

# THE MESSENGER

SCHOOL PAPER OF THE  
**BELLINGHAM STATE NORMAL**  
 BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

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"Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it."

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TERMS—SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

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Christmas Greetings!



The Christmas season is once more before us, with its Holi-days, home-goings and joys. A few of us no doubt will be left to celebrate here in Bellingham, and we charge you with the sacred duty of keeping the Normal safe until we all return, re-freshed and eager to resume our former work.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—"Our" Dr. Mathes. Report has it that he has gone to Alaska on a halibut expedition. Anyway we are missing him.



Miss Wilson has gone to New Orleans for a visit with her sister until after the Holidays. We feel that she deserves a rest, as her work here has been faithfully and well done.



We appreciate so much the items Miss Montgomery has from time to time left in the Messenger box. When returning from Institute, etc., she has always given a list of the former students whom she met there. Thank you, Miss Montgomery! Would more were like you!



It is a startling fact to hear Normal students making depreciating remarks about the ennobling profession of teaching. Too many of us are prone to overlook the purpose for which the Normal schools of this State are founded and supported. The taxpayers of the State are contributing their support to the Normal schools with the expectation of getting, in due time, some return through the education of their children. It is to be hoped that they will not be disappointed in their expectations. But, taking a Normal student's view of the matter, we are afraid that the taxpayers would be somewhat chagrined should they gain an insight into the plans that some of our Normal students have so adroitly laid. It is not uncommon to hear students remark: "Oh, I wouldn't teach school! I am going to fit myself for law, music, art, etc., after I am thru with the agonies of a Normal school." They seem to think that the teachers' profession is of secondary importance as compared with these seemingly more pleasurable lines of work. Now, don't you think our loyal taxpayers would be in no small measure disappointed should they be familiar with such remarks? It is to be hoped that we are all learning to a greater extent to appreciate the efforts that the State of Washington is making toward supplying her deserving population with trained and competent teachers—teachers who realize the apparent needs of the profession and are willing to give the best of themselves to making their lives as teachers worth while to themselves and those with whom they meet. However, since to all of us, "A Normal Education" does not imply "A Teacher's Education," it is our sincere desire that they refrain from directing scathing remarks about a profession that we should all be proud of, and which should be our aim, as Normal students, to appreciate and enlarge upon.



The few days of cold weather, which swept down upon us a

short time ago, should remind us of the fact that in our midst there are some who suffer keenly in this weather—the birds! Have we any better friends than these cheery, plucky, little feathered creatures? What gives us more pleasure than their exquisite melodies heard in the glorious summertime, when they are so happy with the mere joy of living that they offer glad tribute to the world around them?

But when the cold weather descends, the snow covers their food, their means of subsistence are taken away, and the sparrows even seek shelter in the warm electric light signs down town. Great hordes of the shy, beautiful creatures of the forest flock around our homes and in their pathetic way, ask for food as earnestly as though they could talk. When cold weather comes again, if each one would remember to throw these little friends some crumbs or grain, we would not find so many birds starving to death on our very doorsteps.



### “OLD” GRAHAM’S CHRISTMAS

“Old” Graham was spending Christmas Eve alone. Every one called him “Old” Graham, but he was not particularly old in years; only his heart was old. They called him “fortunate,” but they did not know he was alone on Christmas Eve. They did not know he had been alone for many Christmas Eves, alone except for “the doctor.” They did not know that his only daughter had never been home since her marriage. “Old” Graham had been too busy making money to love her when she needed it most, and now she was too busy to come home, and “Old” Graham was spending Christmas Eve—alone!

But there was “the doctor!”

“Perhaps he, too, is too busy,” though the old man, as he sat by his mammoth fireplace, and tried to interest himself in a book. But he knew it was not true. The doctor was never too busy when someone needed him. He had always stopped, if only for a few minutes, and bade his friend a “Merry Christmas.”

“I suppose he’s been standing half the evening over some

little street urchin," said the old man, half aloud. "And what does he get for it? Nothing; absolutely nothing! Now there's that little newsboy that the truck ran over. He's been hanging over that careless scamp for a week, and begging money from me for an operation. And what's he going to get for it? Absolutely nothing; probably not even thanks."

It was quite true. The [doctor had begged money from his friend to perform the much-needed operation.

"Just this once, William," the doctor had pleaded. "He's such a little fellow, and so grateful for everything that's done for him. And it's only a hundred dollars that stands between him and perfect happiness."

"Now, Gordon, that's all nonsense," his friend had replied. "You know as well as I do that if I helped this one there'd be two dozen more in the same place to-morrow. And, besides, why should I help these people? What have they ever done for me? What are they ever likely to do for me?"

Then the gray eyes of the doctor had grown softer, as he answered, "Just for the sake of giving, William; because it's almost Christmas."

Of course, the doctor had won, just as he always did. No one resisted the doctor very long. It was not to his name that everyone gave way. Probably not one quarter of the great east side knew his name. It was the sound of his step and the soft note in his voice that they knew. To them he was not an "eminent physician." He was "the doctor," a little old man with soft, gray eyes and a touch that carried magic in it.

The old man before the fire started uneasily, and put down his book. It was not interesting and the light was hard and glaring. Even the old cat had noticed the discomfort which pervaded the air, and had sought a warm place in the kitchen.

"He's surely not coming to-night. It's too late, now," said the man to himself, but even as he said it there was a ring at the door and a few moments afterward the doctor was ushered in, followed by the old gray cat, who had recognized her particular friend.

What a wealth of warmth and good cheer came in with the doctor! It shone from the soft, gray eyes and beamed from his shiny forehead. Even the fire took heart and burned more cheerily, and the light became soft and mellow once more.

"Merry Christmas, William," called out the doctor, cheerily. "The little chap's coming out fine, and he can't be thankful enough to you. He says he's going to pay you back when he gets to be a man."

"Oh, I didn't expect to see that money again. I had almost forgotten it," replied his friend, testily.

The doctor stayed for several minutes, chatting and trying to instill some of his own good spirits into the lonely old man. At

last he glanced at his watch and said: "I have two more visits to make to-night; so I must be going. Merry Christmas. William."

Merry Christmas! What a mockery Christmas was, anyway! What cause had he to be merry? Christmas meant nothing to him. For a long time the old man sat before the fire, with such thoughts running through his mind. He was aroused at last by another ring at the door, and the maid came in, saying: "A package for you, sir; and a note from the hospital."

He took the note, written in a big, childish hand, and read:

"Dere Mr. Graham

"i want to thank u for giving that money so's I won't have a crooked back when i gro big. the doctor says i wil be alrite in a litle while i didn't have nothin to giv u cept this lam that a nice lady giv me wunce i don't no how the lam will get along without me cause its used to being took to bed with me but if u luv it hard i think it will be alrite.

Mery krismus.

"TIM.

The man unwrapped the package gently and pulled out a dirty little woolly lamb. One eye was gone, and the wool was a grimy, dirty gray. He sat and held the cheap little toy for a long time, and murmured to himself, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

A few minutes later a knot in the fireplace flared up and lighted up the figure of a little woolly lamb in the hands of an old man with glistening eyes. The clock struck twelve—it was Christmas.

RHEA BARNARD, '13.



### A LETTER TO SANTA.

*Now, dear old Santa Claus  
I've a word to say  
'Bout what all the Junior kids  
Want on Christmas day.*

*Bring to all their teachers  
A piece of rubber hose,  
A buggy-whip and broom-stick  
And a few such things as those.*

*They'll all come in quite handy;  
Such little things as these  
With some green switches added  
I'm very sure will please.*

*Rogers wants a little sled  
Just big enough for two.*

## THE MESSENGER

*Baxter is fond of Seniors,  
So bring along a few.*

*B. Snow wants a rubber cat  
To keep away the mice.  
Martha Everett thinks a woolly sheep  
All painted red, is nice.*

*Sutherland wants some goggles;  
Be sure you get the size;  
You know theyre's necessary  
In making goo-goo eyes.*

*To Irene and to Elsie bring  
A little stove that bakes;  
They need it very badly  
To cook their hot mud cakes.*

*Lillian Bruckert wants a kite  
With long and flying tail.  
Bring Verna Boyd a cap-pistol  
And she'll go and shoot a whale.*

*Eva White wants a picture book,  
Lois a rattle box;  
Margaret Stroupe says "any little thing,"  
So bring her the smallpox.*

*Bill Tucker wants a little horse  
That runs on wheels, he said,  
You needn't mind about the wheels—  
He has them in his head.*

*Bring to Mr. Callow—  
He's too big to play with toys—  
A razor and some shaving soap,  
Like other grown-up boys.*

*With feathers green and red.  
Grace Bolick wants a parrot,  
Grace Cook would like a poodle dog—  
They'll be old maids, they said.*

*Marjorie White would like some geese,  
Lulu Radley wants a little pig  
Nona Strange wants an elephant—  
Be sure its good and big,*

*I hope I've not forgotten any,  
I've thought of all I can;  
But, if I have, just kindly fill  
Their stockings to the brim.*

*So come at once, dear Santa,  
They want you, that is true;  
But if you've room within your pack  
Bring some "Senior pepper," too.*

PAYN, '12.



### CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

Christmas Day in Sweden always dawns clear, cold and sparkling. The crisp, invigorating mountain air sends the blood bounding and tingling to the very fingertips and brings a merry tune to the lips—a tune that comes from a heart full of joy and happiness that one is alive on such a beautiful day as this.

On this particular Christmas day of long ago a little Swedish goatherd was lightly bounding down over the mountain side. Laughing and shouting he calls his nimble flock, each by name, and leads them down the mountain to his home in the pretty little valley below.

The farm-house, a good substantial building of hewn logs, gives a general impression of snug prosperity. Granary, ice-house, dairy house, and hogs barns, scattered over the place, seem bursting with the riches just lately harvested from the now snow-covered fields; snowbirds and lively sparrows twitter and flutter about the eaves of the dwellings, or peck at the thatch-covered mounds of unthreshed grain.

As the boy nears the farm-yard, flocks of chattering birds fly noisily to the nearest tree. The boy runs quickly to the door, flings it open, and cries to someone within: "Oh! father, father; give me the shotgun quickly. The birds have destroyed the thatch of the grain mounds and are already at the unthreshed grain."

But the father, white-haired and reverently noble, raised his hand and gently placed it on the head of the excited boy before him. "Ah! my son," he said, "have you forgotten what day this is? Have you forgotten that He, whose birthday we are now commemorating, fed the hungry and said unto all the weary, 'Come unto Me?' Have you forgotten all this? Nay, my son: rather put out a few shocks of the finest grain, the primest and most nourishing, so that on this day no creature will be hungry."

Silently the boy obeyed. He had forgotten. But he would now give them the best. The poor little birds, how hungry they must be and cold!

Soon a large bundle of unthreshed grain was securely tied

to a long pole and firmly planted in the snowy ground. The birds, knowing they had found a friend, chirping, fluttering here and there and circling around the golden grain; they peck greedily at it, swooping down to the ground upon the grain fallen from the shock in the greediness of their attack. The air is filled with their happy chatter, and the boy watching them is happy, too, for is it not His birthday and did not He command, "Feed the hungry.

RUTH DEMACK.



*Broke, Broke, Broke!*

*On thy cold gray banks, O sea!*

*Oh for a touch of the vanished cash*

*That will never come back to me.*

*Ah, well for the girl with a job;*

*Ah, well for the man who gets pay*

*For doing some work when the school day is done,*

*Oh! who is so happy as they?*

*But what of the student who's broke,*

*And the Christmas days just coming on?*

*For they surely can't spend a "bean"*

*Unless their best bonnets they pawn.*

—F. G. C.



## LETTERS FROM THE FACULTY TO SANTA.

It had been a bleak and dreary day in the home of Santa Claus, in the regions of the North Pole. Letters were arriving daily from little children, who were anxiously awaiting his coming. Towards evening a messenger came with more letters. Santa pulled his big arm-chair before the blazing fireplace and began to look over the letters. Finally he came to one which was unusually large. He opened the envelope and out fell a lot of little notes. Santa looked at the postmark, and exclaimed, "Bellingham, Wash., I do declare. Well I am going to fulfill the desire of every one of these dear little children!"

Eagerly he picked them up, one by one, and this is what he read:

*Dear Santa*—I live in a house with a lot of girls and I need a bell, awfully bad. Now this isn't much, so don't forget me. Come quick to

NELLIE GRAY.

*Dear Sant*—I need neckties the worst of all. I like to have ten so I won't need to wear the same one all day. Don't forget.

WILLIE MOODY.

*My Dearest Santa Claus*—I am a very busy little girl and



haven't much time, as I have to take care of a big yard. So please bring me a sickle. I'd like to have also a bottle of something to color my cheeks with. Hurry up. IDA FELT.

*My Dear Santa*—I can hardly wait for you to come to my house, because I want a little red wagon, a train of cars and a foot-ball for the practice-teachers to use when they are playing with the Tr. School children. MISS SHAEFER.

*Dear, Darling Santa*—I am a quiet little boy and would like to have a megaphone so that I can talk louder. ....

MR. PATCHIN.

*Dearest Santa Claus*—I would like to have a book on the Home Life of Adam and Eve, so that I can make a good preparation in my lesson plans. Please Hurry. ROSE BAXTER.

*Dear Santa*—Could you bring me thirteen bottles of faint restorer and a fresh supply of pink pills.

RUTH GOTTLIEB.

*Mr. Santa*—Please bring a recipe book on fifty-seven ways of fixing beans and one on cooking in general, although I don't think I can be improved upon. BOND.

*Dear Santa*—I went to Seattle to a University doings, and had a good time, but didn't have any perfume, toilet water, or sachet-powder to put on my handkerchief. Would you please bring me three bottles of each? I am patiently waiting.

EPLEY.

*Dear Santa*—Please bring me 100 more copies of the song, "The Lord Is Great." The students LOVE it so.

MRS. THATCHER.

*Dear Santa*—Please bring me a bright red coat for my little dog so I can bring him to school with me, the students miss him.

MISS BAKFR.

*Dear Santa*—Would you please bring me a book on "How To Get Acquainted."

MISS BOWEN.

*Dearest Santa Claus*—If you bring me a cure for a weak voice I'll put a "hemmed patch" on your coat for you.

L. KNOWLES.

*Dear Santa*—I would like very much to have your latest machine for writing "see me" on plans.

M. DRAKE.

*Dear Santa*—Would you please bring me a big wheelbarrow so that I can carry home my notebooks at the end of the quarter. Nothing smaller than a piano box will do.

J. BEVER.

*Dear Santa*—I want a teacher, so that I can keep my pupils awake during Class time.

F. DEERWESTER.

*Dear Santa Claus*—Please bring me a fish pond and a little boat, so I can fish without going away from home.

E. MATHES.

*Dear Santa*—Would you please bring me some books on "Light, Heat and Ventilation."

A. GEORGE.

*Dear Santa*—I want an airship so that I can go out to my “cabin” every night. ! 2 F. HAYS.

*Dear Santa*—Would you please bring me nineteen skeins of yarn, so that I can give it to my Man. Tr. Class to make little caps and bags. They love them so. MISS DAWSON.

*Dear Santa*—Please bring me a Scotch doll dressed in plaid. MISS MONTGOMERY.

*Dear Santa*—Have you any books on “New Spelling?” If so, please bring me one. MISS NORTON.

*Dear Santa*—Please bring me some games. I don’t know any and want to become enthusiastic in school parties. MISS JENSEN.

*Dear Santa*—Would you please bring me a pair of stilts so I can see what is going on when I am in a crowd? MISS EDENS.

*Dear Santa Claus*—Have you a book on the “Current Events of the North Pole.” I would like to have one as I know all that happens down here. MR. PHILIPPI.

*Dear Santa*—Nothing would suit me better than a nice story book. I love to read and the students all say they love to hear me tell stories. MISS SPERRY.

*Dear Santa*—Please bring a set of dishes. MISS LAWRENCE.

*Dear Santa*—Please bring me a Noah’s ark and I’ll make it over according to perspective. MISS HOGLE.



### BOYS' BASKET-BALL.

Football is past and basket-ball occupies the center of the arena of School athletics. How are we prepared to meet it? We have but two of last year’s quintet with us, Carver and Tucker. That means that three berths will have to be filled with new men. We have, however, two others of last year’s squad, Odle and Rogers. Besides these there are turning out Baxter, Johns, Swartz, Becker and Heath for forwards, and Sutherland and Forrest for center. Some of these men were here last year and

all have had more or less experience in this form of athletics. With this material in sight it is safe to predict a winning team for the wearers of the Blue and White.

The Inter-Class games for the boys' championship have been started now, which offers an opportunity for any new man to develop. The first of these was pulled off Friday, the 24th, when the Freshmen and Sophomores clashed. A game was also scheduled between the Juniors and Seniors, but the Seniors failed to show up, thereby losing the game by default with the score of 2 to 0. Great enthusiasm is being displayed between the various classes. Following is the complete schedule:

Friday, November 24, Freshmen vs. Sophomores.

Friday, November 24, Juniors vs. Seniors.

Wednesday, November 29, Sophomores vs. Seniors.

Wednesday, December 6, Freshmen vs. Juniors.

Friday, December 8, Freshmen vs. Seniors.

Friday, December 8, Sophomores vs. Juniors.

*Freshmen, 19; Sophomores, 44.*

This was the first of the Inter-Class series. The report brought by the crowd who attended is that they saw a good, hard-fought game, not by any means as one-sided as the score would indicate. The cause of the Freshmen defeat was due, primarily, to the superior team-work of the Sophomores. In due justice to the Freshmen it must be said that they went into the game in a crippled condition, consequently not having as good a chance for victory as they might otherwise have had. At that they gave the Sophomores a run for their money. Carver starred for the Sophomores although the whole team did good consistent work, while Johns did the best work for the Freshmen.

When the first half started the Sophomores went off at a jump, making several baskets before the surprised Freshmen pulled themselves together. This half was played rather slow. There was much holding and rough play, which plainly indicated that most of the men had not turned out much, as yet, this season. At times there was fast, snappy work, which brought the crowd, cheering, to their feet. When the smoke rolled away the score announced at the end of the first half was, Freshmen 6, Sophomores 24.

The Senior boys need waking up. They might well take the girls for their example. The boys have lost one game already by default to the Juniors and bid fair to lose some more. They are the oldest Class in School and, perhaps, the hot fires of youth have cooled, somewhat, in their veins. But this does not excuse them for their idleness in athletics so "wake up, Seniors!"

In this series the Junior team is the dark horse. Their first game is with the Freshmen and the boys are waiting impatiently to see what will happen. In this game, you see, the dopesters will base their predictions for the Championship.

Seniors! Juniors! Sophomores! Freshmen! Champs 1911-12. Which?



On Saturday evening, November 25, six of the Normal boys, who are turning out for basket-ball, played at Clearbrook with the High school team of that place. The game was played in the old schoolhouse, recently equipped as a gymnasium, and a loyal crowd of Clearbrook rooters were present.

Although the Normal boys had practiced together but once and were in anything but good form as a team, they found that the Clearbrook boys were in a similar plight and were also somewhat in need of practice. But in spite of all this, the game was an exciting one from the first whistle until the last. Experience and a slight advantage in weight won the game for the Normal boys. Everyone of the Normal team made field baskets except Herbert Heath and he made up for this by making four out of six chances from the foul line.

The final score was 32—10.

For the Normal Swartz and Herbert Heath played forwards, Harry Heath center, Rogers and Odle guards. For Clearbrook, Swanson and Thurston were forwards, Peterson center, Morris and Kelly guards.

After the game, Misses Lyle and Whitemarsh, assisted by the girls of the Clearbrook School, served a fine banquet, at which the boys starred more noticeably than at the game.



The boys who played basket-ball at Clearbrook on November 25, report that the School at that place is very up-to-date and enterprising. Principal Frank Peterson and his assistants, G. F. D. Vandermei, Fannie Lyle and Lou Whitemarsh, all four old Normal students, are enjoying a very successful year, and seem to be well liked. Mr. Vandermei keeps the current copy of the Messenger on his desk and says his students enjoy reading it very much.



#### LOCALS.

The *Alpha Betas* met recently on a moonlight eve at "*The Hole in the Swamp*" for the purpose of initiating a new *soror*. During the evening *cremeé glacéé a la vanilla* and *frou-frous* were served. They are contemplating giving a Friday morning entertainment in Assembly.

Miss Strange spent Thanksgiving at Vancouver, B. C.

Miss Mary Riordan was the guest of Miss Ruth Collins over Thanksgiving.

Miss Norene Costello entertained Miss Nell Salvon at Everett over Thanksgiving.

The young ladies of the Aidos' House enjoyed a sumptuous "spread" the other evening, at which Misses Brown and Frey were hostesses. Those present were Misses Brown, Frey, Uddenburg, Sill, Smith, Sperry, White, Riordan, Riley, Bailey, Gaines, F. Osborne, Bragdon, Liatt. Miss Riley performed a "Jack-in-the-box" trick which was greatly enjoyed by all present.



Miss Montgomery reports that the following Normal Students are teaching in Cowlitz County: Ethel Soering, Silver Lake; Fay Creasap, Yale; Mabel Kimball, Kalama; Mr. Jones (summer school student), Eufala; Ethel Agan, Woodland; Laura Sanders, Woodland; Vinsen Gorman, Kelso; Nellie Holmes, Castle Rock; Jessie Cresap, Aerial.



#### CHORAL CLUB.

The oratorio "The Prodigal Son," under the direction of Mrs. Thatcher is to be given soon after Christmas vacation. Several of the most prominent vocalists of the city have become interested in the work; also a number of the students who are identified with the Choral and Glee Clubs and a large representation from the Faculty. The rehearsals are well attended, the choruses are being worked up with an unusual degree of interest and rapidity, and the work is going forward smoothly. The soloists are of unusual ability and experience.

The oratorio is by Vincent and is a most beautiful arrangement of the parable. The story has been treated before by Sullivan, but in an entirely different manner. The tenor soloists impersonates the Prodigal, the bass soloists the father, while the soprano and contralto solos are the narratives, the chorus, for the most part, representing the people.



One of the most enjoyable social events of the past month was the Membership Banquet of the Normal Y. W. C. A., given at Edens Hall, November 10th. The guests were received in the parlor by Miss Gray, Mrs. Campbell, Carol Johnson and Era Franklin. Covers were laid for over one hundred guests. A dainty, three-course dinner was served. The toastmistress, Mrs. J. H. Campbell, of Seattle, was introduced, and welcomed by Miss Sperry. Toasts were responded to by Mollie Harrison, Ethel Anderson, Edna Lawrence, Minnie Carver, Carol Johnson, Minnie Borroughs, Miss Hogle, Rev. McCartney and Miss Bowen. Mrs. Thatcher gave a vocal solo, which was greatly enjoyed. This was Miss Bowen's toast:

*Since to the heart the magic key  
Is unaffected sympathy  
We gather here to start the glow  
Of such good-will as friends do know,  
With comradeship in one enduring aim.*

*That which the present holds in fee  
In future years, will memories be;  
Will that remembrance be complete  
Without its shares of friendships sweet,  
Whose aid so timely to our spirits came?*

*Here's health to those within our gates,  
Of every creed, from many states,  
And may the clasping of our hands  
A token be of firmer bands,  
Uniting us forever, in His name.*



At the regular Thursday meeting, November 9th, Miss Sperry was leader. Her topic was, "Prayer." This service was preparatory to the World's Week of Prayer which was observed from November 13th to 19th inclusive. Miss Springer of Seattle was expected to lead this meeting, but as it was impossible

for her to be here, Miss Sperry ably filled her place. The meeting was enthusiastic and very interesting.

The World's Week of Prayer was observed by the young women of the Association, from November 13th to 19th. One meeting was held each day of the week and each was well attended. This was the program followed:

- Monday, 12:30-12:55, "*Power of Prayer; Prayer for Africa*"  
 Leader, Carrie J. George.
- Tuesday, 4:10—"Means of Prayer; Prayer for America".....  
 Leader, Ethel Schiedemental
- Wednesday, 12:30-12:55—"The Ground of Prayer".....  
 Leader, Lenora Wright
- Thursday, 4:10—"Helper In Prayer; Prayer for Australia".....  
 Leader, Edna Whipple
- Friday, 4:10—"Answer to Prayer; Prayer for Europe".....  
 Leader, Mary Oakes
- Sunday, 3:15—"Korea" .....  
 Leader, Miss Norton



The meeting by Miss Norton, Sunday afternoon, was especially interesting. Miss Norton surely knows how to keep the attention of an audience when speaking on Korea. Her Mission Study class on that subject has been reorganized and if you have not enrolled yet, do so at once. This is an opportunity none can afford to miss.

November 23rd, a Thanksgiving meeting was held with Mollie Harrison as leader. If you were not present you missed a good, helpful talk.

The young women of the Association arranged to give three Thanksgiving dinners to needy families this year. This is a custom which has been followed by the girls for several years. Dainty dinners had been planned which were sure to be appreciated.



THE GLEE CLUB.

Yes, the Glee Club is still alive. At present it is made up of sixteen male voices. Although our director, Mrs. Thatcher, did not have a vast audience from which to choose, still she says she is pleased with the quality of four voices. Once we surprised and entertained the School with a selection. We do not pose as public entertainers, yet we are quite likely to make the attempt again before School closes.

THE CLUB.



PHILOMATHEANS

The Philomatheans celebrated their second birthday anni-

versary on Friday evening, November 24th. Some of their friends were invited to spend the evening with them. The double doors between the music room and Miss Hay's office were artistically decorated in their color scheme of green and white. The Art Gallery was visited by all. Among the famous pictures and other works of art, "The First Drink," "The Bust of the Commentator," and "The Assorted Liquors" were especially enjoyed. A series of progressive games were played.

The color scheme was also carried out in the refreshments of ice cream wafers, green and white, and a big birthday cake.

Appropriate toasts were given. Toast Mistress, Minnie Burroughs.

|                                       |               |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|
| Vocal Solo .....                      | Clara Finley  |
| Original Poem—"Our Anniversary" ..... | Ruth Buchanan |
| "The Mysteries of Phi" .....          | Mr. Odle      |
| "How We Regard Ourselves" .....       | Mr. Sidell    |
| "How Others Regard Us" .....          | Mr. Rogers    |

At the previous meeting the following officers were elected for next quarter :

President—Mr. Odle.  
 Vice-President—Miss Buchanan.  
 Secretary and Treasury—Carrie George.  
 Attorney—Mr. Knaack.  
 Sergeant-at-Arms—Mr. Boyd.



### ALKASIAHS.

The regular meeting of the Club was held November 13. The work began in earnest as there was a great deal to be considered. After old and new business was passed upon the election of officers for the ensuing quarter took place. They are as follows :

President—Verna Boyd.  
 Vice-President—Beatrice Snow.  
 Secretary—Esther Franzen.  
 Treasurer—Mary Riordan.  
 Councils—Bessie Lovell, Eva White.  
 Reporter—Louise Atchison.

At the close of the election the outgoing president, Phoebe Reed, gave a farewell talk, stating some of the things done during the quarter. I am sure that the club owes much to the officers who set it on its feet, so to speak, and started it to running smoothly. We hope it will gain this year as never before. Get in and help, girls! It surely will be a success, then.

After the regular business was finished, Miss Baker gave a talk on forming a society. Then followed a parliamentary drill in which all took part. This drill was instructive as well as en-



tertaining. On account of the Thanksgiving holiday the next regular meeting was held December seventh.



### YOUNG MEN'S DEBATING CLUB.

The meeting of the Club on the evening of November 16th was not unusually well attended. There was no meeting on the 23d, due to the fact that Francis J. Heney gave his address in the Auditorium and the young men were needed to attend to the carrying out of various propositions. The meeting for the 30th was likewise postponed, as the members do not believe in taking exercise within twelve hours after partaking of a Thanksgiving dinner.

The program for the 7th of December was an excellent one. The subject of debate was on that great question of the day, "The Maintainance of a Large Navy." All of the young men are requested and expected to be present. Come and sign the Constitution. We want you and you need us. If you are doubtful about the benefits to be derived, or even if you think that you cannot spare the time from your books, consult any of the Faculty members, and discover what they think. You High School fellows, talk it over with Mr. Patchin. You Normal Students, ask the advice of Mr. Bond, Mr. Moodie, Mr. Epley, or any of our Faculty.

If you have any literary talent, you can develop it in these meetings, guided by our Faculty members. If you have none, come and acquire some ability to speak intelligently to those who are at most your equals.

Mr. Moodie is going to favor us with a piano solo, Thursday evening, and Mr. Bond with a talk on "The Chicago Stock-Yards."

Come and bring the fellows! The next meeting will be on Thursday, December 7th, at 8 p. m. in Society Hall.

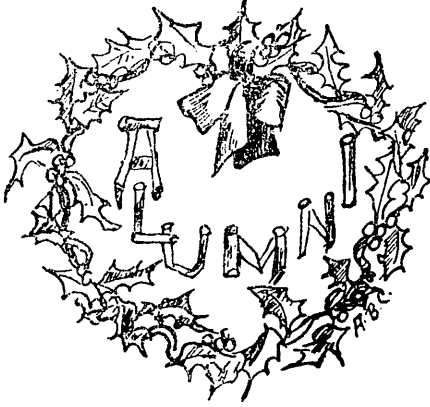


H. L. S.

On the evening of November 16th, 1911, a meeting of the H. L. S. was held in the Faculty room. After a short business session the meeting was turned over to the program committee, who had arranged a very unique initiation, full of originality and humor. After the initiation, dainty refreshments were served, and a general good time enjoyed.

A party was planned for Saturday evening, November 26th, at Hays Cottage, by Lake Whatcom. Because of the inclement weather, the society assembled at the home of Miss Baxter. After participating in many interesting games they all adjourned to the kitchen, where plates of delicious taffy were waiting to be pulled.

G. M. D.



Through the kindness of a former student, the following interesting news item has come through the mail to the alumni editor:

"One of the pleasant social events of the Thurston County Institute was a B. S. N. S. luncheon, served by the Domestic Science Class of the Olympia High School. Pennants, dahlias and autumn leaves were artistically used in decoration. Plates were laid for the following: Gyneth Knight, 1900; Bertha Mauerman, 1906; Grace Barnes, 1910; Edna Kerr, 1908; Warren E. Thayer, 1909; Mary Sharkey, 1910; Florence D. Bras, 1911; Mary S. Hoover, 1911; Clara Collins, 1909; Jessie Knight, 1900; Florence B. Haycox, 1907-1911; Lillian Carleton, 1911; Eleanor Herzog, 1911; Bessie Prickman, 1909; Nancy Hutson, 1911; Alice Young, 1910; Clara Jones, 1909½; Lucinda T. Bailey, 1911; L. A. Kibble, County Superintendent.

"After luncheon the halls of the High School building rang with B. S. N. S. yells and songs."

Elsie Ware, '07, who has taught in Bellingham, is now attending University.

Lillie Smith, '06, a teacher in the Roeder school, is taking a leave of absence on account of ill health.

Leila Dodd, '06, has secured a position in Pomona, Calif.

Olga Bergstrom, '10, is teaching school at Blaine.

Inga Sweet, a former Normal student, was recently married to Carl Carter.

R. C. Tibbel and Amy Linell, both former Normal students, are married and live at Acme, Wash.

The Misses Ellen and Laura Sweet, former graduates, at present are teaching in Seattle.



#### EXCHANGES.

The *Eh Kah Nam*, Walla Walla, Wash.— Good literary department.

*Elemayhum*, Tekoa, Wash.—It might be well to increase the literary department.

*The Pointer*, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.—An all-around good paper.

*The Booster*, Chadron, Nebraska.

*The Mirror*, Wilbur, Wash.

*The Kodak*, Everett, Wash.

*The Mankatonian*, Mankato, Minn.—An excellent idea to scatter jokes, class doing, etc., through the advertising section.

*College Breccses*, St. Peter, Minn.

*The Cynosure*, Fargo, North Dakota.

*The Otaknam*, Mankato High School, Minn.—A splendid High School paper. Your paper's name is clever.

*The Review*, McMinnville, Oregon.

*The Prescott Megaphone*, Prescott, Wash.

*Tempe Normal Student*, Tempe, Arizona.

*Willamette Collegian*, Salem, Oregon.



#### CALENDAR.

Tuesday, November 7.—The timid, bashful practice teachers are initiated into the mysteries and tribulations of the "instruction process."

Wednesday, November 8.—Hurrah, the Snow!!! Senator Gore's talk was enjoyed very much by everybody, even by those with scrambled brains, etc.

Thursday, November 9.—Trespass not into Training department between the hours of 8:25 and 3:15. Trespassers fined five per cent.

Friday, November 10.—Mr. Sperry's talk in morning Assembly interested us all. Girls join the Y. W. C. A. next year, for the banquet was fine.

Saturday, November 11.—Stocking-caps, sweaters, fur coats and leggings,—away to coast on Garden Street.

Tuesday, November 14.—Dramatic Club booms. Three especially talented people help to share its mysteries.

Wednesday, November 15.—Who says Class meetings?

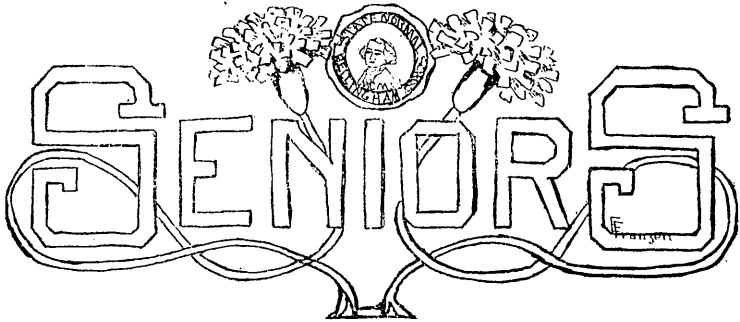
Friday, November 17.—Talk by Mr. Rutherford. Senior reception proved to be a grand success. Decorations beautiful, program fine and refreshments excellent.

Monday, November 20.—Mr. Eply shows his knowledge of psychology in relating his old experiences to the new inexperienced camper, and presents a black eye.

Thursday, November 23.—Mr. Heney gave a very educational, eye-opening lecture.

Friday, November 24.—Miss Gotlieb takes us on a sight-seeing tour through Port Rico. Ninth Grade show great ability in entertaining. The refreshments were the best ever.

Monday, November 27.—Girls, *don't faint*.



Many of the Seniors enjoyed their Thanksgiving vacation at their homes, or away from Bellingham.

Miss Elizabeth Mann entertained Miss Elsie Nebergale at her home during vacation.

Miss De Crane spent Thanksgiving in Roslyn, Wash.

Miss Nell Salvon spent Thanksgiving in Everett, the guest of Miss Costello.

Miss Grayce Phelps had as her guest, Miss Alma Rose, thru the vacation days.

Miss Olga Olson entertained her sister over Thanksgiving.

Lost—Somewhere west of the bridge, some Junior tempers. November 28.

Mr. Deerwester—"It is the case of the lamb and the lion lying down together, only the lamb lay inside the lion."

Some of the Seniors helped to enjoy the Junior refreshments at the home of Messrs. Odle and Sidell.

One of the most delightful affairs of the season was the reception given to the Faculty and School by the Seniors. The room and hall were decorated with red carnations and a green background. The many guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Deerwester, Misses Hays, Davis, Linden, Frey and Mr. Becker. During the evening an enjoyable program was rendered. Later Misses Grace Proctor, Elizabeth Mann, Hersalora Goodspeed and Grayce Phelps assisted by other Senior girls, poured chocolate.



The darkest hour in any man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it.—Horace Greeley.



Do not boast of your Civic Righteousness. Just carry a little of it in stock and your neighbors will find it out.—Hubbard.



Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.



Juniors! Attention! We expect to do great things this year—we have already made a very successful exhibition of Class spirit at Assembly—but, we must *all* go to Class meetings. Sometimes these meetings are not very exciting, but if everybody would come, it might be changed. Go to Class meetings—boost for the Class—if you have something to say, get up and say it—that is what we want. Remember, the Class meets every Wednesday morning. Boost for our School first, but don't stop there—boost for the Junior Class, the best of them all—the Class of the prettiest girls, the smartest and nicest boys in the School—the Class that is quality as well as quantity, *Oh! Seniors!*

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT AND FOUR YELLS IN THE  
BOTANY CLASS.

Amid a succession of terrible shrieks and agonized exhortations from many of a large class of girls, Mr. Moodie, brave man that he is, and assuring the Class that there was no danger, reached down into a jar and held before the eyes of his admiring (though fearful) audience, a loathsome salamander. Alas, for the good intentions of the noble man! The slippery, slimy, wiggly, creepy, crawling thing eluded his grasp, and precipitated itself in amphibian adoration at the feet of one of our fair ones. Oh! awful calamity! But let it here be said the terrified young woman did not faint, but merely climbed upon her chair, and so ended the tragedy.

The Junior girls are thinking of trying the experiment of fainting at the next lecture to see if Mr. Boyd will rush to their assistance. That brave youth (for a young man has to be brave to go to Normal with so many girls) is the most heroic of all (?) our young men—so the girls think.



THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

*Well, Juniors, your first term is over;  
Our work for the quarter all done;  
But seven terms hard work is coming—  
Our Normal life's only begun.*

*We've puzzled quite hard over teaching;  
On Arithmetic, too, we are sure  
That no Class has ever worked harder  
A knowledge of it to secure.*

*Observation, we now have completed,  
It bothered most Juniors a deal;  
For a time we are thro with plan writing  
For this, much relief we all feel.*

*And Music that soothes the breast savage—  
That warbling so charming to hear;  
Our troubles with History are ended  
Short rest from our labors is near.*

*Christmas vacation is welcome;  
We pine to be on our way home;  
But will want to come back next semester  
So back to the Normal we'll roam.*

*Yet now, as the time comes for leaving  
We're not over-anxious to go;  
We've all come to love the old building  
We love it so much you all know (?)*

*As we part, there is not one among us,  
No, not one of our Classmates this year  
But who knows and appreciates fully  
What we owe to our teachers, so dear.*



#### SOPHOMORE NOTES.

*Hail to thee! O Muse, sublime!  
When mad poets take to rhyme,  
Amid their ravings wild and long  
Thou art the victims of their song.  
The pages glow with Classmate fire  
Enkindled all my poetic ire.  
The song of the Sophomore I sing,  
And long may the campus ring  
With their ever merry inspiring note,  
For as to the rest we've got their goat.  
The Sophs, indeed, possess true gumption  
This assuredly is no false presumption.  
Ever true to their stand of black and gold  
Many a sterling character they will mold.*

*Um—Yah—Yah!*  
*Um—Yah—Yah!*  
*Sophomores, Sophomores,*  
*Um—Yah—Yah!*



Forty-six to nineteen! Well, now who would have thought it? Not a Freshman. It's too bad, Freshmen, but what more could you expect?

Sophs., those yells were fine and encouraging. Come again, and if we lose it will be no fault of yours.



### PROCEEDINGS OF BOARD OF CONTROL.

November 7.—It was reported that the post-office wants postage paid in advance for The Messengers.

The boys' appointment of Mr. Orville Adams as Boys' Basket-ball Manager was approved.

It was decided to be the sense of the Board that students within a year of graduation should be allowed to secure and wear the Alumni Pin.

It was reported that the Senior Class of 1911 left \$3.00 in The Messenger fund, which was to be used for tennis fixtures.

Bills allowed, \$30.61.

November 14.—The cash report of the store was read and accepted.

Minnie Burroughs' report as subscription agent was read and accepted.

Treasurer's report was read and accepted.

Bills allowed, \$4.60.

November 21.—It was reported that the auditing of the book had been done.

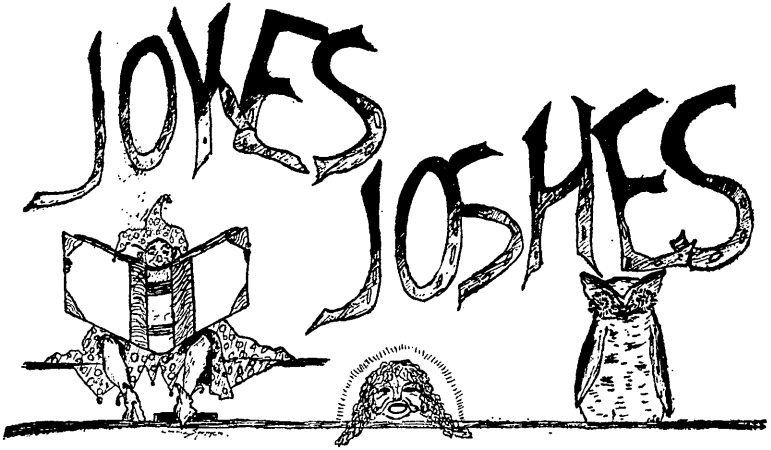
Miss Hays appeared before the Board to give suggestions for a School entertainment.

It was decided that the President appoint a committee to make such arrangements as necessary for the Christmas entertainment.

It was decided that single copies of the Messenger, aside from the Senior issue, be sold at 10 cents each.

The matter of the Senior Pins was discussed as to giving it to the local jewelers. A committee was appointed to look into this matter.

Bills allowed, \$30.80.



Dr. Gotlieb (in Sex Hygiene)—“How can we prevent the great number of divorces?”

L. Nelson—“By not getting married.”



Speaker in Junior meeting (in discussing party)—“The refreshment committee will have to be careful not to order too much pie, for I don’t expect a large crowd.”

Bill Tucker—“Doesn’t seem any doubt but we’ll get rid of all the pie.”



Red, white and blue are not the only Hughes, are they, Mr. Cunningham?



Junior—“Yes, sir; men are descended from monkeys.”

Freshman—“And are women descended from monkeys’ ribs?”



Mr. Bond—“How do you divide fractions?”

Class (promptly)—“By multiplication.”



Miss Lindberg—“What colors are in the Holland flag?”

Mr. Tucker—“Don’t know; they didn’t have a flag when I was there.”



Mr. Bond—“Give tests of conquency of a triangle.”

Mr. Hanson—“Four sides of one equal the four sides of the other.”



Mr. Moodie (in Bot. II.)—It's a good thing you girls don't have to use razors. You'd have a hard time if you were as awkward with them as you are with those knives."



Small Boy (in Training School)—"Well, it's easy if you know how."

Well spoken! That is what a good many of us think!



Soph.—"What was the score?"

Fresh.—"I don't know; ask Hersalora's brother. He kept score."

Soph.—"That isn't his brother; that's her shadow."



Miss B. (Eng. III.) (Studying Macbeth)—"How did Banquo feel when he came on the stage?"

Mr. T.—"Feels like glory."



Miss Gray (in Geog. looking at the map above the door.)—"That map is so far north that I can't see it."



Mrs. Thatcher and Miss Anderson were talking in the Library, when in rushed the Librarian with a, "Girls! Girls! Not so loud!"



Girls, beware of hair thieves. Someone cut off Curley's pet locks.



Miss R.—But you haven't any money."

Ikey—"Oh! don't mind that; Goldenstein will buy your hair."



Mr. Hansen—"We have too many public scavengers already!"

(Dewey-Joint) Justice—"Well; I think sea-gulls are all-right."



Miss Lusher (in Botany II.)—"I can't make eyes, but I guess I will learn in a minute."

Mr. Moody thought the joke too good to keep and repeated it to the Class."

Who was the most popular girl in School, November 9th?  
Miss Snow.



Senior—"What is the most startling experience you have had this year?"

Freshman—"Seeing Harry H. don that heavenward stare when he tries to sing."



Eva—"I got a trade last night for you, Bee."

B. S.—"Oh! Tell me quick! I can't wait—what did Marius say?"



One of last year's graduates, teaching in this country, received the following startling answer: "The United States is bounded by the Great Lakes, the Atlantic Ocean, the Amazon River and Birch Bay."



Junior—"Do you think Baxter will make the team?"

Freshman—"Sure! He has pretty Goodspeed."



Mrs. T. (calling the roll)—"Mr. Callow!"

Mr. B.—"He's coming!"

Mrs. T.—"So is Christmas."



Miss B.—"Miss Dixon, did you have something?"

Miss D.—"No; I had war with them."



Mr. Bond (calling roll)—"Miss Canfield,—is you name Miss Canfield?"



Miss Baxter (assigning lesson)—"Take the West Goths, and *stick* to the topic."



Fresh. (in Hist.)—"Patrick Henry graduated from college and took to drinking."

Teacher—"Where do you get your information?"

Fresh.—"It says right here, 'Patrick Henry graduated from college and was admitted to the bar.'"



Mrs. T. (in Music)—"What is tone?"

Mr. Jensen—"Tone is a civilized noise."

Hersalova—"I gave myself away last night."

Excited Girls—"Oh, tell us about it?"

H.—"I was done town, on the scales."



Mrs. T.—"What kind of a song would be marked Maestoso?"

K. B.—"A Junior song."



Who are the thieves?

Evidence proves R. C. and H. G. to be two of them, as Wallie and Kirk's hearts have been taken.



Mr. Adams (singing)—"Oh! I'm too fat!"



Mr. Coop—"I always sleep well."

Miss M.—"You seem to; you're always half asleep."



Miss B. (in Observation) "Is everyone here present?"



The Senior girls have been accused of stealing the Freshman girls' "Vail."



Mr. Eply (in Geog.)—"Where are the White Mountains?"

Miss P.—"In New Haven."



A boy in the Primary Department of the Training School told his mother he could tell a "cranky" teacher.

"How?" asked his mother.

"By seeing if her petticoats hang below her dress."



F. O. (talking in hall) "Gee whiz!"

C. Becker—"I don't think the boys should be allowed to swear in the halls."



Senior—"Why is it those little Freshmen girls don't have anything to say?"

Junior—"Oh; that's just the way they have of telling all they know."

## CLASSIFIED ADS.

Wanted:

A cook—Billy Boyd.

Jokes—Joke Editor.

Men or Near Men—Dorm Girls.

Information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the guy that swiped my coat.—O. Adams.

Position as Girls' Basket-ball Coach—Carver.

Chairs for my room—Miss Hays.

A man for Senior Class—Senior Girls.

Lost:—

One Overcoat—O. Adams.

One nineteen dollar pipe; liberal reward—Evans.

Patent No. 0023 hot air disseminator, very valuable, for use of Freshmen.—M. H.

For Sale:—

Books on "Trials and Tribulations of a Junior,"—C. Carter.

Books on "How I would Run a School"—C. Becker.

Books on "How To Run a Paper"—M. R.

A choice collection of yells—Junior Girls.



Miss Bowen (referring to Macbeth and Lady Macbeth)—  
"What are they talking about, Miss Uddenburg?"

Miss U.—"The weather!"



The young man was disconsolate. Said he: "I asked her if I could see her home." "Why certainly," she replied, "I'll send you a picture of it."



Mr. Bond (discussing fresh air)—"Let me tell you there is no air like fresh air from out-doors. No, another person's breath is never as good, even though they say things of that sort in love poems."



Miss Ross is building a "flat-footed brick dwelling." We are all anxious to see the results.



Mr. Bond's motto is: "*Non scientia auctoeitas est, sed auctoeitas scientia uti auctoeitas est.*"



Miss Hays (in phonics)—"Gee! I wonder how I am going to mark this?"

## ACCIDENTS UP TO DATE—NOV. 28, 1911.

1. Kirk Baxter—Has lately been shot through the heart; is now (Good) speeding for the arrow.
2. Senior Boy—Has been seriously wounded by Cupid; a dose of matrimony is the only possible cure.
3. Miss Hays—Almost overcome by rheumatism; disappointed because it wasn't gout, which is more aristocratic.
4. W. Callow—Hopes are shattered; on road to recovery.
5. Alice Bailey—Struck by a flying thought; accident so rare remedy not found.
6. Dorothy Darrin—Recently lost championship of being the fastest talker in the Normal.
7. Mr. Cunningham—Serious injuries by falling from football player to common school-boy.
8. Sixth Grade History Teacher—One of the most serious accidents occurred when the Sixth Grade of the Training School behaved.
9. Edna Whipple—Suffering from injuries received in a desperate chase after knowledge.
10. Willie Tucker—Found, a weakness for pie.
11. Harry Heath—Serious case of heart disease; everyone might help to cure him temporarily only by singing Lohengrin's Wedding March to him.
12. L. Society—In depths of despair till Miss Hayes takes out an accident policy.



Miss Gray—"We should take warning and not get married."  
 Mr. Epley—"I would not get married if I could."  
 Miss Gray—"Oh, Mr. Epley! There's a point in that that strikes me."



Miss Cook—"You will find Miss Gray's office by going straight down."



First Girl—"Why is Miss Goodspeed so irregular in her attendance at church?"  
 Second Girl—"She has her time employed attending Kirk."



*"Yes, I've a wide acquaintance at the capital," said he,  
 And we knew it was the truth he sought to tell;  
 For since he is a Senator it isn't hard to see  
 That he may know our President quite well."*

Miss Baxter—"Who can tell what kind of reasoning Franklin used when he formulated the law of falling bodies?"

Kirk—"I can!"



R. K. (translating)—"Thrice I strove to throw my arms around her—that's as far as I got."

Miss J.—"That's quite far enough."



Senior—"Where did Moses get the ten commandments?"

Freshman—"At the Dormatory."



Mr. Bever—"Whom did James I marry?"

Mr. Kaup—"His wife."



That door of Mr. Bond's room was open again, and after nearly every member of the Class had tried to shut it and failed, Mr. Bond walked over and closed it.

Miss Riordon—"I can't see how you did it?"

Mr. Bond—"Oh, just—just swear at it."



November 20th, Mr. Epley appeared in Assembly with a black eye and read—"all Nature and I are glad."



*"Speech was given to man to hide his thoughts,"*

*'Tis said, but we regret*

*That there are styles of penmanship*

*That hide them deeper yet."*

(*"Them's our sentiments."* Faculty.)



Teacher—"Mr. Baxter, define velocity and give an illustration."

Mr. Baxter—"Velocity means quickness of movement—a box of grapes and a bunch of Dorm. girls."



Mr. Deerwester (in Phil. of Ed.)—"What course did Froebel take?"

Brilliant Senior—"Of course!"



Will some one kindly tell us how long Mr. Patchin's consultation hours are?

Mr. Stinson announced to a few personal friends that Mrs. Stinson will accompany him to the Normal after the Holidays.



Miss Jensen (translating)—“Now, Mr. Van Pelt; ‘I say *hoec* (hike).’”



Mr. Moody—“What are ærial roots?”

Dorm. Girls (under breath) “We are, on Sunday nights.”



*Oh! Mr. Bond went fishing,  
 Prof. Epley he went too;  
 But when they came back to our School  
 Epley's eye was black and blue.  
 For supper they had Heinz's baked beans,  
 Bond put no hole in the top;  
 Of course you can guess what happened  
 When the can got piping hot.  
 The innocent must suffer,  
 'Twas Epley got the blow;  
 Whether or not he and Mr. Bond  
 Are friends, we do not know.*



## REQUESTS FROM FACULTY MEMBERS TO SANTA CLAUS.

Miss Hays—Book, “Advice to Seniors.”

Mr. Epley—A new dress suit.

Mr. Bond—More enthusiasm.

Miss Gray—Some good excuses from students.

Miss George—A substitute for “alright.”

Mr. Moodie—Curling tongs.

Mr. Bever—A brand new joke.

Miss Lawrence—A recipe for kisses.

Miss Knowles—Crewel needles.

Mr. Deerwester—A nice, warm, fur cap.

Mr. Philippi—Some one that can pronounce his name correctly.

Miss Edens—Interesting people.

Mr. Patchin—More time for conference periods.

Miss Montgomery—A few more Junior teachers.

Miss Dawson—Ring (solitaire.)

Miss Sperry—A bunch of lavender.

- Miss Hogle—Perspective artists.  
 Miss Felt—A perfect lesson plan.  
 Miss Drake—The latest coon song.  
 Miss Jensen—Some bright pupils.  
 Miss Baxter—A jabot.  
 Miss Sheaffer—Fresh air.  
 Miss Gottlieb—A dozen bottles of smelling salts.  
 Miss Brooks—Greater silence in the library.  
 Miss Bowen—A guardian.  
 Miss Norton—A supply of "A's" (to give to student teachers.)  
 Miss Thatcher—Book "Discipline in Chorus Practices."  
 Mr. Clark—An assistant in the "Lost and Found" department.  
 Dr. Mathes—A fishing tackle.  
 Miss Baker—A dog collar.



# AUDITORIUM

Dr. Sperry, who gave a series of lectures at the Y. M. C. A., talked to the Normal students during a Friday morning Assembly period.

Few of us are privileged to visit foreign countries. This fact leads us to even greater appreciation of such lectures as those given by Mrs. Divon and Dr. Gottlieb. We sincerely hope Dr. Gottlieb will consent to giving another of her illustrated talks; we want to hear more about it.

Great applause was given both the Girls Choral Club and the Boys' Glee Club at their appearance at chorus practice. Surely no greater encouragement is needed for them to "come again."

During the past month we have had the pleasure of listening to two men, who excite our admiration, not only by their great work, but also by the success they have each attained, working as they have, under their great physical handicap—blindness.

The first, Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, whose lecture, well spiced with fitting jokes, was enjoyed by all.

The other, Edwin Baxter Perry, a pianist of renown, held his audience's attention throughout the evening. That all might



more fully comprehend and appreciate his music, he gave a short interesting description of each piece before playing it.

On November 23, Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, faced a well-filled hall. From beginning to end his talk was interesting, expressing well founded ideas on the present political conditions.



### THE TRAGEDY OF EXAMINATION DAY.

*He didd not pass ann so he kannot go  
too the neckst room with amy joanes uno  
butt hasstoo stay in the same grade wile shee  
goes on ahedd a room whare shee will bee  
a favveritt with awwl the boys, ann wenn  
he getts up thare shee will be gone agenn  
ann henry beamus sedd it only shoze  
how wun fals step leeds up to awwl ower wooze  
ann he kann never be in hur saim klass  
in awwl his life becaaws he didd not pass.*

*hee didd not think befoar uv wott it mennt  
if he shood fale but now his hedd is bennt  
becaaws he noze hed haff too sit awwl day  
in skool ann no that she is gone away  
foreaawurmoar perhappss heel haff too look  
at sum redd hedded gurl hoo kame ann took  
the seet she yoostoo hav ann it will be  
onlay a sorce uv holler mockery  
ann wile his eyes with bittur tears awwl blurr  
the other boys are a passen noates to hur.*

*He looks intoo the bigg geogafce  
Ware Amy rote hur naim on the dead see  
A yeer ago ann then he thinks uv how  
his dreem uv happinness is over now  
Ann henry beamus sedd his broaken hart  
frum loozen hur ann becin toarn apart  
shood be a sollum lessun too uss awwl  
too doo our verry besst for feer we faawl  
a vicktum ann doant pass ann awwl our yeers  
bee filled with vane regretts and bittur tears.*

—Ex.



To be poor in a wealthy country, to be sick in a good climate, to be inefficient among a progressive people, is a sign of unwise educational methods. Such people were not taught to battle with the world or meet life's emergencies.—Thoreau.

To assist any one to whom the new system of marking is not quite clear :

A—All right.  
 B—Best  
 C—Classy.  
 D—Dandy.  
 E—Excellent.  
 F—Fine.  
 G—Great.  
 H—Heavenly.  
 I—You're "*it*."  
 J—Just Fine.  
 K—Killing.  
 L—The Limit.  
 M—Might Be Worse.  
 N—No Good.  
 O—"Offul"  
 P—Poor.  
 Q—Quit.  
 R—Rotten.  
 S—Scandalous.  
 T—Terrible.  
 U—Useless.  
 V—Very poor.  
 W—Worse.  
 X—eXit (side door.)  
 Y—You're out.  
 Z—Beat it, old kiddo.



The road to happiness is the continuous effort to make others happy. The chief aim of life ought to be usefulness, not happiness; but happiness always follows usefulness.—Talmage.



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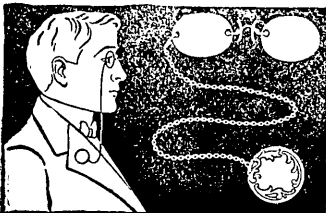
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