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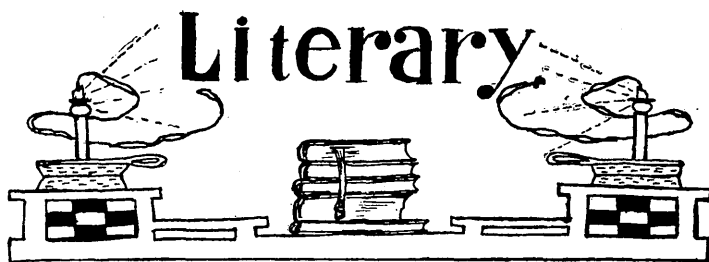
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# THE MESSENGER

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## THE VINDICATION OF TEACHER.

*"'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,—  
Not even a mouse!"*

Teacher read the wonderful story through to the end. The children sat with open mouths and wide eyes, entranced by the beautiful visions that floated before them. In the first seat, in the first row, sat Allesandro, and over in the fourth row, three seats back, sat Dominique, his older brother, more wide-eyed and open-mouthed than any of the other children. As teacher finished, the childrew drew a long breath and settled back in their seats. Allesandro raised a timid hand.

"Yes, Allesandro!" said teacher.

"Please, teacher," is there a really Sandy Claws?" he asked, half afraid the wonderful image might vanish before his eyes even as the snow man they had made that morning.

Teacher, who was young and pretty, and who liked to please everybody, even little brown-eyed Italian boys, said: "Oh, yes; there's a Santa Claus. You hang up your stocking and see."

The other children immediately corroborated this statement by talks of magnificent dolls and drums found Christmas mornings of previous years; by tales of fat, jolly, department-store Santa Clauses, and Sunday School Christmas trees.

By degrees teacher hushed their excitement and they turned their attention to a reading class.

That night Allesandro and Dominique hurried home to tell their mother and big sister, Elizabeth, of the kind Santa Claus, who came down the chimney and always brought presents to good boys and girls.

"No; they aint no Santa Claus!" said Elizabeth, skeptically. "He never left nothin' to our house before. He's just a man dressed up."

"Yes, they is a Santy Claus, too!" said Allesandro. "Teacher says so!" and his big eyes blazed and he stamped his foot in her defense.

"Well, you run along and get some boxes, and we'll see," said Elizabeth.

As the boys trudged up the alley behind the big store looking for boxes for kindling wood, they talked in hushed whispers of the presents Santy Claus would bring them.

Then came Christmas Eve, cold and clear, and crisp. The moon rose in splendor over the city and looked down on the belated Christmas shoppers, hurrying home;—the warm firesides, the resplendent Christmas trees adorned by eager hands, on all the Christmas rejoicing and preparations that mean love.

Shining through the uncurtained window of a bare little house, could be seen drawn over a chair close to a little rusty red stove a pair of stockings, knit in blue and white checks. On the other side hung some brown checked ones to match. Allesandro's faith was perfect. In the bed at the other side of the room, crowded tight together to make room for Elizabeth, two little boys were wandering in happy dreams to Santa Claus' gardens, where grew drums, and sleds, and skates.

The moon went down, and the city slept. At last dawn broke on another Christmas day, full of gladness for many, and sorrow for some. With the first light, two little figures clambered out of bed and pattered over to the chairs by the stove. There were the stockings, sure enough,—but how limply they hung! How they swayed in the breeze that came through the windows' broken glass! A chilling fear clutched Allesandro's heart. Quickly he put his hand down the toe of one stocking, then the other—nothing there! A great sob of disappointment broke from him, in which Dominique soon joined.

"Teacher tells lies! They aint no Santy Claus!" sobbed Allesandro, and refused to be comforted.

The mother, cross enough because her morning nap was disturbed, was touched. "Never mind," she said, "When your faihther gets his pay, you can have a nickel for candy."

"Elizabeth's 'told you so' died on her lips, and she tried to comfort them, but in vain. Not only was the Santa Claus story a lie, but Allesandro's faith in teacher was shattered.

After a breakfast of black bread and coffee, the boys took their wagon out along the railroad track to pick up coal. There was absolute silence as the little blue hands dropped piece after piece into the wagon. Even a find of an especially large lump failed to cheer them. The boys who ran up to compare notes as to presents, were met by a shrug and a blank face.

Soon the wagon was full, and by a back alley, to avoid a crowd of playmates, Allesandro and Dominique went home. At the gate they were met by Elizabeth. "Oh, Allesandro! Oh, Dominique!" she said, "A man just left a basket with red ribbons for me, and balls for the baby, and sleds for you, and

chickens and potatoes and oranges, and he says from Santa Claus. Come and see!"

No need to tell them that. Into the house they ran. There on the table was the basket, and the contents were spread around on all sides. The baby was happily sucking the paint from a gorgeous blue ball, and Elizabeth immediately began trying her ribbons. There by the table was a red sled with—oh, joy! yellow runners, like Tony Disantes' had. Above it was a beautiful striped horn.

"From Santa Claus!" laboriously read Dominique, from a white card on the basket.

"Oh, teacher tells truth! They is a Santa Claus!" said Alessandro, clasping the red and yellow sled to his heart.

Teacher was vindicated!



#### THE IVY-COVERED STUMP ON THE CAMPUS.

*The day was 'most over, and the library  
I sought with a sigh of relief;  
With a friendly book for companion  
To spend this hour so brief.*

*But somehow my eyes they would wander  
Away from the page of the book,  
And out through the window I sat by  
With a happy, yet wistful look.*

*The scene before me was fall-like—  
Almost all the trees were bare,  
Except the beautiful evergreens,  
Which are always stately and fair.*

*There, too, was the stump on the campus  
Concealed by the ivy so green,  
I looked, and soon all my thoughts centered  
'Round that stump in a beautiful dream.*

*I thought perhaps once it had towered,—  
A fair and a stately tree,—  
Perhaps over other evergreens,  
Whose descendents on the campus we see,*

*But now there is little left of it,  
It has given all that it had  
Of beauty, and stately framework,  
To help make some person glad.*

*We should see nothing pretty about it  
For the beauty of near-by things,  
If it wasn't because of the ivy,  
Which faithfully 'round it clings.*

*I, too, shall grow old and withered,  
Perhaps, after years have passed,  
My form and my few simple graces  
Will for me be things of the past.*

*Then, as I will be surrounded  
By beauty and youthfulness,  
Might I then have lived so that some one  
Will still my presence bless.*

*Might no one then of my loved ones,  
From my outward failings shrink,  
But rather lovingly hide them  
Like the ivy, which 'round the stump clings.*  
—Anon.



### THE FINAL GAME.

The girls of — Seminary were very much interested in athletics of all sorts. At the beginning of the year the Seniors had won "High Honors" on the tennis court. It was now the season for basket ball. Even the Christmas holiday took second place in the enthusiasm of the students.

They were playing the series of games for the Kline Cup, which was offered each year, to the winning class.

The trial games had been played, giving to the Juniors and Seniors the final game, which was to take place the Saturday evening following, at seven-thirty, and as the girls finished their last practice, on Friday night, the anxiety of both classes knew no bounds. Each class realized that it would be a close game.

At last the time was near at hand, and the spectators had begun to assemble. The Senior girls were already there and practicing. The Juniors were all in the dressing room, except Marcia.

"I wonder why she doesn't come," said Mary, "we have only twenty minutes left now."

"When she left us last night she said for us to be sure to come at seven, so we could have a few minutes to practice," added Josephine.

"Say, girls," asked Amy, a note of anxiety in her voice, "has anyone seen Marcia to-day? She may be ill."

"Oh, pshaw! Amy, you're always worrying about something! She'll get here all right. Perhaps something has de-

tained her." Yet Mary was troubled far more than she cared to admit. What if Marcia shouldn't come? She dared not think about it. It would mean failure for the Junior girls, and they had worked so hard for this final game.

Only ten minutes were left; still Marcia did not come. "What shall we do?" cried Josephine, now quite sick at heart.

Marcia was "center," and the best in the Junior class.

"There isn't another girl who could take her place," gloomily remarked Mary.

"Marcia has never failed us before; there must be something wrong," said Amy huskily.

Just then the door opened and in rushed Edna Nelson. "Oh, girls! Marcia can't come," she panted.

"Can't come!" exclaimed Mary, "Why, Edna, what's the matter?"

"Her mother is very ill and they sent for Marcia to come home immediately."

"Poor Marcia! How sad!" said Amy. "I feared something was wrong."

Their minds soon reverted to the game, however. "But we must play this game," cried Lucia. "Yet, how can we ever hope to win without Marcia?"

"Perhaps I could play?" ventured Ruth Martin, the new girl, who had just entered school the week before. Ruth was a peculiar girl; very quiet and unusually bright. The girls had rather shunned her because she was so "old-fashioned and plain."

"You!" chorused the girls.

"You play—in our final game!" exclaimed Edna. "Why, you haven't been practicing. Anyway, you're too small and light. Then we would be *sure* to lose."

"I used to play at——" began Ruth.

The door opened and one of the Seniors entered. "Don't you girls want to come in and practice a bit?" she asked. "There's five minutes left."

"We can't—we aren't——" began Amy.

"Huh! we knew you'd back out at the last minute," she sneered, and disappeared down the hallway.

"We must play," cried Lucia. "Let Ruth play, and we'll show them we won't back out at the last minute."

This seemed the only thing to do, so they started for the hall. The girls took their places, though it must be said, with very little enthusiasm. Ruth took Marcia's place and played center; Amy and Lucia played guards, while Mary and Josephine played forwards.

Ruth played very badly at first. She made several mistakes. "If I should fail—I will *not* fail—I *must* win," she thought.

The signal was given and the two teams took their places—the Seniors exultantly, the Juniors mechanically. Such a



round of applause greeted them that the Juniors began to feel that old determination to win.

At the very beginning Ruth made a foul ball. A deafening applause greeted the Seniors, as Molly Evans made their first basket.

The Juniors felt down-hearted; but when the Seniors succeeded in making their second basket, a new feeling of determination took possession of the Junior girls, and at the close of the first half the score stood four to five in favor of the Seniors.

When the teams retired for a few minutes' rest, the Junior girls gathered around their new center. "Not half bad," said Lucia. "We may win yet. At least, we'll have made a good fight."

The Seniors had a feeling of uneasiness as they entered for the second half.

The ball was thrown up by the referee, and Dorothy, the Senior center, being taller than Ruth, soon sent it whirling toward their goal basket. Anna, a forward caught it, and tried for the basket. Lucia so covered her opponent, that Anna failed to make the basket, and, before she realized it, Mary had the ball at the other end of the field, and was making a goal trial. A moment of breathless suspense, and the crowd went almost wild, for Mary had succeeded.

This was soon followed by another score for the Juniors who now became somewhat reckless. Before long a foul ball was called, for Amy had put one arm around Molly, in an effort to interfere with her.

Anna, who was very clever, secured a basket by this free throw. The score was still four to one, in favor of the Juniors, for this half.

It did not remain so long, however, for the Seniors soon made another score, making it four to three.

In the double foul which followed, the Seniors made a basket, but the Juniors failed.

The time was almost up, and the Juniors seemed doomed to fail. But Ruth caught the ball, made a long try from her central division and scored. This was a feat but few, even experts, are able to accomplish.

Time was called, and amid the cheers of applause, the coveted cup was awarded to the winning team.

"We owe it all to Ruth," said Lucia, as they entered the dressing room.

"And we thought she couldn't play," added Amy.

N. M.



### "THE OLD YELLOW LETTER."

The moon came up over the mountain, and the shadows of the trees grew darker and more distinct. The road showed

white where the moon found its way through the thinly clad branches.

Old Jonas, the one black spot against all the white of the snow, dragged himself wearily up the mountain side to the little one-room, snow-covered cabin, which snuggled down among the trees about two miles above the village, resting at the base of the mountain.

It was Christmas Eve, and for twenty years Jonas, now old and thin, alone in the world, had climbed this mountainside to his cabin, and spent his Christmas poring over his lost son's last letter, received just before the Atlanta had gone down with all her crew.

So, occupied with his thoughts, the old man reached the log cabin without having noticed that the snow had been broken by the runners of a sleigh. He opened the unlocked door and entered, fumbled for a match, and soon had a cheerful fire crackling away in the little fireplace.

Jonas pulled an old arm chair close to the fire, and, drawing a yellow envelope from his pocket, bent over it, his thin, tired lips moving slowly as he read it through—as though he did not already know every word by heart.

*“Dear Father:—Am sailing on the Atlanta;  
will reach home Christmas Eve. You will be  
waiting for me at the old cabin door.”*

*Your son,*

*JOHN.”*

With tears trickling down his furrowed face, Jonas leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, that he might shut out everything but his son's face as he last remembered it.

He did not hear the door open nor see the tall, handsome stranger enter softly and place a basket on the rickety little table. The stranger then stepped to the old man's side and, as he bent over him, whispered softly, “Oh, if I but dared to wake him.” Then, noticing the faded letter, he stooped, picked it up and as he gathered the contents his lips quivered.

Suddenly he took a pencil and paper from his pocket, and writing a few lines on it, folded and placed it in the old yellow envelope, which he laid carefully on top of the basket. He then went out, closing the door gently after him.

The old man moved and in doing so, struck the wood-box with his foot. He awoke, rubbed his eyes, looked about, then sighed: “It was but a dream; he is not here.”

Suddenly he saw the basket and getting quickly to his feet, hurried to the table, bewilderment in his eyes, believing he was still dreaming. His trembling fingers fumbled at the cover and as he lifted it, the letter slid to the floor. He stooped and picked it up. It was his son's letter, but how did it get there? The basket contained chicken, fruit, cake and jellies.

Too tired to try to puzzle out the presence of the basket,

Jonas sat down in his chair and again opened his letter. What was this? The paper was fresh and unsoiled by twenty years' handling. The old man rubbed his eyes and with shaking hand unfolded the paper. His eyes were dim, he could not see and his hand shook so he had to spread the paper on his knee. There, written in his son's own hand, was a letter, word for word the same as the one he had treasured for twenty years, telling him again that his son would reach home Christmas Eve, ending,

*"You will be waiting for me at the old cabin door."*

*Your son, John."*

Again and again he read the date, December 24, 1913. Suddenly clear and sweet through the air came the sound of sleigh bells, drawing nearer and nearer.

"It is my son! It is my son!" cried the old man, tottering to the door. He opened it and stood there in the moonlight, his hands stretched out toward the tall stranger running up the path.

"My son, my son!" cried old Jonas, too feeble to move from the door against which he leaned for support.

"Father; dear father!" cried John, catching the old man in his arms and carrying him into the cabin, where he placed him in his chair by the fire.

When his father had recovered from the shock enough to listen quietly, his son, now forty years old, told him the story of the shipwreck, his long illness, and how he had lost his memory when he finally arose from his sick bed, and only recently had been cured.

The old man, never taking his eyes from his son's face murmured, "I knew he would come, and I was waiting for him."

Christmas day found Jonas comfortably seated in a deep leather chair before a fireplace in his son's beautiful home. On his knee sat his first grandchild, "Little John." Jonas' face was bright and happy as he searched his memory for those stories he so often had told his own "John" many years before.

C. HENRY.



# THE MESSENGER

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TERMS—SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

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No. 3



## EDITORIAL.

*How glad the poor old editor is  
When vacation time draws nigh.  
How glad the Business Manager is,  
You can tell it by his sigh.*

*In dreams the poor old Editor sees  
Her form in a sanitarium lying;  
The poor old Manager sees himself  
Old Father Time defying.*

*We see when every issue's through  
 An image of ourselves as slaves;  
 Gone to sad death, and the rest of our staff  
 Watering our lonely graves.*

*And sad, white flowers slowly grow  
 And moan our dismal fate,  
 So, please help us out, before we give up,  
 Or, alas! you will find it too late.*



With this issue we welcome the vacation for the holidays. How long we have looked forward to them! But, as glad as we are to leave for our various homes, we will be just as glad to get back to the old routine of school-work, to which we are so accustomed to. We know that every one will enjoy themselves to the utmost, but still the staff wishes to express their desire that everyone from the janitor to the faculty have the merriest time ever during vacation.

Let us not forget that when we return, there is a new year before us. Let us begin it in the right way. May it be one of success to us all, and it cannot but be so if we are determined to make it what it should be.



#### MISSING A TRAIN.

The engine shrilled its last warning whistle. Down the hill dashed Dr. Pills, a streak of coat tails and spindle legs. One gripping fist squashed his Sunday hat and hooked umbrella, while the other clung to his hand-bag, that danced wildly around the angles of his knees. Around the corner he tore and banged, plump, into a portly, wheezing gentleman, landing him squarely into a convenient mud-puddle. From the tangled mass of legs, umbrellas and flying fists, Dr. Pills dragged himself, desperation on his face, mud on his coat-tails. Then the clanging of the engine, the rumble of wheels and the steady hissing of steam fell upon his ears. Leaving his Sunday hat to the fate of the angry fists of the portly gentleman, who still reposed in the mud-puddle, and who still emitted wheezes and threats, Dr. Pills made the last dash to the station and,—beheld the chugging train vanishing up the track.



SENIORS



## SENIORS.

*They say that the Seniors they ain't got no style,  
Got style all the while; got style all the while;  
They say that the Seniors they ain't got no style;  
Got style all the while, all the while.*

(Of course there is everything in being correct in your grammar. Yes? No?)

Well, this certainly has been a full month. The Senior reception lived up to its traditional reputation and was one of the events of the season. It was held in the Aftermath club house, and those who let the weather keep them home certainly missed a good time. The hall was decorated with ivy and yellow chrysanthemums, the refreshments also carried out the class colors. We all enjoyed the musical numbers and the reading, also the conversations, especially discussing the weather.

We are immensely proud of our boys for winning the basket-ball championship of the school, and the girls are out for the Kline Cup. Every Senior should come to the games and help them win it.

At the Class meeting December 10, we decided on our class pins, and you may expect to see them floating around the halls before many months are gone.

We also had a splendid time on our return to childhood, December 12, in the gym. It was half fare for children, and babies in arms were not allowed, so the adults in the crowd were a minus quantity. Really it was quite shocking to see the dignified Seniors gamboling on the green in abbreviated dresses and knickerbockers. Frannie Hays and Frankie Deerwester made an especially big hit. School was called to order by the school marm, Evelyn Britt, and we all showed our ignorance in the arithmetic and spelling classes. Of course we were all angelic children though, for Santa Claus rewarded us all with a stocking full of good things, and we left, happy in the possession of our new-found treasures.



The boys' basket-ball games are over and the Sophomores enjoyed them. Although they suffered defeat at the hands of

the Seniors, they can console themselves by having defeated the crack Junior team by the handsome score of 16 to 9.

The girls also did splendidly against the Senior girls. The Sophomores lost by a small margin, but they handled the ball so well that there is no doubt that they stand a good show to get the Kline Cup.

The Class certainly backed up the team with their songs and yells, too. Did the Sophomores recover the lost megaphone? Well, they surely did.



The Freshmen girls' basket-ball team played the Junior team in the first game of the Kline Cup series. The girls played good swift ball, which showed training and practice. The score stood 7 to 4 in favor of the Freshmen.

The Freshmen line-up is as follows:

Theresa McDowell, guard; Effie Turner, guard; Marguerite McDowell, center; Imogene Lynch, forward; Aimee Hansley, forward.

We do not want to forget to give due credit to Irene Hadley, Mary Stearns, Agnes Counaham, Louisa Vulliet, and Irma Sonner who turned out regularly practice and made it possible for our team to get the training they needed.

The Freshmen Class entertained the Sophomores in Society Hall, Friday, December 12, when every one was duly advertised with the latest ads from the leading magazines. We challenged the Sophomores to an indoor track meet. Some of the leading features of the evening were a fifty-foot dash, standing broad grin, sock throw and the hobble-skirt hurdle. Last, but not least, came the refreshments. After the strenuous efforts put forth in the track meet, no one complained that the ice cream was too "cold."





This by-gone month has been a season of great athletic activity at the Normal. This month saw the last of football for this year, and basketball come into and occupy the arena of Normal interest. Two football games have occurred since the last issue of this magazine. On the afternoon of Saturday, November 15, the B. S. N. S. warriors defeated the heavy Ferndale Freshmen eleven for the second time this year. The teams played in a veritable sea of mud. However, when the final whistle blew the score stood 20 to 0 in favor of B. S. N. S.

The last game of the season was one in which probably more interest was displayed throughout the city than in any previous game this year. This was the great annual game between B. H. S. and B. S. N. S. The rivalry every year between these two schools is intense and each hoped to carry off the honors.

On Saturday, November 22, the battle occurred. The results of this game is an old story now. Probably no other game this season was so fiercely contested for by both parties. The field was soggy and muddy; neither side could make any substantial gains. The first half resulted in no scores for either side, with the rooters of both schools cheering and urging on their players to victory. However, if either of the schools expected to score they were doomed to disappointment. The game ended with no scores and the Normal in possession of the ball on the enemy's fifteen-yard line. A challenge issued by the manager of the B. S. N. S. team for a game on Thanksgiving was ignored. The B. H. S. team was apparently inclined to rest on its laurels already won.

This marked the close of a successful season of football, considering the number of games played at B. S. N. S.



#### *Boys' Basket-Ball—Class Games.*

Even before the football season was over, the rivalry between the different classes had become keen concerning which had the best basket-ball team. Monday, November 17, at 4:10

P. M., was the time set for the first of these memorable contests. The Juniors met the combined strength of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. If the Juniors, the largest class in school, had expected a victory, they suffered a sad disappointment. The Freshman-Sophomore team clearly outclassed their opponents. The scores was 17—7 in favor of the Freshmen Sophomore team.

On Wednesday of the same week the Senior players, several of which are old first team men, easily defeated the Fresh-Soph. team. Score 29—11. Every one now naturally supposed that the Seniors would have extremely little trouble in defeating the Junior players. However, the Juniors must have taken a much needed brace. They succeeded in holding the Seniors to a 27 to 21 score. The Seniors thus won the inter-class championship in basketball. They also pride themselves upon having the greatest number of first string players in the football team. This is some record to be proud of. The other classes should wake up and take notice. Get busy and do something, Underclassmen! You have the numbers and no doubt also the quality of men; if you can only realize your possibilities.



#### *Kline Cup Games.*

December 5th was the date set for the beginning of a series of games in which probably more class spirit is manifested than in any other games throughout the year. These are the girls' Inter-class basket-ball games. An undercurrent of general excitement was manifested throughout the school for several weeks before this time. When the day finally arrived it was found that the Seniors were matched against the Sophomores and the Juniors against the Freshmen. The stands were crowded with rooters from all classes and the gym. fairly reverberated with their cheering. The games possessed a great deal of intense enjoyment and excitement for all. The results will bear evidence to the teams' evenness in playing ability. Seniors 5; Sophomores 3. Freshmen 6; Juniors 3.

These Kline Cup games are in one of the most enjoyable features of our entire school life and should be appreciated and partaken in by all who possibly can do so. It is not known to the writer when the next game occurs but the students will no doubt soon be informed.

In closing—don't miss any of these athletic events; they are as much a part of your school-life as studies and books.



## PHILOMATHEAN BIRTHDAY PARTY.

How highly entertained were the Philomatheans at their fourth annual birthday party given by Miss Jensen and Mrs. Phillippi. Even now we refer to it with exquisite pleasure! With eager expectancy the Philomatheans found themselves at the door of Mr. Philippi's home on the evening of November 22, where they were admitted by a tiny, immaculate page, who, in perfect accents, directed the guests upstairs.

At the entrance to the drawing rooms stood Miss Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. Phillippi, cordially receiving the numerous guests. The long drawing-room was tastefully decorated in green and white, the colors of the society, while a blazing fire glowed in the fire-place, giving the scene a comfortable, home-like appearance.

As the guests arrived, secret societies were being formed to make the new people feel at ease to keep everybody amused. Later these societies were represented in a series of characters typifying some such organization as the Philomathean Society, Mason's or the Odd Fellows. What ludicrous pantomimes were enacted in the performance of these characters!

Then followed contests between the "Whites" and the "Greens." The first was a novel device for introducing each guest to the company. Forming two long lines, the "Greens" on one side, the "Whites" on the other—and following the old fashioned spelling method, each person first pronounced his name and then attempted to spell it backwards. If successful he remained standing in line—if not he was out.

Next came a unique game of putting clothes-pins on a line—each side striving to get theirs on first. How pleasing it was to watch the boys perform such a difficult feat! With laudable dexterity and incredible speed, each boy grabbed a clothespin and madly fixed it to the line.

The last of these contests was the "fanning" stunt. One contestant from each side was supplied with a fan and a wisp of tissue paper which at the word of command he was to fan across the room. When he had done this, he was to hand both fan and paper to his next neighbor, who was to perform the

same feat, and so on. Once the game was started the game became fast and furious; the fanners performing wild, desperate and intricate movements in reaching the goal. As a result of these contests the "Whites" made two points and the "Greens" one (won).

But the most interesting and amusing diversion of the evening was a progressive game of dice, especially invented for the Philos by our original Miss Jensen. The winner of this game was the clever Miss Welch, who was presented with a beautiful green and white Philomathean pennant.

When the refreshments were served Mr. Lew Greene, as president, was given the honor of presenting to the society the large, white, gleaming, birthday cake, garlanded with green ivy and surmounted by four green candles. The cake was gracefully cut and served by our worthy president. The height of merriment was reached when Mr. Olsen discovered a thimble in each piece of his cake—the only two thimbles in the whole cake. What an omen for an aspiring schoolmaster! Some of the girls discovered darning-needles in their cake! Ask who? A romantic young man, whose cognomen is Gannon, discovered a *ring*,—girls, who is to be the fortunate one?

At this point of affairs, Mr. Greene, with his usual alacrity and fluency, introduced the toastmaster of the evening, Mr. Knaack, who then called on the various members to render speeches on suggested topics according to their wisdom and experience. The first toast was given by Miss Emma Richard, the only charter member who delved into the biological as well as the ancient history of the society, tracing the evolution of the "original Philomathean anthropoids" up to the present highly developed, brainy individuals, which has produced a "glorious, spectacular pageant of events." She also paid a hearty tribute to the faithful originators and directors of the society—namely Miss Jensen and Mr. Philippi.

The toastmaster next called on Miss Margaret Gray, a former member of the society now teaching in the city schools. In her "reminiscences" she conjured up many past experiences, including such thrilling episodes as initiation, in which she and the valiant Mr. Knaack participated at the same time. But what Miss Gray dwelt on most, were the friendships which she had made in the society, and here she affectionately mentioned our dear Miss Jensen. Everyone was impressed with the simplicity and sincerity of Miss Gray's remarks.

Then followed Miss Marie Reese's "Welcome to New Members," in which she offered some commendable advice—chiding the girls for being so self-assertive (?) at the society meetings, which so repressed the timid (?) boys that they had no spirit to speak, etc. To this, a response was given by Mr. J. T. Jones, our worthy, dignified, scholarly, new members.

A brilliant finish to this part of the program was affected by Miss Beryl Batdorf, also a former member, who in an origi-

nal poem, cited all the marvelous powers and achievements of the society. This poem, given below, illustrates some of the exceptional talents possessed by the Philomatheans.

*"When asked a toast to-night to make,  
I didn't take time consideration to take,  
Bui, true to Philo training of yore,  
Agreed quickly to talk for a minute or more.  
I've thought and I've thought till my brain's in a whirl,  
And my brain power's remarkable, for I'm a Philo girl,  
And Philos for brain-power have gained great repute,  
For they debate, recite and crack jokes that are cute.  
They never have failed a good showing to make,  
And in all progressive subjects an interest to take.  
Their program's are lively, rich, racey and rare,  
Other societies get so jealous they'd like to pull hair.  
They have in the past a noble record made,  
Their fame as a society will never fade.  
You new members have discovered ere now, it may be,  
There are some good sturdy branches on the Philo tree.  
Our primary law attention did attract,  
The whole Normal decided like us they would act,  
Our registration days a stir did commote,  
Our ballots were studied when we were going to vote.  
You can see quite easily the position we hold,  
We've gained it by merit, not by payment in gold.  
We expect you all good Philos to be  
And to promote the growth of the Philo tree.  
As advice to give you, what more can I say,  
Except in all that you do, do in the good Philo way.  
Be loyal and true to the Green and the White,  
Try to remain young and beautiful as you all are to-  
night.  
Then here's to the Philos, so wise and so gay,  
May they continue to do things in their progressive  
way.  
May all of the members, the old and the new,  
Be ever good Philos, loyal and true.*

Mr. Knaack closed the toasts at the end of this poem and a number of Philos took turns at extinguishing the four flickering candles by one expulsion of breath. Their object was to try their fortunes in regard to matrimony, the number of candles remaining indicating the number of years before they would finally leap into the sea of matrimony. The hero of this scene was Mr. Gannon, who extinguished all the candles by one blow. Evidently this young man does not anticipate bachelorhood.

As the hour was growing late the party broke up, each Philo expressing supreme joy on having spent such a delightful evening.

And as a body the Philos feel extremely grateful to Miss Jensen and Mr. Phillippi for planning and executing such a delightful birthday party for our especial benefit. We also extend our heartiest thanks to Mrs. Phillippi, who so graciously entertained us in her lovely home.

✘                  ✘



The annual membership banquet, which is always the most unique social gathering of the year, was held November twenty-first. It proved to be a decided success. The dining room of Edens Hall was transformed into a banquet hall for the occasion. Miss Evelyn Britt, as chairman of the membership committee, deserves much credit for the planning of the banquet. The menu cards were very artistic, which read as follows:

Creamed Chicken, Mashed Potatoes	
Corn a'la Southern	
Rolls	Jelly
Salted Peanuts	
Perfection Salad	Wafers
Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	

Miss Helen Finch, of Seattle, who was at one time a very active worker in the Normal Y. W. C. A., was toastmistress. The guest of honor was Miss Mathews, a missionary from Tokio. The members and faculty declared that they had never heard such a splendid series of toasts as were carried out along the lines of drawing:

Toastmistress .....	Helen Finch
A Portrait .....	Ida Olson
Blocking In .....	Jessie Hartsuck
Light and Shade .....	Olive Rohrbaugh
Reflections .....	Margaret Matthew
A Bit of Color .....	Kate Watson
The Horizon Line .....	Edna Lawrence
Accenting .....	Helen Harrington

Perspectives .....	La Verne Knowles
A Sketch .....	Jesta Owen
High Lights .....	Dr. Mathes

A most interest meeting was held on November 20. On that occasion Miss Matthews gave a pleasing talk on the Y. W. C. A. work in Tokio. Miss Matthews has been in this work among the young Japanese women, for five years and she is very capable of giving an exact view of the work.

Miss Fox, the supervisor of the educational institutions of the Northwest, visited the Y. W. C. A., last Thursday, November, fifth, to give assistance toward completing the organization. She spoke in the Thursday meeting on the values of a Y. W. C. A. in a College. After this meeting a little social tea was enjoyed by all, at which Miss Fox spoke informally of the volunteer convention.

The Convention of the Student Volunteers, which is held every four years, will meet this year at Kansas City. It will meet on December thirty-first, and last through a period of five days. The Y. W. C. A. has selected two delegates, from its membership, Miss Elida Nordeen, and Miss Pauline Paulson, to represent this organization. The Faculty have chosen Miss Knowles for their representative, and the Students' Association have elected Miss Vida Van Cleave to represent the school. The delegates from Washington and Oregon are to go together in a special car, over the Milwaukee, on the morning of December twenty-seventh.



CHORAL CLUB.

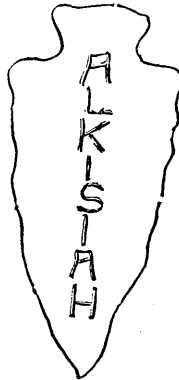
Just because you have not heard us lately isn't any sign that we are still. We are keeping some of our secrets to ourselves. Then you will hear us and be surprised more than ever. We will tell you this much, however: Next Friday, December 19, we are going to render one of the exquisite choruses from Handel's "Messiah," and we are going to be assisted by the Boys' Glee Club. You wanted to hear that and so we have prepared you for that much. There will be other good things too; recitals and school affairs, also a party or so. . . Just wait and see.



DELPHIANS.

The Thanksgiving program of our society was very good, partaking of the true spirit of Thanksgiving. The anniversary party, given about the middle of November, was certainly a success. In spite of the very bad weather, more came than we expected. Everyone was dressed to represent some literary char-

acter, and what a motley collection of heroines were there! Pocahontas, Topsy and Eva, Lady of the Decoration, Olivia, were but a few of the characters personated. The time passed swiftly, with merry games, and at ten-thirty, refreshments were served in the Domestic Science room. After much guessing and laughter, the various characters were identified. We had a toast by the Lady of the Decoration, after which the party broke up.



The Alkisiah Club met Thursday, November 13, with Miss Ethel Cook, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hamer. After the business meeting adjourned, the following program in two parts was given:

I.

Solo .....	Theresa McDowell
Prof. Wiley's Work on Pure Foods.....	Beatrice Hatt
Recent Reforms in Navy .....	Joyce Day
Reforms in Forestry .....	Elizabeth Eggers

II.

Instrumental Solo .....	Eunice Mansfield
Col. Goethals .....	Ruth Lemach
The Panama Canal .....	Alma Moe
The Effect of the Opening of the Panama Canal on Immigration .....	Mr. Hamer
Solo .....	Theresa McDowell

The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent with taffy pulling and a genuine good time.

On the evening of Thursday, November 20, we gathered up needlework and wended our way to the Baker Home. We were greeted at the door by Miss Baker and invited to join the merry group already busy sewing on Christmas presents.



In the living room a fire blazed brightly in the fire-place and rosy apples were piled high on the mantelpiece. Those who had no work were kept busy popping corn.

Everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly and declared Miss Baker's home the place to have a jolly time.

The last meeting of the Club was held Thursday, December fourth, in the music room. The following program was pleasingly rendered:

Piano Solo .....	Grace McBurney
"The Island of Layson" .....	Jo Courter
Laws for the Protection of Birds .....	Ruth Pearson
Are Birds the Friends of Mankind? .....	Margaret McDonald
Reading .....	Hortense Stephenson
Piano Duet .....	Buda Jenkins and Florence Johnson

The club will have its annual bulb sale, the day before the closing of school, for the Holiday vacation.



#### HAYS LITERARY SOCIETY.

On November 12, the society held its regular meeting in Society Hall. After the business was disposed of the following program was rendered:

Response to Roll Call with Proverbs.

Solo .....	Miss Lulu Mae Littlejohn
Talk on Old German Towns .....	Miss Norton
Piano Solo .....	Miss Grace Jensen

As Thanksgiving fell on the date of our next regular meeting it was four weeks before we gathered again.

Together with the literary work a good social time is characteristic of all our meetings. This was well brought out in the meeting of December 11, which was held in the Faculty room. After the business each member responded to roll call with a memory gem, and the following entertained:

Piano Solo .....	Miss Hartsuck
Reading .....	Miss Lawer
Cuban Christmas .....	Miss Airth
Austrian Christmas .....	Miss Thompson

Initiation.

Then all sat around the cheerful grate fire and toasted marshmallows to the tune of the good old songs.

The H. L. S. had the honor of presenting the first play of the year in assembly Friday, December 5th. We here wish to thank those, both faculty and students, who helped make it a great success.

## THESPIAN DRAMATIC CLUB.

With the exception of two short business sessions last month the Thespians have been putting all of their efforts on the perfection of the play, "The King's Threshold," and "When Love Was Young." By far the most enjoyable Thespians' function of the year occurred last night when all loyal Thespians adjourned to the auditorium to see their brother members put through the agonies of a dress rehearsal. We can only hope that you will all enjoy it as much as we did. However, the tortured cast plus the gleeful audience were duly rewarded with the finest feed that ever graced the hill vicinity.

The cast of the two plays are as follows:

## "THE KING'S THRESHHOLD."

King Guaire .....	Edward Gannon
Seanchan's Pupils, Blaine Montgomery, Geneva Sargison	
Seanchan's Pupils .....	Blaine Montgomery, Geneva Sargison
Mayor of Kinvara .....	Ernest Nealy
Seanchan .....	Fred Diese
Lord Chamberlain .....	Vida Van Cleave
A Monk .....	Francis Veak
Two Court Ladies .....	Catherine Hurley, Grace Uhl
Soldier .....	Mr. Nobles
Brian .....	Helen Boucher
Two Princesses .....	Lily Valentine, Blossom Miller
Two Cripples .....	Boyd Ellis, Lytton Swartz
Fidelm .....	Eva Slater

## "WHEN LOVE WAS YOUNG."

Mrs. Starr .....	Margaret Bird
Mrs. Martin .....	Emma Woodhouse
Polly Starr .....	Maude Workman
Dick Martin .....	Clarence Dahlquist



## A SERENADE.

*Beneath my fair queen's lattice  
 I touch my light guitar,  
 And play there, while the cat is  
 My echo from afar.  
 But, hark! How, softly stealing  
 From yonder window, creeps  
 A long, deep sound revealing—  
 She sleeps—my lady sleeps!  
 —Ex.*



## THE M. T. C.

Know how to have a good time? Yes, indeed. The informal "social time" after one of the programs some four weeks ago was one grand hilarity from start to finish, the one lull being during eats. Funny, isn't it, how quiet and preoccupied every one becomes when eats are passed. The refreshment committee did proudly, and the M. T. C. people still shut their eyes occasionally to remember the taste of the delicious punch. There was enough too.

One feature of the entertainment was a contest between "Suffragettes" and "Socialists," and the Socialists won. It was a blowing contest. And yet people will say things about women talking so much.

The one number on the program preceding the amusements was the club paper, this time called the "Monkey Wrench." The "Monkey Wrench" was edited and read by editor Fred Klaus. I assure you the paper lost none of its lustre in the reading. It is an enterprising paper, being very conscientious in service to patrons and calling particular attention to the "Want Ad. Column."

## BUZZ SAW DECLARED BANKRUPT.

(Extracted from "Monkey Wrench.")

## FAILS TO PAY ANNUAL TAXES AND IS SOLD AT AUCTION—PURCHASED BY THE M. T. C.

The patrons of the "Buzz Saw" will doubtless be shocked by the announcement made by Judge Gebaroff that the "Buzz Saw"—the journal that so suddenly entered the field of journalism, has been sold at auction. Just before going to press we are informed that the "Buzz Saw" has been purchased by the Manual Training Club, of the Bellingham State Normal School, one of the wealthiest organizations of its kind.

Mr. Lee (In heat of some petty argument)—Yes, but you must remember there are two sides around which to look at a thing.

The program of December 1, though somewhat lengthy, was was enjoyed, and was of great benefit to prospective instructors. Philip Hogan, who has "been there," gave Actual Experience in Teaching of Manual Training. He warned us of some of the pitfalls and showed us how to avoid them. Also how to get over unavoidable obstacles and how to work through unsurmountable barriers. We appreciate the hints given us, and bits of information, also Mr. Hogan's patience in answering numerous questions.

"The Possibilities of Cement" was given by Glenn H. Bell. The definition of "cements" was altogether too learned and complicated to be assimilated by our untrained minds as the present time. By next spring when the much heralded cement gets started we will be more able to understand the technical terms used. Mr. Bell has done much work in cement and spoke from personal knowledge.

Virgil Lee talked on "Problems in Developments of Transportation." He showed how history and geography could be supplemented by this work. By a number of drawings Mr. Lee showed what the children could make to represent different types of vehicles and boats.



Ed. Olson was the editor of the evening and read the paper, "The Maul." The paper lined up to its name and mauled and knocked all thirty deserving of discipline. Such treatment is good for us at times. The scandal page was the specialty of the edition and many were startled at revelations made. The editor was by no means unobservant, judging by accumulated facts.

Editorial: "It is with bowed head and heavy heart that the editor of 'The Maul' informs the public how sad he feels because the 'Buzz Saw' cannot be published this month. Being at heart in sympathy with the M. T. C. members, he can only hope they will be able to publish their paper in the near future."

As this is going to press we have information that the 'Buzz Saw' is really going to appear during the holidays.

The poem "M. T. C. gossip" was edited in "The Maul" and tempered the blows of the "knocking."



M. T. C. GOSSIP.

*First comes our honored President,  
Young Sonner, he's a bear!  
And when for order he doth call,  
He sure puts on an air.*

*Our Vice-President, Frank Hubbard,  
Had a birthday one fine day;  
Oh, we've all got something coming  
If Louise feels that way.*

*Tho' she's always late with minutes,  
And corrections come in fast,  
I'm sure you'll all admit  
That's Lill's a pretty jolly lass.*

*G. F. D. Vander Mei's the boy  
Who handles all our cash!  
Let him whistle for his money  
'Fore you hand him o'er the trash.*

*Frank Owen builds the fire  
And sets the chairs around.  
We all know our Sergeant-at-Arms,  
Is the best that could be found.*

*We have found a genius among us,  
And to fame she's on her way,  
For nothing yet has stuck her,—  
So "Here's to Nellie May!"*

*Our reverend professor,  
Andrew Gebaroff by name,—  
Can't you see his picture hanging  
In the inventors' hall of fame.*

*Ed Olson is a handsome man,  
And wears a well-cut coat!  
This question you should ask him,—  
"In projection, who's the goat?"*

*The Buzz Saw now is guided  
By a truly master hand;  
For John Henry is a man o' parts,  
The best in all the land.*

*Walter Lidell and Glen H. Bell  
Are very influential,  
And we like our dear Tom Allison  
'Cause he's so very "potential."*

*Boyd Ellis is a fine young man,  
A speaker of renown,  
And Martin is so popular  
He has to turn them down.*

*Where Virgul Lee is found to be  
There always seems a loss,  
Till, looking round, we've always found  
His better half, Fred Klaus.*

*Although dinners, parties and banquets  
Are Miss Parker's special line,—  
Boys, I know at cooking eats for two  
She's equally as fine.*

*The Misses Clifton and Conover  
Have often been of use;  
And so have the Neslund sisters,  
Since they signed the "Constitush."*

*The Messrs. Fegley and Bouncer  
Certainly make themselves scarce,  
But we'll excuse them a few times more  
Admitting we "could do worse."*

L. B. C.



#### JENKINS HALL NOTES.

Miss Gean Wellhouse visited her sister, Mamie Wellhouse, and the other Lynden girls, during institute week.

Miss Mabel Plank, one of the Lynden teachers, visited with Miss Martha Brown during institute week.

The Thomas girls' mother spent the week end with them, November 15.

The girls went to their several homes for Thanksgiving. Some to Anacortes, Mt. Vernon, LaConner, Lynden, Seattle and Edison. All reported a jolly good time and came back ready to work once more. The only girls unable to go home were Ola

and Allie Jordan of Chehalis, and Armide Tappe of Bremerton. Mrs. Jenkins gave a Thanksgiving dinner for them at her home.

Miss Edna Fenno and Henrietta Gillespie gave a spread for the Hoh, Jefferson county teachers in Miss Fenno's room, Saturday evening, December 13. The girls who had taught at Hoh were Clotilde Patton, Emma Richerd and Jennie Mills, of Burlington.

May Burk, of Lynden, spent the week end with her sister, Elsie Burk, December 13.

Louise Shaw, of Anacortes, spent the week end with Pearl Frost and the Anacortes girls, December 13.

On the afternoon of December 6, the girls of Jenkins' Hall gave a spread in honor of Miss Knowles, their Bible Class teacher. It was in the nature of a surprise. Miss Knowles had casually mentioned that she would be up that afternoon to join the weekly Christmas-sewing bee. While she visited in other rooms, Mabel Randall and Pearl Frost busily prepared one of the upper rooms. Miss Knowles was called up to answer an important question and was completely surprised. Earlier in the afternoon Miss Knowles had asked several girls to take dinner with her and was surprised that all refused; later, however, she forgave all. Everyone had a very enjoyable time. The members of the class present were Pearl Frost, Mamie Wellhouse, Elsie Burk, Olo and Allie Jordan, Leona Edmonds, Irene Brooks, Edna Fenno, Martha Brown, Henrietta Gillespie, Mabel Randall, Buda Jenkins and Louisa Abbott.



November 12.—Prof. Epley, flying round and round Chem. Lab. "I feel like an animated mousetrap."

November 13.—The sun shone for the second time in two days.

Miss Brown (in Hist. Meth.)—There were no tin cans or other signs of civilization.

November 14.—The Choral Club "charms the savage beasties" in assembly. Kittie climbs to high B flat without aid of ladder.

Passers-by are much disturbed at about 9:45 a. m. by sights of a peculiar white robed apparition in vicinity of the shop.

November 17.—Discovered by Em, new species of "critter"—the "mulecule."

The Juniors sing low, cause the Soph.-Freshies show them how it should be done in basketball.

Ed. Olson, in projection, fails to see the point.

November 18.—Dr. Mathes (in Hist Meth.)—Girls, I advise you to get hold of a boy whenever you can find any willing to listen.

Signs of clerical tendencies among Normal boys. We much fear, however, that outward appearances are deceiving.

November 19.—And then again the Seniors show the Soph-Freshies.

The Juniors have a foretaste of future greatness when they "sit in the seats of the mighty" during long assembly.

November 20.—The first snow fall.

November 21.—Every unfortunate who does not belong in ranks of Y. W. looks hungrily toward the Dorm. at about 7:30 o'clock P. M.

November 22.—There now, Boys! You know we had a suspicion of it all the time and now we know it's so, 'cause Mrs. Dabney said so. You can't support your wives.

Every one rushes toward the "Amen Row" in trying to get a closer look at Mrs. Fiske. Talk about Americans not paying honor to royalty!

November 25—Main subjects of conversation: "Are you going down on the boat?" "Good, so am I." "When are you going to leave, at noon or in the evening?"

November 26—Going! Going! Gone! Great joy, also some tears.

December 1—Those who stayed to those who didn't: "Wella, Wella, Wella, the gang's all here; What, Whata, Whata, Whata, we care; Hail! Hail! The gang's all here! But whata we, whata we, whata we care?"

December 2—Heard in Gym. after 4:10: "Venus at the pump." "Little Boy Blue," "Poor Virgil!" "Look out for Dahlquist!" Natrass pulls Herman's nose.

December 3—Senior Class meeting (?).

Great hurrying and scrambling over desks and chairs in Hist. of Ed. when boys rush to open the window for Miss Norton.

December 4.—Girls vs. boys (?) Wow!

Ouch!! Naughty girls!

December 5—"Little Women" come to life. Can't Laurie whistle though, and Mr. Lawrence, dear old man. How skillfully he manipulated the handkerchief and that mysterious coat-tail pocket.

The Seniors show their colors to the sorrow of the fir tree on Sehome.

December 8—The debut of the future B. S. N. S. faculty.

December 9.—Wally takes his books home.

December 10—He comes back.

December 11—At the shop. "A dear little maid, "Yes, I know Prof. Gebaraff said to do it that way but Gerald said to do it this way." That settled it.



December 12—Miss Goodale gave a talk in morning assembly.

Seniors had a kid party in gym. Ask any Senior if our party was a success. Where were the Juniors?



### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON ETIQUETTE.

Miss Tellum is most willing to answer any questions on etiquette to anyone who is inclined to be in the least doubtful on what to do and how to act.

*Question*—Please tell me what do you do at a dinner party when you found you have taken a mouthful of boiling soup.

I. M. KRAKT.

*I. M. Krakt*: If your soup is so hot that it burns you, gargle it in the back of your throat for a little while. This is much better than trying to hide it in your napkin, as some people do.

MISS I. WILL TELLUM.

*Question*—Please tell me what to do when a bone sticks in your throat.

S. IMP.

If a bone sticks in your throat, don't try to cough it way across the room. In a modest manner fish with your fork for it, and above all things don't make a fuss about it.

MISS I. W. T.

*Question*—Would you please tell me how to handle a fork?

A. MUTT.

*A. Mutt*—If you are starting with a large plate full of good things, discard the fork temporarily. You can hold a good deal more stuff on the knife, anyway, and it requires more dexterity to manipulate it. Use the fork to clean up with.

I. W. T.

*Question*—What should a person do when they accidentally drop something on the tablecloth?

A. MUTT.

*A. Mutt*—If you get a spot on the tablecloth, absent mindedly place a piece of bread over it, buttered side down. The butter will keep the bread from slipping off the spot.

I. W. TELLUM.

*Question*—What shall I do when a piece of meat drops from a plate onto the floor?

I. M. PUNK.

*I. M. Punk*—If a piece of meat crawls off your plate, capture it as soon as possible, and then gaily snap it across the table to your *vis-a-vis*. This will probably make everybody laugh and will help to make the meal quite merry.

I. W. T.

*Question*—How can I hide my feelings when I bite my tongue?

E. Z.

*E. Z.*—If you bite your tongue, don't hasten to utter a bunch of bluish idioms. It isn't nice. Just let your tongue hang out of your mouth for a few moments until it has ceased being

angry with you for having bitten it. In this delicate way you can apprise the people of your misfortune. I. W. T.

*Dear Miss Tellum*—Please inform me as to the correct way of imbibing water? O. U. KIDD.

*O. U. Kidd*—If you happen to be drinking water, remember it is considered quite a feat to make a gurgling sound like a soda fountain. This is quite a difficult thing to do, but will invariably attract an unusual amount of admiring attention.

I. W. T.

*Question*—Please tell me when you eat tutti-fruitti?

I. V. REE DOME.

*I. V. Ree Dome*—If you have a desire to use tutti-frutti, don't do it between courses. It is usually employed before cafe noir, but by rights it should not be used until after stomach ache.

I. W. T.

*Question*—Is it customary to eat all of the pie?

MISS TAKE.

*Miss Take*—If pie is served, eat the hide as well as the stuffing. By doing this you will not cast reflections on your host's pastry cook.

I. W. T.

*Miss Tellum*—What can a person do when they overeat?

E. P. I. CURE.

*E. P. I. Cure*—If, during the meal, you have eaten so much that it really hurts you, inhale two pinches of pepper and one of salt. In a few moments there will be positive results.

I. W. T.

*Question*—How is it customary to eat ice?

I. B. STILE.

*I. B. Stile*—If an ice is served, don't gulp it down as though you were unused to it. Dillydally as much as possible, in a bored manner. Make soup of it by paddling your spoon around in it. This is considered *distingue*.

I. W. T.

*Question*—What shall I do after I have spilled my coffee in my neighbor's lap?

AWK. WARD.

*Awk Ward*—If you spill your coffee in your neighbor's lap instantly assure him that you really didn't care for the coffee, anyway. Tell him not to mind it at all.

I. W. T.



### THE CLOSE OF A WINTER'S DAY.

*I sat by my window one evening,  
And gazed out on Bellingham Bay,  
The sun was setting early,  
'Twas the close of a winter's day.*

*The lingering light from the setting sun,  
Lit up the gray old bay,*

*Like a path of glory from land to land,  
At the close of that beautiful day.*

*The soft white clouds were hanging,  
With their edges of glorious gold,  
Like large white ships in a sea of pink,  
Most glorious to behold.*

*Slowly at last it sank from view,  
And all the beauty was gone,  
Darkness spread before me  
And I seemed all alone.*

*Then I thought how quickly the brightness  
And light in our lives may fade  
Like the scene of the beautiful sunset  
Leave us alone in dread.*

*But still while I sat there thinking,  
Behold! a pale peaceful light!  
The moon and stars were shining,  
Brightening up the night!*

*So, if your sun fadeth from you  
And all seems dark and drear,  
Have patience and wait, and don't give up,  
For it may again grow clear.*

M. H. N.



## Exchanges

The papers of other Normal Schools are in a way more interesting to us than those from High Schools, for by them we can measure our own. We will briefly review such an exchange, the *Southwest Standard*, published by the students of the Springfield State Normal, located in Missouri.

A very excellent article on "The Mission of Tolstoy" occupies the first pages of the December issue. The writer sketches the present condition in Russia and the character of the Russian Church as a setting for Tolstoy's work. The wonderful simplicity and purity of the great commoner's style in writing and the spirit of his philosophy are handled in an appreciative manner in the remainder of the article.

"The Course of Law" is an unusual story, fairly well told.

An article on medical inspection in the schools is so good that every prospective teacher could read it profitably.

The best thing about the joke department of the magazine is the name, "Southwest Breeze."

Normal students are apt to take themselves too seriously. We feel this in our own school and we would imagine from reading that many of the contributors to the *Southwest Standard* feel that they have the cares of the world upon their shoulders. Even their attempts at jocularity are somewhat funereal in character. This is our only criticism of an excellent paper.

If you wish to spend a riotously joyful half-hour, peruse the November issue of *Whims*, from Broadway High, Seattle.

May we acknowledge:

*Otaknam*, Mankato, Minn.

*The Orderly*, Hill Military Academy.

*The Odessaite*, Odessa, Washington.

*Crescent*, Pacific College, Newburg, Ore.

*The Wigwam*, North Yakima.

*The Live Wire*, New Washington, Ohio.



#### EXCHANGE SMILES.

*A Chink by the name of Hing Ling  
Fell off of a street car—Bing! Bing!  
The "con" looked that way  
And was heard to say,  
"The car's lost a washer." Ding! Ding!*  
—Ex.



*There was a young man from the city  
Who saw what he thought was a kitty;  
He gave it a pat  
And soon after that  
He buried his clothes. What a pity!*  
—Ex.



Happy—Farm life must be terrible.  
Star—Fierce! It's agonizing to hear the hay mown all day  
long.  
(Happy faints.)  
—Adapted.



Johnny handed this note to the teacher one morning:  
"Dere Teecher you ben tellin' my boy to brethe with his diafram. mebbe rich childurn has got diaframs but how about when their father only gits five schillin' a day. First it's one thing then it's another. Now it's diaframs that's the worst yet."—Ex.



A certain careless student in a small college suffered from

obesity and it appears that even college professors do not love a fat man. One day after a particularly unsuccessful recitation the instructor said scornfully: "Well, Mr. Jones, you are better fed than taught."

"That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily into his chair. "You teach me—I feed myself!"—Ex.



"I don't like your heart action," said the doctor, applying an instrument, "you have had some trouble with *angina pectoris*."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the young man, sheepishly, "only that isn't her name."—Ex.



Two boys had misbehaved in school, so the teacher set them to work after school writing their names out 500 times. They plunged into the task. About fifteen minutes later one of them began watching his companion. Suddenly he burst out in despair, between sobs, to the teacher:

"Taint fair, mum; his name's Bush and mine's Schluttenmeyer."—Ex.



Old Lady Visitor—"Poor man, what ever made you take up such a profession?

No. 57682—Well, mum; I found I could open me gym locker without a key.—Ex.



*Said a baldheaded man to a waitress bold,  
"See here, young lady; my cocoa's cold."  
She scornfully answered, "I can't help that,  
If the blame thing's chilly, put on your hat."—Ex.*



Junior—Goodness! My hair looks fierce. You'd think I slept in it!

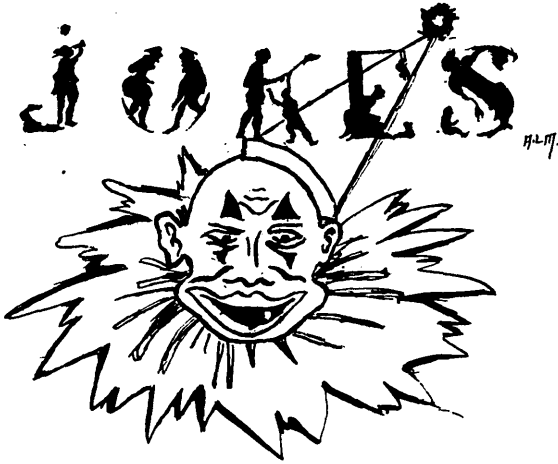


Doctor. Where there's a pill there's a pay.  
Dentist. Patients and long suffering.  
Widow. True love never dyes.



Inquisitive—Who is that girl with Guy B.?

Informant—Why, that's—no, this is Thursday—I don't know.



This is a busy season, with the making and buying of presents. But there will also be a busy period after Christmas buying things we wanted and expected as presents, or trading presents for something we really need. But then we should irritate ourselves; it is an old custom and quite the proper thing.

✘

B. C. Cahn—Well, I'm like the man without legs, I haven't a kick coming,—or rather, going.

✘

First Student—Mr. Sonner, does The Messenger pay for itself?

Second Student (butting in)—I paid for the one I got.

✘

In Psychology—

Miss Baxter—To the blind boy, the face looked perfectly flat.

Another Day (to a hesitating youth)—Go ahead and say it, Mr. Schrawtz. If it is wrong it will be alright.

✘

*"Darling," he cried in tender tones,*

*"I never loved but thee."*

*"Then we must part," the maiden said,*

*"No amateurs for me."*

"Failed in Latin; flunked in Math."

They heard him softly hiss.

"I'd like to find the guy who said  
That ignorance is bliss."—F. H.



Mr. Hulse—Er-er-you know, boys like ridiculous things.

Mr. Owens—Maybe that's why so many fellows have cases.



Good Reason—

Miss Jensen—Translate the following sentence: "*Galli saxes in muro ponebat et hostes fugant.*"

Lew Green—"The Gauls hung their socks on the wall and the enemy fled."



Miss Worden—Mr. Swartz, how old was Elizabeth?

Lyt (dreamily)—Just eighteen.



Teacher—John, where is your book?

John—I forgot it.

Teacher—What would you think of a soldier who would go to war without his gun?

John—I'd think he was an officer.



Most of us are quite athletically inclined when it comes to jumping at conclusions.



Dr. Deerwester—What is the trouble, Mr. Sutherland?

Starr (who has been absent)—I'm trying to find my seat.

Dr. Deerwester—We don't keep seats for visitors.



Mr. Bond (in Arith. Meth., comparing his powers of observation to that of his little boy while on a trip in the woods)—When we came to a beautiful tree with heavy foliage, I immediately associated it with one I had sat under with a—a—(loud laughter) (after a pause) that was in pre-historic times.

Drawing Student—Who is the greatest living artist?  
Miss Hogle—Clarence Dahlquist thinks he is.



They talk a great deal nowadays about boats and trains being overcrowded.

During the great rush to California in 1849, many of the boats going to the isthmus and around the Horn were packed like sardines. One boat with about eight hundred capacity had three thousand on board. When out on the ocean four days, a young man came up to the captain and said:

“Say, Cap.; I’ve got to have a place to sleep tonight.”

“Well, young man; how have you managed till now?”

“I’ve been sleeping on a sick man, but he is nearly well now and won’t stand for it.”



“Can it be true that you prefer your cook to your wife?”  
“It’s merely a matter of taste.”



Hub—I’m going to my cousin’s wedding on New Year’s day!

W.—Wedding on New Year’s? That’s an awful way to start a perfectly brand new life.

Doc.—That’s what I say.

Hub—O, you fellows haven’t any true conception of life.



It is rumored that a new species of the human family was found in the central part of Africa—a wild woman—and can’t talk.

The latest reports from that region say that their tongues were cut out and they went wild.



Table Five, Edens Hall dining-room, only one spoon—

He—You may have this spoon.

She—No, you keep it; your mouth is larger than mine.

He—I’m not so sure about that. I wonder how we can measure?

(Pause, blushes, confusion).

He—Mr. Bond has taught us how to measure magnitude by superposition.



Mother—You must not eat any of the pies, Johnny, they can only be looked at now.

Johnny—Ma, can I stare at them with my eyeteeth?



At the Play—

Due to the great excitement of the election, the man was in a very nervous condition.



Mrs. Fiske—Now, if you don't be quiet and rest, I will read Browning to you.

At which the man quieted speedily.

Probably Browning would have soothed him, for according to one who knows, Browning is the only cultured study taught at Normal.



Mr. Hulse (in Psy.)—Miss Colton, what is empty time?

Miss Colton—Empty time is—oh, when there is nothing doing.

Mr. Hulse—Can you illustrate?

Miss Colton—Sunday afternoon.



"Tommy, do you take after your father much?"

"No, but you ought to see the way ma does sometimes."



Supposing just for fun the following resolutions were really adopted for next year:

That Miss Baker refuse to make an announcement in Assembly.

That Marius Hansom ceases to talk Socialism.

That Mr. Patchin get married.

That Miss Drake give up the "tango."

That Clarence Dahlquist nightly retire at ten.

That Miss Montgomery vote a straight ticket.

That Beatrice Bair sail for London to join Mrs. Pankhurst.

That Miss Felt allow a few topics to exist that she can't discuss.

That the Social-Democratic Club bar all "revolutionary" topics.

That every student decide to contribute once, at least, to The Messenger.

That Miss Van Cleave wear the same dress twice in succession.

That Miss Jensen cut a Philo meeting.

That Isabel Williams try malted milk.



*I have seen some things that are funny,  
But the one that beats them all  
Is the fellow that steps on a banana peel  
And didn't just quite fall.*



#### LITTLE SPEECHES THAT ARE NOW THE HABIT.

B. E.—Now, don't forget the art calendars. They must all be ordered this week.

V. Van C.—Under no consideration whatever must we be defeated in this Y. W. C. A. convention.

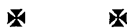
Miss Baker—I know there is no one unkind enough to really take the book, but——.

Doc.—Let's get some pep and get busy. Let's do something!

John A.—Have you subscribed for the Messenger yet?

Miss Bair—The girls must and will have equally as much as the boys.

Rudolph—?!x? -,-,?!?!?- - - -? -? , , , , !!.....!!!!



*The Seniors gave a party,  
A kid party in the gym.  
How sweetly pretty Rudolph looked,  
My! You ought to have seen him.*

*With hair parted in the middle,  
Plastered down in the back;  
With his little white frilly waist  
And pants short and black.*

*Rudolph was some classy kid  
Among the girls he raised a storm;  
In manners he was not lacking  
For he took cry-baby home to the Dorm.*

(Copyright)

H. H.

## TIME EXPOSURES.

F. Hubbard, *alias* Gloomy Gus. (Get the grin.)

Mr. Gannon, *alias* Famine.

Miss Wetzel, *alias* Plenty.

Lew Greene, the Silent Member, a man of no opinions.

Wallie S. Too modest for further description?!?!?!?!?

Guy Booker, too small to be described in a large paper.

"Aw, whatcha mean," said E. Britt to Grace Y. "Quit yer pushin.'"

Lytton S., *alias* Composer of "Sweet Alice." Has positively signed all contracts to the popular number.

Hub E., *alias* Browning Shark. Guarantees to do anything up brown.

Fritz C. A fool and his honey are soon parted.

Modeel Boarders. Be ye therefore breakfast.

Miss Gray. The wages of gin is breath.

Normal Old Maids. Never too old to yearn.

Normal Boys. Keep your tongues from evil and your lips from girls.

B. S. N. S. Students. A word to the wise is repented.

Gossip. One touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.

P. Marshall. Better to have loved a short, than never to have loved a tall.

Mr. Bond. "Figures don't lie." That's what the dress-makers tell us.



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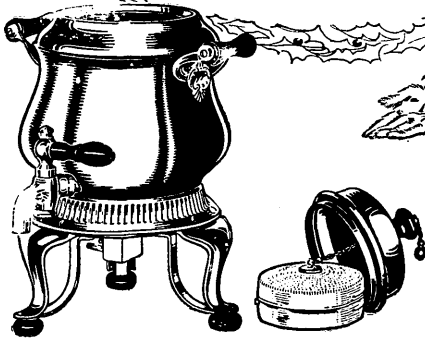
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