clock the Senior class marched in and took the seats reserved for them. Mr. Wark's advice to the class was to "find out what the age wants and demands, and then give themselves to humanity, for they would ever find humanity worthy of the gift." Mr. Wark was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Laurie, of the Presbyterian Church on the South side; Rev. Mr. Todd of the Trinity Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Smith, of the First Methodist Church.

Monday evening June 13, the annual society contests were held. The program was as follows:

Vocal Solo Miss Moore

Orations—

The Evolution of the Negro—Ethel Peek, Chilic.

The Mission of Music—Ruth Mallett, Parthemon.

Vocal Solo Miss Roberts

Debate—

"Resolved, That the supremacy of Japan in

the Orient would be more conducive to the interests of civilization than the supremacy of Russia."

Affirmative—Chloe Sutton, Aurora; Lillian Burke, Kulshan.

Negative—May Johnson, Alcott; Elva Duncanson, Soronian.

Vocal Solo Mr. Moultray
Declamations—

"How the Gospel Came to Jim Oakes" ..

..... Clara Perault, Chilic

"The Mourning of Moriah"

..... Ella Graham, Kulshan

Vocal Duet

..... Miss Moore and Mr. Raymond

The winner of the oratorical contest was Miss Ruth Mallett, of the debate, Miss Elva Duncanson, first, Miss Lillian Burke, second; of the declamatory contest, Miss Ellen Graham. The judges of the orations were Mr. Craven, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Schusman; of the debate, Mr. Craven, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Landes; of the declamations, Miss Carpenter, Mrs. Simpson and Mr. Schusman.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY (From The Reveille)

The Senior class play at Beck's theater last night attracted one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in Bellingham's magnificent play-house. The theater was decorated with ferns and flowers, and the boxes with bunting.

Frank C. Teck of the Normal board of trustees made a brief opening address. When he first came on the stage he said: "When I look at this audience I am reminded of Chuckanut; it's a whale." Mr. Teck stated the object of the class play, to create a loan fund for worthy students of the future, who might need money, and commended the class of '04 upon its originality.

The entire class of thirty-five members was included in the cast of the play, and a number of the students of the training school and Mr. Robert Hall also assisted in the presentation.

In the opening scene the class, costumed in cap and gown, were assembled in a body and sang the class song, written by Misses Wilhemina Haack and Minnie Shumway. Following this the prologue in recitative was given by Miss Effie Wheler, in which the play was outlined. The first scene of the

play proper was laid in a student's living room on Normal Hill and gave a fair illustration of the spirit of the Normal students.

The presentation of the intermediate department of the training school made the hit of the evening. The lesson in history was decidedly funny, but the climax of this scene reached its culmination in the drawing lesson where fine cartoons were displayed to the view of the audience, giving excellent "local hits." The musical numbers in the first act were "Summons," well rendered by Miss Ella Barbo, "Woodchuck Chorus," by the intermediate class, and the Ensemble "Vesper Hymn."

In the second act the special feature was the dance of little Beatrice Purdy and Marguerite Black, who were dressed in the Scottish Highland cosume. The scene in the second act was the students' reference room in the training department of the Normal and was a portrayal of the trials of practice teachers. Miss Stark represented the "supervisor," and her part was exceedingly well taken. The musical numbers of this act were the Dance of the Brownies, instrumental, guitars and violin, by Misses Byrl Shahan and May Williams, and Mr. Robt. Hall; "O! Tannenbaum," a German ballad by Miss Stark, and the Bathtub Chorus.

The third act was opened by a fancy dance, "stepping the minuet," by Jack Cissna, Newton Crites, Dwight Pettibone, Edwin Silver, Marguerite Black, Geraldine Goodheart, Marion Evans and Beatrice Purdy. The little folk were dressed in the colonial costumes, and the dance was very pretty.

The scene of the third and last act was a "Normal faculty meeting," and each member of the faculty was represented.

At the conclusion Miss Wheeler, president of the class, presented the Kline cup to Miss Everett, captain of the Senior basketball team.

The play was original throughout, and was purely representative of Normal school life. It contained a great many "local hits," and was written by Olive M. Leonard.

There are so many characters in the cast that space will not permit a review of each individual, but suffice it to say that all the parts were exceedingly well rendered.

The box office receipts were the largest that

Beck's theater has ever taken in, with the exception of the opening night and the world's championship wrestling match, and about \$500 was secured for the loan fund.

Society was well represented and every box in the theater was occupied by a box party. A great deal of interest was taken by the public generally in the class play owing to the pride which the people of the city have in the Normal school, and also on account of the manner in which the proceeds will be used. A number of prominent ladies of the Bay acted as patronesses.

Wednesday evening, June 15, the faculty and students were at home to their friends. Different classes had charge of different parts of the building, the whole of which was thrown open. The library, where the faculty was found, was the reception room and was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns. During the evening a musical program was rendered in the hall.

As the thirty-seven graduates, preceded by the faculty, board of trustees, Rev. Mr. Varney and Hon. Albert J. Mead, marched upon the platform, the Cecilian Club sang a march song. After the invocation by Rev. Mr. Varney, Miss Moore sang a solo. The commencement oration, delivered by the Hon. Albert J. Mead, of Bellingham, Republican nominee for governor, was given the attention and applause always accorded to the speaker. Dr. Mathes gave the class a farewell address before the presentation of the diplomas. His kind words were certainly appreciated by those to whom they were spoken.

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