



# Messenger

March, 1911

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### START YOUR OWN ACCOUNT

If you do not have an account with this bank, start one, even though it is small. We are interested in your success and business welfare. We want to help you to the very best of our ability. Come to us for advice. You are welcome to ask questions freely and Consult us as often as you wish. - - -  
It will be a pleasure to us if we can be of assistance to you - - -

## First National Bank

Capital and Surplus - - - \$300,000.00

## ENGBERG

Bellingham's

### Prescription Expert

Headquarters for Kodaks

We Develop and Print

Fischer's Excellent Violin Strings

FREE DELIVERY

## Engberg's Pharmacy

Alaska Bldg., Cor. Elk & Holly. Phones M 224-A 224

ADVERTISEMENTS

**Montague & McHugh**

Oldest Dry Goods House  
in the Northwest

**Welcome to Spring**

The Largest Line of Ladies' and Children's  
Ready-to-Wear Apparel for Spring  
on the Coast is shown at

Montague & McHugh this season

**MONTAGUE & MCHUGH** Bellingham's Biggest  
Daylight Store

MALLOROY CRAVENETTE HATS

for Men

Guaranteed Waterproof

Agents

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

for Men

INTERWOVEN HOSE

**GAGE-DODSON CO.**

Clover Block

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Bellingham

ADVERTISEMENTS

**THE LEADER**

We are now Exhibiting

Advance Spring Fashions in Women's  
Tailor-Made Suits, Lingerie, Dresses,  
Afternoon and Reception Gowns, After-  
noon Dresses, Ladies' and Misses' Coats



Attention is directed to the fact that the fashions shown  
in this establishment are exclusive, possessing features of  
individuality. Prices most reasonable : : :

**Byron Bros.' Grocery**

The Home of Good Quality  
Your Money Back if You Want it

1311 Elk Street . : Phones Main 82—A 682



## ADVERTISEMENTS

Office Hours: 8:30 to 9:30 a. m.  
2:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
Evenings by Appointment

Office Phones: Main 103—A 171  
Res. Phones: Main 100—A 102

### DR. GOODHEART

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office: 200-201-223 Alaska Bldg.

Bellingham, Washington

### DRS. SMITH & KIRKPATRICK

SURGEONS

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Bellingham

Office Phone, Main 985  
Home A 471

Res. 2222 U Street  
B 022

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Specialties: Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Rooms 316 and 317 Exchange Bldg.

GLASSES ACCURATELY FITTED

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Automatic: A 94

### DR. CARL M. ERB

Specialist Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses Fitted

Office Hours: 9:00 to 12 m.; 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. Evening and Sundays by  
Appointments.

BELLINGHAM,

WASHINGTON

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### DR. SOLON RICHARD BOYNTON

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

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Office: Rooms 305, 306, 307 Exchange Block

Bellingham, Washington



THE REXALL STORE



**Bright Days are Kodak Days.**

Now is the time to get ready to  
make pictures. We can supply your every want



**THE OWL PHARMACY**

GRAHAM & MUNCH

**CUT PRICE DRUGS**



PHONES { Main 556  
A

FREE DELIVERY

Cor. Dock and Holly

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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*DR. O. C. GILBERT AND SPECIALISTS*

Special Rates to Students

Lady Attendants

Sunset Blk., Cor. Elk and Holly, Bellingham, Wash. **MAIN 268**

Seattle Office, 614 First Ave. Everett Office, 1803 Hewitt Ave.

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Phone Main 400  
A 400

Office Hours: 8 to 12, 1 to 6

### DRS. ROSS & SPRATLEY

#### Dentists

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Bellingham, Wash

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### DR. T. M. BARLOW

#### DENTIST

Rooms 334-35-36-37  
First National Bank Block

Phone Main 975  
Home A 562

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## KERSEY FLORAL CO.

Wholesale and Retail Growers

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## HANN PHOTOGRAPHER

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New Studio and Equipment. Modern Methods in Photography

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Office Phones:

Main 131—A 131

Residence Phones:

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Bellingham, Washington

*ADVERTISEMENTS*

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For the newest and most up-to-date ideas in

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See **HALL'S STUDIO**

Daylight Building, Corner Elk and Chestnut Streets

**SPECIAL RATES TO ALL NORMAL CLASSES**

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**HAPNER'S GROCERY**

Successors to  
**IOWA GROCERY**

New Quarters, Cor. 11th and Harris

**YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED**

Phones: M 1829 . . . . . B 216

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**DOANE'S GROCERY**

Dealer in

**Good Goods at Lowest Prices**

Satisfaction Guaranteed . . . . . Give us a Trial  
Students' Trade Solicited

**WE LEAD, OTHERS FOLLOW**

Phons: Main 272—B 272 . . . . . Corner Jersey and Ellis Sts

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**The Clover Shoes**

for Women and Men  
are the best \$3.50  
Shoes in the city

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**GRIMSTED SHOE CO.** Clover Block



ADVERTISEMENTS

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# LUDWIG & COLLINS

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All kinds of Mantle Clock Cleaning \$1.00

Alarm Clocks 50c.

Designs Furnished and Class Pins Made to Order

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Bellingham, Wash

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If you have any Irish blood in your veins you will want to entertain your friends March 17th. Order your ICE CREAM from the Star Creamery. - - - - -

WE HAVE ALL CREAMERY SUPPLIES

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## Normal Grocery

We keep in stock a fine line of

**Stationery, Toilet Articles, Notions**

Normal School Students' Trade Solicited

Fresh Bread and Pastry Each Day

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## BATTERSBY BROS.

—ALWAYS RELIABLE—

NEW WHITE GOODS

NEW LACES

NEW EMBROIDERIES

NEW SUITINGS NEW FOOTWEAR

1313-1315 Commercial Street,

Bellingham, Wash.

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Kindly Remember that  
**THE MORSE HARDWARE CO.**

On Elk Street  
Is the Home of the

**GREAT MAJESTIC RANGE**

Don't forget to tell your friends about it  
Why does a tree grow round instead of Square?

GEO. W. MOCK

ROBT. F. HILL

**MOCK & HILL  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS**

Both Phones 186

Maple Block

1055 Elk Street

We like to clean your Linen. If we don't  
we want your good will

**PACIFIC STEAM LAUNDRY**

Established 1889

CHARLES ERHOLM, Proprietor

1728-1738 Ellis Street

Phones: M 126  
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**FINE CONFECTIONERY**

Phones,  
Main 180  
B 180



CHAS.  
W.  
PEASLEE

WASHINGTON'S FINEST DRUG STORE

**The Best Stock in the City**

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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We make a specialty of CORRECT PHOTOGRAPHS for Schools and Colleges. Don't decide until you have seen what we have to offer. Best work at lowest prices.

NOTE—We make the latest style of FIRE-PLACE PORTRAITS ON POST CARDS

The Grosart Studio 1211 Dock Street

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## WILBER GIBBS

### Jeweler and Optician

## Largest line of Silverware found in any store in the Northwest

313 West Holly Street, - - - Bellingham, Wash.

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Home Phone A 166

Pacific Phone Main 2883

## MULLIN & ALSOP

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Rooms 220, 221

FIRE INS. SOCIETY and

Exchange Building

MECHANICS & TRADERS INS. CO.

Bellingham, Washington

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## Fresh Schoolday Lunches

When class-room work has left you tired, a dainty luncheon is required; and things that you enjoy the most are things spread on delicious toast—made on an **ELECTRIC TOASTER**. One of these Electric Toasters can make toast faster than the average gathering of Normal girls can eat it. Makes toast for about 1-10th of a cent a slice. See one in our Salesroom.

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::

BELLINGHAM

ADVERTISEMENTS



This is the Place You  
Get What You Want

**PURE**  
**FRESH**  
**CANDIES**

**J. N. SELBY & CO.**

207 West Holly

**BOOKS AND STATIONERY**

Here is doubtless the best place to outfit students for the  
Second Semester. They are always glad to see us

Headquarters for Spaulding's Baseball Goods

**The Bellingham Sheet Metal Works**

REMEMBER US WHEN IN NEED OF

Cornices, Skylights, Roofing, Steel Ceiling, Furnace  
Work, Blow Piping, Tanks, Hotel and Restaurant  
Work, Boat Work, Garbage Cans, Camp Stoves, Air  
Tight Stoves, Chimney Tops, Guttering, Spouting

If it is made of Sheet Metal, we can make it. No job too large  
and none too small. Bring in your Repair Work

Phones A 733 and Main 488

1208 Commercial Street

Bellingham

**.. Save Money on Shoes ..**

The new spring styles in shoes are here—the short  
vamps—the high and low heels—the new velvets and  
suedes—all the new kinds and frills of the shoemakers'  
art, and best of all, the price is extremely low. We  
have marked our spring goods closer than ever before—  
you get better shoes for less money. You'll find our  
values better and our prices less than elsewhere. Buy  
your next pair here. : : : : : : : :

**GEO. F. RAYMOND**  
**RELIABLE FOOTWEAR** 110 East Holly Street

*ADVERTISEMENTS*

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**Long Values---Short Profits**

**Our Success**

**Ladies Sample Shoe Parlors**

Upstairs

Red Front Bldg

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129 Holly Street West

Phone Main 98

**Empire Poultry & Fish Market**

E. J. DUBOIS

Butter, Eggs, Oysters,  
Poultry and Fish : :

Incubators, Brooders, Poultry and Stock Remedies

Bellingham

Washington

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"Everything in Printing that is Good"

**S. B. IRISH & CO.**

Printing :: Engraving  
Legal Blanks

We make a specialty of Engraved Cards and  
Wedding Stationery

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1311 Railroad Avenue

Phone Main 282

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Notary Public

Established 1889

**ALLEN CAMPBELL**

**Insurance, Real Estate, Loans**

Dealer in City and Farm Property

Phone Main 366—A 251

1322 Dock Street, Bellingham

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1308—12th Street

**FERTILIZERS, SEEDS, GRAIN, ETC.**

# WAHLS-WAHLs-WAHLs

The Low Price Store The Low Price Store The Low Price Store

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## The New Style News-- Pretty as the Spring Flowers

All the New Spring Suits and Coats  
and Waists are in and an imposing  
show they make. - - - -

But I want you to SEE them. You  
cannot get any idea of them from  
any mere description. - . . .

Any day now we shall be glad to  
show you all the stunning gar-  
ments, from the skirts at the  
modest prices around \$5 to the  
elaborate costumes at \$75. - -

Of course you may not want to  
buy quite this early, but you surely  
will enjoy looking. - - - -

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Holly Street  
near Elk

J. B. WAHL

Alaska  
Bldg.

# THE MESSENGER

SCHOOL PAPER OF THE  
BELLINGHAM STATE NORMAL

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

S. B. Irish & Co., Printing  1311 Railroad Avenue

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“I am convinced that things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must, in a measure, assist them to turn up. I may be wrong, but I have formed that opinion.”—Dickens.

#### THE STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—FLORENCE D. BRAS

ASSISTANT EDITOR—MABEL FRENCH

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TERMS—SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

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“If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them; if you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bury it. Find the bright side of things and help others to get sight of it also. This is the only and surest way to be cheerful and happy.”



The Students are pleased to note increased interest in the Students' Association. A part of this was aroused by the special Assembly in which Faculty and Students gave speeches drawing the attention of the Students toward the Association's good work. The Students' Association has made rapid advancement this year under the leadership of President Frank W. Whipple. The Asso-

ciation is something one should be proud to co-operate with in being a member, furthering the interests of B. S. N. S. by so doing. If you are not a member, you are one of the few. Join the rest of us—the large majority—and be one of the Students' Association.



“Never in the history of the Normal School has girls' athletics been so dead,” is the words of the Girls' Athletics' reporter. There was great promise at the beginning of the year of having some good stirring Basket Ball games. But our expectations are met with disappointments. There is still over a quarter's time in which it is hoped that we shall enjoy some rousing Basket Ball games.



The Messenger is trying to print good readable material. We have asked your help in this and most of you have responded loyally. Every month we regret the lack of poems and jingles, and this month we wish to ask you especially for these. It is a pleasure for us to ask you, because we are sure of your help. These last few months we desire to keep The Messenger up to its standard. We can—if you will help us.



The Messenger is pleased to print in the Alumni notes of this issue a letter from Miss Statira Biggs. Miss Biggs is a graduate of our School, Class of 1900, also a graduate of the University of Washington. She is now taking a law course in the University of Chicago.



Miss Gottlieb will lecture April 7th on “Porto Rico Through a Kodak.” The lecture will be illustrated with 140 stereopticon views, and will be given in the University Hall, at the Normal. Tickets, 25c; students, 20c. The lecture will be in the form of a trip over the island, such as tourists make, and is said to be most interesting.



Wishing to fill a long-felt want in our School, The Messenger always ready to fill any need, fancied or otherwise, has decided to open its columns to the Students and Faculty for a special line of advertising. Accordingly in this issue appears a list of the wants of different individuals. From time to time others will appear, which we hope will add to the enjoyment of our readers if not to that of the subjects of our squibs.





## THE MUSIC OF LAKE WHATCOM.

On moonlight nights, when light clouds drift loosely across the dark blue of the sky, and the wood is dark and leaves shiver and moan, and creepy night-things stir uneasily, then it is that from over the lake there floats a sobbing, melancholy wail, that rises and falls, loud and soft, with the flutterings of the breeze. It is the death-song of an Indian tribe, subdued and softened by the murmurings of the blue waters of Lake Whatcom. The Indians tell of this with awe and bewilderment struggling in their faces.

In the early days an Indian band, the Nooksacks, roamed the forest between the Nooksack River and Lake Whatcom. A small, peaceful tribe they were, led by their old chief, Nooktas. Nooktas had a daughter, Valley Flower, bright-eyed, fleet-footed and willing; the pride of the old chief and the people of her tribe.

Valley Flower loved a youth,—an Indian youth,—tall and straight and bronzed, but he belonged to a different tribe, enemies of her father. Son of the chief of the Stick-Samish, was he; a large and fierce tribe, who often took the warpath from their own tenting grounds, on the Samish Flats, and warred upon their weaker neighbors.

Their old chief was wroth when he learned of the love of his son for his enemy's daughter, and he cast him out of the tribe. Then was there wailing in the tents of the Stick-Samish, for Eagle Feather was well-loved, loved for his endurance and ability in their tribal sports and for his fierceness with the enemy.

So Eagle Feather sang his farewell song and straight and proud went from the lodge of his father. Swift he went, and came to the tent of his loved one; and Nooktas received him into the tribe and made him leader of his band.

Now Eagle Feather knew of the hatred between the tribes and knew that soon his people would fall upon the Nooksack and completely destroy them.

Eagle Feather was wise for, ere the night had fallen, the Stick-Samish were already on the trail. When the night would cover their movements, then would they silently and stealthily surround their enemies.

The Nooksacks called a council. In the darkness on the shore they held, all the tribe together. When a passing cloud hid the moon from sight and darkened the forest, old Nooktas led the way, and behind him Valley Flower, her lover and all the tribe.

Silently he led them, hand in hand, from the wood's edge to the water; and the water received them, and as it closed around them they chanted the death song of their people, long and wailing, and the water rolled above them and was still.

In the morning the Stick-Samish found an empty village and, as they gazed, a faint breeze bore toward them a sweetly wailing music,—the death song of the tribe.

RUTH LEMACK.



SEASIDE SENTIMENT.

I have brought my pen and my paper  
 Out under the open sky;  
 And I lie on the sands of the seashore  
 Watching the ships go by.

Majestic they are, in their splendor,  
 Like a monarch surveying his own,  
 And methinks as I gaze on their grandeur,  
 "How soon may that beauty be flown!"

For there on the shore lies "The Alice,"  
 Laid low by the treacherous seas.  
 She once plowed the waves in her glory  
 As proud and as dauntless as these.

Her sails now like royal robes in tatters—  
 Her masts broken scepters might be:  
 With a sickening heart throb I murmur,  
 "How fallen! Thou Queen of the Sea!"

Will it ever be thus with our soaring,  
 With our hopes, aspirations so grand?  
 Must we live and love and have longings,  
 Then cruelly be dashed to the sand?

Not if we pay heed to our Pilot,  
 Nor breast the rough billows alone.  
 If we're sea-worthy vessels He'll guide us  
 Straight into the Harbor of Home.

H. F.

## HOW ONE MAN LIVED.

“To wed, or not to wed,—that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in man to suffer the pancakes and fried bacon of bachelorhood, or to take a pair of soft, white hands against a sea of troubles and, by wedding, end them? To wed, to rest no more; and by rest end the vision of socks without heels or toes and the thousand natural shocks that come from viewing buttonless trousers and unwashed dishes;—'tis a consummation devoutely to be wished. To wed; to rest;—to rest! Perchance not to rest; ay! there's the rub. For in that rest what terrors may come when we have shuffled off this single blessedness must give us pause. There's the respect that makes calamity of married life. For who would not bear the whips and scorns of time, the School tax, the ogling of spinsters, the married man's half scornful sympathy, and the suggestions that patient men endure from enterprising young ladies, when he might his happiness insure by leading a bride to the altar? Who would make biscuits, and grunt and swear under the splattering of hot grease, but that the dread of something after marriage, the great uncertain state from which no man returns with all the hair upon his head, puzzles the will and makes us bear those ills we have than fly to others we know not of? Thus uncertainty doth make bachelors of us all.”

So drawled our friend, Lee, as he half sat, half reclined upon the bacteria-infested pile of rubbish that his charitably inclined neighbors called a bed,—for no better reason, perhaps, than that Lee called it that, himself.

“I had no idea that you knew your Shakespeare so well,” said Jess. “When did you acquire your literary tastes, and where have you kept them all these months, that I never before discovered them?”

“Learned 'em of a gal I once had. Curious, isn't it, how some gals create such a sort of atmosphere about a man he just can't help getting married? And then, again; there's gals that naturally drive a fellow in the opposite direction. That's the way mine did.”

“I sympathize with you, old fellow. It was once my misfortune to be a bachelor and to be closely associated with this interesting class of animals. Remarkable creatures, aren't they,—relics, no doubt, of any age when only men were found on the earth.”

“Declare to goodness; I hadn't thought of that before! It's probably true, though. The Bible says that man was made first.”

“Exactly so; and modern scientists are practically agreed that the various works of creation were not made in seven days;

but that vast ages have intervened between the successive forms that have been distributed over this earth. That being the case, I hope you'll not question me when I advance the hypothesis that woman followed man in the order of creation by, perhaps, millions of years."

"Why, what a paradise this old earth must have been then! If a man lost his necktie, there was no need of calling up a fussy housekeeper to find it for him. He just got down on his prayer-bones and looked under the bed,—the only natural place for such a thing to be found."

Thus the two friends discussed the great problem. Unlike in most every respect except a great yearning for human sympathy, these two men frequently spent days and weeks together and enjoyed every minute of the time.

Lee would have made an interesting study for a sociologist. His bed contained enough material to stock a biological laboratory. He took a bath semi-annually, whether he needed it or not. He had come to Oklahoma in an early day, while the cattlemen still controlled the ranges, and when the country was opened up to settlement he took his chances with the thousands of others and drew a good claim. He never worked, yet seemed to get along about as well as those who were foolish enough to do so. He had stolen more horses and cattle than he could possibly remember, yet he lived in security and ease in a community composed of respected, law-abiding citizens.

Jess had come over about eleven o'clock, one Sunday, and had found his friend still in bed, sleeping off the effects of his day's trading.

Jess did not rap at the door as he approached the house;—he'd have been laughed at if he had.

Lee was snoring like a hippopotamus; but the visitor seized him by a foot, which happened to be protruding from the covers, and launched him into the middle of the room. Once awake, our hero took his two six-shooters from under the pillow and fired the contents of both through the roof. As this, or something even more demonstrative, was the customary morning exchange of greetings among the ex-cowboys of the region, both host and guest felt that he had discharged all the formalities the occasion demanded and settled down for a chat.

Before entering upon any description of the manner in which these men spent the day, let us make a short survey of the house and premises. As Jess approached the house he heard the ponies whinny, a sound which indicated that his friend was oblivious to the duties of the farm. Lee's horses rarely got a drink of water even, except when they broke from their enclosure and

found it in spite of their owner's apparent precautions to prevent their doing so. If one of the neighbors saw him indulging them to the extent of leading them to the watering trough, he invariably remarked in a very apologetic manner, "Well, they do better if I water them now and then."

Lee had once lived on a sheep ranch in Arizona, where the sheep often go three weeks without a drink, and he never recovered from the delusion that an animal ought to get along quite well without such a luxury. How fortunate that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals did not have a representative in this community! But the horses managed to live without the aid or consent of the Society with the interminable name.

Whenever Jess remonstrated with Lee upon this inhuman treatment of dumb beasts, Lee generally went into a scientific discussion of the merits of the case. He could prove to any man's satisfaction that the epidermis of these animals had become highly "cutinized;" that is, that every pore was surrounded by a multitude of protective hairs, and that evaporation under these circumstances was impossible. They certainly looked as much like cacti as possible and the would-be humanitarian generally subsided, whether convinced or not.

Lee had a variety of names for these creatures. Sometimes he called them "Buckskins"; at times they were just plain "Skins"; frequently he denominated them "Nags"; and upon rare occasions he bestowed upon them the appellation "Pestle Tails." This last was singularly appropriate.

The front yard is so over-grown with weeds and strewn with tin cans that it resembles a veritable rendezvous. Everywhere one beholds these last named reminders that cooking is dispensed with. Inside the one room are like evidences of the art of making housekeeping easy. The saddle is deposited on the cookstove. Its beauty and workmanship astonish you. Not a horse on the ranch is worth fifteen dollars; but that saddle cost sixty-five dollars if it cost a cent. The rifle hangs over the door. On a shelf over the stove are several empty bottles, suggestive of the "Blind Tiger" just across the line, over in the Chickasaw Nation.

When Lee paid for the flat bottle he asked for "Barb Wire," while the tall, brown one came out through a hole in the wall in response to his request for "Smooth Wire."

In one corner the banjo, violin and buggy harness lie; all "snuggled up" together in a manner highly suggestive of domestic felicity and harmony. And, why not; since there was no one to question their right to be in that particular order.

Although it is July, the floor has not been swept since last December, when the cows broke into the house one stormy night.

and made themselves comfortable during the owner's absence. What that floor does not contain isn't worth mentioning;—ashes, shavings, chicken bones, cigar stubs, burned matches, cards, poker chips, boots, shoes, unlaundered clothing, dishes;—but what's the use of enumerating further?

After washing his face and hands, a formality rarely observed except when "company" was present, Lee proceeded to prepare breakfast. It was with profound interest and many misgivings that Jess scanned the process. The cook perspired profusely as he endeavored to stir the biscuits with a long-handled spoon and, failing in the attempt, put his hands into the mixture. He always employed the more primitive weapon when no one was watching and, naturally, found the other awkward.

With bated breath, Jess watched the complexion of those hands turn from a chocolate-brown to Nature's pink, while the bread became the hue of Mother Earth. The dough was rolled into grotesque, little, round wads, and each separate chunk received a patting and caressing that should, under ordinary circumstances, have produced a work of art. After many squints into the oven, the biscuits are hauled forth, inviting, tempting, and brown. While removing them from the pan our host accidentally let one drop to the floor. The concussion awoke Jess from the reverie or stupor into which the culinary proceedings had thrown him and he mentally concluded that one of those biscuits could be thrown ever so far and knock down a certain anonymous animal that has been associated with such delicacies since time immemorial.

After all the breakfast was on the table Jess was invited to "fall to" and "help himself." Jess had barely time to push his head out the window, draw a long breath, take one last look at the beautiful world, and utter the smothered prayer, "My soul, gird all thy armor on." It wasn't much, of course, but it gave him courage to face the table, eat the meal, and afterwards relate the deed to his posterity. It required the very limit of human fortitude but the biscuits went down and remained there. Once he remarked in the most casual manner imaginable, "Lee, these biscuits would have been better if you had thought to set the ax by my plate." That he ate them at all is pretty fair testimony that he possessed a heroic spirit. That he enjoyed eating them is trustworthy evidence of the possession of a heart that loved his fellowmen. That he survived the process is due wholly to the protection of the angels. As it was strictly in accordance with the social forms of this community, the guest proffered his services in washing the dishes. By means of his olfactory nerves he located dishrag behind the woodbox. In this particular instance it hap-

pened to be an old sock. In awe of its strength and with due reverence for its antiquity, he plunged into the depths of the dishwater. The host dried the dishes on the corner of his saddle blanket and set them away with his boots under the bed.

When all the chores were finished, Lee proposed a ride to the mountains. The ponies were saddled and away the two riders galloped, twenty miles without stopping, over hills, across burning sands, through quiet woods, along beautiful streams.

Riding to the top of a high hill, they viewed the blue Wichita Mountains, lifting their heads above the surrounding landscape and suggesting the lofty aspirations, reaching outward and upward, that come to all men when they are at their best. In the valley below lay the Indian encampment, the smoke of which ascended lazily into the hazy atmosphere. The squaws were preparing the evening meal, while the old men, surrounded by the boys, were telling stories of the days when the red men owned the whole land and the lordly buffalo filled the plains.

The hallowing influence of the scene slowly stole over the two men. Lee became communicative. In a quiet vein, with subdued voice, he told much of the story of his past life. Jess was not at all astonished; on the contrary it seemed the natural thing for companion to say, and he found himself accepting a sacred confidence without a suggestion that he was doing so. Real men never reveal secrets so imparted. In the benign atmosphere of mutual understanding the misdeeds and misdirected energies of a human life were forgotten, and Jess had a higher regard for his friend than ever before.

In the soft moonlight they rode home. Jess had enjoyed the day and loved the new country more than he had thought possible. It now seemed his turn to entertain with short sketches from his literary store, and he repeated in a low voice the words of one whose lines come with strange appeal to all who love the sunny plains of the South:

“Swiftly now descends the night  
As retreats the western light;  
Crimson streakings on the sky,  
And the distant landscapes lie;  
Darkness settles all around,  
Ghost-like mists steal o’er the ground;  
From the canyon’s depths now come  
Croak of frogs and insects hum;  
Phantom-like, o’erhead, the clouds  
Hold aloft their misty shrouds;  
And all nature seems to tell  
The sweet story, loved so well,  
“Oklahoma, the Beautiful Land!”

*THE MESSENGER*

CUPID'S LATEST PRANK.

---

She was sitting in the twilight  
 With her Browning on her knee;  
 And the Home Thoughts stealing o'er her  
 Filled her soul with reverie.

James Lee's wife was playing softly  
 Yonder in the music room  
 A Toccata of Galuppi's;  
 She could hear it through the gloom.

Dreamily she looked about her.  
 By The Fireside she could see  
 The Statue and The Bust he'd sent her.  
 The Englishman in Italy.

They were presents from her lover;  
 And her fancy turned again  
 To an Epistle on the table,  
 Writ by Master Hugue's bold pen.

Easter Day they'd been together;  
 And now Christmas Eve was near;  
 In Three Days he would be coming  
 For One Word More—his fate to hear.

How distinctly she remembered  
 That Last Ride, The Serenade,  
 The evening spent in a Gondola;  
 The Ring and Book to her he gave.

In A Balcony they'd lingered  
 Till the hour was most "Too Late,"  
 But A Lover's Quarrel was ending  
 And Confessions could not wait.

Then the Parting in the Morning,  
 The Worst of It as you can guess.  
 Now she longs for his returning:  
 A Woman's Last Word shall be "Yes."

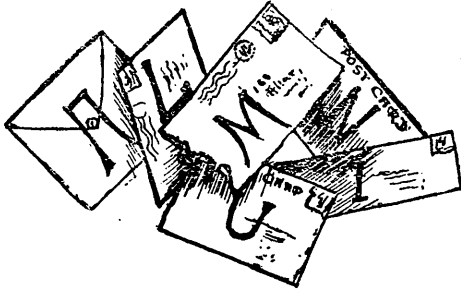


Miss LeMar (becoming angry)—"Kenneth, take your seat!"  
 Kenneth (after laboriously working, finally succeeds in separating it from the remainder of his desk and holding it high in the air, exclaims)—"Where shall I take it to?"



Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; go slow and easily. Maybe there are other things your special case requires, but there, my friend, will give you a good lift.—Abraham Lincoln.





Chicago, Ill.

To the Alumni of the Washington State Normal:

From time to time, you have received letters from some of us who have been traveling in various directions from our home normal. It has been suggested to me that you might like to hear about my little journey; not that I have gone so very far along this road, but because it has lead away from the familiar lines of the school ma'am on which we all started, nor has it turned up that popular path of matrimony, which has been trodden by so many of our number. I suppose it will sound wildly exciting when I tell you I am plodding along the trail that leads to a lawyer's office. There are many men wending along with me, but often I am the only girl in sight. Put seventy men, mostly college graduates, into a big amphitheatrical class-room, add one lone women and you have me for twelve hours a week. Can you imagine a scene less like a true normal picture?

Now if you are expecting any thrilling adventures from the above you may stop reading, for there are none to follow. My life is as comfortable and peaceful and almost as uneventful as it was teaching school in Skagit County. But it is because of this very smoothness that I am glad to write to you. I left many friends in the Sound Country (and nothing is going to keep me long away from these same friends and Sound) who wished me Godspeed on my undertaking, but nearly always they disliked to see me going away to meet uncertain though sure unpleasantness in my work. Of course, I haven't begun the practice of law, but I want my friends to know that I have never had to meet any disagreeable situations just because I have been a girl in a law school. The men are gentlemen. Really we five women among the three hundred men are quite to be envied in that we have shown us all the little courtesies that women like to receive and besides a frank goodfellowship with a number of men, which is something different from the ordinary social intercourse with them, or the contact of the business world. Therefore, I can tell you nothing of insult or embarrassment to make my story interesting. I have heard

that such treatment of women does exist in some professional schools, but I am glad to say not here.

My first day here was the worst. You see I was still car-sick and still dreading the unknown. I hope never to feel less courageous than I did the day I timidly asked my way to the University of Chicago. Once on the campus it was no better. The symmetry of the gray Gothic architecture is imposing restful, but it failed to soothe my nerves that day. At last I climbed the story and a half of dull stone steps and thru the long library to the Dean's office. I was dimly conscious of the dark arches far overhead, but very much alive to the long tables around which sat many embryo lawyers safe behind huge leather bound volumes. Within the pleasant secretary informed me that I would have difficulty in entering in the spring quarter. "You should have written more letters," she said, "but being from the West, I suppose you just decided to come on, and came." By-the-way, it is really sad how much "The West" must be blamed for the shortcomings of us, her children in the East, but please don't let anyone here know that I have called Chicago East. Well, in time I was registered, after I had been passed on for inspection from one professor to another and had come back to assure the acting Dean that the last didn't seem to want me any more than the first. My first quarter, like any true freshman, I did my heaviest work; partly because I was taking advanced work without the prerequisites, and more because I was badly frightened. It seemed that every day I heard some new story of horror—how one-third of last year's class were sent home, how at least one-half failed in each examination, and how even the best never knew when he should be down and under. At least these first examinations were over. I lived through them, passed, and have since refused to endure the pleasure of anticipating their unique horrors. They are four hours long, four hours of steady work, with a prayer at the end for more time. We are a graduate school, so no record is kept of our daily attendance or class recitations. Everything counts on that last four hours. We are given ten hypothetical cases, marvels of their kind maybe bristling with points and maybe innocent looking with sly words tucked in here and there, waiting to be searched out. We have the quarter system, so there are nearly three months between these spasms.

I have spoken of the Gothic architecture. The law building is considered the most perfectly finished unit on the campus. It is the exact replica of the one at Oxford or Cambridge, I am sorry I have forgotten which. All around the top are the dearest wiggly gargoyles, and at each gable Moses lets his long whiskeries trail over the laws on stone. All within is finished in stone and

dark wood carved in the Gothic. On the walls are the judges of England in wig and gown. I overheard one day a visitor told that the legal atmosphere was excellent. I was glad to hear it, as no one could ever say as much for the plain, ordinary air of the place. Myself, I would prefer less Gothic and more ventilation. It's the same with the lighting. You wonder why all the law men wear green eyeshades, but just try a few hours study yourself. Light streams in from high-arched windows on all four sides, and, as if that were not enough, these same windows are filled with tiny panes of glass. Yes, I have a green shade, and wear it, too.

I would like to tell you a great deal about my fellow women-lawyers. One is studying because her husband is a lawyer and wants her to do so. All the others intend to go into it as a regular means of earning bread and butter. If you want to hurt our feelings, just ask us whether or not we intend to practice. If you have any ready-made picture of a type of girl who studies law, just dismiss it. For as far as I can see we are not one type, but just ordinary women. One girl puts in her odd moments making beautiful lace, and has one of the most delicate, ladylike manners I have ever met. If any girl is afraid to study law because she imagines it requires a peculiar masculine mind, she is mistaken. The girls in school have a high record of scholarship. So I say again as I did in the beginning, it is just plain, pleasant going to school under excellent teachers.

STATIRA BIGGS.

6032 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.



I sing of manual training  
 And the bending up of reeds;  
 The endless "Tam O'Shanters"  
 That no one wants or needs.

The cutting up of papers  
 That might well have better use;  
 You think your "opera bag" all right,  
 Miss Hogle says, "too loose."

And on it goes forever—  
 This needless worry and work.  
 You have to get paste on your fingers  
 And painting can never shirk.

Yes, on it goes forever  
 And all grow ever must slaves;  
 Till the smart are graduated  
 And the dull are in their graves.



Seniors! Seniors! Hats off to thee!  
 To our Colors true we will ever be!  
 Firm and strong, united are we  
 Skookum tum-tum, Kush wah-wah  
 Normal Seniors, rah-rah-rah!  
 Rah for the Senior Class.

We are glad to welcome to our class the Misses Lillian Carleton, Gertrude Fisher, Annie Nord, Helen Wright and Mrs. Jamie Brown, who have entered school this semester. We are also pleased to receive into our ranks the Misses Millie Garrison, Bertha Johnson, Mira McLeod and Etta Rand from the Junior Class.

Miss Margaret Stark left Thursday evening to spend a few days at her home in Seattle.



It is Spring, I say—  
 How do I know?  
 By the leaves waking up  
 And beginning to grow—  
 By the new straw hat  
 With its band so gay,  
 And the crocus buds  
 With the grass at play;  
 And the ribbon fresh  
 On the girls' new bonnets,  
 And the poets' latest  
 New Spring sonnets;  
 By the baseball signs  
 To the breezes flown  
 And my longing wish  
 That Winter be gone—  
 A thousand things  
 I could tell, I trow—  
 But this is enough—  
 That I feel and know!



Don't worry about the future,  
 The present is all thou hast.  
 The future will soon be present,  
 And th epresent will soon be past.

Eva Pendleton and Grace Proctor spent the weekend at their home in Everett.

Miss Nellie Foran of Everett spent the weekend in Bellingham, the guest of her sister, Mabel Foran.

We are glad to welcome into our class the following: Marie Kelly, Lillian Nelson, Mary Hoover and Mr. Cunningham.

Lois Pinkerton has been absent from her classes on account of illness.

Word has been received that Norene Costello is getting along nicely and hopes to be with us again next year.

Esther Fransen was called to Seattle by the serious illness of her sister.

Nell Williams has left school and is making a tour of California. She expects to return to the B. S. N. S. in the fall.



### FRESHMEN

One of the most delightful affairs of the winter was given by the Freshman Class, when they entertained the Second Year Class, the normal basket ball team and the visiting team from the U. P. S., on Saturday evening, February 11. The affair was a valentine party and the decorations and games were appropriate to the occasion. The Society Hall had quite a festive air, owing to the greens, hearts and pennants used in decorating. There were fifty-three students, members of the faculty and guests present.

and the unusual feature was the fact that the gentlemen were in the majority. After a delightful lunch served in the cafeteria, which was also decorated in greens and pussy-willows, all departed at a late hour declaring the party a great success.



### HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

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Miss Evelyn Newell, the Tenth Grade secretary, has left school on account of sickness.

The first and second games between the basketball teams of the Ninth and Tenth Grades have been played, the latter being victorious in both contests. Score, first game, 30-18; second game, ——. Both games were fast and well played, but somewhat rough. The Ninth Grade boys are not discouraged and intend to do better in the future.

#### LINEUP.

Ninth	Position	Tenth
Swartz, Capt .....	Forward.....	Allison, Capt.
S. Johns.....	Forward.....	Heath
Bulmer.....	Center .....	Roe
Sly.....	Guard.....	McCall
Beach.....	Guard.....	Hannis



#### CALENDAR.

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- Feb. 1.—We change seats at dinner at the Dorm.
- Feb. 2.—The ground hog appears at the Hall. He had been ground through a sausage machine.
- Feb. 3.—Our Second B. B. team wins from Lynden.
- Feb. 4.—Second number of Lecture Course. We enjoy William Hubbard immensely. Beans are everywhere in evidence. We win in Tacoma at basketball.
- Feb. 6.—Blue Monday—the various “friends from home” having departed.
- Feb. 8.—For the first time in history words fail Thresa M.
- Feb. 9.—Lucile N. is seen walking alone and unattended! Terrible consternation.
- Feb. 11.—Edens Hall waxes hospitable. U. P. S. and B. S. N. S. teams entertained at dinner.
- In the evening B. B. game in the gym. Dorm girls go in a “body.” We win! “I told you so.”
- Feb. 13.—Virginia Mathes is heard in violin recital at Assembly. Capt. Eli “Tells the tale of a whale that is a whale of a tale,” to an interested crowd in the evening.

- Feb. 14.—“If you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two.”
- Feb. 15.—Mass meeting for Student Association enthusiasts. Are you tagged? Be a sport and join.
- Feb. 16.—Birthday party at table seven. The candy heart goes round and round. Have some more, do.
- Feb. 17.—At Assembly Dr. Gray entertains us with readings from Merchant of Venice. We certainly did enjoy it.  
B. B. game—our Second team at Lynden.
- Feb. 20.—Parlor meeting at the Dorm. Lucinda has a birthday. Gentlemen of the Faculty accept challenge of the Senior boys for B. B. game. We'll be there.
- Feb. 21.—We are entertained in Assembly by Miss Kawai from Japan. Which kind of a “key” are you?
- Feb. 22.—George's birthday—some go on fishing, hunting, crabbing and other excursions—others make baskets! Some two-sing noticed near Chuckanut, Sehome Hill, etc.
- Feb. 23.—Classes again resumed.  
At mass meeting of students Mr. Hanks makes a few well-put and to-the-point remarks in regard to Saturday night.
- Feb. 25.—Normal Society appears in full dress to hear Mrs. Deerwester in recital. The girls with beaux are the envy of all the rest, just as Miss Baxter said.



PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

Feb. 8th.—The Senior pin was discussed and a committee appointed to take charge of the matter. Song committee reported. It was decided to make the following Wednesday students' hour into a Students' Association meeting. Bills allowed to amount of \$298.38.

Feb. 15. Mr. Bond appeared before the Board for the purpose of being authorized to take the Basket Ball Team east of the mountains for a series of games. After a lengthy discussion it was decided that under existing conditions the responsibility of sending the team on this trip could not be assumed.

Bills allowed to the amount of \$168.91.

The meeting of the Student body on Wednesday, February 15 was quite a success. Mr. Deerwester was the first to take the floor. He spoke of the good qualities of the Association and laid stress upon the fact that the Association was for the student. Miss Bras laid emphasis on the fact that the Association had the responsibility of all athletics, Messengers, etc., chose the School pin, had charge of the store and everything of interest to the Students. Mr. Phillipi was the next speaker, He gave civic

reasons for joining the Association as well as the egotistics and altruistic benefits. Mr. Whipple emphasized the financial benefits that could be derived. The Association tags were then given to all members with the instruction that they were to be worn during the week. We have seen a number without tags. Take the advice given by the speakers and become a member now.



“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do; do it with thy might.”—  
Ecl. 9:10.

Heard after the Song Recital, given Saturday evening, Feb. 25th, by Mrs. Deerwester and Miss Leta Clark, for the Normal Y. W. C. A.

“Wasn’t it fine!”

“Yes, indeed. Delightful!”

“She surely is an artist.”

“She? Which one?”

“Well, both. I was particularly delighted with ‘The Peer Gynt Suits.’”

“And I thought ‘The Erl King’ was great.”

“Yes; and didn’t you love the ‘Just So Stories’?”

“My! What wouldn’t I give to be able to sing like that!”

We are always sure of a treat when Mrs. Deerwester consents to sing for us. And Saturday evening she was unusually charming and fairly captivated the audience that greeted her enthusiastically in the Auditorium.

The regular Thursday afternoon meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was led by Mrs. Campbell, of Seattle. Mrs. Stewart came with her to sing for us.

The Y. W. C. A. had charge of the program at Assembly, Friday morning, February 24th. Mrs. Stewart of Seattle, sang three beautiful songs. Miss Springer, who is Secretary of Religious Work in the Seattle Y. W. C. A., gave a vivid and impressive de-



scription of "The Passion Play," which she saw at Oberammergau last summer.

The fourth annual Bible Institute closed Sunday afternoon. It has responded to a need in the life of many a girl; and the impressive Message brought will not be forgotten. Following the splendid program:

PROGRAM

Friday, 3:15 P. M.—	
Solo .....	Mrs. Stewart
Devotional .....	Mrs. Campbell
"The Signet Ring" .....	Miss Whiting
	(Sec. City Y. W. C. A.)
Friday, 7:30 P. M.	
Solo .....	Mrs. Thatcher
"Christ's Last Words on Prayer" .....	Miss Springer
Song .....	Choral Club
"Building a Tower" .....	Mrs. Campbell
Saturday, 3:00 P. M.—	
"The Midnight Guest" .....	Mrs. Campbell
"The Prayer Life From Paul's Epistles" .....	Miss Springer
Sunday, 9:15 A. M.—	
"The Little Colt" .....	Mrs. Campbell
Sunday, 3:00 P. M.—	
Song .....	Girl's Quartette
"The Power of Prayer" .....	Miss Springer
Solo .....	Miss Hillis
Song .....	Quartette
Prayer Service .....	Mrs. Campbell
Day of Prayer for Colleges .....	



YOUNG MEN'S DEBATING CLUB.

Two programs of exceptional character were rendered this month, consisting of debates, extemporaneous speeches, current events, orations, introductory speeches, toasts, quartettes, piano and vocal solos.

The first question debated February 10th was: "Resolved. That there is more Pleasure In Pursuit Than In Possession." Affirmative, T. W. Osborne; negative, E. Hawkins. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

For the principal debate of the evening, the Spring prize-debate question: "Resolved, That the Conservation of our Natural Resources Should Be a Function of the State Governments, Rather Than of the National Government," was used. Affirmative, H. E. Rogers, R. H. Knaack; negative, L. A. Greene, H. E. Health.

The decision was won by the affirmative. Talks were made by Messrs. T. E. Bryant and G. Bascom on the subjects of "Local Secession," and "The Panama Canal." G. F. D. Vandermei de-

livered one of Col. R. G. Ingersoll's orations on "The Civil War" in forceful manner. By special invitation Profs. Patchin and Moody were present, and both responded with speeches which were highly appreciated; the former commenting upon the first debate of the evening, stated that it was indeed gratifying to have the decision rendered in favor of the affirmative, since it has been his good fortune to have been in pursuit the past few decades.

At the business session the following new members were admitted: V. Tidball, P. Hogan, W. T. Meyer, W. E. Rooney, J. Copenhaver, M. S. Johns, C. Cade, T. Cunningham, Herbert Heath, J. East and S. Johnson.

At the meeting Feb. 23rd, the question, "Resolved, That the Panama Canal Should Be Fortified," was hotly contested. Affirmative, V. Tidball; J. G. G. Davis; negative, T. Cunningham, C. E. Gibson.

It was decided that the canal should remain unprotected.

C. Cade gave a talk on School Athletics, with several amusing stories. "Stub" P. Hogan made a speech introducing Judge Ben Lindsay.

Our guests of honor at this meeting were Profs. Deerwester and Philippi, and both made helpful and interesting talks. In fact, this new feature of having Faculty men come in pairs, is proving a drawing card for the club.

The business meeting which followed the regular program proved unusually businesslike. However, the Chairman succeeded in maintaining decorum without any assistance from the Sergeant-at-Arms. The main questions at issue pertained to Constitutional revision. The proposed amendment relative to empowering the President, at his discretion, to invite ladies to the Club, was eloquently attacked and defended, but failed to carry. The amendments to dispense with parliamentary drill and to have Club meetings weekly, rather than fortnightly, were carried by large majorities, after animated debates.

Everything seems to indicate that the Club, as a whole is on the eve of a renaissance, and is destined to become one of the leading factors in the School, for thorough, practical training in public speaking.

Our membership has practically reached the maximum.

This article is not complete without mention of the fact that the Young Men's Debating Club won first place over all organizations for choice of seats, and easily captured the prize which was offered by the Y. W. C. A. management to the organization having the largest percentage of its membership present at the recital given by Mrs. Deerwester, Saturday night, February 25.

The prize, a beautiful potted cyclamen plant, was presented by Dr. Mathes. We were present, in the front row, one hundred strong. Did we bring our lady friends? Well, I guess! Did we make a hit? I think so! What did the Seniors get? Peanuts! Did Meyer succeed in adjusting the piano lid? Yes, finally!

Rip-Saw! Rip-Saw! Rip-Saw! Bang!

We belong to the debating gang.

Are we in it? Well, I'd smile,—

We've been in it all the while.

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!



CHORAL CLUB NOTES

On Friday evening, February 24th, the Choral Club sang at the Y. W. C. A. Bible Institute. The selection rendered was "O, Lift Thine Eyes."

At the Sunday afternoon meeting of the Y. W. C. A. the quartet gave two numbers. Mrs. Thatcher sang a selection from "The Holy City."

Mrs. Thatcher is planning to give a recital on some evening in the near future.

The Choral Club is practicing for a concert to be given this month. Girls, you have not been coming to practice regularly. We must all work, or we cannot make our Choral Club a success. The Club meets once a week, Wednesday evenings at 4 o'clock, in Miss Thatcher's Class Room.



PHILOMATHEANS

On the evening of February 16th a very interesting calendar program was given by the Philos. Many interesting and instructive talks were given on noted people whose birthdays occur in February. It is interesting to note how many of our great and good men have a February birthday. The talks on days in February, whose significance in a religious way or otherwise have been handed down to us, were very much enjoyed by all.

After the meeting refreshments were served by the officers of the Society.

On March 2nd the following program was given:

PROGRAM

Music .....	
Roll Call—Current Events .....	
Paper by Editor.....	Ruby Flowers
Locals .....	Miss Meek

Calendar .....	Miss Inez Gibson
Philos not in School.....	Miss Hattie Mellish
Jokes .....	Mr. Boyd
Original Poem.....	Mr. Hanks
Advertisements .....	Mr. Sheerwood
Original Story, showing experiences in gettings advertisements .....	Miss Birney
Music .....	Mr. Whipple
Critic's Report .....	Miss Geneva Johnson

There will be an extemporaneous discussion on the Great Educational Influence of Magazines. Our Philos, who show their great ability in such discussions, may well be looked upon as the future editors of some of our more popular magazines, in fact, we have with us now, an editor of one of the most popular monthlies in this part of the country—The Messenger.



#### ALKASIAH NOTES.

The regular quarterly election of officers was held by the Alkasiahs on February 9th. The following officers were elected:

President—Pearl Stanton.  
 Vice-President—Walborg Olson.  
 Secretary—Olga Olson.  
 Consuls—Jennie Deichman, Mabel French.  
 Treasurer—Jessie Jeans.  
 Art—Florence Plumb.  
 Social—Eva Jorgensohn, Lucinda Bailey.

We have a good, strong corps of officers for our last quarter's work, and we are planning to make it the best of our entire year's work.

On the evening of February 23rd, an interesting program was given which consisted of a sketch of the lives and works of the following:

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young .....	Victoria Thibet
Mrs. Parkhurst and her Daughters.....	Emily Dubuque
Vocal Solo .....	Charlotte Busby
Mrs. Bartlett Caroline Crane .....	Bernice Kelly
Jane Adams .....	Olga Olson
Sophia Wright .....	Jennie Deichman
Piano Solo .....	Florence Remley



H. L. S.

Enthusiasm is not entirely on the wane as will be shown by the fact that a new Literary Society has recently been organized and bids fair to do some very good work in the future.

They call themselves the H. L. S. Society (Hay's Literary and Social Society), so named because Miss Hays suggested it in the first place and has so kindly given her assistance whenever possible. Four meetings have been held, two programs have been given and the members with Miss Hays as chaperon, spent a very delightful evening at Mrs. Deerwester's recital.

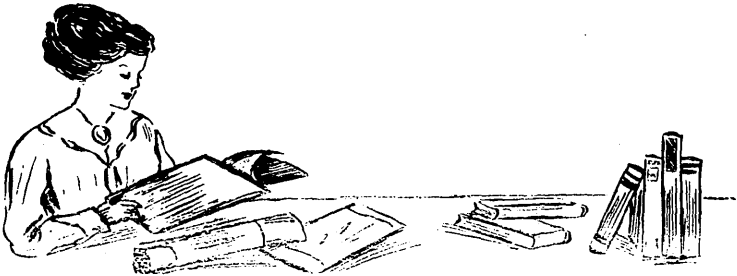
The officers are as follows:

President—Miss Mable McFadden.

Vice-President—Miss Clara Roe.

Secretary-Treasurer—Bessie Day.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Linnine Nelson.



### EXCHANGES

Lewistonian (Lewiston, Idaho)—Although small, your paper contains much commendable material. Your editorial department is weak.

Kodak (Everett)—A mighty nifty cover design, but short on jokes.

Elemayhum (Tekoa, Wn.)—The Athletic Editor seems to have monopolized your space. Regarding the Editor's comment on the significance of the name of your periodical, we believe that, in time, you may justify the application. A good start.

Normal Record (Chico, Cal.)—One of the best. A well-edited paper, neatly printed, excellent cuts, strong debating department.

Monroe Bugle (Monroe, Mich.)—Your story, "The Old Man on the River," is great. The literary department seems strongest, which is both right and proper. Your cover design is very common. Good spirit.

Whims (Broadway H. S., Seattle)—As usual, your cover design is both nifty and unique. That poem on Abraham Lincoln is excellent. Artistic combination of cuts and headings. All in all, a fine example of school journalism.

Normal Pointer (Stevens Point, Wis.)—You put out a very

good sheet. Literary department commendable; "Ballads of the Faculty," superb; but headings very inartistic.

College Breezes (St. Peter, Minn.)—A splendid line of ads. Your business manager is a hustler. Story entitled, "The Man of Hope" is well constructed. In general, you are short on material, but strong in athletics.



Visitor—"How many pigs have you, Pat?"

Pat—"Shure, an' I had nine and one other that ran around so much I couldn't count it."—Ex.



Blinkman—"Don't touch me; you'll get shocked."

Winkum—"Why?"

Blinkum—"My clothes are charged."—Ex.



Leo (setting up in bed)—"Listen; I hear something!"

Joe—"Aw, lay down. It's nothing but the bed ticking."—

Ex.



First student—"What course are you going to finish in?"

Second Student—"In the course of time."—Ex.



In a Massachusetts graveyard there is a stone bearing the inscription: "Here lies Dentist Smith, filling his last cavity."—

Ex.



First Cannibal—"Our chief has hay fever."

Second Cannibal—"What brought it on?"

First Cannibal—"He ate a grass widow."—Ex.



St. Valentine, so fleet of wings,

Sorrow to the mailman brings.

For on that day he earns his pay,

Carrying memories of St. Valentine's Day.



Sidney Johnson (in Sociology class)—"I think it only takes two to form a social group."



Odle's curls are very sweet,

All the girls think they are sweet.

That is why each morn and night

He curls them with great delight.



Miss Schaefer (in P. C. Meth. Class)—"That doesn't matter. You can't make a man see anything, anyway." "Well—"



BASKET BALL

New spirit has been created among the Basket Ball Girls. Each team is making a final effort to work their players into the best condition for the preliminary games.

The Seniors have been strengthened by two new players, Miss Nord, one of the players from the victorious Junior team of last year, and Miss Carlton, who helped win the Kline Cup for the Juniors in 1909. With the two extra forces added to their team the Seniors are looking forward to the results.

There hasn't been any game opened to the School, only a few try-out games. One was held on the afternoon of February 13, between the Seniors and Second years. The Seniors were successful, winning by a score of 19 to 11.

The line-up:

Seniors—		—Second Years
A. Abercrombie.....	center .....	A. Hadeen
L. Carlton.....	right forward.....	E. Arnold
G. Johnson.....	left forward.....	Mr. O'Keefe
F. Remley.....	right guard.....	J. Nicol
A. Nord.....	left guard.....	

On the evening of February 23, the second try-out game was played. This time the Seniors met defeat at the hands of the Juniors. The score was 20 to 8.

The line-up:

Seniors—		—Juniors
A. A. Abercrombie.....	center.....	A. Hadeen
E. Buchanan.....	right forward.....	E. Franklin
G. Johnson.....	left forward .....	L. Nickol
F. Remley.....	right guard.....	Crossman, Clausen
A. Nord.....	left guard.....	R. Colton

The first real game of the season is to be played between the Seniors and Juniors, on Saturday evening of March 4. Both Classes are planning to come out in all their colors and with all their yells and songs to root for their side. The different teams have been picked and are ready for the games. Don't miss these final games. Come out and join one of the Classes in their cheer.



Y. M. C. A., 44; NORMAL, 40.

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On January 30 the Normal boys played their third game with the local Y. M. C. A., in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Our boys played in a sleepy sort of way the first half and let the down town boys toss baskets at will. At the end of the first half the score stood 12-25, the big end of it belonging to the Y. M.

Our fellows rallied in the second half and began to show their real class. Their floor work was excellent and the shooting was good. They were not able to overcome the big lead of the other team, however. The Normal lined up as follows: Forwards, Carver and Lord; center, White; guards, Fritz and Tucker.



P. S. U., 25; B. S. N. S., 32.

---

On Friday, February 3, our boys lined up against the Puget Sound University team in the big gymnasium of that school. The Tacoma quintet had won every game played thus far, and expected to take our scalps. The game was fast, clean and well-played. The fouls were few. Though the City of Destiny bunch played splendid ball, our fellows went them one better and finished up with more points. Jess White, our crack center, starred for the Normal, and came out with twenty points to his credit.

The Normal line-up: Forwards, Carver and Lord; center, White; guards, Fritz and Tucker.



TACOMA Y. M. C. A., 40; NORMAL, 26.

The following evening, Feb. 4, the Normal played the Tacoma Y. M. C. A. on the latter's floor. The boys were playing out of their class, and were all in from the previous night. The Tacoma fellows had no easy walk-over even at this. The game was rough and fouling frequent.



LYNDEN, 8, NORMAL SECOND TEAM, 33.

While the Normal first team was making itself famous in Tacoma, the second team was doing things at home. The feeble-five from Lynden High chanced to be the victims. Because the score was so lop-sided was no credit to the locals. Their attempts at passing were laughable and their shooting was little better. The boys from the Gem City had apparently never seen a basket-ball before and spent most of their time standing in the corners gazing at that unfamiliar object with awe and admiration.

The Normal line-up: forwards, Heath and Johns; center, Odle; guards, Copenhaver and Becker.



P. S. U., 30; NORMAL, 37.

On February 11, the P. S. U. team came to Bellingham to play us a return game. The up-Sound bunch had been practising steadily and expected to win back their lost honors. The game was played before a large and enthusiastic crowd in the Normal gymnasium. Case, the Tacoma center, did pretty floor work and fancy basket-tossing for that aggregation, making five field baskets in the first half. White played noticeably good ball for the Normal.

The line-up:

Bellingham—		—Tacoma
Carver .....	forward.....	Graham
Lord .....	forward.....	Blair
White .....	center.....	Case
Tucker .....	guard.....	Servis
Fritz .....	guard.....	Max
Referee—Riley.		



LYNDEN, 19; NORMAL SECOND TEAM, 17.

On February 18, the B. S. N. S. played a return game with Lynden. The Lynden boys had evidently made the acquaintance of basket-ball in the meantime, as they showed up much better in

this game, and gave the over-confident Second Team a much-needed chastising. The Normal boys say that the place where they did win out was at the Home Dining Room, where they partook of two "squares." They fairly made the Lyndenites gasp at their ability to consume good "eats."

The Normal line-up: Forwards, Heath and Vandermei; center, Odle; guards, Rogers and Copenhaver.



Miss W. O.—“Who was the first man to use the inductive method?”

Mr. D.—“Why, his name was Adam.”



Mr. Bever (in Sociology)—“Boats tend to go up the rivers instead of overland.”



Mr. Eply (in Geog.)—“If you get puzzled about the seasons just pick up a globe like this and carry it around the sun.”



Mr. Phil—“Miss F., how much more water could you put in a cloth if it were saturated?”

Miss F.—“As much as it would hold.”



Mr. Bever—“What products did the early colonists raise for export?”

Miss Drake—“Tobacco, negroes and pumpkins.”



Miss A—“Locke was a man whom religion seemed to agree with.”



Mr. Hanks (translating in Eng. VII)—“And she had an ambulating nag hanging around her neck.”



One of Prof. Patchin's Bright Scholars—“A cyclone blew a

two-inch stick through a five-inch hose, and stuck out six inches on the other side.

Miss Hillis (in Eng. II.)—"The rumor (roomer) spread as it flew from house to house."



Miss Shafer (to girls in Gym.)—"How do soldiers march? I want you to march like soldiers. You march just like a woman going around the street dragging a kid with each hand."



Miss Tatcher (in Music I.)—"You people would be good to take up claims if you could stick to the claims as good as you do to a note when you get it."



Mr. Davis requests Mr. Hanks not to try to implicate him when he is caught in the act of carrying off the girls' coats from the Dorm."



WANT COLUMN.

Wanted—A pound of sandless sugar to put in my shoes to coax down my trousers.—Claudie C.

Wanted—A four-pronged anchor or a hobble skirt for the protection of my friends when I take one of my "period"-ical flights.—Geneva J.

Wanted—Some one to keep an official records of the "ands" I use when speechifying.—Frankie W.

Wanted—I will give a Lincoln penny to any one who will give me pointers on raising a rough house, as I have exhausted my capabilities in that direction.—Grace Bas—m.

Wanted—Information where I can secure the most bottles of anti-fat for the least money.—Lillian B—y.

Wanted—Some one to volunteer to guard my gamp and galoshes while I attend Classes.—Walton Muck.

Wanted—A partner to teach swimming lessons at Lake Pad-den as my failing health prevents me from continuing my duties as instructor.—Helen F—b—n.

Wanted—A perennial perfume eradicator, warranted to kill bright colors.—Prof. Eply.

Wanted.—A pair of non-detachable, non-stretchable apron strings to keep Claudie from conversing with Dimple—Eva P—.

Wanted.—A piece of soft chamois to clean my spectacles.—Florence B—s.

Wanted.—Money to buy a pitch pipe so I can lead the choir at 431 High.—Laura G—h—m.

Notice.—No trespassing in Assembly Hall while WE are studying.—L. N. and N. A.

Wanted.—An extra mail delivery to Edens Hall so I can have three letters a day from "Ed," instead of two.—Myrtle E.

Wanted.—Permission to talk any old day without interruption as long as I want.—Cyrus the Great.

Notice.—I will, for suitable compensation, accept a position as understudy to "Fazzler" when "fatigued."—Helen F——h.

Wanted.—A committee to secure a second quartet of girls as agreeable as those I escorted to the last dance.—Vernon T.

Wanted.—A guide to lead me to the Gym, as I have not been able to locate it this semester.—Henry Buckline.

Wanted.—An automatic "pome" and joke constructor with kaleidoscopic changes for The Messenger.—O. E.



### AUDITORIUM.

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On the morning of February 10th, one of Scotland's true sons, Rev. Macartney of our city, took his audience on a thousand-mile tour by bicycle thru the glens, castles, mountains, to the lochs and braes of "bonny Scotland." With him we stood at Gladstone's grave; heard the martial tramp of the Highlanders and the shrill bagpipes blow; sat in the old churches; and at length again on wheel, wended our way along zig zag paths and over rugged country roads. Refreshed from the journey, landing once more with happy hearts on America's soil.

The bells of Tuesday morning, February 21, summoned all a quarter of an hour early to Assembly, where we were met by Miss Kawai, a Japanese teacher and Y. W. C. A. worker. Miss Kawai came to America eleven years ago as a student of Bryn Mawr College, from which she graduated and returned to Japan to take up the work as teacher in Tokio and religious worker. The past year she has spent in traveling in Europe and America, attending conferences and visiting schools. She soon sails for home. Miss Kawai appeared dressed in her native attire and in her quaint but graphic manner pictured Tokio in its religious educational work. In Tokio, a city of 2,000,000 of people, there are 25,000 girls alone attending institutions of higher learning. To give you some idea of the number of schools, there are fifty Normals in Japan, one in each province; and in Tokio sixty-five schools for girls. During the six years of compulsory education, ninety-eight per cent of the boys are in attendance, and ninety-five per cent. of the girls. And besides the Japanese boys and girls and men and women, many Chinese, Koreans, Siamese and Hindus come here to go to

school. At present, however, the Universities are closed for women.

On Tuesday evening Miss Kawai spoke to a large number at the city Y. W. C. A. rooms, on the work being done in Japan along that line.



MR. HUBBARD LECTURES IN NORMAL AUDITORIUM.

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The lecture by W. L. Hubbard, former musical editor of the Chicago Tribune, gave great pleasure to a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Hubbard speaks in a conversational tone and from the start takes his hearers into his confidence while he discusses music matters in a way that is perfectly comprehensive to any member of his audience. He asked his audience to be honest with themselves for nothing is gained by pretending to enjoy music that suggests nothing to the listener. The charm of music lies in its power of suggestion. A song is primarily a poem and so loses much if the words are not understood. For this reason an American audience should demand that both grand opera and other vocal music be rendered in the English language. He told some amusing instances where singers had taken advantage of the fact that their audiences did not understand the language that they were using, to inject some entirely irrelevant matter.

At the close of his lecture, Mr. Hubbard introduced Mr. Bergen, a singer, and Mr. Campbell, a pianist, who illustrated some of the points he had made. These two artists greatly delighted their audience. Mr. Bergen has a fine baritone voice, and a gracious personality. He sang a variety of selections, both lyric and dramatic, which were the more enjoyed because of the word of explanation given by Mr. Hubbard. His rendering of the prologue from "Il Pagliacci" was especially fine, while his interpretation of "Annie Laurie" completely captivated his audience. Mr. Hubbard and his associates may be sure of a hearty welcome if they should come to Bellingham again.

LUCY S. NORTON.



On Monday evening, February 5, "Captain Eli" gave a lecture under the auspices of the Students' Association to a well-filled house. He told in a very entertaining way some of his experiences on a whaling vessel, where he spent the greater part of his life. He had with him several implements that were used in whaling.

Virginia Mathes, Violinist, Normal Auditorium, Monday morning, February 13, 1911, 10 A. M.

Theme with var .....	Papini
Reverie .....	Gilis
Little Rogue .....	Eberhardt
Bercense .....	Bloch
Fairy Tale .....	Wier

Miss Virginia, in her year's work under Prof. Stark, shows decided talent. Much credit is due both pupil and teacher. Her rendition of "Reverie" and "Fairy Tale" was especially fine.



A rare treat was given the Students in the Auditorium on Friday morning. There was music by Mrs. Stewart of Seattle, after which Miss Springer spoke in the "Passion Play." It was, as she told us, her good fortune to visit the little city in Switzerland where once in ten years this tragedy is played. Miss Springer paints beautiful word pictures and she lead us in imagination through the play from the Triumphal Entry Into Jerusalem to the last scene on the Mount of Transfiguration and the Ascension. We, as a body, are thankful to have these words from one who has seen the play and appreciate her kindness in giving us all the glimpse of that which most of us may never be able to see ourselves.



An unusually enthusiastic audience greeted Mrs. Deerwester in song recital, Saturday evening, in the Auditorium. Mrs. Deerwester, assisted by Miss Clark, on the piano, gave one of the most delightful musicals heard at the Normal this season. While every number Mrs. Deerwester rendered was thoroughly enjoyed, perhaps the most pleasing were, "The Erl King," and the last four, "Daisies," "His Lullaby," "Irish Love Song," and "Charity."

Miss Clark showed marked ability and especially delighted the audience with her selection from "The Peer Gynt Suite."

Considering Mrs. Deerwester's popularity among the Students it had been decided to have the "Saturday Evening College Night"; different Classes and Organizations each coming in a body. The most coming in any one body was to receive a prize and the choice of seats.

The Boys' Debating Club won each prize. Some of them won two "prizes," for more than one hundred per cent. of their number were present. The boys entered the room wearing their colors, singing, giving their yells and each one bringing with him the lady of his choice.

But if the debaters thought they had all of the boys of the School they were mistaken. Hardly had that august Society been

seated when singing was heard and lo! the handsomest bunch of boys and girls from the Senior Class, led by their courageous President and Treasurer, carrying the banner of the Debating Club, marched around the room and to their seats. They carried pennants and mascots made of their Class Colors. Even though the Debaters, with their many charms, their handsome faces, their winning ways and irreproachable gallantry had tempted many of our lovely Senior maidens from their right and proper places—the Seniors came fifty strong, greeted by enthusiastic cheers from the audience.

I had thought that the men had become clean-shaven again—that only one, and he of the Faculty,—was bold enough to wear a moustache; but these Senior boys were long as to hirsute appendages. True, some outsiders may have slipped in. The Count Less, high hat, goatee and all, was there with Miss Gwendolyn Kellet, and she, in spite of our noble Debaters, was the envy of many girls in the room. Then, too, I spied Mr. Patchin with a most demure little maiden. As we all know, he is a brave man, and when the prize was offered he rushed upon the platform in spite of Mr. Hanks' glassy glares. Mr. Abercrombie, a loyal member of the Class, was a close second, and many others, among them Mr. L. Bailey, Mr. G. Johnson, and the handsome Mr. French, were ready to go to their assistance, did the prize prove too heavy for them to carry. But when they saw Mr. Hanks' dejected, crest-fallen looks, they withdrew as gentlemen should, and allowed the Debaters to carry away the honors.

The Juniors? Why, yes; they were there. Where? Why, somewhere. I'm no judge of location if I hear only a slight sound.



“You ignoramus, why do you say, ‘I seen him?’”

“What should I say?”

“Why, say, ‘I have saw him,’ and have some style about you.”—Ex.



Norine C. and Mr. Degross are mutually agreed that good things are usually found in small packages.



“Why do you take so much interest in French literature?”

“Because,” replied Mrs. Cumrox, “there are so many French authors you can claim to have read without being expected to discuss them in polite society.”—Washington Star.



Little George—“O mother, I made a fine swap with one of the fellows who goes to school. I've traded my mouth-organ for a spelling paper marked a hundred!”

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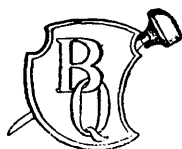
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